LITTLE BLUE BOOK NO. 1329
Edited by E. Haldeman-Julius

Facing Life Fearlessly

The Pessimistic Versus the Optimistic View of Life

Clarence Darrow

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FACING LIFE FEARLESSLY

[Report of a lecture delivered at the University of Chicago, under the auspices of the Poetry Club and the Liberal Club; revised by Mr. Darrow.]

I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Mr. A. E. Housman in the summer of 1927. I spent two hours with him, and before that I had been to the home of Thomas Hardy. Mr. Hardy told me how much he thought of Housman, before I visited Housman; and Housman was a frequent visitor at the Hardy home. Their ideas of life were very much alike; they were what the orthodox people and the Rotary Clubs would call pessimistic. They didn't live on pipe dreams; they took the universe as they found it, and man as they found him. They tried to see what beauty there was in each of them, but didn't close their eyes to the misery and maladjustments of either the universe or man, because they were realists, honest, thorough, and fearless.

Hardy himself had received the censure of all the good people of England and the world, who, in spite of that, bought his books. They all condemned him when he wrote his *Tess*; so he determined not to write any more prose. He thought that people probably were not intelligent enough to appreciate him; certainly not his viewpoint, and he didn't wish to waste his time on them.

Housman's viewpoint is much the same, as all of you know. He has written very little.

You can read all he has written in two hours, and less than that; but everything is exquisitely finished. When I met him he was in his study in Cambridge. He is a professor of Latin. I can't imagine anything more useless than that—unless it be Greek! He has been called the greatest Latin scholar in the world, and he seemed to take some pride in his Latin; not so much in his poetry. He said he didn't write poetry except when he felt he had to; it was always hard work for him, although some of the things he wrote very quickly; but as a rule he spent a great deal of time on most of them.

I asked him if it was true that the latest little volume was what it is entitled—*Last Poems*. He said he thought it was true; that it had been published as his last poems in 1922—five years before—and he had only written four lines since; so he thought that would probably be the last. Upon my asking him to recite the four lines, he said he had forgotten them.

Both Hardy and Housman, and of course Omar, believed that man is rather small in comparison with the universe, or even with the earth; they didn't believe in human responsibility, in free will, in a purposeful universe, in a Being who watched over and cared for the people of the world. It is evident that if He does, He makes a poor job of it!

Neither Hardy nor Housman had any such delusions. They took the world as they found it and never tried to guess at its origin. They took man as they found him and didn't try to

build castles for him after he was dead. They were essentialiy realists, both of them; and of course long before them Omar had gone over the same field.

It is hardly fair to call the *Rubaiyat* the work of Omar Khayyam. I have read a good many different editions and several different versions. I never read it in Persian, in which it was first written, but I have read not only poetical versions but prose ones. Justin McCarthy brought out a translation a number of years ago which was supposed to be a literal translation of Omar's book. There is no resemblance between that book and the classic under his name that was really written by FitzGerald. There is nothing very remarkable about the Omar Khayyam as found in Justin McCarthy's translation. It is probably ten times as expansive as the one we have, and no one would recognize it from the FitzGerald edition.

The beauty of the *Rubaiyat* is Edward FitzGerald's. He evidently was more or less modest or else he wanted to do great homage to Omar, because no one would ever have suspected that Omar had any more to do with the book than they would have suspected Plato. But, under the magic touch of FitzGerald, it is not only one of the wisest and most profound pieces of literature in the world, but one of the most beautiful productions that the world has ever known.

I remember reading somewhere that when this poem was thrown on the market in London, a long time ago, nobody bought it. They

finally put it out in front of the shop in the form in which it was printed and sold it for a penny. One could make more money by buying those books at a penny and selling them now than he could make with a large block of Standard Oil! It took a long while for Omar and FitzGerald to gain recognition, which makes it rather comfortable for the rest of us who write books to give away, and feel happy when somebody asks us for one, although we suspect they will never read them. But we all think we will be discovered sometime. Some of us hope so and some are fearful that they will be.

Neither Omar nor FitzGerald believed in human responsibility. That is the rock on which most religions are founded, and all laws—that everybody is responsible for his conduct; that if he is good he is good because he deliberately chooses to be good, and if he is bad it is pure cussedness on his part—nobody had anything to do with it excepting himself. If he hasn't free will, why, he isn't anything! The English poet Henley, in one of his poems, probably expressed this about as well as anybody. It looks to me as if he had a case of the rabies or something like that. But people are fond of repeating it. In his brief poem about Fate he says:

> I am the master of my fate
> I am the captain of my soul.

A fine captain of his soul; and a fine master of his fate! He wasn't master enough of his fate to get himself born, which is rather important, nor to do much of anything else, except brag about it. Instead of being the cap-

tain of his soul, as I have sometimes expressed it, man isn't even a deck-hand on a rudderless ship! He is just floating around and trying to hang on, and hanging on as long as he can. But if it does him any good to repeat Henley, or other nonsense, it is all right to give him a chance to do it, because he hasn't much to look forward to, any way. Free will never was a scientific doctrine; it never can be. It is probably a religious conception, which of course shows that it isn't a scientific one.

Neither one of these eminent men, Hardy or Housman, believed anything in free will. There is eight hundred years between Omar and Housman, and yet their philosophy is wondrously alike. I have no doubt but that Omar's philosophy was very like what we find in the rendering of FitzGerald. It is not a strange and unusual philosophy, except in churches and Rotary Clubs and places like that. It is not strange in places where people think or try to, and where they do not undertake to fool themselves. It is rather a common philosophy; it is a common philosophy where people have any realization of their own importance, or, rather, unimportance. A realization of it almost invariably forces upon a human being his own insignificance and the insignificance of all the other human atoms that come and go.

Men's ideas root pretty far back. Their religious creeds are very old. By means of interest and hope and largely fear, they manage to hang on to the old, even when they know it is not true. The idea of man's importance

came in the early history of the human race. He looked out on the earth, and of course he thought it was flat! It looks flat, and he thought it was. He saw the sun, and he formed the conception that somebody moved it out every morning and pulled it back in at night. He saw the moon, and he had the opinion that somebody pulled that out at sundown and took it in in the morning. He saw the stars, and all there was about the stars was, "He made the stars also." They were just "also." They were close by, and they were purely for man to look at, about like diamonds in the shirt bosoms of people who like them.

This was not an unreasonable idea, considering what they had to go on. The people who still believe it have no more to go on. Blind men can't be taught to see or deaf people to hear. The primitive people thought that the stars were right near by and just the size they seemed to be. Of course now we know that some of them are so far away that light traveling at nearly 200,000 miles a second is several million light years getting to the earth, and some of them are so large that our sun, even, would be a fly-speck to them. The larger the telescopes the more of them we see, and the imagination can't compass the end of them. It is just humanly possible that somewhere amongst the infinite number of infinitely larger and more important specks of mud in the universe there might be some organisms of matter that are just is intelligent as our people on the earth. So to have the idea that all of this was made for man gives man a great

deal of what Weber and Field used to call "proud flesh."

Man can't get conceited from what he knows today, and he can't get it from what intellectual people ever knew. You remember, in those days the firmament was put in to divide the water below from the water above. They didn't know exactly what it was made of, but they knew what it was. Heaven was up above the firmament. They knew what it was, because Jacob had seen the angels going up and down on a ladder. Of course, a ladder was the only transportation for such purposes known to Jacob. If he had been dreaming now, they would have been going up in a flying machine and coming down in the same way.

Our conceptions of things root back; and that, of course, is the reason for our crude religions, our crude laws. our crude ideas, and our exalted opinion of the human race.

Omar had it nearer right. He didn't much over-estimate the human race. He knew it for what it was, and that wasn't much. He knew about what its power was; he didn't expect much from the human race. He didn't condemn men, because he knew he couldn't do any better. As he puts it.

But helpless Pieces of the Game He plays
Upon this Chequer-Board of Nights and Days;
Hither and thither moves, and checks and slays
And one by one back in the Closet lays.

Compare that conception with Mr. Henley's, with his glorious boast that he is the captain of his soul and the master of his fate. Anyone who didn't catch that idea from the ordinary

thought of the community, but carved it out for himself, would be a subject for psychopathic analysis and examination. When you have an idea that everybody else has, of course you are not crazy, but if you have silly ideas that nobody else has, of course you are crazy. That is the only way to settle it.

Most people believe every day many things for which others are sent to the insane asylum. The insane asylums are full of religious exaltants who have just varied a little bit from the standard of foolishness. It isn't the foolishness that places them in the bug-house, it is the slight variations from the other fellows' foolishness—that is all. If a man says he is living with the spirits today, he is insane. If he says that Jacob did, he is all right. That is the only difference.

Omar says we are simply "impotent pieces in the game He plays"—of course, he uses a capital letter when he spells *He* which is all right enough for the purpose—"in the game He plays upon this chequer-board of nights and days." And that is what man is. If one could vision somebody playing a game with human pawns, one would think that everyone who is moved around here and there was moved simply at the will of a player and he had nothing whatever to do with the game, any more than any other pawn. And he has nothing more to do with it than any other pawn.

Omar expresses this opinion over and over again. He doesn't blame man; he knows the

weakness of man. He knew the cruelty of judging him.

> The Moving Finger writes; and having writ,
> Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit
> Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
> Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.

Whatever the impulse calls one to do, whatever the baubles or the baits that set in motion many acts, however quickly or emotionally, the consequences of the acts, as far as he is concerned, never end. All your piety and all your wit cannot wipe out a word of it! Omar pities man; he doesn't exalt God, but he pities man. He sees what man can do; and, more important still, he sees what he cannot do. He condemns the idea that God could or should judge man. The injustice of it, the foolishness of it all, appeals to him and he puts it in this way:

> O Thou who didst with pitfall and with gin
> Beset the Road I was to wander in,
> Thou wilt not with Predestin'd Evil round
> Enmesh, and then impute my Fall to Sin!

Nothing ever braver and stronger and truer than that! Preachers have wasted their time and their strength and such intelligence and learning as they can command, talking about God forgiving man, as if it was possible for man to hurt God, as if there was anything to be forgiven from man's standpoint. They pray that man be forgiven and urge that man should be forgiven. Nobody knows for what, but still it has been their constant theme. Poets have done it; Omar knew better. Brave and strong

and clear and far-seeing, although living and dying eight hundred years ago. This is what he says about forgiveness:

O thou, who Man of baser Earth didst make,
And ev'n with Paradise devised the Snake:
For all the sin wherewith the Face of Man
Is blacken'd—Man's forgiveness give—and take!

"Man's forgiveness give—and take!" If man could afford to forgive God, He ought to be willing to forgive man. Omar knew it. "Ev'n with paradise devised the snake." Taking the orthodox theory, for all the sin with which the earth is blackened, "Man's forgiveness give—and take!" That is courage; it is science. It is sense, and it isn't the weak, cowardly whining of somebody who is afraid he might be hurt unless he whines and supplicates, which he always does, simply hoping that some great power will have compassion on him. Always cowardice and fear, and nothing else!

Omar was wise enough to know that if there was any agency responsible for it, that agency was responsible. He made us as we are, and as He wished to make us, and to say that a weak, puny, ignorant human being, here today and gone tomorrow, could possibly injure God or be responsible for his own weakness and his ignorance, of course is a travesty upon all logic; and of course it does great credit to all superstition, for it couldn't come any other way.

* * *

Housman is equally sure about this. He knows about the responsibility of man. Strange how wonderfully alike runs their philosophy!

Housman condemned nobody. No pessimist does—only good optimists. People who believe in a universe of law never condemn or hate individuals. Only those who enthrone man believe in free will, and make him responsible for the terrible crudities of Nature and the force back of it, if there is such a force. Only they are cruel to the limit.

One can get Housman's idea of the responsibility of the human being from his beautiful little poem, "The Culprit," the plaintive wailing of a boy to be executed the next morning, when he, in his blindness and terror, asked himself the question, "Why is it and what does it all mean?" and thought about the forces that made him, and what a blind path he traveled, as we all do. He says:

The night my father got me
  His mind was not on me;
He did not plague his fancy
  To muse if I should be
  The son you see.

The day my mother bore me
  She was a fool and glad,
For all the pain I cost her,
  That she had borne the lad
  That borne she had.

My mother and my father
  Out of the light they lie;
The warrant would not find them,
  And here 'tis only I
  Shall hang on high.

Oh let no man remember
  The soul that God forgot,
But fetch the county kerchief
  And noose me in the knot,
  And I will rot.

For so the game is ended
That should not have begun.
My father and my mother
They have a likely son,
And I have none.

Nobody lives in this world to himself or any part of himself. Nobody fashions his body, and still less is responsible for the size or the fineness of his brain and the sensitiveness of his nervous system. No one has anything to do with the infinite manifestations of the human body that produce the emotions, that force men here and there. And yet religion in its cruelty and its brutality brands them all alike. And the religious teachers are so conscious of their own guilt that they only seek to escape punishment by loading their punishment onto someone else. They say that the responsibility of the individual who in his weakness goes his way is so great and his crimes are so large that there isn't a possibility for him to be saved by his own works.

* * *

The law is only the slightest bit more intelligent. No matter who does it, or what it is, the individual is responsible. If he is manifestly and obviously crazy they may make some distinction; but no lawyer is wise enough to look into the human mind and know what it means. The interpretations of the human judges were delivered before we had any science on the subject whatever, and they continue to enforce the old ideas of insanity, in spite of the fact that there isn't an intelligent human being in the world who has studied the

question who ever thinks of it in legal terms. Judges instruct the jury that if a man knows the difference between right and wrong he cannot be considered insane. And yet an insane man knows the difference better than an intelligent man, because he has not the intelligence and the learning to know that this is one of the hardest things to determine, and perhaps the most impossible. You can ask the inmates of any insane asylum whether it is right to steal, lie, or kill, and they will all say "No," just as little children will say it, because they have been taught it. It furnishes no test, but still lawyers and judges persist in it, to give themselves an excuse to wreak vengeance upon unfortunate people.

Housman knew better. He knew that in every human being is the imprint of all that has gone before, especially the imprint of his direct ancestors. And not only that, but that it is the imprint of all the environment in which he has lived, and that human responsibility is utterly unscientific, and besides that, horribly cruel.

Another thing that impressed itself upon all these poets alike was the futility of life. I don't know whether a college succeeds in making pupils think that they are very important in the scheme of the universe. I used to be taught that we were all very important. Most all the boys and girls who were taught it when I was taught it are dead, and the world is going on just the same. I have a sort of feeling that after I am dead it will go on just the same,

and there are quite a considerable number of people who think it will go on better. But it won't; I haven't been important enough even to harm it. It will go on just exactly the same.

We are always told of the importance of the human being and the importance of everything he does; the importance of his not enjoying life, because if he is happy here of course he can't be happy hereafter, and if he is miserable here he must be happy hereafter. Omar made short work of that, of those promises which are not underwritten, at least not by any responsible people. He did not believe in foregoing what little there is of life in the hope of having a better time hereafter.

He says, "Ah, take the Cash and let the Credit go." Good advice that: "Ah, take the Cash and let the Credit go." If you take the "Credit," likely as not you will miss your fun both here and hereafter. Omar knew better.

It is strange how the religious creeds have hammered that idea into the human mind. They have always felt there was a kinship between pleasure and sin. A smile on the face is complete evidence of wickedness. A solemn, uninteresting countenance is a stamp of virtue and goodness, of self-denial, that will surely be rewarded. Of course, the religious people are strangely hedonistic without knowing it. You couldn't expect them to know it! There are some of us who think that the goodness or badness of an act in this world can be determined only by pain and pleasure units. The thing that brings pleasure is good, and the

thing that brings pain is bad. There is no other way to determine the difference between good and bad. Some of us think so: I think so.

Of course, the other class roll their eyes and declaim against this heathen philosophy, the idea that pain and pleasure have anything to do with the worth-whileness of existence. It isn't important for you to be happy here. But why not? You are too miserable here so you will be happy hereafter; and the hereafter is long and the here is short. They promise a much bigger prize than the pagan for the reward of conduct. They simply want you to trust them. They take the pain and pleasure theory with a vengeance, but they do business purely on credit. They are dealers in futures! I could never understand, if it was admissible to have joy in heaven, why you couldn't have it here, too. And if joy is admissible at all, the quicker you get at it the better, and the surer you are of the result. Omar thought that: "Ah, take the Cash, and let the Credit go!" Take the Cash and let the other fellow have the Credit! That was his philosophy, and I insist it is much better, and more intelligent philosophy than the other.

But Omar had no delusions about how important this human being is. He had no delusions about the mind, about man's greatness. He knew something about philosophy or metaphysics, whatever it is. He knew the uncertainty of human calculations, no matter who arrived at them. He knew the round-about way that people try to find out something,

and he knew the results. He knew the futility of all of it.

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
About it and about: but evermore
Came out by the same door where in I went.

That is what Omar thought. Man evermore came out by the same door where in he went. Therefore, "take the Cash and let the Credit go!" He put it even stronger than this. He knew exactly what these values were worth, if anything. He knew what a little bit there is to the whole bag of tricks. What's the difference whether you were born 75 years ago, or fifty or twenty-five? What's the difference whether you are going to live ten years, or twenty or thirty, or whether you are already dead? In that case you escape something! This magnifying the importance of the human being is one of the chief sins of man and results in all kinds of cruelty.

If we took the human race for what it is worth, we could not be so cruel. Omar Khayyam knew what it was, this life, that we talk so much about:

'Tis but a Tent where takes his one day's rest
A Sultan to the realm of Death addrest;
The Sultan rises, and the dark Ferrash
Strikes, and prepares it for another Guest.

"'Tis but a Tent where takes his one day's rest"—is there anything else, if one could just make a survey of the human being, passing across the stage of life? I suppose man has been upon the earth for over a million years.

A million years, and perhaps his generations may be thirty to thirty-five years long. Think of the generations in a thousand years, in 5,000 years, in a hundred thousand, in a million years! There are a billion and a half of these important organisms on the earth at any one time. All of them, all important—kings, priests and professors, and doctors and lawyers and presidents, and 100 per cent Americans, and everything on earth you could think of—Ku Kluxers, W. C. T. U.'s, Rotarians, Knights of Columbus and Masons, everything. All of them important in this scheme of things! All of them seeking to attract attention to themselves, and not even satisfied when they get it!

What is it all about? It is strange what little things will interest the human mind—baseball games, fluctuations of the stock market, revivals, foot races, hangings, anything. Anything will interest them. And the wonderful importance of the human being!

* * *

Housman knew the importance just as well as Omar. He has something to say about it, too. He knew it was just practically nothing. Strangely like him! The little affairs of life, the little foolishnesses of life, the things that consume our lives without any result whatever; he knew them and knew what they were worth. He knew they were worth practically nothing. But we do them; the urge of living keeps us doing them, even when we know how useless and foolish they are. Housman understood them:

Yonder see the morning blink:
The sun is up, and up must I,
To wash and dress and eat and drink
And look at things and talk and think
And work, and God knows why.

Oh often have I washed and dressed
And what's to show for all my pain?
Let me lie abed and rest:
Ten thousand times I've done my best
And all's to do again.

That is what life is, rising in the morning and washing and dressing and going to recitations and studying and forgetting it, and then going to bed at night, to get up the next morning and wash and dress and go to recitation, and so on, world without end.

One might get a focus on it from the flies. They are very busy buzzing round. You don't exactly know what they are saying, because we can't understand fly language. Professors can't teach you fly language! We can't tell what they are saying, but they are probably talking about the importance of being good, about what's going to happen to their souls and when. And when they are stiff in the morning in the Autumn and can hardly move round, the housewife gets up and builds the fire, and the heat limbers them up. She sets out the bread and butter on the table. The flies come down and get into it, and they think the housewife is working for them. Why not?

Is there any difference? Only in the length of the agony. What other? Apparently they have a good time while the sun is shining, and apparently they die when they get cold. It is a proposition of life and death, forms of matter

clothed with what seems to be consciousness, and then going back again into inert matter, and that is all. There isn't any manifestation that we humans make that we do not see in flies and in other forms of matter.

Housman understands it; they have all understood it. Read any of the great authors of the world—any of them; their hopes and their fears and their queries and their doubts are about the same. There is only one man I know of that can answer everything, and that is Dr. Cadman.

Housman saw it. He knew a little of the difference between age and youth—and there is some. The trouble is, the old men always write the books; they write them not in the way they felt when they were young, but in the way they feel now. And they preach to the young, and condemn them for doing what they themselves did when they had the emotion to do it. Great teachers, when they grow old! Perhaps it is partly envy and the desire that no one shall have anything *they* can't have. Likely it is, but they don't know it. Housman says something about this:

When first my way to fair I took
  Few pence in purse had I,
And long I used to stand and look
  At things I could not buy.

Now times are altered: if I care
  To buy a thing I can;
The pence are here and here's the fair,
  But where's the lost young man?

The world is somewhat different. The lost young man was once looking at the fair. He couldn't go in, and he liked it more for that;

but now he is tired of the fair and tired of the baubles that once amused him and the riddles he once tried to guess, and he can't understand that the young man still likes to go to the fair.

* * *

We hear a great deal said by the ignorant about the wickedness of the youth of today. Well, I don't know: some of us were wicked when we were young. I don't know what is the matter with the youth of today having their fling. I don't know that they are any wickeder today. First, I don't know what the word wicked means. Oh, I do know what it means: it means unconventional conduct. But I don't know whether unconventional conduct is wicked in the sense they mean it is wicked, or whether conventional conduct is good in the sense they mean it is good. Nobody else knows!

But I remember when I was a boy—it was a long time ago—I used to hear my mother complain. My mother would have been pretty nearly 125 years old if she had kept on living, but luckily for her she didn't! I used to hear her complain of how much worse the girls were that she knew than the girls were when she was a girl. Of course, she didn't furnish any bill of particulars; she didn't specify, except not hanging up their clothes, and gadding, and things like that. But at any rate, they were worse. And my father used to tell about it, and I have an idea that Adam and Eve used to talk the same fool way.

The truth is, the world doesn't change, or

the generations of men or the human emotions. But the individual changes as he grows old. You hear about the Revolt of Youth. Some people are pleased at it and some displeased. Some see fine reasons for hope in what they call the *youth movement*. They can put it over on the old people, but not on the youth! There is a Revolt of Youth.

Well, youth has always been in revolt. The greatest trouble with youth is that it gets old. Age changes it. It doesn't bring wisdom, though most old people think because they are old they have wisdom. But you can't get wisdom by simply growing old. You can even forget it that way! Age means that the blood runs slow, that the emotions are not as strong, that you play safer, that you stay closer to the hearth. You don't try to find new continents or even explore old ones. You don't travel into unbeaten wilderness and lay out new roads. You stick to the old roads when you go out at all.

The world can't go on with old people. It takes young ones that are daring, with courage and faith.

The difference between youth and old age is the same in every generation. The viewpoint is in growing old, that is all. But the old never seem wise enough to know it, and forever the old have been preaching to the young. Luckily, however, the young pay very little attention to it. They sometimes pretend to, but they never do pay much attention to it. Otherwise, life could not exist.

* * *

Both of these poets saw the futility of life: the little things of which it is made, scarcely worth the while. It is all right to talk about futility. We all know it, if we know much of anything. We know life is futile. A man who considers that his life is of very wonderful importance is awfully close to a padded cell. Let anybody study the ordinary, everyday details of life; see how closely he is bound and fettered; see how little it all amounts to.

* * *

There are a billion and a half people in the world, all of them trying to shout loud enough to be heard all at once, so as to attract the attention of the public, so they may be happy. A billion and a half of them, and if they all attracted attention none of them would have attention! Of course, attention is only valuable if the particular individual attracts it and nobody else can get it. That is what makes presidents and kings—they get it and nobody else.

Then when you consider that it is all made up of little things, what is life all about, anyway? We do keep on living. It is easy enough to demonstrate to people who think that life is not worth while. We could do it easier if we could only settle what worth while means. But if we settle it and convince ourselves that it is not worth while, we still keep on living. Life does not come from willing; rather it does not come from thought and reason. I don't live because I think it is worth while; I live because I am a going concern, and every going concern tries to keep on going, I don't

care whether it is a tree, or a plant, or what we call a lower animal, or man, or the Socialist party. Anything that is going tries to go on by its own momentum, and it does just keep on going—it is what Schopenhauer called the *will to live.* So we must assume that we will live anyhow as long as we can. When the machine runs down we don't have to worry about it any longer.

Housman asked himself this question, and Omar asked himself this question. Life is of little value. What are we going to do while we live? In other words, what is the purpose, if we can use the word *purpose* in this way, which is an incorrect way? What purpose are we going to put into it? Why should we live; and if we must live, then what? Omar tells us what. He knew there was just one thing important; he knew what most thinkers know today. He put it differently—he and FitzGerald together. It is a balance between painful and pleasurable emoti ns. Every organized being looks for pleasurable emotions and tries to avoid painful ones. The seed planted in the ground seeks the light. The instinct of everything is to move away from pain and toward pleasure. Human beings are just like all the rest. The earth and all its manifestations are simply that. Omar figured it out, and after philosophizing and finding that he ever came out the same door where in he went, he said:

You know, my Friends, with what a brave Carouse
I made a Second Marriage in my house;
Divorced old barren Reason from my Bed,
And took the Daughter of the Vine to Spouse.

That is one way of forgetting life—one way of seeking pleasurable emotions: "I took the Daughter of the Vine to Spouse." A way that has been fairly popular down through the ages! Even in spite of the worst that all the fanatics could possibly do, it has been a fairly universal remedy for the ills of man. It would be perfect if it were not for the day after!

He says in his wild exuberance:

Come, fill the Cup, and in the fire of Spring
Your Winter-Garment of Repentance fling:
The Bird of Time has but a little way
To flutter—and the Bird is on the Wing.

There isn't much of it; but while it is fluttering, help it. It has but a little way to flutter, and it is on the wing!

To those who are not quite so strenuous, there is an appeal more to beauty, a somewhat more permanent although not much more, but a more beautiful conception of pleasure, which is all he could get:

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

Well, if you get the right jug and the right book and the rest of the paraphernalia, it isn't so bad!

* * *

It is strange that two so different human beings have sought about the same thing. This physical emotional life that we hear so much about is the only life we know anything about. They sought their exaltation there, and Omar

Khayyam pictured it very well. Housman again does as well. What does he say about the way to spend life and about life?

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough,
And stands about the woodland ride
Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now, of my threescore years and ten,
Twenty will not come again,
And take from seventy springs a score,
It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow.

What else is there? So while the light is still on and while I can still go, and when the cherry is in bloom—I will go to see the cherries hung with snow.

That is the whole philosophy of life for those who think; that is all there is to it, and it is what everybody is trying to do, without fully realizing it. Many are taking the Credit and letting the Cash go. Housman is right about that.

Since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow.

That is why I have so little patience with the old preaching to the young. If youth, with its quick-flowing blood, its strong imagination, its virile feeling; if youth, with its dreams and its hopes and ambitions, can go about the woodland to see the cherry hung with snow, why not?

Who are the croakers, who have run their race and lived their time, who are they to keep back expression and hope and youth and joy from a world that is almost barren at the best?

It has been youth that has kept the world alive; it will be, because from the others emotion has fled; and with the fleeing of emotion, through the ossification of the brain, all there is left for them to do is to preach. I hope they have a good time doing that, and I am so glad the young pay no attention to it!

* * *

Of course, Housman and Omar and the rest of us are called pessimists. It is a horrible name. What is a pessimist, anyway? It is a man or a woman who looks at life as life is. If you could, you might take your choice, perhaps, as to being a pessimist or a pipe dreamer. But you can't have it, because you look at the world according to the way you are made. Those are the two extremes. The pessimist takes life for what life is: not all sorrow, not all pain, not all beauty, not all good. Life is not black; life is not orange, red, or green, or all the colors of the rainbow. Life is no one shade or hue.

It is well enough to understand it. If pessimism could come as the result of thought, I would think a pessimist was a wise man. What is an optimist, anyway? He reminds me of a little boy running through the woods and looking up at the sky and not paying any attention to the brambles or thorns he is scrambling through. There is a stone in front of him and he trips over the stone. Browning said, "God's

in his heaven and all's right with the world." Others say, "God is Love, Love is God," and so on. A man who thinks that is bound to be an optimist. He believes that things are good.

The pessimist doesn't necessarily think that everything is bad, but he looks for the worst. He knows it will come sooner or later. When an optimist falls, he falls a long way; when a pessimist falls it is a very short fall. When an optimist is disappointed he is very, very sad, because he believed it was the best of all possible worlds, and God's in his heaven and all's well with the world. When a pessimist is disappointed he is happy, for he wasn't looking for anything.

This is the safest and by all odds it is the wisest outlook. Housman has put it in a little poem. It is about the last thing I shall give you. Housman is the only man I know of who has written a poem about pessimism. Nearly all the people who are talking about pessimism talk in prose; it is very prosy. Poems are generally written about optimism:

> I am the master of my fate;
> I am the captain of my soul.

Those are the sort of poems. Of course there have been poems written about pessimism. Poetry is really, to my way of thinking, good only if it is beauty and if it is music.

I don't mean tonight to discuss the question of free verse and poetry, or the comparative merits of the two styles, or of prose, but I do think that poetry is an exaltation and that you can't hold it for long. Poetry ought to

have beauty and it ought to have music. It should have both. You can be the poet of sadness; sadness lends itself to poetry as much as gladness, although few poets know how to use it. Listen to this from Housman:

> With rue my heart is laden,
> For golden friends I had,
> For many a rose-lipt maiden
> And many a lightfoot lad.
>
> By brooks too broad for leading
> The lightfoot boys are laid,
> The rose-lipt girls are sleeping
> In fields where roses fade.

That is sad, isn't it? But it is beautiful.

I remember once, years and years ago, reading Olive Schreiner's *Story of an African Farm*, in which she describes the simple Boers of South Africa, with their sorrows and their pleasures. She used this expression, which it took me some time to understand, in describing pain and pleasure: "There is a depth of emotion so broad and deep that pain and pleasure are the same." They are the same, and I think they find their meeting in beauty. The beauty, even if it is painful, is still beauty. You find the meeting of pain and pleasure, and you can hardly distinguish between the two emotions.

Housman knew it; he knew how to do it. Here is his idea of the young lad who dies: not passes on—passes off. He dies:

> Now hollow fires burn out to black
> And lights are guttering low:
> Square your shoulders, lift your pack,
> And leave your friends and go.

Oh never fear man, nought's to dread,
Look not left nor right:
In all the endless road you tread
There's nothing but the night.

Does it bring you painful or pleasurable emotions? It is beautiful; it is profound; it is deep. To me the painful and pleasurable are blended in the beauty, and I think the two may be one.

* * *

Housman, as I have said, is the only one I know who wrote a poem of pessimism; and this, like all of his, is very short, and I will read it. Somebody else may have written one; but Housman carries the philosophy of pessimism into poetry, perhaps the philosophy that I have given you. This poem is supposed to be introduced by somebody who complains of Housman's dark, almost tragical verses. For in every line that he ever wrote there is no let down. He is like Hardy; he never hauled down the flag. Life to him was what he saw; what the world saw meant nothing. This was the view in all of Housman's work. In all of his work there is not one false note; and when I say a false note I mean one that is not in tune with the rest. This is his idea of pessimism in poetry:

"Terence, this is stupid stuff:
You eat your victuals fast enough;
There can't be much amiss, 'tis clear,
To see the rate you drink your beer.
But oh, good Lord, the verse you make,
It gives a chap the belly-ache.

We poor lads, 'tis our turn now
To hear such tunes as killed the cow.
Pretty friendship 'tis to rhyme
Your friends to death before their time
Moping melancholy mad:
Come, pipe a tune to dance to, lad."

Why, if 'tis dancing you would be,
There's brisker pipes than poetry.
Say, for what were hop-yards meant,
Or why was Burton built on Trent?
Oh many a peer of England brews
Livelier liquor than the Muse,
And malt does more than Milton can
To justify God's ways to man.
Ale, man, ale's the stuff to drink
For fellows whom it hurts to think:
Look into the pewter pot
To see the world as the world's not.
And faith, 'tis pleasant till 'tis past:
The mischief is that 'twill not last.

Oh I have been to Ludlow fair
And left my necktie God knows where,
And carried half way home, or near,
Pints and quarts of Ludlow beer:
Then the world seemed none so bad,
And I myself a sterling lad;
And down in lovely muck I've lain,
Happy till I woke again.
Then I saw the morning sky:
Heigho, the tale was all a lie;
The world it was the old world yet,
I was I, my things were wet,
And nothing now remained to do
But begin the game anew.

Therefore, since the world has still
Much good, but much less good than ill,
And while the sun and moon endure
Luck's a chance, but trouble's sure,
I'd face it as a wise man would,
And train for ill and not for good.

'Tis true, the stuff I bring for sale
Is not so brisk a brew as ale:
Out of a stem that scored the hand
I wrung it in a weary land.
But take it: if the smack is sour,
The better for the embittered hour;
It should do good to heart and head
When your soul is in my soul's stead;
And I will friend you, if I may,
In the dark and cloudy day.

"Luck's a chance, but trouble's sure." The moral of it is to "train for ill and not for good."

If I had my choice, I would not like to be an optimist, even assuming that people did not know that I was an idiot. I wouldn't want to be an optimist because when I fell I would fall such a terribly long way. The wise man trains for ill and not for good. He is sure he will need that training, and the other will take care of itself as it comes along.

Of course, life is not all pleasant; it is filled with tragedy. Housman has told us of it, and Omar Khayyam tells us of it. No man and no woman can live and forget death. However much they try, it is there, and it probably should be faced like anything else. Measured time is very short. Life, amongst other things, is full of futility.

Omar Khayyam understood, and Housman understood. There are other poets that have felt the same way. Omar Khayyam looked on the shortness of life and understood it. He pictured himself as here for a brief moment. He loved his friends; he loved companionship; he loved wine. I don't know how much of it he drank. He talked about it a lot. It

might have symbolized more than it really meant to him. It has been a solace all down through the ages. Not only that, but it has been the symbol of other things that mean as much—the wine of life, the joy of living.

THE LORD'S DAY ALLIANCE

Clarence Darrow

This veteran of the courts, who has spent fifty years tearing deserved holes in the law, takes and swings his priceless irony towards these professional Christians. When do we rest and when do we play? Apparently we don't. What price salvation? It's not worth it.

Among the various societies that are engaged in the business of killing pleasure, the Lord's Day Alliance of New York deserves a place of honor. If any poor mortal is caught enjoying life on Sunday its agents gleefully hie themselves to the nearest legislature and urge a law to stop the fun. Their literature and periodicals tell very plainly the kind of business they are in. This association of crape-hangers seems to be especially interested in the State of New York, which contains about one-tenth of the population of the Union, and among them an unusually large number of foreigners and other heathen who have not been taught the proper regard for the sanctity of the Sabbath.

The activities of this Alliance in New York still leave them ample time to watch the sinners in the other states and bring to book the wicked who are bent on having pleasure on the holy Sabbath Day. In their own language, the work is "in the interests of the preservation and promotion of the Lord's Day as the American Christian Sabbath . . . to oppose all adverse measures seeking to weaken the law and

to seek the passage of such measures as would tend to strengthen it." The Alliance informs us that "in the last four years it has furnished sixty-seven addresses per month, on an average. During this time over three hundred and twenty institute meetings have been held for the study of the Sabbath question. Several million pages of literature have been distributed." It "also furnishes press articles and syndicate matter for the newspapers." Imagine an institute spending so much time in the study of the Sabbath question! If they have learned anything on that subject it is not revealed in their tracts.

These Lord's Day folk seek to protect the day "in the interest of the home and the church," "to exalt Jesus Christ who is Lord of the Sabbath Day and to spread the knowledge of the will of God that His Kingdom may come and His will may be done." Though the organization is still young it points to a long list of glorious achievements. We are informed that "no adverse measure affecting the Sabbath has passed at Albany during this time, although forty-two such measures have been introduced in the legislature. . . . A representative of our organization has been present on each occasion to oppose all such adverse measures." It boasts that it "opposed the opening of the State Fair in 1925 on Sunday, by vigorous protest to the members of the Commission and the Attorney General." The result was a ruling from the Attorney General sustaining the law. Of course, so long as no one could go to the fair on Sunday the people were obliged to go to

church. It "has defeated annually an average of forty commercial and anti-Sunday bills in our legislature and has brought about the closing of the First and Second Class Post Offices on Sunday. . . . As a result, thousands are in our churches each Sunday." It has been thanked by President Coolidge for the services rendered hundreds of thousands of government employees in the District of Columbia and elsewhere throughout the nation." What further honor could anybody get on earth? It has "accepted the challenge and in scores of places defeated . . . commercial amusement forces which have declared a nation-wide fight to the finish for Sunday movies and are even proposing to enlist the aid of the churches in their unholy campaign." It succeeded in "changing the date of the gigantic air carnival to which admission was charged, from Sunday, August 2, to Saturday, August 1, 1925, held at Bolling Field, Washington." No one but a parson has the right to charge for his performance on Sunday. Through its request "the War Department issued orders on November 2, 1925, covering every military post in the United States, banning Sunday public air carnivals and maneuvers." It is "now leading a country-wide movement for the enactment of a Sunday rest law for the District of Columbia. Washington needs and must have a Sunday rest law." It informs us that the "day must be kept above the Dollar, Christ above Commercialism on the Lord's Day, the person must have the right of way over the Pocketbook on our American Sunday."

Surely this is a great work and deserves the active support and sympathy of all people who are really interested in driving pleasure-seekers from golf grounds, automobile trips, baseball parks, moving-picture houses and every other form of pleasure on Sunday. It is possible that for lack of any other place to go, some of them might be compelled to park themselves in church. If America does not succeed in bringing back the ancient Puritan Sabbath with its manifold blessings, it will not be the fault of the Lord's Day Alliance.

As a part of this noble work the organization publishes various pamphlets and leaflets and scatters them broadcast through the land. As a rule, these pamphlets are the effusions of more or less obscure parsons. These preachers have special knowledge of God's plans and God's will. Their sermonettes are conflicting in their statements and utterly senseless in their assertions. The sentries of the Alliance on guard at the state capitals and in the national Congress, while these wise bodies are in session, have no doubt succeeded in coercing spineless members of legislative bodies to yield to their will and their parade of votes; and thus spread considerable gloom over the United States on the Sabbath Day.

These Lord's Day Alliance gentlemen are not only religious but scientific. For instance, they publish a pamphlet written by one Dr. A. Haegler, of Basle, Switzerland, in which he says that experiments have shown that during a day's work a laborer expends more oxygen than he can inhale. True, he catches up with

a large part of this deficiency through the night time, but does not regain it all. It follows, of course, that if he keeps on working six days a week, for the same time each day, he will be out a considerable amount of oxygen, and the only way he can make it up is to take a day off on Sunday and go to church. This statement seems to be flawless to the powerful intellects who put out this literature. Any person who is in the habit of thinking might at once arrive at the conclusion that if the workman could not take in enough oxygen gas in the ordinary hours of work and sleep he might well cut down his day's work and lengthen his sleep and thus start even every morning. This ought to be better than running on a shortage of gas all through the week. Likewise, it must occur to most people that there are no two kinds of labor that consume the same amount of oxygen gas per day, and probably no two human systems that work exactly alike. Then, too, if the workman ran behind on his oxygen gas in the days when men worked from ten to sixteen hours a day he might break even at night, since working hours have been reduced to eight or less, with a Saturday half-holiday thrown in. It might even help the situation to raise the bedroom window at night. These matters, of course, do not occur to the eminent doctor who wrote the pamphlet and the scientific gentlemen who send it out. To them the silly statement proves that a man needs to take a day off on Sunday and attend church in order that he may catch up on his oxygen. To them it is perfectly plain that for catching up

on oxygen the church has a great advantage over the golf links or the baseball park, or any other place where the wicked wish to go. This in spite of the fact that in crowded buildings the oxygen might be mixed with halitosis.

The exact proof that these patrons marshal for showing that the need of a Sunday rest is manifest in the nature of things is marvelous. If the need of Sunday rest was meant to be shown by natural law it seems as if this should have been clearly indicated, especially if the righteous God had determined to punish Sunday violations with death and hell. There was no reason why the Creator should have been content to leave the proof to a revelation said to have been made in a barbarous age to an unknown man, hidden in the clouds on the top of a high mountain peak. Humans would not have graven such an important message on a tablet of stone and then insisted that the tablet should be destroyed before any being except Moses had set eye upon it. Even God should not ask for faith that amounts to credulity and gross superstition.

A deity could have written the Sabbath requirements plain on the face of nature. For instance, he might have made the waves be still on the seventh day of the week; the grass might have taken a day off and rested from growing until Monday morning; the wild animals of the forest and glen might have refrained from fighting and eating and chasing and maiming and have been made to close their eyes on the Sabbath Day, and to have kept peace and tranquillity. The earth might have

paused in its course around the sun or stood still on its axis. It should have been as important to make this gesture in homage of the day as it was to help Joshua hold the sun in leash that a battle might be prolonged. If nature had made plain provision for the Sabbath Day it would be patent to others as well as to the medicine men who insist that the Sabbath Day was made for their profit alone.

* * *

But let us pass from the realm of science, where pastors never did especially shine, into a field where they are more likely to excel. Here it is fairly easy to see what it is all about. The Reverend McQuilkin, Pastor at Orange, New Jersey, furnishes a pamphlet for The Lord's Day Alliance. Read what the Doctor says:

> God claims the Sabbath for himself in a very unique, distinctive way as a day of rest and worship. He again and again commands you to spend its hours in the conservation of our spiritual power in the exercise of public and private worship. To spend this holy day in pleasure or unnecessary secular labor is to *rob God.* We have got to be careful how we take the hours of the Sabbath for secular study or work, for God will surely bring us to judgment concerning the matter. Church attendance is a definite obligation, a debt which we owe to God.

Here is where the Alliance seems to strike pay dirt! What reason has God to claim the Sabbath for Himself, and why is God robbed if a man should work on Sunday? It can hardly be possible that the puny insects that we call men could disturb God in His Sunday rest. Is

it not a little presumptuous even to parsons, to say that a debt to the church is a debt to God?

To emphasize the importance of leaving the Sabbath to the preachers, we are warned of the fate of the sinner who profanes the Sabbath by work or play. The Lord's Day Alliance has issued a little folder on which there is the following heading in large letters: THE IMPORTANCE OF THE DEATH PENALTY. Under it is printed this timely caution: "Six days shall work be done, but on the seventh day is a Sabbath of solemn rest, holy to Jehovah; whosoever doeth any work on the Sabbath Day shall surely be put to death. Ex. 31-35." The pamphlet also states that a wealthy business man is furnishing the money for the distribution of this sheet. If this barbarous statement represents the views of the Lord's Day Alliance then what is the mental caliber of the Congressmen, members of the legislatures, judges, and the public that are influenced by their ravings? Can anyone but an idiot have any feeling but contempt for men who seek to scare children and old women with such infamous stuff?

Let us see what the Bible says on this important subject. In Exodus 19:8-12 we find not only the commandment which was delivered to Moses in reference to the Sabbath, but the reasons for such a commandment:

> Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God. In it thou shalt do no work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, nor thy man servant nor thy maid servant

nor the cattle which is within thy gates; *for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea and all that is in them and rested the seventh day, wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath Day and hallowed it.*

It is plain from this commandment that the Sabbath was not instituted in obedience to any natural law or so that man might catch up on his supply of oxygen, but because the Lord in six days had performed the herculean task of creating the universe out of nothing. Therefore, every man must rest on the seventh, no matter whether he has been working and is tired or not. This is made even more binding in Exodus 35:2:

Six days shall work be done; upon the seventh day there shall be to you a holy day, the Sabbath of the rest of the Lord. Whosoever doeth work therein shall be put to death.

In view of the commands of God, certainly his special agents on the earth cannot be blamed for cruelty, no matter what ferocious doctrine they may preach. In Numbers 28:9-10, in connection with various offerings that the Law required on the Sabbath, a provision is made for meat offerings and drink offerings. The meat offerings enjoin the sacrifice of lambs by fire as "a sweet savor unto the Lord," and then the Lord provides that the pastor shall further:

Sacrifice on the Sabbath Day two lambs of the first year without spot and two-tenths of a part of an ephah of fine flour for a meal-offering, mingled with oil and the drink offering thereof: this is the burnt-offering of every Sabbath, besides the continual burnt-offering and his drink offering.

It is evident that the lambs less than one year old. without spot, were to be burned because they were so young and innocent and would therefore make such a "sweet savor unto the Lord." Nothing is lacking in this smell but mint sauce. If Moses is to be obeyed on pain of hell in his command to abstain from work or play on the Sabbath why is the rest of the program any less sacred? How can the holy parsons release their congregations from the sacrifice of the two spotless lambs and the two-tenths of an ephah of fine flour mingled with oils?

In the Fifteenth Chapter of Numbers, it is related that while the children of Israel were in the wilderness they found a man gathering sticks on the Sabbath Day. The Hebrews were evidently at a loss to know what should be done with him for this most heinous offense, so they put him in "ward" to await the further orders of the Lord. It is then related, "and the Lord said unto Moses: The man shall surely he put to death; all the congregation shall stone him with stones without the camp. And all the congregation brought him without the camp and stoned him to death with stones: *as Jehovah commanded Moses.*" In spite of manifold texts like this there are persons who protest that they love this bloody, barbarous, tribal God of the Jews. The literature of the Alliance clearly indicates that its sponsors would follow this command of Jehovah at the present time if they could only have their way.

Dr. McQuilkin further tells us that the defenders of the day have often been too super-

ficial in their contentions on behalf of this holy Sabbath; that they should soft-pedal the "thou shalt nots" and "we should thunder our 'thou shalts' into the ears of the foolish, wicked men who for the sake of pleasure or financial profit would rob their fellow men or themselves of the precious rest God had given them for the cultivation and nurture of their immortal souls." "Such men," he continues, "must be identified with murderers and suicides." The common punishment for murder is death, and suicide *is* death, therefore Dr. McQuilkin, with the rest of his associates and with his God, believes in the death penalty for working or playing on the Sabbath.

How one involuntarily loves this righteous Dr. McQuilkin of Orange, New Jersey. He must be a man whose love and understanding oozes from every pore of his body. No doubt the people of Orange who are burdened with sorrow or sin bring their sore troubles and lay them on his loving breast. I am sure that little children in their grief rush to his outstretched arms for solace and relief.

The Reverend Doctor McQuilkin makes short work of the idea that you cannot make people good by law. In fact, that seems to him to be the only way to make them good. Therefore people and enterprises that commercialize Sundays by baseball games and moving pictures, who "whine about the impossibility of making people good by law, ought to go either to school or to jail." Probably the pastor would be in favor of the jail. The Reverend Doctor is very much exercised about his idea that the

Sabbath should be spent in cultivating our "spiritual nature." From the gentle and kindly character of the doctor's utterances, one judges that he must spend several days a week cultivating his "spiritual nature."

The godly doctor is indeed earnest about the church-going. He says, "God will surely bring us to judgment in the matter of staying away from church, for church attendance is a definite obligation, a debt which we owe to God." The doctor has a naive way of mixing up himself and his private business affairs with the Lord.

Could it be possible that the Reverend Doctor McQuilkin's serious case of rabies might be due to vacant pews? Such cases are related in the following extract from a very disheartening paragraph put out by the Lord's Day Alliance in a folder entitled "Let's Save Our American Christian Sabbath."

> A significant part of this falling away from old American ideals has been the neglect of the churches —life among Christian people dropping to a lower plane on Sunday. The lure of pleasure and the drift to seven-day slavery within a few years have utterly changed the character of the day. The average attendance at Sunday morning services, taken for all the churches of New York State—counting large city churches as well as small country ones—has steadily dropped until it has now reached only *fifty-three* persons. This amounts to but little more than one-fourth of their total enrolled membership! The old days of tithes are gone. Lack of support is making the situation more and more critical and many churches have had to be abandoned. Is the church to survive? *Are we to remain a Christian nation?*

This is indeed distressing. I can well imag-

ine the feeling of chagrin that steals over the parson when he talks to fifty persons on a Sunday morning. Here are the few parishioners, solemn-visaged and sitting impatiently in their pews while a joyous crowd rolls by in automobiles on their road to hell. I cannot help thinking of the parson on a Sunday morning, telling the same story over and over again to his half hundred listeners.

I have seen this pastor and this congregation in the country church and the city church. What have they in common with the world today? Who are these faithful fifty? One-third of them, at least, are little boys and girls, twisting and turning and yawning and fussing in their stiff, uncomfortable clothes, in the hard church pews. Then there are the usual fat old women, wearing their Sunday finery. Their faces are dull and heavy and altogether unlovely. They no longer think of the world; they are looking straight into space at the Promised Land. They hold a hymn book or a Bible in their time-worn hands. Perhaps there are ten full grown men in church; two or three of these look consumptive; one or two are merchants who think that being at church will help them sell prunes; the rest are old and tottering. It has been long years since a new thought or even an old one has found lodgment in their atrophied brains. They are decrepit and palsied and done; so far as life and the world are concerned, they are already dead. One feels sympathetic toward the old. But why should the aged, who have lived their lives, grumble and complain about youth with

its glow and ambition and hope? Why should they sit in the fading light and watch the world go by and vainly reach out their bony hands to hold it back?

Aside from the Lord's Day Alliance's way of appealing to the law to make people go to church, I can think of only two plans to fill the pews. First, to abandon a large number of the churches and give the parsons a chance to find some useful and paying job. Secondly, to get more up-to-date, human and intelligent preachers into the church pulpits.

The literature issued by the Alliance shows great concern about Sunday newspapers. These papers consume a great deal of valuable time on the Sabbath Day. They are in no way the proper literature for Sunday reading. Automobile trips, too, are an abomination on the Sabbath. One pamphlet records approval of the conduct of the "venerable" John D. Paton who even refused to use street-cars on Sunday while visiting America. He kept his appointments by long walks, sometimes even having to run between engagements. This sounds to me strangely like work. Still it might have been necessary in order to get the proper amount of oxygen gas.

Playing golf on Sunday is a sacrilegious practice. A whole leaflet is prepared by Dr. Jefferson on golf. "No one ought to play golf on Sunday. . . . The golf player may need oxygen but he should not forget his caddie." The doctor calls our attention to the fact that men in the days of Moses were mindful of even the least of these. How our parsons do

love Moses and his murderous laws! We are told that a caddie works, that it is not play to trudge after a golf ball with a bag of clubs on his back. The leaflets say that the caddie does not work on Sunday for fun but for money, and it "isn't a manly thing for the golf player to hire him to work on Sunday." We are told that "there are now over one hundred thousand caddies on the golf links every Sunday. These caddies are making a living." Of course this picture is pathetic. It is too bad that the Lord's Day Alliance cannot get these hundred thousand caddies discharged. Then possibly some of them would go to church on Sunday. They might even drop a nickel in the contribution box.

Does anyone believe that if the caddies were offered the same money for going to church that they get for hunting golf balls they would choose the church? It takes a bright boy to be a caddie.

The caddies do not inspire all the tears; we are told that chauffeurs and railroad employes are necessary to take the players to and from the golf links. This is no doubt true. Still, we have even seen chauffeurs sitting in automobiles outside a church where they had driven their employers to get their souls saved. On our suburban railroads there are many trains put in service on Sunday to take people to and from church, but these have not come under the ban of the Lord's Day Alliance. Its complaint is that so few trains are needed for this blessed work.

There is some logic in this folder. We are told that "if golf is allowable on Sunday, then, so is tennis, baseball, basketball, football, bowling and all other games which our generation is fond of." "You can't forbid one without forbidding the others," says the Alliance. We heartily agree with the Reverend Doctor on this particular question.

No one needs to go to ball games or movies or play golf on Sunday unless he wants to spend his time that way. I have never seen anybody who objected to the members of the Lord's Day Alliance or any others from abstaining from all kinds of work and all sorts of play and every method of enjoyment on Sunday.

Dr. Robert E. Speer of Englewood, New Jersey, is very definite and specific as to the proper way to spend Sunday and the sort of recreation man should naturally enjoy on this holy day. Dr. Speer says, "God wants the worship of the Lord's Day and he wants us to have the indispensable comforts and pleasure of it." One would think that Dr. Speer got daily messages from God. "We need the day for meditation and prayer and plans for better living." No one questions the good doctor's right to satisfy his needs in such way as seems necessary and pleasurable for him. All that I contend for is that I, too, shall decide these questions for myself.

Dr. Speer says:

> There are some things deadly in their power to spoil it (referring to the Sabbath). One is the Sunday newspapers. . . . I pass by all that may be de-

nounced as defiling in it. . . . There is harm enough in its "wallow of secularity." . . . Look at the men who feed their minds and souls on Sunday with this food. They miss the calm and holy peace, the glowing divinity of the day.

It is just conceivable that one might read a Sunday newspaper and still have time for "the glowing divinity of the day," to glow long enough to satisfy every desire.

Dr. Speer condemns those who berate the quality of the sermons preached on Sunday and informs us that the wisest man can learn something from the poorest preacher, although he neglects to say just what. He tells us that a country preacher's sermon is superior to the country editor's writings or the country lawyer's speeches. This may be true. It is, at all events, true to Dr. Speer, and there is no reason in the world why he should not hunt up the "poorest preacher" that he can find and listen to him on every Sunday. No doubt Dr. Speer might learn something from him.

Dr. Speer disapproves of riding on railroad trains on Sunday if it can be avoided. "Certainly no one should take long railroad journeys on Sunday." He tells us, "Sunday golf, newspapers, and all that sort of thing are bad and weakening in their influence. These are particular evidence of the trend of the man who thus abandons his birthright." The doctor is more definite in his beautiful picture of just what one ought to do on the Sabbath Day. On this subject he says:

I do not believe that anyone who grew up in a truly Christian home in which the old ideas pre-

vailed can have any sympathy with this modern abuse of the old-fashioned observance of Sunday. There, on Sunday, the demands of the week were laid aside. The family gathered over the Bible and the Catechism. There was a quiet calm through the house. Innumerable things rendered it a marked day, as distinct from other days, and probably it ended with a rare walk with the father at the son's side and some sober talk over what is abiding and what is of eternal worth.

We could hazard a guess that the reason that the mother was not present on this joyful occasion was because she was at home washing the dishes from a big Sunday dinner that she had prepared.

It is entirely possible that Dr. Speer's picture of the ideal Sabbath is a good picture. Doubtless it is good to him. Still, hidden in my mind and recalled by Dr. Speer's alluring language, is the memory of his ideal Presbyterian Sunday. This was a day of unmitigated pain. No spirit or life or joy relieved the boredom and torture of the endless hours. The day meant misery to all the young. Even now I can feel the blank despair that overcame youth and hope as we children left our play on Saturday night and sadly watched the sun go down and the period of gloom steal across the world. Why should Dr. Speer and the other dead seek to force that sort of a Sabbath upon men and women who want to take in their oxygen gas in the baseball bleachers, or the golf links?

From Dr. Speer's picture of the ideal Sabbath I infer that he is a Presbyterian. This opinion has been confirmed by reference to

Who's Who. I find that for long years he has been a Presbyterian preacher, not only in America, but he has carried the blessed gospel even into China that the heathen of that benighted land might not live and die without the consoling knowledge of eternal hell.

Dr. Speer's beautiful picture of the old-time Christian Sabbath describes "the family gathered over the Bible and the Catechism." I, too, sat under the ministrations of a Presbyterian preacher and was duly instructed in the Westminster Catechism. In spite of the aversion and terror that its reference inspired, I took down the book to read once more the horrible creed of the twisted and deformed minds who produced this monstrosity which has neither sense, meaning, justice nor mercy, but only malignant depravity. A devilish creed which shocks every tender sentiment of the human mind. I am inclined to think from their internal evidence that most of the sermonettes circulated by the Lord's Day Alliance had their origin in the warped minds of the Presbyterian clergy. I would hazard a bet that the tender, gentle, loving Dr. McQuilkin is a Presbyterian. I sought to confirm this belief by consulting *Who's Who*, but found that the editors had stupidly left out his name. Still I am convinced that he is a Presbyterian.

In this ancient Westminster Catechism which few men read I quote question and answer number sixty:

Question: How is the Sabbath to be sanctified?

Answer: The Sabbath is to be sanctified by a holy resting all that day, even from such worldly

employments and recreations as are lawful on other days; and spending the whole time in public and private exercises of God's worship, except so much as is to be taken up in the works of necessity and mercy.

Small wonder that these croakers should seek to call children from joy and laughter to spend "the *whole time* in public and private exercises of God's worship." The wonder is not that these Divines should seek to place their palsied hands upon the youth but that an intelligent people, who really do not worship a God of malignancy and hate, would ever let these lovers of darkness invade a legislative body. They have no more place in the sunlight and pure air than croaking frogs and hooting owls. Here is the first question and answer in this wondrous catechism:

Question: What is the chief end of man?

Answer: Man's chief end is to glorify God and to enjoy Him forever.

What sort of a God is this in which these parsons believe? A God who can find no other work for man and no other use for the emotions that nature placed in him, except to spend his life in glorifying His maker? Imagine taking a child from play and the life and activity that nature has made necessary for its being, and seeking to make him understand something that no preacher can possibly comprehend.

Again, as to the simple nature of the God-head, the catechism says: "There are three persons in the God-head; the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost; and these three are one

God, the same in substance, equal in power and glory." Imagine a family spending the whole Sabbath unravelling a mystery like this. It is evident that any child whose mind has been permanently twisted by this wondrous logic would later be found visiting legislative bodies and imploring them to pass laws to blot the sun from the sky on the Sabbath Day.

Here is Number 7:

Question: What are the decrees of God?

Answer: The decrees of God are His eternal purpose according to the counsel of His will, whereby, for His own glory, He has fore-ordained whatsoever comes to pass.

After the child had been made to thoroughly understand how to harmonize freedom and responsibility of man with the statement that God had foreordained whatever comes to pass, he might then on pain of hell tackle number 8:

Question: What is the work of creation?

Answer: The work of the creation is God's making all things of nothing, by word of His power, in the space of six days, and all very good.

Any child could understand how God, as the catechism says, is a "spirit" and could make all things out of nothing, Himself included. God's justice to man is lucidly explained in the Westminster Catechism which tells the Sabbath Day student that "the sin whereby our first parents fell from the estate wherein they were created, was their eating the forbidden fruit."

Question 16 and answer make this a living issue:

Question: Did all mankind fall in Adam's first transgression?

Answer: The covenant being made with Adam, not only for himself, but for his posterity, all mankind descending from him by ordinary generation, sinned in him, and fell with him, in his first transgression.

The answer to the seventeenth question says: "The fall brought mankind into an estate of sin and misery."

* * *

There are thousands of generations between the first man, if there ever was one, and the boy who likes activity and play on the Sabbath Day. Unless the boy is perverse and wicked he should understand the justice of being condemned to an estate of sin and misery because Adam made a covenant, not only for himself, but for all his posterity. It is not worth while to quote further from the Westminster Catechism. This brutal creed runs on for 107 questions and answers. And this is the *shorter* catechism!

It is amazing to think that any human being with ordinary intelligence would accept such doctrine now. It is still more amazing that in spite of the brazen effrontery of the Lord's Day Alliance, legislative bodies should help to enforce such teaching upon the young. But even this is not sufficiently terrible for a Sabbath Day diversion. In answer to Question 19 we are told, "All mankind by their fall lost communion with God, are under His wrath and curse, and so made liable to all the miseries in this life, to death itself, and to the pains of hell forever." Of course, no one would believe

this today except on fear of eternal torture. Does the fear never enter the minds of these parsons that God might punish them eternally for believing that He is such a monster?

* * *

When one thinks of this organization with its senseless leaflets, its stern endeavors. its blank despair, its half-shut eyes blinking at life, one is reminded of the frogs in the green scum-covered pond in the woods who sit on their haunches in the dark and croak all day. No doubt these frogs believe that the germ infested pond is a sacred pool. They are oblivious of the rolling, living ocean that lies just beyond.

Dr. Speer, like the other members of the Lord's Day Alliance, is very sure that one of the chief occupations of Sunday should be attending church. But what church, pray? We are informed that any preacher is better to listen to and read from than any editor. lawyer or other person. Most of us have heard all sorts of preachers. We have listened to some whose churches could only be filled if the Lord's Day Alliance should succeed and make it an offense punishable by death not to go to church. We have heard preachers who had something to say and could say it well. There is as much difference in the views and ability of preachers as in other men. Would Dr. Speer think that we should go to hear the Fundamentalists or the Unitarians? Should we listen to the Holy Rollers or the Modernists?

There are few men outside of the Lord's Day Alliance who would care to listen to their

favorite preacher for a *full day* and there are few preachers who would undertake to talk for a whole day. What, then, must one do for the rest of the time? One simply cannot sleep *all* day on Sunday.

* * *

In all this literature we are constantly urged to preserve our "American Sabbath." Is there any special holiness that lurks around an "American Sabbath"? Are not European Christians as competent to determine the right way to employ their time on Sundays as American Christians? The Lord's Day folk say that reading the Sunday newspapers, playing golf, riding in automobiles, and witnessing baseball games and movies is "un-American." This compound word has been used to cover a multitude of sins. What it means nobody knows. It is bunkum meant to serve every cause, good and bad alike. By what license does the Lord's Day Alliance call its caricature of Sunday an "American Sabbath?" On what grounds does it urge it as against the European Sabbath? Is this nightmare which the Lord's Day Alliance is so anxious to force upon the United States a product of America? Everyone knows that Sunday, with the rest of the Christian religion, came to us from Europe. The weird ideas of the Lord's Day Alliance are European. When and how it came to us is worth finding out.

Jesus and His disciples did not believe in the Jewish Sabbath. They neither abstained from work nor play. St. Paul, specially, condemned the setting apart of days and said to his dis-

ciples, "Ye observe days and months and times and years. I am afraid of ye lest I have bestowed upon ye labor in vain."

The early fathers did not approve of any such day as the Lord's Day Alliance insists shall be fastened upon America. St. Jerome and his group attended church services on Sunday, but otherwise pursued their usual occupations. St. Augustine calls Sunday a festal day and says that the Fourth Commandment is in no literal sense binding upon Christianity. Even Luther and Calvin enjoined no such a day upon the Christians as these moderns wish to fasten upon America that the churches may be filled. The righteous John Knox "played bowls" on Sunday, and in his voluminous preaching used no effort to make Sunday a day of gloom wherein people should abstain from work and play. It was not until 1595 that an English preacher of Suffolk first insisted that the Jewish Sabbath should be maintained. The controversy over this question lasted for a hundred years and resulted in a law proscribing every kind of Sunday recreation, even "vainly and profanely walking for pleasure." England soon reacted against this blue Sabbath and permitted trading, open theatres and frivolity in the afternoon and evening. Under the leadership of the Church of England the Sabbath no longer was a day of gloom and despair.

* * *

The real American Sabbath was born in Scotland after the death of John Knox. It fits the stern hills, the bleak moors and the unfriendly climate of this northern land. It was

born of fear and gloom and it lives by fear and gloom. Early in the Seventeenth Century, Scotland adopted this stern theory of the Jewish Sabbath and applied it ruthlessly. The Westminster Confession was adopted by the General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland in 1647 and has remained the formal standard of faith to the present day. Ordinary recreations were disallowed. Books and music were forbidden except such as were recognized as religious in a narrow sense. No recreation but whiskey-drinking remained. This Presbyterian Sabbath of Scotland was brought to New England by the early settlers of America and is, in fact, a Scotch Sabbath—not an American Sabbath.

Even in spite of the natural gloom and cold of Scotland, Sunday strictness has been greatly modified there in the last fifty years. It is not the present Scotch Sabbath that these modern Puritans insist on forcing upon America. It is the old, ferocious, Scotch Sabbath of the Westminster Confession. It was brought from a land of gloom into a land of sunshine, and the Lord's Day Alliance prefers the gloom and hardness of this outworn, out-lived Scotch Sabbath to the sunshine and joy that comes with a fertile soil, a mild climate and natural human emotions.

It is almost unbelievable that a handful of men without reason or humanity, should be able to force their cruel dogmas upon the people. Not one in twenty of the residents of the United States believes in the Sabbath of the Lord's Day Alliance. Our cities, villages,

and even country districts, protest against the bigotry and intolerance of the Lord's Day Alliance and their kind. Still in spite of this, by appeal to the obsolete statutes, religious prejudice, crass ignorance and unfathomable fanaticism, they carry on their mighty campaign of gloom.

After long years of effort, with the lazy, cowardly public that does not want to be disturbed, the Legislature of New York, in the face of the opposition of the Lord's Day Alliance, managed to pass a law providing that incorporated cities and towns should have the right to legalize baseball games and moving picture shows on Sunday after two o'clock in the afternoon and charge an admission fee for seeing the entertainment. Why after two o'clock? The answer is perfectly plain: It is possible that someone might be forced into church in the morning if there was nowhere else to go. Were the hours after two o'clock any less sacred in the laws of Moses and the prophets than the hours before two o'clock? Or was Legislature induced to pass this law simply to give the minister a privilege that it grants to no one else?

Ours is a cosmopolitan country, made up of all sorts of people with various creeds. There should be room enough to allow each person to spend Sunday and every other day according to his own pleasure and his own profit. In spite of the Lord's Day Alliance and all other alliances, it is too late in the history of the world to bring back the Mosaic Sabbath. Regardless of their best endeavors it will prob-

ably never again be a crime punishable by death to work or play on what they are pleased to call the Lord's Day. Those ministers who have something to say that appeals to men and women will be able to make themselves heard without a law compelling people to go to church. If the Lord's Day Alliance can provide something equally attractive to compete with the Sunday newspapers, golf, baseball games, movies and the open air, they will get the trade. If they cannot provide such entertainment, then in spite of all their endeavors the churches will be vacant. It is time that those who believe in intolerance, and in freedom, should make themselves heard in no uncertain way. It is time that men should determine to defend their right to attend to their own affairs and live their own lives, regardless of the bigots who in all ages have menaced the welfare of the world and the liberty of man.

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A DEFENSE OF THE DEVIL

Le Roy A. Born

The world, the flesh, and the devil! With what eloquent exhortations, by what agonizing self-mutilations, through what frightful applications of fire and sword have the hosts of the Holy Ghost striven to destroy the power of that trinity of the damned! And yet the solid old earth spins on, heedless of those upon it who cry out for its destruction, the body ceaselessly insists upon the fulfilment of its desires, and His Satanic Majesty daily gathers fresh recruits for his unremitting assaults upon the citadel of the Lord Almighty.

There have always been two attitudes toward this bizarre atomic dance called the universe into which man is thrust willy-nilly to whirl for a while and perish. One is to cry out against it in wails of despair and to seek peace in dreaming dreams of a more satisfying dwelling place after this one has sucked him back into its maelstrom. The other is that of boldly facing the situation, accepting the cosmos as it is, and securing his happiness by conforming himself to its rigid requirements. Although Jesus and Omar Khayyam were made immortal by words placed in their mouths by men more clever than they, they perhaps typify best these opposite standpoints. In fact, it is the latter who sums up man's reactions toward the world, when he is made to say:

> Some for the glories of this world; and some
> Sigh for the Prophet's paradise to come.

That we are in the world, but not of it, has

been the constant refrain of all the supernatural religions that have controlled the aspirations of mankind. We are immortal souls, they preach, imprisoned for a time in hated flesh, that through the spurned temptations of the physical world, we may be made worthy to enter our everlasting home. The world with its deceptive beauty, the flesh with its alluring seductions, and the devil with his blasphemous sophistries are the enemies which the sojourner in this vale of tears must fight. It is a doctrine which originated in the sweltering and fever-laden East, captured and brought to dogmatic perfection by the Christian Fathers, who placed it in words of appealing beauty upon the lips of a Galilean peasant. At first eagerly received by oppressed slaves in the hope of securing freedom, it was, through a stroke of fortune and by dint of imperial decrees, spread over three continents; with the result that it has soaked into the very marrow of our bones, colored art and literature and customs and the innermost thoughts of our lives for two thousand years.

Its acceptance by the majority of half-civilized mankind is due, I believe, to three fundamental causes — ignorance of our own natures which science is now dispelling, our monumental conceit which makes us believe that we are so important in the schemes of the Eternal that the labor pains of creation were suffered solely to bring us forth and our sheer terror when confronted by the grimmer and more unfriendly aspects of existence. So we have cursed the world in which we live, we

revile the body which it has made for us, and we cast out the evil spirit which would reconcile us to them.

Is it not time to stop and ask ourselves whether this teaching of old men in caves, moaning over their burnt-out passions, these dreams of those afraid to face reality or oppressed by its harshness, have not led mankind astray in its search for ultimate happiness? Whether the world, the flesh, and the devil, so long under excommunication, are really the evils which we have been importuned so long to consider them?

When the authors of the New Testament exhorted their followers not to be children of this world, they were denouncing that outlook on life which we call today Materialism. It is a much abused word, seldom defined, but cursed with more furious anathemas than those the rabbis of Amsterdam hurled upon the head of Spinoza. It has been the specter at which the cobweb-spinning metaphysicians have shuddered since the days of Democritus. To whisper the word in the Sacred Temples is to let loose a passionate fury of denunciation behind which a discerning eye may sometimes glimpse a chattering of teeth. In such evil repute has the word been held that even many of those who share the viewpoint it represents have joined in its proscription. It has come to stand, philosophically, for the denial of the existence of everything that cannot be directly perceived by the senses and, ethically, for the ideals of "each man for himself, the devil take

the hindermost" and "eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die."

In order to explain what Materialism really stands for, it is necessary to clear away these misrepresentations. Those metaphysicians who occupy their days in attempting to discover of what stuff the universe is composed "in itself" naturally suppose that materialists, indulging in the same pastime, have their own theory to offer. It is assumed that the latter consider matter to be the fundamental substance of which reality is made. But the truth is that Materialism not only holds no such naive conception, but raises a protest against that philosophy which shuts itself up in a tower and spins from its brain a labyrinthian system which, in the words of Sir E. Ray Lankester, is a search in the dark by a blind man for a black cat that is not there. Chapman Cohen, in a recent little work "Materialism Restated" puts it thus: "What exists outside of consciousness we shall be able to determine only when a man is able to pick himself up by the waistband of his trousers and carry himself around the room." As to what things are "in themselves" Materialism has no theory whatsoever to offer.

It is said that Materialism has broken down because modern physicists have discovered matter to be a much more complicated thing than their predecessors had supposed. For some unknown reason, every writer of philosophy seems to tie Materialism to certain physical theories of the nineteenth century, and then, when these have been discarded, to raise the cry, "Materialism is dead!" If so, it creates

much stir in the world for a lifeless corpse. To read present-day literature on the subject, one would think that all the scientists of the last century were Materialists, while those of today have almost to a man abjured the heresy of their forerunners. It is a matter of historical record that very few in the first rank of science in the eighteen hundreds held that philosophy while at the present time a great many first rank names proclaim their allegiance to its banner. A little research into the controversial literature of the Victorian Age would reveal that its death-knell was sounded time and time again during what we now call the "Materialistic Century."

As a matter of fact, Materialism is not concerned with any particular theory of the nature of matter. Matter is but a short-hand term used to explain certain movements in nature. Were it discarded, the Materialist would not lose an ounce of sleep.

The fundamental proposition of Materialism is merely that the universe gives rise to its various forms through the action of its own inherent forces, and not through the operation of an external spirit upon "dead" matter. It asserts that to explain any occurrence, whether it be the revolution of a planet, the rise of life, or the thoughts of the mind of man, is to describe the conditions under which that event has taken place. The Materialist knows of no compulsion in nature which "forces" one set of happenings to produce another. He merely makes a formula expressing what takes place and calls it a "law." Farther than this the

human mind cannot go. He rejects the ideas of "spirit" and "vital force" because, standing for nothing intelligible, they are merely mystical terms employed to cover our ignorance and because, instead of explaining anything, they merely add a further mystery to the problem. To quote Prof. Henshaw Ward (in "The Ways of the Weevil; Some Reflections of a Materialist," Harper's, November, 1925): "No sensible scientist denies that an infinity of spirit may exist beyond his laws. He denies only that he has found any spirits at work in thunder or trees."

The Materialist applies the same principles to the group of phenomena called "mind" that he does to the rest of nature. Mind, as well as body, has undergone a long evolution. It has appeared only under certain conditions. Under certain conditions it becomes diseased. Under other conditions its manifestations cease. It is true that we know as yet very little of those conditions, but when they are fully known, mind will have been explained as far as it is possible to explain it. To posit an unintelligible soul inhabiting the body is to give up science for the speculations of the savage and introduces a further complication which, in its turn, must be explained. It is for those who scorn Materialism to prove that the mind exists independently of the circumstances in which it is found.

Materialism, then, on its philosophical side, stands in opposition to the separation in thought of things that are inseparable in fact, such as matter and motion, life and organism,

spirit hovering over and organizing dead and chaotic clay. Nature produces through the workings of her own inherent energies.

This is the modern form of that gospel of the glories of this world, so vigorously denounced from the pulpit and the chair. But however they may attempt to stem the tide, the mind of man is slowly turning from the Prophet's paradise to come to the wonders which this homely and neglected ball has in store for him. That patient exploration of facts which we call science is revealing to us that we are not only in this world, but of it—body, mind, and soul. Whether we like it or not, we must accept the fact that our mother is the long-despised dirt beneath our feet—but what marvelous dirt it is! Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick has a phrase which he applies to the theory of Materialism and with which he routs the doubts of puzzled freshmen—"*A handful of dirt going it blind.*" And when he utters that phrase with all the scorn of which a brother of the cloth is capable and winds it up with the question, "Can this have produced man?" embryo atheists, ashamed, are ready to receive holy communion. But this despised handful of dust is really an amazing thing, as our clerical friend will discover if he will take the trouble to read what the physicists have to say about it. When the scientist probes into that fistful of mud, he finds words of which the miracle-mongers never dreamed and an interplay of forces before which man must stand in awe more profound than the reverence of Moses when he viewed the back parts of the Elohim.

If this world is not friendly, neither is it unfriendly. Being unconscious, it is totally indifferent to our welfare. We cannot bow down to it in humiliating worship nor by burning candles or incense before it, wheedle from it the satisfaction of our desires. But we can search out its secrets and apply our discoveries to the increase of human happiness. We can admire its more lovely phases and, through patient study of it, reduce to a minimum its more destructive aspects. When we once understand that it is our home, we shall cease despising it, attempting, instead, to set it in order, and make it as beautiful a home as possible.

But, objects the voice from the temple, if we are but chemical by-products of an unconscious universal process, why then Giordano Bruno burning at the stake is no more heroic than a drunken sot expiring in the gutter. If there is no Supreme Judge Behind Things, then there can be no criterion by which the value of human actions can be judged. Man, considering himself but a conglomeration of dancing atoms, will proceed to rob, kill, drink himself to death. Values, in order to be genuine, must be fixed, unalterable, and eternal, imposed on the world by some Supreme Arbiter.

To which the Materialist replies, "Why?" If all present ethical ideals were destroyed by a universal acceptance of Materialism, obviously society, for its own self-protection, would have to set up a new code, based on the necessities of the situation in which it would find itself. Perhaps the code would be different from the

present in many respects. Perhaps some acts that are now considered good would be then labeled evil, and vice versa. But a standard of values it would be compelled to formulate, or it would perish.

And that happens to be just what the Materialist desires—a morality based, not upon unchanging laws promulgated by some being more powerful than man, but upon human needs alone. He would like to see every present standard examined in the light of reason and experience, to discover whether it tends toward the happiness of the race. If it cannot bear being brought out into the light of criticism, it should be thrown upon the junk-heap of outworn prejudices. If it is valid, it will stand the test.

What if our sense of values echoes no response in the outside universe? What if our ideals are not eternal? If Nature makes no distinction betwen the martyrdom of Bruno and the death of a victim of alcohol, man does and always will. Where has the assumption of a supreme judge of conduct led us? It has set up a false code which makes sins out of acts which are not sinful and virtues out of deeds that are anti-social. It has led to cruel persecution of those whose ideas of an omnipotent will differed from the conceptions of those in power. It is blocking the way at present to a sane solution of the moral problems we now face. In the name of an Almighty Bench every attempt to examine the sex question, the question of birth control, punishment of criminals, drinking of intoxicants, in the light of reason

and on the merits of the case is condemned as blasphemous and anarchistic.

Since there never has been an agreement as to the divine will toward man, why not turn the searchlight of science upon our past experiences, past triumphs, and past mistakes, and from the lessons we learn build our own values, designed to promote our well-being here and now? It might be worth trying.

One of the greatest hindrances to a sane revaluation of ethical standards is the pious contempt for the human body as the prison-house of an immortal soul, the logical result of the dualism which separates the universe into two opposing factions, moving spirit and dead matter. It is a conception which originated in the savage's interpretation of his shadow, was brought to philosophic perfection in the fantasies of Plato, and found its practical application in those hermits who sat starving in their filth in the caves of the Thebaid. It lingers on today, not only in the churches but in our most advanced literature, and in the sentiment that certain desires of the body are in themselves unclean.

"For that which is born of the flesh is flesh," said Jesus, "But that which is born of the spirit is spirit." For twenty centuries the world sang hosannas to his wisdom. Then along came certain wise men of the Idealistic school who profoundly intoned, "For that which is born of the spirit is spirit; but that which is born of the flesh is spirit, too. Nothing exists but mind." Now arises Dr. John B. Watson and smilingly shakes his head. "Both of you are in error,"

says he. "That which is born of the flesh is flesh; but that which is of the spirit is also born of the flesh. The spirit is but a name given in ignorance to certain movements of the unstriped muscles."

What we have called the soul is discovered to have its foundations in the structure and movements of the body. The state of a man's liver will determine his outlook on life. An accident to the brain will convert a saint into a criminal. All the evidence as yet brought forth seems to indicate that thought has the same relation to the nervous system as digestion has to the stomach. We do not know all the chemical details involved in the process of absorbing our food, but because of our ignorance we do not call in a spiritual principle to aid us in our explanations. Neither do we know completely the physiological relations between thought and gray matter. Were our thinking process not paralyzed by that Oriental philosophy that pervades even our unconscious thought habits, we should not dream of treating the relation of mind to body in a manner different from our treatment of any other relationship between function and structure, merely because our knowledge is not complete.

It is around this question that the final struggle with materialism will be fought. And the issue of it will determine the ethical standards of the future. If our every thought, from that of mere physical comfort to our loftiest "spiritual" aspirations, has a physical basis in the body's structure and environment, the ideal of the earth-minded philosophers of ancient pa-

ganism—"a healthy mind in a healthy body"—must form again the basis of a sane morality. If that ideal prevails, then no longer will our sex-life be clouded by the assumption that the works of the flesh are of themselves evil. No longer will man mortify his physical nature to the greater glory of his soul. No longer will a too intense spirituality prove a breeding ground for neuroses. The theory of a "free will" will cease to justify mistreatment of the criminal members of the human family.

The sickly ideal of Christion piety will be replaced by a healthy sensualism, a reasonable enjoyment of the pleasures of the body, unaccompanied by the old "sense of sin." If the mind is sick, we will no longer raise pleading hands to heaven for a cure, but will seek to locate causes in the bodily structure and the environment. Analysis will take the place of prayer as a means of cleaning the mind of its impurities, as it has already done in the case of physical diseases.

As for the third member of the Unholy Three, like Mark Twain, I have always had a furtive admiration for His Satanic Majesty, Lucifer, well named the bearer of light. The tale of his magnificent rebellion against the throne of Omnipotence is the most thrilling of all the narratives of sacred history.

Perhaps, when his side of the story is adequately presented, it will be found that he, like so many other heroes of history, has been maligned. It is a pity that Lucifer has left no memoirs of the first days of his dissipation. We must secure our information from the writ-

ings of his foes—sure to be a prejudiced source. But, if we read between the lines of that literature, unblinded by the sway it has had over the minds of men, I think we shall find even therein sufficient justification for his revolt.

In the first place, the universe that existed before the days of "material creation" was an absolute monarchy. There was not even an advisory board to the ruler. Some of his edicts, issued after the storm had broken, show a ruthlessness which indicates that he had permitted his almighty power to go to his head. For instance, if a certain number of men in a primeval town had committed a crime, that town was burned to the ground with everyone in it, innocent and guilty alike. If a few children poked fun at the shiny pate of one of his propagandists, he turned loose a flock of bears on them. These incidents give the inquirer a clue to the real situation.

Of course, there was plenty of leisure in the Kingdom of Heaven. There was no work to do except such duties as parading, standing impressively at the imperial gates, and playing in an orchestra or singing in a choir. But we can well understand that a keen student of angelic nature might feel that such idleness was demoralizing and that the world was getting nowhere. It was just one eternal round of singing flattering praises of the suzerain. To one who was at all ambitious this state of affairs was sure to lead to insupportable boredom, not to say disgust. Give the citizens some stars to haul in and out or some suns to push around and they would be far happier than if

they played continuously those tiresome melodies on their harps.

Although I can find no documentary evidence on the point, I am convinced that Lucifer had worked his way through sheer ambition from the humbler ranks of angelic society to the post of Prime Minister. Had he been born amid the luxuries of the royal court, his youthful environment would have fashioned him into a snobbish aristocrat and an upholder of things as they were. I picture him living a simple life amid the pomps of the palace, secretly scorning the effeminacy of the satellites of the throne.

It seems that Lucifer desired some sort of democracy wherein the common angels might have a voice in determining what sort of lives they should lead. Jehovah's reply to their complaints—there must have been complaints, else whence did Satan secure his followers?—was inevitably, "Why, you are all happy and prosperous. I give you wings to take you wherever you please and beautiful harps on which to sing of what I have done for you. What are you complaining about? In heaven's name this is heaven, isn't it?" This did not satisfy Lucifer, no more than did his lord's constant boasting of his righteousness and sanctity. His very soul burst with indignation at the soft phrases and smug smiles with which Jehovah stubbornly refused to make any change whatsoever in his mode of government. "The same yesterday, today, and forever"—oh that he could tear down those abominable words from the door of the sacred palace!

And so he brooded. Merely because Jehovah had brought him and his fellow angels into existence, he surely had no right to control their every action or decide the issues of right and wrong. Might did not make right. Every angel was entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness in his own way, so long as there was no interference with the rights of others. "Anarchy!" said that perfect product of the present regime—Michael. And why did not the Lord permit his subjects to enjoy creating things of their own, say, other angels, and form delightful little groups which might be called family circles because of their nearness to each other? How Michael stuck up his nose at that suggestion! Had Lucifer no sense of decency? Well then, at least give them something to do, set some goal to which they might aspire. "Work?" gasped Michael. "Some people are never satisfied. Work? When the Lord can create everything in the blinking of an eye?" When Satan would protest that the present situation was slavery of the most abject kind, because the angels did not see their true subjection behind the softness of their life, Michael simply did not understand. A good fellow in many ways, this Michael, and a very efficient captain of the Imperial Bodyguard. But a born and bred reactionary, and a bit supercilious toward this dreaming upstart product of the slums.

Lucifer began to sound out others. He found that there was a considerable body of angels who were secretly thinking his thoughts. Slowly he organized an opposition party. Then,

when he felt that he had sufficient backing, he presented an ultimatum to the throne. We can surmise that Jehovah was adamant until he feared that the spreading discontent might unseat him. Then he began to compromise. He created the material universe, spoiling it all by placing therein the Garden of Eden, where the new creatures were to continue in the life the angels were leading. Henry L. Mencken observes that rebellions never occur against a despotism until the despot makes concessions. It was Jehovah's concession to the Luciferians that made Lucifer first doubt his liege's omnipotence. His master had always proclaimed himself all-powerful, but had his power ever been tested? He also proclaimed himself just and righteous and reasonable, but mere statement was for from proof.

When Jehovah planted the tree of knowledge in the garden, with the prohibition to eat of its fruit, Lucifer, exasperated, drew his sword. The result we know. The trained royal army under the able leadership of Michael, after a terrific struggle, overthrew the unorganized horde of rebels. I say, after a terrific struggle, for even in his defeat Lucifer was strong enough to force terms from his former monarch, whereby he was granted the privilege of exercising a certain control over the recently created race of man.

That struggle has continued throughout the history of man. Until recent times the advantage has been with Jehovah. He has used his power to slander those in revolt against him. But Lucifer, the spirit of rebellion

against things-as-they-are, has slowly gathered unto himself an array of brilliant human beings who are at last arousing the respect of the world. Bruno the martyr, Voltaire, Darwin, Spinoza were inspired by him. So influential were they in changing the opinions of mankind that now the defenders of the Lord are proclaiming that these men were fighting on their side! But those of their generation knew where to place them and consigned them speedily to the devil. Of course Satan has been accused of every crime on the calendar. Is not that the propaganda issuing from every war? Even so have every one of his followers been indicted for inspiring immorality. But it seems to me that these men, excommunicated for traffic with the so-called Evil One, have been the emancipators of their race.

There can be no compromise Ye cannot serve both God and Beelzebub. Jehovah has long prevailed. But now the spirit of this world, backed by the new reinforcement with which science has provided him, is taking fresh courage, and the world, the flesh, and the devil are at last coming into their own.

THE IDEAS OF A PERFECT CYNIC

AMBROSE BIERCE MADE A BUSINESS OF CRACKING SKULLS

C. Hartley Grattan

Of all the writers who did their most substantial work between the close of the Civil War and 1900 Ambrose Bierce was the only one who carried on an active, open, uncompromis-

ing war with the environment that was oppressive to them all. Henry and William James, Mark Twain, Howells, Bret Harte, John Burroughs, all compromised in their various ways. Hamlin Garland and Frank Norris started out bravely enough but gave up after a while. Sydney Lanier and William Vaughn Moody revolted incidentally. Most of the popular writers did not even know that there was anything to be uneasy about. They were dead from the beginning. Instead of, like Mark Twain, expressing his protest by indirection (as with "Huckleberry Finn" and "Life on the Mississippi") or posthumously (as in "What Is Man?" and "The Mysterious Stranger"), Bierce was out in the open from the beginning. He made a business of cracking skulls and ideas. Product of three disillusioning experiences, pioneer life, war and journalistic uproars, he ended up with almost nothing that he could regard as sacred. He was an all-inclusive cynic.

So many of Bierce's ideas are held by the commonalty today that a detailed rehearsal of them may skirt closely upon the domain of platitude. Furthermore, it has been Bierce's misfortune that while his ideas have gone into the common stock of most thinking men, his name has been detached from them, and so his credit as an originator is small. This is highly unfortunate, for men of little originality can today pass as smart by parroting ideas that Bierce developed and expressed between 1881 and 1905. What his perverse thinking cost him is only too well known. Chief among his payments for thinking acutely in an age hostile to

the exercise of the critical intelligence—let alone the cynical intelligence—were unpopularity and obscurity. He resented both a good bit and took what joy he could out of his "notoriety as an obscurian," which he thought to be "world wide and apparently everlasting."

In the life of man Bierce found little that was inspiring. His finding can be phrased thus: Man, specifically (and generically) is not worthy of respect—nor is woman: "an animal usually living in the vicinity of man, and having a rudimentary susceptibility to domestication." Woman entangles man with the bait of her beauty. United in marriage, the only cure for that "temporary insanity," love, man and woman become slaves the one to the other. They go to live in a house: "A hollow edifice erected for the habitation of man, rat, mouse, beetle, cockroach, fly, mosquito, flea, bacillus and microbe." One boon they can confer upon another animal, childhood, but even that boon must be prefaced by a disgusting episode, infancy: "Childhood, *n.* The period of human life intermediate between the idiocy of infancy and the folly of youth—two removes from the sin of manhood and three from the remorse of age." That brief period between infancy and youth was all of life that Bierce discovered to be undefiled. With methodical persistence he proceeded from the day ("A period of twenty-four hours, mostly misspent,"), to the year, "a period of three hundred and sixty-five disappointments." Launched on a life dominated by such a calendar, the human animal can expect little and gets it. To be sure, in Bierce's view,

he has small equipment to rise superior to the ills that flesh is heir to. His head contains about as much brain as a cabbage. His heart is simply "an automatic, muscular blood-pump." The emotions and sentiments are generated in the stomach, "being evolved from food by chemical action of the gastric fluid." The principal motivating force in man is fear. In fact, he cannot even be sure that he is, for Descartes' famous epigram should really read, *Cogito cogito ergo cogito sum.*

The reigning dynasty in life and letters is the Dullards. Ability then is largely useless, but supposing one has the misfortune to be endowed with it, it will be found to be largely compounded of solemnity. Ambition, the prod to achievement, is an "overmastering desire to be vilified by enemies while living and made ridiculous by friends when dead." And even if ambition should lead to a certain achievement, nothing much is accomplished for achievement is "the death of endeavor and the birth of disgust." Any congratulations one may collect on the way to achievement are motivated by envy.

Logically, then, it is the height of folly to distinguish oneself in any way from the masses for any deviation from the ordinary is abnormal, and "to be abnormal is to be detested." Too great intellectual independence is "madness." The best course is conformity. Expect nothing of others in any case. Put aside romantic notions of friendship—a fair weather device only. Be sure that in adversity you will be privileged to contemplate your "friend's"

back. Contemplating those in adversity when one is safe from harm is productive of the greatest happiness. All beggars, by way of warning, are those who have "relied on the assistance of friends." Beware also of kindness; it is a "brief preface to ten volumes of exaction."

Be not misled into believing that your thinking is disinterested. Deliberation is merely "the act of examining one's bread to determine which side it is buttered on." When you are impartial you are simply unable to discover personal advantage in "espousing either side of a controversy or adopting either of two conflicting opinions." It will be found highly advantageous to be a hypocrite for then one "secures the advantage of seeming to be what one despises."

The end of life is the pursuit of pleasure, but one who overtakes pleasure is a debauchee. That is immoral which is inexpedient and that is inexpedient which is not "calculated to advance one's interest." It varies with circumstances. To act always with impunity one must be wealthy—and the measure of your respectability is your income. Wealth also allows one to cultivate a repose of manner that in the poor is called laziness.

The most acceptable end of life is failure, for success is "the one unpardonable sin against one's fellows." So, too, should life be short, even if not merry, for longevity is merely an "uncommon extension of the fear of death." And so in the end one is drawn out to the cemetery in a hearse ("death's baby carriage"), and deposited in a grave:

Done with the work of breathing; done
With all the world; the mad race run
Through to the end; the golden goal
Attained and found to be a hole!

One of Bierce's most frequently reiterated contentions was that an author must keep his heart out of head when writing. Bierce the human was quite different from Bierce the pen-man. All too frequently, however, the pen-man controlled his relations with friends and acquaintances. He could be quite unnecessarily nasty. But in marked contrast to the extraordinary asperities of his writing are the occasional stories about his humaneness, gentleness, charitableness and forgiveness toward those he genuinely liked. Just the same when he looked at the world he never failed to see something worse, if possible, than George Moore's pig-sty where the obscene in spirit wallow.

Take his notions of the literary world of his day. He once made the suggestion that the coat of arms of American literature should be an illiterate hoodlum, rampant, on a field of dead authors; motto: To Hell with Literature. Starting from the tools of authorship and working up he damned everything. To begin with: "Quill, *n.* An implement of torture yielded by a goose and commonly wielded by an ass. This use of the quill is now obsolete, but its modern equivalent, the steel pen, is wielded by the same everlasting Presence." The pen is chiefly in the hands of those more suitably employed at the plow. "Ink, *n.* A villainous compound of tanno-gallate of iron, gumarabic and water, chiefly used to facilitate the infection of idiocy and promote intellectual crime." Submitted to

an editor, who is "the trouble with American literature," a book, short story, article, poem or whatever it may be, on acceptance, which if it is meritorious is highly doubtful, falls victim to a publisher. Bierce's opinions of publishers would shrivel up this paper. Publishers he found guilty of every known kind of crime, the mildest being robbery. The publisher has the piece put into type, "pestilential bits of metal suspected of destroying civilization and enlightenment." The proof-reader attacks the effort and "atones for making your writing nonsense by permitting the compositor to make it unintelligible." Released to an indifferent, if not hostile, world, the effort falls to a critic, "a person who boasts himself hard to please because nobody tries to please him." The total result is zero.

Bierce had no respect for newspapers or magazines. Both he considered as obvious and necessary vehicles of whims, nonsensicalities, reform, blackguarding, muck-stirring, or expositions of the doctrines of Jesus Christ. Whatever purpose they were used for was neither here nor there. The one end they must serve was the making of money. He did not believe that a magazine editor ever consciously printed poetry and time and again during his lifetime he collected rejection slips acquired by sending around what he was sure was poetry (written by Sterling, Scheffauer or Loveman) with the object of using them to flatten the editors to the wall as judges of poetry some happy day when he finally did engineer publication. Although all his life long he wrote for the newspapers he largely despised the reams of stuff

he composed for that purpose. In his letters he scarcely mentioned his newspaper work with approval, but he always spoke respectfully of the checks it brought in.

One of the curious things about his career is the fact that he knew few writing men. In the roaring days on the San Francisco *Examiner* his health made it necessary for him to live in small mountain towns and so he was rarely about the office. In Washington (1896-1913) he consorted with army men almost exclusively. Edwin Markham, Jack London and Joachim Miller he knew slightly. Herman Scheffauer, George Sterling and Percival Pollard he knew more intimately, but not excessively so, and Pollard alone did he know as an equal. Sterling and Scheffauer were protegés. He met many others once or twice: Mark Twain, H. L. Mencken, Will Irwin, Arthur Brisbane and several more who are popularly alleged to have known him well. George Augustus Sala, whom Bierce himself claimed as an intimate, does not mention Bierce in his autobiography. G. R. Sims mentions him passingly to illustrate a point about John Camden Hotten. W. S. Gilbert drew a title page illustration for one of Bierce's London books (issued in the days when both were on *Fun*), but Dr. Isaac Goldberg can find no written record by Gilbert of this connection. Bierce dwelt alone so far as companionship of writing men went, and almost so in every other way. Yet Pollard wrote that in knowing Bierce he was certain that he had known a complete artist. This is a paradox to be resolved later.

None of the dominant writers of the day received his praise. Since he did not consider himself a critic he left no systematic record of his opinions. Howells he called the "lousy cat" of American letters. He recognized the talents of Upton Sinclair and Jack London, but deplored their social philosophies. His highest regard went to George Sterling. His particular hatred went to the dialect authors, as he called them: Hamlin Garland, Mary Wilkins Freeman and the "other curled darlings of the circulating libraries." He referred to the "Hoosier horrors of Riley and the barrack-room afflictions of Kipling." He once composed a rhyme that I think refers to Riley:

> His poems ——— says that he indites
> Upon an empty stomach. Heavenly powers,
> Feed him throat-full, for what he writes
> Upon his empty stomach empties ours.

He failed to see anything in either Bernard Shaw or Ibsen. In Gorky he found nothing but the essential peasant. He wanted to know what to do with the work of Wilde, "whose name one cannot speak before women." In his definition of "impossible" he used as an illustration "Walt Whitman's poetry and God's mercy to man." But he could find poems in Whittier, Longfellow, William Vaughn Moody and Sydney Lanier to admire. He singled out "Huckleberry Finn" as Twain's best book. He bitterly denounced Edwin Markham for writing "The Man with the Hoe." He admired the poetry of David Starr Jordan!

It is difficult to find a leading thread in this jumble of approvals and disapprovals. Better knowledge of what Bierce was about can be

obtained from a study of his literary ideals which are so high that they make us realize why he was so bitter about the reality he defined in the reflections quoted above. Bierce was a disciplinarian. He placed great emphasis on the technique of fiction and verse. He was constantly eager to be correct, and to see that others were correct in the details of punctuation even. More than anything else he sought precision in every part of composition from the placing of the commas, to sentence structure and the total effect of the finished whole. He advised young writers to study Spencer's essays on style. The passion he had for neatness and order is shown in his admiration for Pope's poetry—especially in his admiration for Pope's version of Homer though he knew it to be a falsification of Homer. Like Poe he had philosophical objections to the long poem and to the novel. A long poem, he insisted, must be bursts of poetry embedded in long passages best called *recitativo*. About the impossibility of the novel he was more emphatic:

> Novel, *n.* A short story padded. A species of composition bearing the same relation to literature that the panorama bears to art. As it is too long to be read at a sitting the impression made by its successive parts are successively effaced, as in the panorama. Unity, totality of effect, is impossible; for besides the few pages last read all that is carried in mind is the mere plot of what has gone before. To the romance the novel is what photography is to painting. Its distinguishing principle, probability, corresponds to the literal actuality of the photograph and puts it distinctly into the category of reporting; whereas the free wing of the romancer enables him to mount to such altitudes of imagination as he may be fitted to attain; and the

first three essentials of the literary art are imagination, imagination and imagination. The art of writing novels, such as it was, is long dead everywhere except in Russia, where it is new. Peace to its ashes—some of which have a large sale.

Time and again he returned to his emphasis on imagination as the essential ingredient of literature. He as constantly insisted that the emotions had no place in writing *until they had been been disciplined by the intelligence.* His hostility to realism was insistent. He saw no point in reproducing the flat tones of ordinary life. His own stories are consistent with his theory. He found an interesting topic only in the impingement of the unreal or the extraordinary on the natural tenor of events. His stories lose in general appeal because of their exceptional subject matter—and exceptionableness of such a nature as to be merely and needlessly horrible to the reader who is unable to get at Bierce's point of view. The product of an artist can be of the highest merit even if the range of the artist is limited. But a critic can hardly be of tremendous significance if his theories are largely dogmas on technique and especially if his sympathies are confined to such art forms as he is able to, or chooses to, practice. Bierce as a critic is of the same order as Poe—keen, just and salutary within a narrow range, but by and large of significance because of that narrowness. Bierce was wiser than Poe, however, because he did not claim to be a critic.

Once possessed of a highly polished technical equipment, a working imagination, a keen intelligence and disciplined emotions, one could think of becoming a serious writer and hope to become recognized as an artist. But even with this equipment there was a hard road to

be traversed before the heights could be reached. About the achievement of literary success, Bierce had positively romantic notions: he speaks of prayerful labors, of beseeching the gods and so on. Furthermore literature was to be clearly differentiated from journalism. The latter could be prostituted to any purpose, but the former could only be used to exhibit man in the grip of implacable, unknown fates. It was a high and serious matter not to be tampered with lightly to achieve petty aims. With such ideals is it any wonder that Bierce was disgusted with the commercialized literature? And need we longer wonder that Pollard found him an artist of the first water?

It is one of the paradoxes of Bierce that while he is anathema to the orthodox, he is, when understood, equally incapable of winning the unalloyed sympathy of the amoral. Bierce had a code of ideals to which he fiercely adhered. His ideas of literature have just been contrasted with his portrait of the actualities of literary endeavor in the United States. He never launched pot-shots in the dark. If he attacked the law and lawyers it was not entirely because the law was full of nonsense and the lawyers full of dishonesty, and consequently the nonsense of one and the dishonesty of the other were beguiling spectacles. It was also because nonsensical law violated his sense of justice and dishonest lawyers his sense of honor. On the hither side of his report of actuality was his high code of what ought to be. Law he defined by a satiric verse:

> Once Law was sitting on the bench,
> And Mercy knelt a-weeping.
> "Clear out!" he cried, "disordered wench!
> Nor come before me creeping
> Upon your knees if you appear,
> 'Tis plain you have no standing here."

Then Justice came. His honor cried:
"*Your* status?—devil seize you!"
"*Amica curiae,*" she replied—
"Friend of the court, so please you."
"Begone!" he shouted—"there's the door—
I never saw your face before!"

A lawyer was "one skilled in circumvention of the law." Yet in his essay, "Some Features of the Law," he seriously argues that law should be strongly tempered by justice and mercy, and that lawyers should only defend what they really believe to be the truth.

But whatever the motive behind his onslaughts, when he turned his powers of observation and analysis on a department of life, the report was bitterly veracious. Take war, an activity he knew well. War was a "by-product of the arts of peace." A flag was "a colored rag borne above troops and hoisted on forts and ships. It appears to serve the same purpose as certain signs that one sees on vacant lots in London—'Rubbish may be shot here'." Gunpowder is defined as "an agency employed by civilized nations for the settlement of disputes which might become troublesome if left unadjusted." A cannon became "an instrument employed in the rectification of national boundaries." Soldiers, "Hardened and impenitent man killers." And finally in summary: "It was an ugly and sickening business: to all that was artistic in man's nature, revolting, brutal, in bad taste." Or take politics, "strife of interests masquerading as a contest of principles." Or religion, "a daughter of Hope and Fear explaining to Ignorance the nature of the Unknowable." Or commerce, "a kind of transaction in which A plunders from B the goods of C and for compensation B picks the pockets of D of money belonging to E."

Though Bierce professed a hearty contempt for the "old chestnut about 'tearing down' but not 'building up'—that is to say, effacing one imposture without giving them another in place of it," he nevertheless had pretty accurate notions about what he himself wanted. He didn't advocate them as substitutes for what he tore down. Advocacy is the business of a reformer, not of a satirist and wit—both of which Bierce pre-eminently was. He wanted, for instance, an oligarchical government, a religion whose principles corresponded with those of Christ, and an economic organization conducted by gentlemen for the good of the general. (He seriously proposed the Golden Rule for the guiding principle in the relations of capital and labor!)

He knew what he was after. He was not a disappointed man on a rampage. If that were true we should have to conclude he was disappointed before his writing career began. He was Bitter Bierce in London in the seventies. He began "The Devil's Dictionary" in 1881! His bitterness was not the bitterness of defeat. If he deliberately sought death—which is doubtful since he did not believe in assisting fate—it was because he had no more to say and to an artist that is death. He was serene as he believed all artists should be. But he hated Socialists, slang, emancipated women, reformers, lawyers, casual introductions, labor leaders, divines, William Randolph Hearst, free verse, the new penology, college professors, Chicago—and fat babies.

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Edited by E. Haldeman-Julius

Conventional Lies of our Civilization

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CONVENTIONAL LIES OF OUR CIVILIZATION

INTRODUCTORY

The name of Max Nordau is now most familiar as that of a Zionist leader. We know the man as a builder, not as a destroyer. We shall not find nationalism among his "conventional lies."

"Conventional Lies of Our Civilization" was first published in Leipzig in 1883. Those parts of the book which have comparatively little interest for us now deal with the special problems of the European continent and with certain phenomena of the last quarter of the Nineteenth Century. Some of the great interest manifested in the book at the time of its publication was due to its journalistic quality, to its timeliness. I have attempted here to select such portions of Nordau's book as apply to the American continent in the Twentieth Century. We need not linger over his attack on monarchism, because it is not a "conventional lie" to us. Since the importance of the book is in its iconoclasm, we want to read his attacks on idols which remain still unshattered.

Of Nordau's other books, "Degeneration" (1893) is no doubt the most important. This deals chiefly with the abnormalities of the human mind and their relations to one another. The connection of genius, especially the genius of the "decadent" writer and artist, with insanity and criminality is fully discussed. About the time this book was published, these same matters were being studied by another Hebrew, Lombroso, in Italy.

Nordau's novels, plays, and travel-books need not concern us here. Neither need we go into his Zionistic activities, or attempt to trace the mental development of the rabbi's son who became a physician, but preferred to study the cancers on the body politic.

"Conventional Lies of Our Civilization" is a book clear and logical enough. It needs no elaborate introduction or explanatory notes. Italics indicate my interpolations, chiefly connecting links and summaries of omitted matter.

Such criticisms as Nordau makes here in sober and straight-forward fashion, many writers have made in the form of satire. For the lies which are always with us, see that funniest of all possible books, Voltaire's "Candide." The philosophical remarks of Anatole France apply more particularly to modern conditions. The most caustic of our present-day Americans, as it seems to me, is Mr. Cabell. However, most readers will prefer the less subtle satire of Mencken and Nathan.

Let us turn to the words of Max Nordau.

MENE, TEKEL, UPSHARIN*

"Man never is, but always to be blest," and perhaps at no time was he so far removed from the actual attainment of happiness as at present. Culture and civilization are spreading and conquering even the most benighted regions of the globe. Those countries where darkness reigned but yesterday, are today basking in a glorious sunshine. Each day witnesses the

*"Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting." See the fifth chapter of Daniel.

birth of some new, wonderful invention, destined to make the world pleasanter to live in, the adversities of life more endurable, and to increase the variety and intensity of the enjoyments possible to humanity. But yet, notwithstanding the growth and increase of all conditions to promote comfort, the human race is today more discontented, more irritated and more restless than ever before. The world of civilization is today an immense hospital-ward, the air is filled with groans and lamentations, and every form of suffering is to be seen twisting and turning on the beds. Go through the world and ask each country you come to, "Does contentment dwell here? Have you peace and happiness?" From each you will have the same reply, "Pass on. We have not what you seek." Pause and listen at the borders, and the breeze will bring to your ears from each one the same confused echoes of contention and tumult, of revolt and of oppression.

Examples follow: socialism in Germany; the conflict of nationalities in Austria-Hungary; the rise of the laboring class in England; the unrest in Italy indicated by republicanism and imperialism (especially as to Italia Irredenta) as well as by the activities of the Camorra and the Mafia in the south; communism in France; the agitation against absentee landlordism in Ireland; Carlism in Spain; nihilism in Russia. Thus the political situation in Europe in 1883. The statements of the last paragraph could no doubt be equally well supported with facts from the present conditions.

Another and far more dangerous form (*of*

the universal disease of the age) is the depression, uneasiness and breaking away which characterizes the mental attitude of every fully developed man who has attained to the heights of modern culture, irrespective of his nation and allegiance or non-allegiance to party or state. This pessimism is the key-note of our age as a delight in mere existence was of the classic ages, and extreme piety of the medieval period. Every man of culture feels this sense of irritating discomfort which he ascribes to some slight, casual cause, inevitably the wrong one, unless he analyzes his feelings with unusual care—it leads him to criticize and harshly condemn the varying phases of our modern social life. This impatience upon which all outside influences seem to exert an exciting and even exasperating effect, is called by some nervousness, by others pessimism and by a third class, skepticism. The multiplicity of names describes but one and the same disease. This disease is visible in every manifestation of modern culture. We discover the very first traces of its existence in the literature of the latter part of the last century (*the Eighteenth*), as any disturbances or changes in the conditions of mankind are detected first by the delicate perceptions of a poetic temperament. While the upper classes were following an uninterrupted round of corrupt gaieties, making their lives one prolonged orgy, while the self-sufficient middle classes saw nothing beyond the length of their own noses and were stupidly content with the way things were going, of a sudden Jean Jacques Rosseau lifted his voice in a ringing appeal for deliverance from his

surroundings, which yet had so many attractions. He enthusiastically preached to the world about a return to a state of primeval nature, by which he was far from meaning a return to primitive barbarism, but only a change to something diametrically opposed to the actual state of things. His cry awoke an echo in the hearts of all his contemporaries, as when a certain note is struck, all the chords in the instrument which are attune to it are set vibrating—a proof that Rousseau's longings pre-existed unconsciously in those around him.

German Romanticism is descended in a direct line from Rousseau's longings for primeval nature. It is however a feeble Rousseauism, which did not have the courage to go to the end of the path upon which it had entered Romanticism does not go as far back as the prehistoric epoch, but stops at a more accessible point, the Middle Ages. The Middle Ages as painted by the Romantic School in such glowing colors are, however, as far removed from the actual Middle Ages of history as Rousseau's primeval nature was from the actual times of primitive man. In both cases their ideal world was to be constructed in the same way, with everything now existing to be replaced by its opposite. In both cases their ideas betrayed a conscious or instinctive fundamental conviction that any change from the present must prove an improvement upon the present conditions of affairs. By tracing further the genealogical line of this literary tendency, we arrive at French Romanticism, which is a daughter of the German school; and later

we come to the Byronic disgust with the world, which forms a separate branch of the same family. From the Byronic line are descended the German pessimistic poets, the Russian Pushkin, the French Musset and the Italian Leopardi. The family trait in their mental physiognomies is their tragic discontent with the realities of life, which one vents in pathetic moans, another in bitter scorn of self, and a third in enraptured yearnings for different and more perfect conditions of life.

The naturalism of Zola and his followers shows the same pessimism. The fine arts of the last quarter of the century also indicate a dissatisfaction with the world as it is.

Pessimism is also the fashionable coloring of thought now in philosophy, not only in the established philosophies taught in the universities, but also in the private systems of philosophic thought and enquiry which every person of culture has built up for himself around the important problems of the day. In Germany, Schopenhauer is God and Hartmann is his prophet. The Positivism of Auguste Comte is making no progress either as doctrine or sect, for even its followers have acknowledged that its methods were too circumscribed and its aims not sufficiently high. The philosophers of France are confining their investigations to psychology, or, to be more exact, to psychophysiology. English philosophy has lost its right to the title of metaphysics, as it has abandoned its higher task, that of seeking a satisfactory view of the world, and is only occupied by questions of secondary importance. John

Stuart Mill is only studying logic; Herbert Spencer is busy with sociology; Bain is devoting his time to theories of education. Germany alone has a living school of metaphysics, but it is dismal and hopeless. The world is now attracted by that philosophy which proclaims that this intolerable universe will finally, owing to the wish of all created beings for annihilation, sink again into nothing.

This same disease of the age shows itself in the realms of economics in a different but no less significant form. An undefined feeling of approaching danger haunts the man of wealth; he sees a menace in the present condition of men and affairs, so that he has come to look upon his possessions as a loan that can be demanded from him at any moment. The poor man is consumed by envy and greed for the wealth of the privileged few; neither in himself nor in the existing arrangement of the world and society, as he has learned to understand it, does he discover any convincing reasons for the fact that he is poor, and hence excluded from the table of life's pleasures. He listens with a fierce impatience to a voice within him which whispers that his rights to the blessings of this life are as good as any man's. The faith in a continuance of its present state has been rudely shaken in the minds of all, even those who will not acknowledge their secret doubts and anxieties.

A dread of examining and comprehending the actualities of life prevails to a frightfully alarming extent, and manifests itself in a thousand ways. The means of sensation and perception

are eagerly counterfeited by altering the nervous system through the use of stimulating or narcotic poisons of all kinds, manifesting thereby an instinctive aversion to the realities of appearances and circumstances. It is true that we are only capable of perceiving the changes in our own organism, not in those going on around us. But the changes within us are caused, most probably, by objects outside us; our senses give us a picture of these objects, whose reliability is surely more to be depended upon, when only warped by the imperfections in our normal selves, than when to these unavoidable sources of error is added a conscious disturbance in the functions of the nervous system caused by the use of various poisons. Only when our perceptions of things around us awake in us a feeling of positive discomfort, do we realize the necessity of warding off these unpleasant sensations or of modifying them until they become more agreeable. This is the cause of the constant increase in the consumption of alcohol and tobacco and of the rapidity with which the habit of taking opium and morphine is spreading. Society as a whole repeats the action of the individual who tries to "drown his sorrows in the flowing bowl." It seeks oblivion of the present, and grasps at anything that can provide it with the necessary illusions by which it can escape from real life.

Hand in hand with this instinctive self-deception and attempt at temporary oblivion of the actual world goes the final plunge into eternal oblivion: statistics prove that the number of suicides is increasing in the highly civil-

ized countries, in direct proportion to the increase in the use of alcohol and narcotics.

Skepticism develops no characters, because it has excluded faith in fundamental principles. It is in reality but another phase of the universal discontent with the present. It is only by becoming convinced that the world is out of sorts generally, and that everything is wrong, insufficient and contemptible, that we arrive at the conclusion that all is vanity, and nothing worth an effort or a struggle between duty and inclination.

The question here arises: Is this picture true of modern times alone? Does it not also represent the characteristics of all previous ages?

I am far from being an enthusiast on the subject of days that are past. I am no believer in any Golden Age. The life of man has always been more or less of a struggle. He has always known discontent and unhappiness. Pessimism has a physiological basis, and a certain amount of suffering is entailed upon us by the nature of our organism. It is by suffering that we first become conscious of our ego. Our ego is first brought to our consciousness by a perception of its limitations; and this perception of its limitations is never awakened save by its coming into contact, more or less rudely, with something outside it.

During the Middle Ages, religion was the great safety valve. In the French Revolution, a feeling of optimism prevailed, for the enthusiasts thought that they had a remedy for all the ills of the earth. Never, thought Nordau,

before his own time had there been such an atmosphere of suffocating pessimism.

We learn from our rapid scanning of the past centuries that the present tone of thought is without precedent. History contains the record of but one moment that reminds us of our own in this respect, and that is the period of the death agony of the ancient world. This resemblance has been shown repeatedly. The people had outgrown the old ideas, and new ones to replace them had not yet been discovered. They believed no longer in the doctrines of paganism, nor in the teachings of the philosophers. The theories upon which their lives had hitherto been based were found to be erroneous, and consequently the latter had become illogical and without meaning. A weariness and hopeless dejection had consequently crept into the hearts of men; they could find no relief in their own resources or in anything around them. They lost even the last vestige of faith in a possible improvement, and committed suicide by thousands, unable to resist the ravages of the moral epidemic. That dismal time when the Roman Empire was tottering to its fall and paganism was in its death agonies, is the only period in which we meet with the same depression, the same restless spirit of investigation and fault-finding, the same skepticism in superficial and pessimism in deep minds which characterize our own highly civilized age. But, after all, there is a difference between the two periods; this hopeless despair of the future only attacked the aristocracy of mind, the comparatively few in

ancient Rome, while the masses lived out their lives in stolid unconcern, looking upon the great tragedy of the age as merely an external misfortune. But in our time this pessimism lowers like a dense, black cloud over the vast majority of cultivated human beings. The difference therefore is more in extent than in kind —but extent is the very matter that distinguishes an epidemic.

The perpetual conflict between the existing conditions of the world and our secret convictions has a most tragic effect upon the inner life of the individual. We seem to ourselves like the clowns who set others to laughing by jokes which have grown stale and flat to themselves. Ignorance is easily combined with a kind of animal sense of comfort, and we can live happy and contented if we accept our surroundings as necessary and right.

As soon as we recognize the fact that the hitherto cherished institutions have lost their vitality and are all out of date, that they are empty, foolish phantoms, partly scarecrows and partly theatre properties, we experience the horror and longing for escape, the discouragement and disgust, while a living man would feel if he were locked in a vault with the dead, or a sane man who was locked up with madmen and obliged to humor their vagaries or suffer physical violence.

This perpetual conflict between our ideas and all forms of our civilization, this necessity for carrying on our existence in the midst of institutions which we consider to be lies—these are the causes of our pessimism and skep-

ticism. This is the frightful rip that tears the civilized world in two. In this insupportable contradiction we lose all enjoyment of life and all inclination for effort. It is the cause of that feverish sense of discomfort that disturbs the people of culture in all countries to-day.

It will be the task of the following chapters to set forth in detail the different phases of this discordant strife between the principal conventional lies of our civilization and the truths they deny, based on natural science, which we have adopted as our conception of the universe.

THE LIE OF RELIGION

Religion is the most powerful and widely extended of all the institutions bequeathed to us by the past. The entire human race comes under its ban. It binds with the same fetters the highest and the lowest races alike, and its connecting links render the negro of Australia the brother in sentiment and neighbor in civilization of the English lord.

Religion penetrates all forms of political and social life, and faith in its abstract dogmas is the avowed or unexpressed foundation for the rightfulness or even the possibility of a whole series of actions which form the degrees of critical development in any individual existence. There are still a great many civilized countries where everyone is obliged to belong to some established form of worship. The world has progressed somewhat since the days of the Anti-Reformation under Bloody Mary, of Spain during the Sixteenth Century, and of the

Puritan rule in New England, when every citizen was obliged, under the most fearful penalties, to take part in the established worship; but the progress, taken as a whole, has been slight. The state no longer drives every individual to mass and confession; it has abolished the penalty of being burnt at the stake for negligence in church attendance; but it requires, at least in some countries, every citizen to be enrolled on the list of members of some religious community, and by means of its organization exacts contributions from all sides.

Religion receives into her arms at its birth the infant of civilized life; she becomes its unyielding, implacable companion throughout its entire existence, and will not relinquish her claims even upon its death-bed. A citizen is born—the parents are obliged to present him for baptism, as a refusal would in some countries render them liable to a fine and prosecution by the state. He wishes to get married—this he can only do in the church, with the cooperation of the minister. Many countries recognize a civil marriage as legal, it is true; but in the first place it is only introduced into a comparatively small number; in the second, where it is already introduced, powerful forces are at work undermining it; and in the third place, social customs have not kept pace with the law. Consequently, in those countries where the civil marriage is recognized, it is hardly considered a complete marriage. He dies—a minister follows his corpse to the grave, and he is laid to rest in consecrated

ground, surrounded by the tokens and symbols of religion. In many cases he can only advance his most authorized interests by taking an oath, based upon religious idea. He is willing to shed his blood for his country—he can not do so unless he takes the oath of allegiance before God. He applies to the legal authorities to maintain his rights—he is straightway called upon for an oath. He can not give his testimony before his fellow-citizens without an oath; neither can he assume a public office without an oath. A passionate resistance met and overwhelmed the recent attempts in France and England to substitute a formal assurance of honor and conscience for the customary religious oath. Throughout the whole length and breadth of the civilized world, there is not a single nook or corner to be found in which the autocratic yoke of religion has been shaken off.

We learn from history that the family, property, the state and religion are the forms in which civilization has developed. Well, none of these four forms includes such a large number of individuals as the last. There are many persons standing outside the pale of family life—such as foundlings, or the street arabs of large cities, although in later years they may found a family by marriage or concubinage. Habitual criminals and the very poor do not recognize the principles of property. In the midst of our highly regulated civilization there are isolated groups—the Gypsies, for example—who do not join the organization of the state; their births, marriages, and deaths are

never recorded; they never pay taxes or serve out terms of military service; even if they desired it, they would find it difficult to enter upon a normal civil life, because they could produce none of the beseached documents without which the son of modern civilization can not receive an official recognition of his life and death. But the case is different with religion; the number of those without the fold is exceedingly small.

Nordau tells of the law which had recently been passed in Austria permitting citizens to register themselves as creedless. It was chiefly taken advantage of by Jews who sought thus to escape racial prejudice. He does not add that many Hebrews of the late Nineteenth (as of the Twentieth) Century really have been creedless: the Age of Enlightenment was late in coming to them, and our own time corresponds in the Hebrew world to the Eighteenth Century in the western Christian world.

When I call religion a conventional lie of civilized society, I do not mean by the word religion a belief in supernatural and abstract powers. This belief is sincere with most people. It still exists unconsciously even in men of the highest culture, and there are but few children of the Twentieth Century who have become so convinced of the necessity of viewing the world from the standpoint of natural science that this conviction has penetrated into the farthest recesses of their minds, beyond the control of the will.

As a partially or entirely unconscious clinging to transcendental ideas, religion is in fact

a physical relic of the childhood of the human race; I go still further and say that it is a functional weakness, caused by the imperfection of our organ of thought.

To the savage, time, space, and causality are as real and material as the things which surround him and which he can touch. He imagines time to be a monster that devours his own children; space seems to him to be a wall built around the horizon, or else the union of the visible earth of the heavens, which he looks upon as a vast roof or dome; and causality appears to him so necessary and inseparable from circumstances that he gives it the simplest and to him most reasonable form; tracing effects to their causes by ascribing them to the direct action of some being like himself. But now arises for the first time a cause for perplexity. When his wife starts the fire by rubbing two dry sticks together, when his companion kills an animal with his stone hatchet, his senses apprehend the causes of the blaze and of the animal's death. But when the storm blows over his hut or he is bruised by the hail, he can not see the being that is maltreating him in this fashion. He can not doubt that this being exists and is somewhere close at hand, for there lies his hut in ruins, and the cuts made by the hailstones are bleeding; and somebody must have done it intentionally. His mind is aroused by that horrible dread which is always aroused by unknown danger against which we are not always able to defend ourselves—this sentiment is the beginning of religion.

Upon this sentiment of fear are based all the primitive forms of religious worship. Causality was conceived of by primitive man as something material and concrete. He sought for every circumstance which disturbed him some cause near at home. This led to his peopling nature with a personal god, or with personal gods and goddesses; and his fear of these, who appeared to him as enemies, caused sacrifices and prayers meant to appease them. This root of religion is still imbedded in the heart of civilized man. Even intellects of high culture, sufficiently advanced in reasoning to be beyond considering time and space as material existences, are yet in the habit of looking upon causality as something essential; they have not yet climbed to the height of abstract reasoning, from whence causality appears no longer as a concomitant to the phenomenon, but as a certain form of thought. Anthropomorphism is still carried on today, even by the grown-up man, in the secret intimacy of his inner life, which is never entirely freed from the results of his childhood habits.

It is remarkable that the fashionable philosopher of our own day has built up his system upon the same hypothesis from which were evolved the rudimentary conceptions of the cave-dweller of prehistoric ages, that is, upon the acceptation of a will as not only the necessary condition preceding every phase of activity, but also of the very existence of every object. This ascription of certain faculties which we know by experience to belong to us, to surrounding inanimate objects, this ef-

fort to attribute their material form to the pre-existence of some will-power in them, because it is impossible to separate the actuality of a human being from the necessarily accompanying will, with its arbitrary and constantly exercised power, is certainly a return to the very first stage of the intellectual activity of the human race. Schopenhauer has succeeded in refining his system and clothing it in technical terms, but its kernel is nevertheless the most astonishing case of atavism which is to be found in the whole history of philosophy—a history which is a record of remarkable returns of the human mind to ancient follies and dreams long since outgrown. When we find that a profound thinker like Schopenhauer, standing upon the height of modern culture, can attribute to inorganic things a will-power like that of man, in order to comprehend them; when we see that this system receives a cordial welcome from large numbers of the most cultured and intelligent members of modern society, we are enabled to comprehend in all their details the ideas of the mammal-hunter of the quarternary period, who could only conceive of nature by imagining behind every phenomenon some compelling power like himself, made after his image, only more powerful and awe-inspiring, with a larger stone hatchet and a more violent appetite; and this was the germ from which religion was developed later.

Special enquirers have discussed extensively the question whether the belief in an immortal soul preceded or followed the belief

in a god, and whether all ideas of religion were not evolved from the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, after passing through the intermediate stages of demon-worship. That many ancient races and modern savage tribes consider the belief in the immortality of the soul a more important factor of their religion than the belief in the existence of a god, is shown by the worship paid to the dead by the ancient Egyptians and the cannibalism of certain tribes in Central Africa and the South Sea Islands. The savage does not eat flesh or drink the blood of human beings to satisfy his hunger, but in the hope that the virtues of the slaughtered man may become part of the warrior who eats him.

Whether the belief in God or the belief in the soul is more ancient, is a secondary question. The two beliefs were conceived and accepted by the mind of man at a very early period. An incorrect observation and a mistaken comprehension of the laws of nature by prehistoric man, led to the belief in a personal God, and the belief in the soul was caused by observation of the difference between a living and a dead thing.

In the dead human being nothing is stirring; therefore that which was beating and hopping in the living man must have been the cause of life. When the man was alive, it was there; when he died, it vanished, it forsook the body. But what can it be? To this question the fanciful imagination of primitive man produced several answers. Some called the soul a dove or a butterfly; those capable of more abstract

conceptions called it a shadow or a breath of wind.

These ideas explained sleep (when the dove or wind went away temporarily) and death (when it left the body permanently). Perhaps the soul went into another body (according to the theory of metempsychosis).

By a miracle of abstract reasoning, the philosophers of India conceived the idea of Nirvana, the absolute nothing, the absolute nonexistence of matter and motion. The human mind is capable of comprehending this conception of an absolute nothing, when universe and ego alike can cease to exist. But it is incapable of grasping the idea of an annihilation of the ego, while the world lives on.

Thus both fundamentals of religion, the belief in God and the belief in personal immortality, seemed to Nordau to be based upon human limitations. Religion was cherished from the start, and still is valued by the poor and the weak, because it appears to make all men equal before the infinite superiority of God. Furthermore, man is a social animal. Common worship is but one of his gregarious tendencies.

This solidarity is constantly seeking expression. Once in a while every man feels the need of knowing that he is a fragment of a mighty whole, of convincing himself that the great current of race development is flowing through his veins side by side with the current of individual self-development, and that his individual existence is but a trivial episode in the grand total of human existence. The man of culture finds a thousand opportunities for sat-

isfying this need without leaving his library or his drawing-room. But how is it with the man on a lower social scale? Where does he find an opportunity to merge his separate existence into that of collective mankind? Until the present day the working man has only attained to a higher existence through religion. Sunday has been not only a day of physical rest to him, but also an opportunity for the development of all the blossoms of his mind. The sermon was the only elevating discourse which he ever had the opportunity of hearing. This is the reason why he continues to cling to religion with such fervor, and it will remain a powerful obstacle against his acceptation of modern ideas, unless the new culture offers him some substitute for the emotions and satisfactions of his human self-consciousness which he has hitherto found in religion.

This substitute will be provided. Intercourse with the poets and thinkers of all ages, through their works, will supersede the sermon; the theatre and the lecture hall will make the church unnecessary. The germs of future formations are already perceptible on all sides.

The longing experienced by man for a higher intellectual growth, an ideal, for a consolation always ready at hand, and even for the self-deception of a powerful and mysterious protector in all emergencies, is no false pretension, but a genuine and ineradicable sentiment. This is not what I mean by the conventional lie of religion. By this term I wish to express the reverence paid by men, even of the most advanced culture, to the doctrines, ceremonies and ministers of religion.

Owing to the force of habit we go regularly to church, bow reverently to the minister, and solemnly take up our Bible. We avoid exact comparisons of the outward church observances with our knowledge and convictions.

Historical investigations have revealed to us the origin and growth of the Bible. We know that by this name we designate a collection of writings as radically unlike in origin and character as if the Nibelungenlied, Mirabeau's speeches, Heine's love poems, and a manual of zoology had been printed and mixed up promiscuously, then bound into one volume. We find collected in this book the superstitious beliefs of the ancient inhabitants of Palestine, with indistinct echoes of Indian and Persian fables, mistaken imitations of Egyptian theories and customs, historical chronicles as dry as they are unreliable, and miscellaneous poems, which are rarely distinguished by beauties of the highest order, but frequently by superfluity of expression, coarseness, bad taste, and genuine Oriental sensuality. As a literary monument the Bible is of much later origin than the Vedas; as a work of literary value it is surpassed by everything written in the last two thousand years, even by second-rate authors; and to compare it seriously with the productions of Homer, Sophocles, Dante, Shakespeare, or Goethe, would require a fanaticized mind that had entirely lost its power of judgment.

It is impossible to describe all the details of this sham structure of religion. We must be content to accept a few of the most significant. Diplomatists make use of all possible means

to induce the cardinals to elect a Pope who suits them. After the tedious intrigues have led to the wished-for conclusion, these same diplomatists, who have been pulling the strings of the puppet show, manifest a sudden and fervent reverence for the Pope's authority and person which is founded upon the fiction that the Holy Ghost has selected him as the successor to St. Peter.

The fraud of religion penetrates and demoralizes our whole public and private existence. The state is guilty of imposition when it sets apart special days for prayer or thanksgiving, when it appoints ministers and calls the higher clergy into the House of Lords; the community is guilty of the same lie when it builds churches; the judge is acting a lie when he is passing sentence upon some person who has been blaspheming or insulting God or the church; the minister, imbued with the modern tone of thought, knows that he is guilty of deception when he takes pay for repeating dogmas and conducting ceremonies which he knows to be nothing more than nonsensical frauds; the enlightened citizen knows he is a hypocrite when he affects an outward reverence for the man of God, when he goes to communion or presents his child for baptism. The continued existence of these ancient, partly prehistoric, forms of worship is a monstrous fact such as would be sufficient, taken alone, to characterize our civilization as a complete imposition, and our political and social conditions of life as necessarily temporary.

THE POLITICAL LIE

Nordau devotes a chapter to what he calls "The Lie of a Monarchy and Aristocracy." Since the interest of his book to present-day American readers consists in its logical attacks on current prejudices, most of this may well be omitted here. However, at least two sentences are important and characteristic: "I am not criticizing the institution of monarchy in the interests of a republic" *and* "A monarchy owes its existence and perpetuation to religion." *That is, it is originally established by force, but it has not the slightest stability until it is accepted as natural, right, sacred. The same thing applies to hereditary aristocracy. We do not find Nordau holding any brief for democracy or the theories of genetic equality. Here is what he says about aristocracy*:

I have conceded that the aristocracy is a natural and therefore unavoidable and necessarily permanent institution of humanity, and do not oppose the hereditary honors and privileges which are accorded to it, but only upon one condition: that the aristocracy really consist of the best and most highly qualified human material in the nation. If a caste of nobility can show an anthropological foundation for its pretensions, then its existence is justified. It must have been formed originally out of a group of selected human beings, whose natural advantages were perpetuated and increased by sexual selection. This is the historical evolution of all aristocracy.

However, the original noble stocks have all

died out, Nordau continues, and the divine right of kings to create new nobles seems somehow to be exercised upon very ignoble fellows.

The next attack is upon the paternalism and the red-tape of government bureaus. It does not apply quite so much to America as to old Germany and Austria, but we can understand it sufficiently well:

My specimen typical man is at the age when his parents recognize the necessity of attending to the cultivation of his mind. He is sent to the public school. Before he is admitted, his certificate of birth must be produced. One would suppose that in order to share profitably in the blessings of public instruction, all that would be necessary would be to live and have attained to a certain measure of physical and mental development. This would be a mistake. A certificate of birth is absolutely indispensable. This respectable document is the key to the secrets of reading and writing. If it is not in his possession, a long and tedious process of red-tape must be gone through with to prove satisfactorily to the authorities that he was born. The boy is finally admitted into the school, and leaves it a few years later to embark upon a business career. His inclinations impel him to assist his fellow citizens with his advice and mediation in their law-suits. But he is forbidden by the authorities even to attempt anything of the kind until he has procured the permission of the state, set forth in various diplomas. On the contrary, he is permitted to make shoes, although a badly made shoe is sure to cause more suffering than a

bad piece of legal advice. He is now twenty years old, and would like to finish his education by travel. This he is not allowed to do, for he must give up his individuality for several years and perform his military service. During this period my Jack finds leisure and opportunity to fall in love with some young woman. He is too high-minded to make love in the usual garrison style. He wants to get married. He wishes to, but he is not allowed to. So long as he is a soldier, he must remain a bachelor. He is obliged to wait until he has taken off his uniform for good. Now can he take his sweetheart home with him? Certainly, if he and she are provided with the necessary papers, and a goodly lot of them is required.

Jack manages to sail around this dangerous reef by skill and good luck at last, and now he would like to open a wine-shop. This he can not do without the permission of the authorities, and they will or will not grant this permission as they happen to think best. Jack wants to remodel his house. He must not stir in the matter until he gets all the necessary certificates. In the center of his garden, sheltered from all eyes and where no stranger's foot would ever enter, he wishes to put up an outbuilding. Even this is not permitted without a license from the authorities. Perhaps he has a store, and feels no need of rest every seventh day. He would like to sell goods on Sunday. This he must not do unless he wants to be arrested and fined or imprisoned. His wife presents him with a child. He must

register the fact in the proper place and he must later attend to its being vaccinated.

Jack takes a fancy to a charming spot in the public park, which is kept up by the money of the city treasury; he is promptly warned to keep off the grass. He undertakes a walking tour through his province; a few hours later he meets a policeman, who begins asking him all sorts of impertinent questions about his name, his business, his family, and so on. He must answer, or suffer indignities and annoyances. A neighbor one day coolly appropriates part of his garden and fences it for his own use; Jack appeals to the law; the proof of the trespass is clear and convincing; the case drags along for months. He wins the suit, but the defendant proves that he is insolvent, so that Jack gets his bit of garden back, but he has lost twenty times what it is worth in the process.

Jack has further adventures with the law and the police; finally, old and poor and friendless, he attempts to commit suicide; he is fished out of the river and sent to jail for the crime of attempted suicide. He dies in jail and is legally buried in a properly licensed graveyard.

The restrictions imposed by the state upon the individual are out of all proportion to the benefits it offers him in return. The citizen resigns his independence only for a certain purpose and with the expectation of certain advantages to be gained by it. He supposes that the state to which he has sacrificed a large part of his rights as an individual will in re-

turn guarantee the security of his life and property and apply the combined strength of all to certain matters which will promote the personal interests of every individual. Well then: we must admit that the state fulfills these presuppositions very imperfectly. It ought to ensure to us our life and property. This it does not do, for it fails to prevent wars. Wars between civilized nations are no rarer and no less bloody than those between savage tribes. Even aside from war, all our regulations and restrictions do not protect the life of the individual citizen any more than the unrestrained freedom of barbarism. Murders between the members of a savage tribe occur no more frequently than in civilized communities. Acts of violence are almost always committed under the influence of passion, and this is entirely beyond the control of our restraining laws.

In spite of all our laws and regulations we are robbed and plundered, directly and through all sorts of swindles. The civilized man has not only to look after his own protection, like the barbarian, but also to pay for the protection that the state ostensibly affords him. Even the poorest man pays taxes, and to such an extent that he would be comfortably off at the close of his life if he had been able to retain for himself the fruits of his labor which he has been obliged to pay over to the state. That the barbarian may lose his property is only possible; that the man of our civilization is deprived of his by the state, by means of direct and indirect taxation, is certain. If any-

thing remains to the latter, he must guard it as carefully as the barbarian does his property.

The life and property of the individual are no more protected by the modern complicated machinery of state than entirely without the whole intricate apparatus. For all the sacrifices of bood, money, and liberty offered to the state by the individual citizen, he receives in return hardly any other actual benefits than the administration of justice, which is costly and tedious out of all proportion to what it should be, and public instruction, which can not be said to be accessible to all in the same degree. The pretext that the liberty of one man is only restricted out of regard for the rights of others, is a bad joke. This pretended regard does not prevent the oppression of the individual and deprives all of the larger part of their natural liberty of action.

Do I then recommend anarchism? Anarchism, the absence of all government, is a creation of certain minds, incapable of correct observation. As soon as even two human beings settle down to dwell together, a government is necessarily formed. The natural condition of humanity is not that of an amorphous aggegation of matter, that is, without crystallization in its particles, but exactly the reverse, a mass whose atoms assume invariably certain regular forms owing to their inherent power of attraction. In every mixed mass of human beings, forming an apparent social chaos, a state is sure to be organizing itself, as crystals are sure to be developed immediately in any solution of crystal-

lizable matter. The rational mind therefore does not demand anarchism but a government of limited extent.

Even so the citizen would be obliged to work for the community, that is, to pay taxes, but the public assessments would lose their characteristics of extortion which make them so odious now. We make no resistance when called upon to pay for our loaves of bread, our tickets to the theatre and our subscription to a club or society; at the utmost we regret that it is not easy to make up the sum total. Why is there no resistance in this case? Because we know that we receive the value of what we pay out. We can not feel that we are being robbed. When a government is so simple in its construction that every citizen knows all about its purposes, can supervise its work and has a voice in the direction of its energy, then he looks upon the taxes he pays as an expenditure for which he receives a direct return. He knows what he is getting with every penny of his tax-money, and the evident justice of such a transaction precludes the possibility of discontent.

The modern conception of the state is an arrangement to increase the well-being of the individual; the feudal conception, on the contrary, sees in the individual only a slave to increase the glory and power of the state.

Nordau attacks at some length the bureaucratic idea that the important matter is piling up taxes in the treasury. So long as we retain the political motto that "to the victor belong the spoils," there is little danger of

our suffering the worst faults of bureaucracy. Perhaps they are not so bad as the inefficiency of elected dog-catchers and court reporters. Our democratic officials are also fond, for some reason no doubt highly mysterious, of seeing well-filled treasuries.

What about representative legislation? Doesn't it return to the individual the liberty of which he has been deprived by the bureaucrats and the laws passed in their interests? Doesn't it change the feudal subject into the modern citizen? Doesn't it place in the hands of every individual the right to govern and decide the destinies of the state, together with the rest? Isn't the voter on election day a real sovereign exercising, even if indirectly, the old royal privileges of appointing employees, passing laws, levying taxes, and deciding upon the foreign policy of the government?

Representative legislation accomplishes all this. But unfortunately, only in theory. In practice it is a lie as enormous as all the other phases of our present political and social life. Strictly according to the theory of representative government, the entire people should assemble in an immense mass meeting, make its own laws and appoint its employees, thus expressing its will directly and carrying it immediately into action, without the loss of power and the modifications it is sure to undergo as an inevitable consequence of repeated transmissions. But as civilization increases, it has a tendency to group the individuals into larger and larger communities, to unite into one nation all those speaking the same language, and

to enlarge the confines of the state to immense proportions. Consequently the direct practice of self-government by assembling the entire people has already become a material impossibility in most countries; and in those remaining, it is only a question of time.

In practice, the will of the citizen expressed in his vote is entirely barren of results. The delegates elected act in all cases according to their individual pleasure, and their only feeling of constraint is in regard to their rivals, not at all in regard to the wishes of the people who elected them. The cabinet rules not only the country but the Parliament as well; instead of their following a policy prescribed to them, they dictate the policy of the Parliament and nation. They are not punished in the slightest for the hundred acts of arbitrary power, injustice and misuse of their authority, which they commit every day. When a case does occur once in a century of a minister being called to account for his misdemeanors, the impeachment proceeds in a pompous and imposing fashion, but terminates in an absurdly insufficient sentence.

The parliamentary system has one advantage: it makes it possible for those who are ambitious to rise by making use of their fellow-citizens. I will show that this is a genuine advantage. Every nation, and especially those still engaged in an ascending self-development, produces in each generation some individual in whom an especially powerfully organized personality clamors for room for expansion. These are men born to rule, who refuse to

bear another's yoke or submit to another's control. They are only able to yield to the discipline of their own will and judgment, never to those of another. They submit because they choose or think best, never because they are compelled to do so. These individuals never meet with a barrier that they do not demolish or ride over. Such individuals require room. In solitude they find it without effort or difficulty. If they remain in the society of man there is but one place for them: that of leader. There is no room at all for such natures in an absolute monarchy. This form of government is usually stronger than their power of expansion and they are worsted in their attempts to overthrow it. But before they succumb they shake the state until the king trembles upon his throne and the peasant in his cottage is thrown down by the violence of the shock.

A representative government allows these men with the powerful ego to act out their impulses and maintain their individuality, without disturbing the state. The craving for titles of honor plays no part in the career of a Disraeli, a Kossuth, a La Salle or a Gambetta. The ambition which compels such a statesman to enter upon his political career, to select this dangerous and thorny path, is the necessity of allowing his personality to develope completely and freely, a sensation of ineffable delight which ordinary men never experience and which is only gained from the consciousness of a will which has overcome every obstacle placed before it.

We must study the details of the politician's profession before we can see how shamelessly the practice of parliamentary government belies its theory.

A certain man decides to enter upon a political career. The mainspring of his decision is self-interest; as he requires popularity to attain to the position he covets; and as popularity is usually only won by those who promote or appear to promote the public welfare, he begins to work for the interests of the public or pretends to do so. He must not be modest. He must be ready to dissemble and lie, for he is obliged to assume friendly interest in certain men who, if not repugnant to him, are certainly indifferent. He must make hundreds of promises that he knows beforehand he will not be able to fulfill. He must learn how to assume and play upon the lower passions and aspirations and upon the prejudices of the public. Such a figure in a novel would never arouse the sympathetic affection of the reader. But in real life the same reader casts his vote for him every time.

The one elected is supposed to be the man in whom the majority have confidence, whereas he is really only the choice of an insignificant minority. But the minority is organized into a compact whole, while the majority of voters are a mass of loose molecules which the former can mould to its will. Cultivation, experience, honor, and intellectual superiority are unessential qualifications in a candidate. They neither help nor hinder him in his political struggle. What he needs above all is

self-appreciation, audacity, fluency of speech, and vulgarity.

When the party leader unites to his indomitable will the talent of eloquence, he plays the chief role upon the world's stage. But if he does not possess this gift he stays behind the scenes, and as manager dictates and controls the action of all the players on the stage, invisible to the public but the moving spirit of the whole parliamentary comedy. He has eloquent orators then to speak for him, as he has often brilliant but timid and vacillating intellects to think for him.

The means by which the leader of men exercises his power is the party. What is a political party? In theory it is a union of men who combine their individual energies to attain the realization of their common ideas regarding the laws and the policy of the government. In reality there is no great single party, no ruling party, which is founded on the basis of a single platform.

It sometimes happens that groups of ten or twenty persons are formed, attracted by the similarities of their ideas in regard to the affairs of public life. Large parties, however, are only called into existence by the influence of private self-interest, private ambition, or the attractive power of some dominating personality.

The causes leading to the downfall of a party leader who has obtained control of the reins of government are not the blunders which he makes in the administration of the supreme authority; these only serve as pretexts for

attacks upon him. They are either the appearance of a more powerful antagonistic will or the defection of mercenaries whose greed for the spoils of victory he has not been able or willing to satisfy, or a combination of these two. This is why a ministerial crisis is yet powerless to affect any radical change in the interior policy of a government. The relation of the individual to the state remains the same. The party names are simply masks for the real motives of all parliamentary contests, campaigns and changes—ambition and egotism.

Not an atom of the right of representative legislation supposed to be gained by universal suffrage falls to the individual citizen. Now as much as ever before is poor Jack obliged to pay taxes and to obey the authorities, bruising his elbows again and again by coming into contact with the thousand absurd restrictions that hem him in on every side. All the share he has in the whole business of representative legislation is his fatigue on election days from walking to the polls and his dissatisfaction that more entertaining and profitable reading matter is crowded out of the newspapers to make room for the uninteresting, interminable congressional debates.

THE ECONOMIC LIE

Those circumstances of our civilization which affect the largest number of human beings, with the most painful and grievous results, are the grievous errors prevailing in the economic world. There are plenty of people who have never taken any interest in abstract questions,

to whom God is a matter of as much indifference as first causes, the encyclical as uninteresting as the theory of evolution, whose faith and knowledge are both superficial. Many people also are totally indifferent to the political problems of the day, and the number is much larger than is generally supposed, who do not care in the least whether they are governed in the name of a king or a republic, so long as the state remains visible in the shape of public officials, tax collectors and drill-sergeants. On the other hand, there is not a single man of our civilization who is not daily confronted with the problems of supply and demand. Every conscious human being experiences certain wants, and grumbles at the difficulty or revolts against the impossibility of satisfying them. He grows hungry every few hours, he is fatigued and weary at the close of every working day; each time that he sees a beautiful or brilliant article, he desires to possess it, in obedience to the instinct to attract notice by ornamental appendages.

During the Middle Ages, millions were aroused to action by the name of religion. In the latter part of the last century (*the Eighteenth*) and up to the middle of this, the nations were aflame for their abstract needs of enlightenment and political liberty. The cry for bread for the masses fills this latter part of the Nineteenth Century. This cry is the sole import of that European policy which tries to turn the people from this engrossing idea by side issues of all kinds, by persecution of some social classes, by wars, colonization

schemes, expeditions, dynastic comedies, parliamentary twaddle and civil service reforms; but it is constantly brought back to it by the pressure of public opinion, which demands a consideration of the great world-wide problem of today, the question of how to support oneself.

At no period in the history of the world were the contrasts between rich and poor so decided as at present. Those writers on economics who begin their scientific works with the axiom that pauperism is as old as humanity itself, betray a lack of either reflection or truth.

From the viewpoint of a man of this Nineteenth Century civilization, the great majority of mankind appear to have been always relatively poor in the past, growing poorer and poorer as they are more and more removed from the present. The clothing was coarser and less frequently renewed, the dwelling places were less comfortable, the food more primitive, the utensils less in number; there was less money in circulation and less abundance of unnecessary articles. But the picture of relative poverty is not affecting. Absolute physiological poverty as a permanent condition has never appeared except as a consequence of the highly developed and unhealthy state of civilization. A primitive man does not accommodate himself to circumstances of want, but struggles to overcome them. Only when man loses his direct dependence upon food-producing Mother Earth, only when he forsakes the furrow in the field and passes beyond the reach of nature which offers him foods of all

sorts, only when he shuts himself up behind the city walls and procures his food and drink by an exchange of the products of his labor for the gifts of nature monopolized by others, only at this period does the possibility arise for a small minority of persons to accumulate great wealth and for a large majority to sink into absolute poverty, physiological distress. A nation which consists of free tillers of the soil is never poor.

A highly developed civilization condemns a group of individuals increasing daily in numbers and importance, to absolute poverty. This is the point to which all the countries of western Europe have arrived.

Their population is divided into a small minority, living in the midst of an aggressive and extreme luxury, partly attacked by a very frenzy of extravagance, and a great mass, consisting of persons who can only support life by the hardest exertions, or who, in spite of all their efforts, find it impossible to attain to a normal human existence. The minority is daily growing richer, the contrast between its life and that of the millions is daily growing more decided, its importance and influence in the community is hourly increasing. There never was a fortune in the Middle Ages like the hundred millions of a Vanderbilt, a Baron Hirsch, Rothschild, Krupp, and so on, as we know them today. In ancient times such an amount might have been accumulated by some favorite of a tyrant, or a satrap or proconsul, by plundering a country or a continent; but the wealth thus amassed had no permanence.

Its owner dreamed a few hours, and was then awakened by the dagger of an assassin, the persecution of his sovereign, or by the brutal confiscation of his wealth. There is not a single example of the descendance of such a fortune from father to son for even three generations, or the calm and undisturbed enjoyment of it by the possessor in the Roman Empire or in any Oriental state. In former times, the number of these millionaires and billionaires was incomparably smaller than in these days, when in England alone there are from eight hundred to a thousand millionaires, and in Europe altogether there are at least a hundred thousand persons with fortunes of a million (*marks*) or over. On the other hand, never before were there so many propertyless individuals as at present, men who according to my definition above do not know in the morning what they can get to eat during the day or where they can sleep at night. The slave in ancient Rome, the serf in Russia, were completely without property, but their actual physical wants were supplied; they had always food and shelter.

The modern day-laborer is more wretched than the slave of ancient times, for he is fed by no master; and if his position is one of more liberty than the slave's, it is chiefly the liberty to die of hunger. The rich is richer, the poor, poorer, than ever before since the beginnings of history. It remains yet to be proved that ancient Rome ever saw a feast that cost eighty thousand dollars, like the ball recently given by a New York Crœsus.

Meanwhile the great masses of the poor in civilized countries maintain their bare existence under conditions worse than those of any animal in a wilderness. The writers of economics have invented a phrase to quiet the uneasy consciences of the rich—the "iron law of wages." According to this law, the wages paid in any locality are at least what is actually required to support life there. At best, it does not apply to those who can not procure work at all. And during the time when he actually has work to do, it is impossible for the laboring man in western Europe to earn enough so that he can have anything left over for days when he is out of work. He is thus reduced to beggary during part of the year, or to actual physical decline from lack of sufficient nourishment. But the iron wage-law does not apply even to the amount of daily wages earned by those actually employed. What is the minimum of income that will support an individual? Evidently it is that which will keep his system in good condition, and allow him to develope fully and attain to the natural development of his life.

If the iron law were actually what it pretends to be, then the wage-earner would receive enough to bring his organism to and maintain it in that condition of development to which it is possible for it to attain by the natural laws of its being. But experience shows us that the day-laborer finds this impossible anywhere in Europe. The optimistic economist points with triumph to the iron law of wages when he sees that the wage-earner does not

drop dead of hunger at the close of his day's work, but drinks his whiskey and persuades himself that he is satisfied and comfortable. But then comes the science of statistics and shows us that the average length of life of the wage-earning class is a third and in some cases a half less than that of the well-to-do individuals of the same nation, living under the same conditions of climate and soil. Hunger, wretchedness, wants of all sorts slowly undermine the health and weaken the constitution of the workman. The wages he receives are at best merely sufficient to protect him from pressing hunger and cold, they do not avert the gradual wasting away of his whole being from insufficient food, clothing, and rest. The statistical records of disease and death among the laboring classes of Europe brand the "iron law of wages" as an infamous lie.

The portrait of the economic organization of society would not be complete if I omitted to describe along with the recklessly extravagant millionaires and the laboring man, condemned inexorably to disease and an early death, another class of beings who play in our present conditions of social life, nearly as melancholy a role as the industrial slaves of the great city. These are the cultivated men without any regular income who have to support themselves by intellectual labor. The supply exceeds the demand in this branch of labor to a frightful degree. The so-called liberal professions are everywhere so overcrowded that those who seek a livelihood in them trample upon each other until the struggle for existence assumes in them

the gravest and most hideous phases. Those unfortunates whose efforts are directed to obtaining a public or private position or success in art, literature, the law, medicine, engineering, and so on, are capable of appreciating their wretchedness to a greater degree on account of their higher intellectual development. Their intimate intercourse with those more prosperous keeps the picture of wealth constantly before them, side by side with their own poverty, which is thus never forgotten. Social prejudices require them to gain their livelihood in a way which, without being hygienically preferable, lays far greater burdens upon their shoulders than those borne by the day-laborer. The price paid for prosperity in their career is constant humiliations, suppression of their true character and denial of their own individuality, a yoke more galling to a nature of true nobility than material want. Owing to the fact that these persons are capable of suffering more intensely, they bear with even less impatience than the wage-earning class the burdens imposed upon them by the internal economy of society. Those among them whose efforts have not met with success are looked down upon by the man of wealth. But these "failures" are the intrepid vanguard of the army that is besieging the proud fortress of society and that sooner or later will raze it to the ground.

Let us turn our light upon the minority, the wealthy class. What are the sources of the riches of these men? They have made them for themselves, increased what they have re

ceived by inheritance, or else limit their efforts to retaining what they have inherited. The increase in inherited property usually takes place without the slightest interference on the part of the owner, and is certainly not the result of his labor. The large and ancient fortunes consist mainly of real estate. The value of the land and of the buildings rises every year and the income from them increases in proportion to the growth of civilization. The products of the manufacturing industries become cheaper, while provisions and dwelling-places in growing cities become dearer. The day is not far distant when the piratical cultivation of the soil in the new continents will necessarily come to an end; the plough will find no more unclaimed lands to conquer. Then the cost of provisions will rise without measure, while the continual improvements made in machinery and the constantly increasing utilization of the forces of nature now and yet to be discovered will cause the price of all manufactured goods to fall in proportion. These two tendencies continue to increase the wealth of the land-owner and the poverty of the factory employe. The latter is obliged to produce a constantly increasing number of manufactured goods to exchange for the agricultural products necessary to sustain life; the former receives in return for his farm produce a constantly increasing number of manufactured articles. The factory worker finds it more and more difficult to satisfy his wants, while the land-owner is able to enjoy more and more of the results of the former's labor.

The number of proletarians grows daily larger, toiling for the land-owner, who is thus practically their lord and master.

New fortunes are accumulated by trade, speculation, or manufacture. Legitimate trade rarely leads to the accumulation of great wealth. However, enormous profits can be made by a single dealer, or close combination of dealers, if they are able to control some indispensable article, to monopolize its sale, so that the purchaser can only receive it from their hands. He must resign himself to the alternative of doing without it or paying the price charged for it by the robber band.

Speculation is one of the most intolerable and revolting manifestations of disease in the economic organism. The speculator plays in the economic world the role of a parasite. He produces nothing, he does not even perform the questionable service of mediator. He confines himself to taking away from the real workers the largest part of the proceeds of their labor.

The speculator receives the money given him by the consumer and after abstracting a portion as large as possible, which he puts into his own pocket, he hands over the remainder to the producer. In this way, without labor, without benefitting the community, the speculator becomes wealthy and influential. Capital extends to him the highest favor, unlimited credit. When some poor workingman wants to start in business for himself, he meets with the utmost difficulty in borrowing the small sum he requires to purchase his tools and raw material and to support himself until the sale

of his first productions. But when some idler with sufficient audacity decides to live upon the labor of others and wants to carry on some speculative buying and selling on a large scale, both producers and consumers place themselves at his disposal, without waiting to be entreated. They say that they run no risks; the credit demanded exists only in theory. The producer does not give up his goods; he only promises to deliver them on a certain day at a certain price, only upon the receipt of cash. The consumer, on the other hand, does not pay down the purchase price, but only agrees to pay it on the day that the goods are delivered to him. This theoretical credit is sufficient, however, for the speculator to create for himself out of nothing the most scandalous wealth.

The advocates of speculation say that the speculator plays an important and necessary part in the great drama of economics; that his gains are the result of superior sagacity, deeper insight, prompter decision and more adventurous daring. This argument pleases me; let me examine it. Because the speculator has means of information at his disposal which are inaccessible to the general public, because he has less dread of losses than the prudent and honest man, and takes advantage of all possibilities in a more underhanded way, he has the right to take away from the laboring classes the results of their labor, and allow it to accumulate for himself while he takes his ease. This right is consequently based upon the fact that he has better weapons. If this is the case, the advocates of speculation must concede to

the laboring classes the right to take away from the speculators the results of their so-called labor.

In the case of manufacturing on a large scale, the owner or borrower of capital plunders his employes who sell him their daily labor. The difference between the actual value of this daily labor, as expressed in the price of the articles it produces, and the wages paid for it, forms the profit of the manufacturer, allowing, of course, for raw material and running expenses. It is often spoken of as the reward of the manufacturer's mental labor. But the reply can be made to this assertion that the mental labor required to manage the technical and mercantile interests of large factory bears no comparison to that necessary in scientific investigations or literary productions, and at the highest can only be ranked with that required in a public office or the executorship of an estate. The profits of manufacturers can not be looked upon as mere interest on the capital employed, because no manufacturer is willing to sell his goods at a price which would bring him in a net income of four to six per cent, after all the expenses and the pay for his mental exertion had been deducted. This percentage is obtained by anyone on investments without risk, even by the man of leisure.

We have thus seen that great wealth is in almost all cases due to the appropriation of the results of others' labor, not one's own. By their own labor alone, men are only able to support life from day to day, occasionally to

lay by sufficient for times of sickness and old age, rarely to attain to regular prosperity.

The band of robbers for whom the whole community toils is strongly organized. It has the making and the administration of the law in its own hands, as it has had for centuries. Everything that a man can get hold of in any way except by open, hand-to-hand violence remains his own. Even when the genealogy of a property can be traced to literal robbery or theft, this crime becomes an unimpeachable title to possession if the owner has been able to hold the property for a certain number of years.

The pernicious conditions of society and economics in our civilization form a vicious circle from which there is no escape. The laboring man is looked down upon because he has no cultivation; he can not educate himself because education and culture cost money, which he has not. The rich retain for themselves to the exclusion of the poor not only all the material enjoyments of life, but the intellectual as well. When some young man of the lower classes succeeds in mastering the higher branches of education by means of almost superhuman exertions, he never returns to the position of his father. He enrolls himself as a member of the privileged class, affects to look down upon manual labor, and get his support, like other members of the upper classes, from the laboring people.

The state, according to Nordau, should maintain and educate all talented young men. Furthermore, education should not be looked upon

merely as a means to an end. Therefore it ought not to be an uncommon sight to see a blacksmith reading Horace before his working hours begin.

The earth does not produce sufficient food for all. Is this the result of natural causes? No. It does not give food because food is not asked of it. Malthus proclaimed, "The time has come when the earth is no longer able to support her children. Therefore we must diminish their number." He preached prudence in marrying and temperance after marriage—but only for the poor. It never entered the heads of the pious Malthus and his disciples to state their principle in a reversed form: "The provisions produced by the earth are not sufficient to support her children. Therefore we must increase the amount of provisions." If the soil of Europe were tilled and managed like that of China, it could support a billion human beings.

The professor of economics says confidently that the measure of development to which the manufacturing industries of a country have attained is at the same time the measure of its civilization, and that an advanced stage of manufactures is a blessing to the nation as it makes the goods produced so cheap as to be within the reach of the poorest. A plague upon such cheapness! It is a benefit to no one, except perhaps to the manufacturer and the merchant. The factory employe is the sole living being in the universe who spends the greater part of his lifetime in work contrary to nature, merely to keep himself alive. Of

course the goods decline in price as the result of such labor. At the same time they deteriorate in quality.

Let us assume that all finished products were four times as dear as they are now. This is easily conceivable if the development of agriculture should overtake or pass beyond that of the manufacturing industries. Where would be the harm? I see none, but, on the contrary, enormous benefits to mankind. Each individual would renew his clothing once instead of four times a year and his household goods once in twenty years, instead of once in five. The factory employe would receive four times the wages at present paid him; that is, if he is now obliged to toil twelve hours to earn sufficient to support life, he would obtain the same results with three hours' labor. The expenses of the individual consumer would amount to the same sum total as before. But one enormous result would be gained: the workingman would cease to be a galley-slave and become a man. That highest of all luxuries, leisure, would come within his reach.

The professors of economics have a horror of leisure for mankind. Their doctrine can be condensed into two commandments: thou shalt consume as much as possible, whether or not the consumption is justified by necessity; thou shalt produce as much as possible whether the productions are needed or not.

The solution of the economic problem is not to be looked for in communism. It is a natural condition possible only in very low forms of collective associations, and could not exist

in a form of animal life so highly developed as our human society. But if individual proprietorship is a natural instinct, and hence utterly refuses to be suppressed, there is one application of the right of personal possessions against which reason absolutely revolts—this is inheritance.

Man alone among the animals wishes to provide his descendants with stored up food to untold generations. When a man accumulates a fortune, he wishes to bequeath it to his family in such a way that its members will be, if possible, relieved forever from the necessity of earning their own livelihood. This is contrary to all natural laws. It is a violent disturbance of the regular arrangement of the world, according to which every living being is compelled to win for himself his place at the great table of nature, or perish.

The land with all the buildings that are on it must become the property of the community and come into its direct possession at the close of every generation. Anyone desirous of owning land or factories will receive a title to them for his lifetime from the state, for which he must pay an annual rental, which will be a certain percentage of the total amount of capital represented.

There is nothing to prevent society from placing tne manufacturer and the tillers of the soil upon the same footing as the English tenant farmer, with one great proprietor as the master of them all: the state. This arrangement of the economic world would make it possible for a single individual to accumulate personal

property by his sagacity and industry as at present, although not to such an enormous extent as the fortunes of the pirates and parasites of our modern civilization. The talented, the industrious man would find in a more luxurious manner of living the reward for his greater ability or efforts, the man of mediocre capabilities and the indolent man would be obliged to live more frugally, while the individuals who refused to work would be the only ones condemned to want.

THE MATRIMONIAL LIE

Man has two powerful instincts which govern his whole life and give the first impulse to all his actions: the instinct of self-preservation and the instinct of race-preservation. The former reveals itself in its simplest form as hunger, the latter as love. The vital energies of the species are revealed by the impulse for propagation. As long as the vital energies of the species are at their prime, every fully developed individual strives with all its might to provide itself with a mate. As the vital energies of the individual begin to ebb, the individuals grow more and more indifferent to the subject of propagating and finally cease to regard it as indispensable. The larger the number of beings who place their own interests higher than all the duties of solidarity and all the ideals of the development of the species, the nearer is the species to the end of its vital career. The decay of a nation as well as of a family begins with the preponderance of selfishness.

When a race or a nation attains to this point in its life career, its individuals lose their ability to experience normal and natural love. The family instinct dies out. The men do not wish to marry because they find it inconvenient to assume the burden of responsibility for another human life and to provide for another being beside themselves. The women avoid the pains and inconveniences of motherhood and, even when married, strive by the most unhallowed means to remain childless. The instinct of propagation, which has lost its aim of reproducing the species, dies out in some persons and in others assumes the most degenerate and abnormal complications. Where love still appears, it is nothing but a strange longing incomprehensible even to itself, partly reverie, partly hysteria, partly self-deception, reminiscences, self-application of what has been heard and read, combined with a sickly, sentimental, morbid imagination, and partly sheer lunacy, emotional or melancholy insanity. Unnatural vices spread and increase, but while indecency is holding its orgies in secret, prudishness is displayed in public.

In order to prevent as much as possible the degradation of love into a mere pastime and to proclaim most emphatically its sublime purpose, the preservation of the race, society has from its very beginnings only recognized as honorable those relations between man and woman whose earnestness has stood the test of a public ceremony. But what have the lies of our civilization made out of marriage? It has become a mutual agreement in which there

is no more room for love than in the partnership contract of two capitalists entering upon some new enterprise together. Marriage ought to be the victory of altruism, but it is the victory of selfishness.

Why does a man love this one woman and not the other? Why does a woman want this man and spurn all other men? Evidently because his attraction and indifference are founded on the inner-most chemical properties of the beings in question and proceed from the same sources as the organic processes of life itself. Marriage is thus a vessel in which two separate bodies, two chemical individualities, are enclosed together. If there is an affinity between them, the vessel is full of life; if there is none, the vessel contains death.

A loveless marriage, according to Nordau, is no better than prostitution. Such a tie, when entered into for reasons purely economic, is both immoral and dangerous.

Are the children born in a loveless marriage pitiable creatures? What does it matter, if only the wedded couple obtain the substantial advantages they sought by the marriage? The impulse toward procreation has become a means of selfish advancement, and as it is the most powerful of all the impulses of man's being, he can speculate upon it with impunity. Thus we see that men and women try to make the sacred act, on which depend the preservation and development of the human race, a source of personal, pecuniary profit. Why should we blame the man or woman of our civilization because he or she looks upon marriage as a charitable

institution, and when a proposal is made looks around to see if anyone bids higher? They see that the world takes the amount of the fortune as the measure of the worth of an individual. What wonder is it that they look upon every act of their life, marriage included, only from the standpoint of their personal, palpable advantage in the struggle for existence?

The result of these ideas is a speedy degeneration of the civilized part of humanity, but their direct and immediate victim is woman. Bachelorhood is far from being synonymous with celibacy. If a man marries without love, he is allowed by custom to seek right and left the pleasures which he does not find in the society of his wife. At least it is not considered a crime which should exclude him from intercourse with respectable people. Quite the reverse is the case where woman is concerned. Only by marriage does she attain to the gratification of all her physiological wants. She must marry in order to exercise her natural rights as a complete and mature individual, in order to receive the consecration of motherhood, or simply in order to be protected from poverty and distress.

What is the lot of the unmarried woman? Her familiar appellation, old maid, contains a scornful sting. The girl who is too sensitive to wish to be a hindrance to either brother or sister, when the parents die, finds that she is alone in the world. Shall she found a home of her own? It would be an inhospitable and dreary place, for no masculine friend could sit

down by her fire-side without arousing the gossip of the neighborhood, feminine friendships are rare and beyond a certain point unnatural, and least of all would she introduce a sister in misfortune into her home to add to its melancholy and bitterness. The bachelor can go into restaurants and saloons, pass his leisure hours in his clubs, which are becoming more and more a substitute for family life; he can travel alone, go for a walk alone, and has a hundred ways of deluding himself into oblivion of the coldness and barrenness of his home, unblessed by the love of wife and child. All these solaces are denied to the single woman if she wants to keep her reputation clear. She is less competent than man to conduct business affairs, that is. to protect her possessions against the sharks swarming around them, owing to her training and the customs of society. But if she has no property, the picture grows indistinguishable from the hopeless darkness that settles down upon it. Only a few and unremunerative means of earning a livelihood are accessible to women. And with all this, the girl who vegetates in such a terrible solitude must have superhuman principles. We require this sad, morbid, starving girl to be a heroine! Prostitution stands near, awaiting her, enticing her. Man, who avoids assuming the responsibility of providing for her life, does not hesitate to demand her love as a present, which requires no return from him.

A large share of the blame for the opposition between substance and form, between love

and marriage, and for the frequent tragical conflicts between natural sentiments and conventional constraints, is due to the prevailing conception of morality, which is a consequence of Christianity. This morality considers the act of generation an odious crime, it covers its face before it as before an abomination, and it lays upon everything which has the slightest connection with the sexual life the ban of timorous silence. This system of morality could not last an hour if it were not that in private all human beings, all without exception, set it aside as tranquilly as if it did not exist. Why should eating and sleeping be legitimate actions which are openly practiced, spoken of and acknowledged, while generation is a sin and disgrace which can not be sufficiently concealed and denied? Is not puberty the crowning point of the development of the individual, and its own reproduction its highest triumph and most glorious manifestation?

The civilization of India and Greece considered the relations between the sexes from a natural and unprejudiced point of view; it held the human form divine in equal estimation, without seeing anything more indecent in one organ than in another.

The radical change which has taken place in our conceptions of morality is the consequence of the ideas gained by Christianity over the mind of human mankind. On the one hand it preaches: Love thy neighbor as thyself, love even thine enemies; on the other, it declares that the end of the world is at hand, that the lusts of the flesh are the most deadly

sins and absolute chastity the most desirable condition. Ever since the beginnings of religion, the doctrine of celibacy has never been literally followed except by those individuals who were suffering from religious mania, a disease which is almost always co-existent with disturbances of the sexual system.

Marriage, as it has developed with our civilization, is based solely upon the recognition of monogamy. But it appears that monogamy is not a natural condition of mankind; hence there is a fundamental contradiction between the individual impulse and the social institution, at the cost of constantly renewed conflicts between sentiments and customs, in many cases bringing the substance into perpetual opposition to the form, and making the state of matrimony a lie.

And now the relations are simple and summary. You wish to possess a certain woman? All right; you must swear to maintain her and the children proceeding from the union throughout your entire life. Do you become tired of the woman after a while? So much the worse for you. You have her now and you must keep her. You find that you made a mistake in your selection, that you deceived yourself when you believed you were in love. You should have examined your own sentiments more closely, have considered the matter more carefully. It is too late now to have this excuse accepted. You are in love with another? That is no concern of ours. You must still carry the burden of your wife and

children and we, society, will not allow you to shift it upon our shoulders.

Let us suppose that the most favorable case: the wedded pair love each other truly. Will this love last as long as life? Are the husband and wife justified in swearing fidelity unto death? The poets, who seem to have been entrusted with the task of almost hopelessly confusing this matter, do not hesitate to reply. They are convinced that true love lasts forever. If love ends, it is not love, they say. That is very easily said, but is it true? Everyone who has observed life with his eyes open can give the poets a hundred examples of love that commenced very passionately and yet cooled off very rapidly and very thoroughly.

The truth is that among ten thousand pairs of lovers there is barely one in which the man and woman love each other throughout their entire lives, to the exclusion of all others. Will a life-long single marriage be permanently compatible with the happiness of the married individuals? No honest observer of real life can answer this question in the affirmative.

Man is not a monogamous animal and all institutions which are founded upon the acceptance of monogamy are more or less unnatural to him. If we are honest we must allow that man and woman, even in the highest paroxysms of a new-born love, keep an obscure corner in their soul which is not illumined by the beams of the concrete passion, where lurk the germs of diverging sympathies and desires. We keep these germs concealed, but we are

continually conscious of their existence and we feel that they would soon grow to be larger and strong if we did not prevent their development. We can even love several individuals at the same time, with nearly equal tenderness, and we need not lie when we assure each one of our passion. No matter how deeply we may be in love with a certain individual, we do not cease to be susceptible to the influence of the entire sex.

Love exhausts itself in the effort to reach its aim and in the accomplishment of its purpose, as hunger ceases to exist when the desire for food is gratified; and even for woman, one act in the drama of love comes to a complete close with the birth of the child, so that she can enter upon a new act with an entirely different cast of roles. If this is, as it appears to be, the true and natural condition of the human sentiment, then the permanent single marriage has no organic justification. In the most progressive countries, society has introduced the institution of divorce. But the hypocritical prejudices which still cling so closely to the theory of strict monogamy pursue the divorced parties and cast a shadow of disgrace upon them which stigmatizes them as no longer perfectly respectable people.

Before we can proceed to the solution of the anthropological problem as to whether a human being can love but once, and whether his mating instinct ought only to be exercised upon one single individual of the opposite sex, it must first of all be settled that love should

be the antecedent of marriage and that the official bond must attract from a mutual attraction of both parties, existing at least at the moment in which it is opposed. But the present economic organization of society is in direct opposition to such a state of affairs. The miserable lot to which these conditions condemn particularly women, is not improved by the quacks who recommend the emancipation of woman as a cure. The struggle for existence would assume phases even more ghastly if both sexes stood upon the same plane and equality. This emancipation would bring man and woman necessarily into the relation of a higher and lower race, for man is better equipped for the struggle for existence than woman.

When material conditions enter no longer into the contracting of a marriage, when woman is free to choose and is not compelled to sell herself, when man is obliged to compete for woman's favor with his personality and not with his social position and property, then the institution of matrimony will become a truth instead of the lie it is now. The sacred and sublime spirit of nature will bless every embrace, every child will be born surrounded by the love of its parents as with a halo, and will receive as its first birthday present the strength and vitality with which every couple that has been formed by the attraction of affinity endows its offspring.

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Santayana, James, and Dewey

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Director, Labor Temple School, New York; Author of "Philosophy and the Social Problem," "A Guide to Plato," "Voltaire and the French Enlightenment," etc.

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INTRODUCTION

There are, as everybody knows, two Americas, of which one is European. European America is chiefly the eastern states, where the older stocks look up respectfully to foreign aristocracies, and more recent immigrants look back with a certain nostalgia to the culture and traditions of their native lands. In this European America there is an active conflict between the Anglo-Saxon soul, sober and genteel, and the restless and innovating spirit of the newer peoples. The English code of thought and manners must eventually succumb to the continental cultures that encompass and inundate it here; but for the present that British mood dominates the literature, though no longer the morals, of the American East. Our standards of art and taste in the Atlantic states, is English; our literary heritage is English; and our philosophy, when we have time for any, is in the line of British thought. It is this new England that produced Washington and Irving and Emerson and (even) Poe; it is this new England that wrote the books of the first American philosopher, Jonathan Edwards; and it is this new England that captured and remade that strange, exotic figure, America's latest thinker, George Santayana. For Santayana, of course, is an American philosopher only by grace of geography; he is a European who, having been born in Spain, was transported to America in his unknowing childhood, and who now, in his old age, returns to Europe as to a paradise for which his years with us

were a probation. Santayana is steeped in the "genteel tradition" of the old America.[1]

The other America is American. It consists of those people, whether Yankees or Hoosiers or cowboys, whose roots are in this soil, and not in Europe; whose manners, ideas and ideals are a native formation; whose souls are touched neither with the gentility of the families that adorn Boston, or New York, or Philadelphia, or Richmond, nor with the volatile passions of the southern or eastern Europeans; men and women moulded into physical ruggedness and mental directness and simplicity by their primitive environment and tasks. This is the America that produced Lincoln and Thoreau and Whitman and Mark Twain. It is also the America of "horse sense," of "practical men," of "hard-headed business men." It is this America which so impressed itself upon Wil-

[1]Cf. his own analysis of the two Americas: "America is not simply a young country with an old mentality; it is a country with two mentalities, one a survival of the beliefs and standards of the fathers, the other an expression of the instincts, practices and discoveries of the younger generations. In all the higher things of the mind—in religion, in literature, in the moral emotions—it is the hereditary spirit that prevails, so much so that Mr. Bernard Shaw finds that America is a hundred years behind the times. The truth is that one-half of the American mind has remained, I will not say high and dry, but slightly becalmed; it has floated gently in the back-water, while alongside, in invention and industry and social organization, the other half of the mind was leaping down a sort of Niagara Rapids. This may be found symbolized in American architecture. . . . The American Will inhabits the sky-scraper; the American Intellect inhabits the colonial mansion." —*Winds of Doctrine,* New York, 1913; p. 188.

liam James that he became its exponent in philosophy while his brother became more British than an Englishman; and it is this America that made John Dewey.

We shall study Santayana first, despite chronology; because, though he is the youngest of our greater philosophers, he represents an older and a foreign school; and the subtlety of his thought, and the fragrance of his style, are like the perfume that lingers in a room from which the flowers have been taken away. We shall have, very probably, no more Santayanas; for hereafter it is America, and not Europe, that will write America's philosophies.[2]

[2]The author asks the reader's indulgence for the perhaps undue proportion of space allotted to Santayana in the present essay, on the ground that the philosophic thought of James and Dewey have received a wide and varied exposition, while that of Santayana remains confined almost to an esoteric circle. The frequency of direct quotation is due to an unwillingness to substitute a mediocre phrase for the matchless language of Santayana.

CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN PHILOSOPHERS: SANTAYANA, JAMES AND DEWEY

1. GEORGE SANTAYANA

1. BIOGRAPHICAL

Santayana was born at Madrid in 1863. He was brought to America in 1872, and remained here till 1912. He took his degrees at Harvard, and taught there from his twenty-seventh to his fiftieth year. One of his students describes him vividly:

> "Those who remember him in the class room will remember him as a spirit solemn, sweet, and withdrawn, whose Johannine face by a Renaissance painter held an abstract eye and a hieratic smile, half mischief, half content; whose rich voice flowed evenly, in cadences smooth and balanced as a liturgy; whose periods had the intricate perfection of a poem and the import of a prophecy; who spoke somehow for his hearers and not to them, stirring the depths of their natures and troubling their minds, as an oracle might, to whom pertained mystery and reverence, so compact of remoteness and fascination was he, so moving and so unmoved."[3]

He was not quite content with the country of his choice; his soul, softened with much learning, and sensitive as a poet's soul must be (for he was poet first, and philosopher afterward), suffered from the noisy haste of American city-life; instinctively he shrank back to

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[3]Horace Kallen in *The Journal of Philosophy*, Sept. 29, 1921; vol. 18, p. 534.

Boston, as if to be as near to Europe as he could; and from Boston to Cambridge and Harvard, and a privacy that preferred Plato and Aristotle to James and Royce. He smiled with a little bitterness at the popularity of his colleagues, and remained aloof from the crowd and the press; but he knew that he was fortunate to have found a home in the finest School of Philosophy that any American university had ever known. "It was a fresh morning in the life of reason, cloudy but brightening."[4]

His first essay in philosophy was *The Sense of Beauty* (1896), which even the matter-of-fact Münsterberg rated as the best American contribution to esthetics. Five years later came a more fragmentary, and more readable, volume, *Interpretations of Poetry and Religion*. Then, for seven years, like Jacob serving for his love, he worked silently, publishing only occasional verse; he was preparing his *magnum opus*, *The Life of Reason*. These five volumes (*Reason in Common Sense*, *Reason in Society*, *Reason in Religion*, *Reason in Art*, and *Reason in Science*) at once lifted Santayana to a fame whose quality fully atoned for what it lacked in spread. Here was the soul of a Spanish grandee grafted upon the stock of the gentle Emerson; a refined mixture of Mediterranean aristocracy with New England individualism; and, above all, a thoroughly emancipated soul, almost immune to the spirit of his age, speaking as if with the accent of some pagan scholar

[4] *Character and Opinion in the United States*, New York, 1921; end of chapter first.

come from ancient Alexandria to view our little systems with unwondering and superior eye, and to dash our new-old dreams with the calmest reasoning and the most perfect prose. Hardly since Plato had philosophy phrased itself so beautifully; here were words full of a novel tang, phrases of delicate texture, perfumed with subtlety and barbed with satiric wit; the poet spoke in these luxuriant metaphors, the artist in these chiseled paragraphs. It was good to find a man who could feel at once the call of beauty and the lure of truth.

After this effort Santayana rested on his fame, contenting himself with poems and minor volumes.[5] Then, strange to say, after he had left Harvard and gone to live in England, and the world presumed that he looked upon his work as finished, he published, in 1923, a substantial volume on *Scepticism and Animal Faith*, with the blithe announcement that this was merely the introduction to a new system of philosophy, to be called "Realms of Being." It was exhilarating to see a man of sixty sailing forth on distant voyages anew, and producing a book as vigorous in thought, and as polished in style, as any that he had written.

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[5]These are, chiefly: *Three Philosophical Poets* (1910)—classic lectures on Lucretius, Dante and Goethe; *Winds of Doctrine* (1913); *Egotism in German Philosophy* (1916); *Character and Opinion in the United States* (1921); and *Soliloquies in England* (1922). All of these are worth reading, and rather easier than the *Life of Reason*. Of this the finest volume is *Reason in Religion*. *Little Essays from the Writings of George Santayana* edited by L. P. Smith, and arranged by Santayana himself, is an admirable selection.

We must begin with this latest product, because it is in truth the open door to all of Santayana's thinking.

2. SCEPTICISM AND ANIMAL FAITH

"Here," says the preface, "is one more system of philosophy. If the reader is tempted to smile, I can assure him that I smile with him. . . . I am merely attempting to express for the reader the principles to which he appeals when he smiles." Santayana is modest enough (and this is strange in a philosopher) to believe that other systems than his own are possible. "I do not ask anyone to think in my terms if he prefers others. Let him clean better, if he can, the windows of his soul, that the variety and beauty of the prospect may spread more brightly before him."[6]

In this last and introductory volume he proposes to clear away, first of all, the epistemological cobwebs that have enmeshed and arrested the growth of modern philosophy. Before he delineates the Life of Reason he is willing to discuss, with all the technical paraphernalia dear to the professional epistemologist, the origin and validity and limits of human reason. He knows that the great snare of thought is the uncritical acceptance of traditional assumptions: "criticism surprises the soul in the arms of convention," he says, unconventionally. He is willing to doubt almost everything: the world comes to us dripping with the qualities of the senses through which it has flowed, and the past comes down to us

[6] *Scepticism and Animal Faith*, pp. v and vi.

through a memory treacherously colored with desire. Only one thing seems certain to him, and that is the experience of the moment—this color, this form, this taste, this odor, this quality; these are the "real" world, and their perception constitutes "the discovery of essence."[7]

Idealism is correct, but of no great consequence: it is true that we know the world only through our ideas; but since the world has behaved, for some thousands of years, substantially as if our combined sensations were true, we may accept this pragmatic sanction without worry for the future. "Animal faith" may be faith in a myth, but the myth is a good myth, since life is better than any syllogism. The fallacy of Hume lay in supposing that by discovering the origin of ideas he had destroyed their validity: "A natural child meant for him an illegitimate one; his philosophy had not yet reached the wisdom of the French lady who asked if all children were not natural."[8] This effort to be sceptically strict in doubting the veracity of experience has been carried by the Germans to the point of a disease, like a madman forever washing his hands to clean away dirt that is not there. But even these philosophers "who look for the foundations of the universe in their own minds" do not live as if they really believed that things cease to exist when not perceived.

"We are not asked to abolish our conception of the natural world, nor even, in our

[7] *Ibid.*, pp. 11f.
[8] *Reason in Common Sense*, New York, 1911; p. 93.

> daily life, to cease to believe in it; we are to be idealists only north-northwest, or transcendentally; when the wind is southerly we are to remain realists. . . . I should be ashamed to countenance opinions which, when not arguing, I did not believe. It would seem to me dishonest and cowardly to militate under other colors than those under which I live. . . . Therefore no modern writer is altogether a philosopher in my eyes, except Spinoza. . . . I have frankly taken nature by the hand, accepting as a rule, in my farthest speculation, the animal faith I live by from day to day."[9]

And so Santayana is through with epistemology; and we breathe more easily as we pass on with him to that magnificent reconstruction of Plato and Aristotle which he calls "The Life of Reason." This epistemological introduction was apparently a necessary baptism for the new philosophy. It is a transitional concession; philosophy still makes its bow in epistemological dress, like the labor leaders who for a time wear silk breeches at the king's court. Some day, when the middle ages are really over, philosophy will come down from these clouds, and deal with the affairs of men.

3. REASON IN SCIENCE

The Life of Reason is "a name for all practical thought and action justified by its fruits in consciousness." Reason is no foe of the instincts, it is their successful unison; it is nature become conscious in us, illuminating its own path and goal. It "is the happy mar-

[9] *Scepticism and Animal Faith*, pp. 192, 298, 305, 308.

riage of two elements—impulse and ideation—which, if wholly divorced, would reduce man to a brute or a maniac. The rational animal is generated by the union of these two monsters. He is constituted by ideas which have ceased to be visionary and actions which have ceased to be vain." Reason is "man's imitation of divinity."[10]

The Life of Reason bases itself frankly on science, because "science contains all trustworthy knowledge." Santayana knows the precariousness of reason, and the fallibility of science; he accepts the modern analysis of scientific method as merely a shorthand description of regularities observed in our experience, rather than "laws" governing the world and guaranteed unchangeable. But even so modified, science must be our only reliance; "faith in the intellect . . . is the only faith yet sanctioned by its fruits."[11] So Santayana is resolved to understand life, feeling like Socrates that life without discourse is unworthy of a man; he will subject all "the phases of human progress," all the pageant of man's interests and history, to the scrutiny of reason.

He is modest enough nevertheless; he proposes no new philosophy, but only an application of old philosophies to our present life; he thinks the first philosophers were the best; and of all of them he ranks highest Democritus and Aristotle; he likes the plain blunt ma-

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[10] *R. in C. S.*, pp. 3, 6 and 17.

[11] *R. in Science*, New York, 1906, p. 318; *R. in C. S.*, p. 96.

terialism of the first, and the unruffled sanity of the second. "In Aristotle the conception of human nature is perfectly sound: everything ideal has a natural basis, and everything natural an ideal development. His ethics, when thoroughly digested and weighed, will seem perfectly final. The Life of Reason finds there its classic explication." And so, armed with the atoms of Democritus and the golden mean of Aristotle, Santayana faces the problems of contemporary life.

> "In natural philosophy I am a decided materialist—apparently the only one living. . . . But I do not profess to know what matter is in itself. . . . I wait for the men of science to tell me. . . . But whatever matter may be, I call it matter boldly, as I call my acquaintances Smith and Jones without knowing their secrets."[12]

He will not permit himself the luxury of pantheism, which is merely a subterfuge for atheism; we add nothing to nature by calling it God; "the word *nature* is poetical enough; it suggests sufficiently the generative and controlling function, the endless vitality and changeful order of the world in which I live." To be forever clinging to the old beliefs in these refined and denatured forms is to be like Don Quixote, tinkering with obsolete armor. Yet Santayana is poet enough to know that a world quite divested of deity is a cold and uncomfortable home. "Why has man's conscience in the end invariably rebelled against naturalism and reverted in some form or other

[12] *S. and A. F.*, pp. viii and vii.

to a cultus of the unseen?" Perhaps "because the soul is akin to the eternal and ideal"; it is not content with that which is, and yearns for a better life; it is saddened by the thought of death, and clings to the hope of some power that may make it permanent amid the surrounding flux. But Santayana concludes, bluntly: "I believe there is nothing immortal . . . No doubt the spirit and energy of the world is what is acting in us, as the sea is what rises in every little wave; but it passes through us; and cry out as we may, it will move on. Our privilege is to have perceived it as it moved."[13]

Mechanism is probably universal; and though "physics cannot account for that minute motion and pullulation in the earth's crust of which human affairs are a portion," the best method in psychology is to suppose that mechanism prevails even in the inmost recesses of the soul. Psychology graduates from literature into science only when it seeks the mechanical and material basis of every mental event. Even the splendid work of Spinoza on the passions is merely "literary psychology," a dialectic of deduction, since it does not seek for each impulse and emotion its physiological and mechanical ground. The "behaviorists of today have found the right road, and should follow it unfrightened.[14]

So thoroughly mechanical and material is life that consciousness, which is not a thing but a condition and a process, has no causal efficacy;

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[13] *Ibid.*, pp. 237 and 271; *R. in C. S.*, p. 189; *Winds of Doctrine*, p. 199.

[14] *R. in S.*, pp. 75, 131, 136.

the efficacy lies in the heat with which impulse and desire move brain and body, not in the light which flashes up as thought. "The value of thought is ideal, not causal"; that is, it is not the instrument of action but the theatre of pictured experience and the recipient of moral and esthetic delights.

> "Is it the mind that controls the bewildered body and points out the way to physical habits uncertain of their affinities? Or is it not much rather an automatic inward machinery that executes the marvelous work, while the mind catches here and there some glimpse of the operation, now with delight and adhesion, now with impotent rebellion? . . . Lalande, or whoever it was, who searched the heavens with his telescope and could find no God, would not have found the human mind if he had searched the brain with a microscope . . . Belief in such a spirit is simply belief in magic . . . The only facts observed by the psychologist are physical facts . . . The soul is only a fine quick organization within the material animal; . . . a prodigious net-work of nerves and tissues, growing in each generation out of a seed."[15]

Must we accept this buoyant materialism? It is astounding that so subtle a thinker and so ethereal a poet as Santayana should tie to his neck the millstone of a philosophy which after centuries of effort is as helpless as ever to explain the growth of a flower or the laughter of a child. It may be true that the conception of the world as "a bisectible hybrid," half ma-

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[15] *R. in C. S.*, pp. 219, 214, 212; *Winds*, p. 150; *S. and A. F.*, pp. 287, 257, 218-9.

terial and half mental, is "the clumsy conjunction of an automaton with a ghost";[16] but it is logic and lucidity personified alongside of Santayana's conception of himself as an automaton automatically reflecting on its own automatism. And if consciousness has no efficacy, why was it evolved, so slowly and so painfully, and why does it survive in a world in which useless things so soon succumb? Consciousness is an organ of judgment as well as a vehicle of delight: its vital function is the rehearsal of response and the co-ordination of reaction. It is because of it that we are men. Perhaps the flower and its seed, and the child and its laughter, contain more of the mystery of the universe than any machine that ever was on land or sea; and perhaps it is wiser to interpret nature in terms of life rather than in terms of death.

But Santayana has read Bergson too, and turns away from him in scorn.

> "Bergson talks a great deal about life, he feels that he has penetrated deeply into its nature; and yet death, together with birth, is the natural analysis of what life is. What is this creative purpose that must wait for sun and rain to set it in motion? What is this life that in any individual can be suddenly extinguished by a bullet? What is this *élan vital* that a little fall in temperature would banish altogether from the universe?"[17]

Let us leave him the last word here.

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[16] *R. in C. S.*, p. 211.
[17] *Winds*, p. 107.

4. REASON IN RELIGION

Ste.-Beuve remarked of his countrymen that they would continue to be Catholics long after they had ceased to be Christians. This is the analysis of Renan and Anatole France, and of Santayana too. He loves Catholicism as one may still long for the woman who has deceived him—"I do believe her though I know she lies." He mourns for his lost faith, that "splendid error," which conforms better to the impulses of the soul" than life itself. He describes himself at Oxford, in the midst of some ancient ritual:

> "Exile that I am,
> Exile not only from the wind-swept moor,
> Where Guadaranna lifts his purple crest,
> But from the spirit's realm, celestial, sure,
> Goal of all hope, and vision of the best."

It is because of this secret love, this believing unbelief, that Santayana achieves his masterpiece in *Reason in Religion*, filling his sceptical pages with a tender sadness, and finding in the beauty of Catholicism plentiful cause for loving it still. He smiles, it is true, at "the traditional orthodoxy, the belief, namely, that the universe exists and is good for the sake of man or of the human spirit"; but he scorns "the enlightenment common to young wits and worm-eaten old satirists, who plume themselves on detecting the scientific ineptitude of religion—something which the blindest half see—but leave unexplored the habits of thought from which those tenets sprang, their original meaning and their true function." Here, after all, is a remarkable phenomenon—that men everywhere have had religions; how

can we understand man if we do not understand religion? "Such studies would bring the sceptic face to face with the mystery and pathos of mortal existence. They would make him understand why religion is so profoundly moving and in a sense so profoundly just."[18]

Santayana thinks, with Lucretius, that it was fear which first made the gods.

> "Faith in the supernatural is a desperate wager made by man at the lowest ebb of his fortunes; it is as far as possible from being the source of that normal vitality which subsequently, if his fortunes mend, he may gradually recover. . . . If all went well, we should attribute divinity only to ourselves. . . . The first things which a man learns to distinguish and repeat are things with a will of their own, things which resist his casual demands; and so the first sentiment with which he confronts reality is a certain animosity, which becomes cruelty toward the weak, and fear and fawning before the powerful. . . . It is pathetic to observe how lowly are the motives that religion, even the highest, attributes to the deity, and from what a hard-pressed and bitter existence they have been drawn. To be given the best morsel, to be remembered, to be praised, to be obeyed blindly and punctiliously—these have been thought points of honor with the gods, for which they would dispense favors and punishments on the most exorbitant scale."[19]

Add to fear, imagination: man is an incorrigible animist, and interprets all things an-

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[18] *R. in Religion*, New York, 1913; p. 4.
[19] *R. in S.*, p. 297; *R. in R.*, pp. 28, 34.

thropomorphically; he personifies and dramatises nature, and fills it with a cloud of deities; "the rainbow is taken . . . for a trace left in the sky by the passage of some beautiful and elusive goddess." Not that people quite literally believe these splendid myths; but the poetry of them helps men to bear the prose of life. This mythopoetic tendency is weak today, and science has led to a violent and suspicious reaction against imagination; but in primitive peoples, and particularly in the near East, it was unchecked. The Old Testament abounds in poetry and metaphor; the Jews who composed it did not take their own figures literally; but when European peoples, more literal and less imaginative, mistook these poems for science, our Occidental theology was born. Christianity was at first a combination of Greek theology with Jewish morality; it was an unstable combination, in which one or the other element would eventually yield; in Catholicism the Greek and pagan element triumphed, in Protestantism, the stern Hebraic moral code. The one had a Renaissance, the other a Reformation.[20]

The Germans—the "northern barbarians," Santayana calls them—had never really accepted Roman Christianity. "A non-Christian ethics of valor and honor, a non-Christian fund of superstition, legend and sentiment, subsisted always among medieval peoples." The Gothic cathedrals were barbaric, not Roman. The warlike temper of the Teutons raised its head

[20] *S. and A. F.*, p. 6; *R. in C. S.*, p. 128; *R. in R.* pp. 87f.

above the peacefulness of the Oriental, and changed Christianity from a religion of brotherly love to a stern inculcation of business virtues, from a religion of poverty to a religion of prosperity and power. "It was this youthful religion—profound, barbaric, poetical—that the Teutonic races insinuated into Christianity and substituted for that last sigh of two expiring worlds."[21]

Nothing would be so beautiful as Christianity, Santayana thinks, if it were not taken literally; but the Germans insisted on taking it literally. The dissolution of Christian orthodoxy in Germany was thereafter inevitable. For taken literally, nothing could be so absurd as some of the ancient dogmas, like the damnation of innocents, or the existence of evil in a world created by omnipotent benevolence. The principle of individual interpretation led naturally to a wild growth of sects among the people, and to a mild pantheism among the elite—pantheism being nothing more than "naturalism poetically expressed." Lessing and Goethe, Carlyle and Emerson, were the landmarks of this change. In brief, the moral system of Jesus had destroyed that militaristic Yahveh who by an impish accident of history had been transmitted to Christianity along with the pacifism of the prophets and of Christ.[22]

Santayana is by constitution and heredity incapable of sympathy with Protestantism; he prefers the color and incense of his youthful faith. He scolds the Protestants for aban-

[21] *R. in R.*, pp. 109, 125.
[22] *R. in R.*, pp. 137, 130, 172.

doning the pretty legends of medievaldom, and above all for neglecting the Virgin Mary, whom he considers, as Heine did, the "fairest flower of poesy." As a wit has put it, Santayana believes that there is no God, and that Mary is his mother. He adorns his room with pictures of the Virgin and the saints.[23] He likes the beauty of Catholicism more than the truth of any other faith, for the same reason that he prefers art to industry.

> "There are two stages in the criticism of myths . . . The first treats them angrily as superstitions; the second treats them smilingly as poetry . . . Religion is human experience interpreted by human imagination . . . . The idea that religion contains a literal, not a symbolic, representation of truth and life is simply an impossible idea. Whoever entertains it has not come within the region of profitable philosophizing on that subject . . . Matters of religion should never be matters of controversy . . . We seek rather to honor the piety and understand the poetry embodied in these fables."[24]

The man of culture, then, will leave undisturbed the myths that so comfort and inspire the life of the people; and perhaps he will a little envy them their hope. But he will have no faith in another life. "The fact of having been born is a bad augury for immortality."[25] The only immortality that will interest him is that which Spinoza describes.

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[23]Margaret Munsterberg in *The American Mercury*, Jan., 1924; p. 74.

[24]*The Sense of Beauty*. New York, 1896, p. 189; *R. and A. F.*, p. 247; *Winds*, p. 46; *R. in R.*, pp. 98, 97. [25]*R. in R.*, p. 240.

"He who lives in the ideal," says Santayana, "and leaves it expressed in society or in art enjoys a double immortality. The eternal has absorbed him while he lived, and when he is dead his influence brings others to the same absorption, making them, through that ideal identity with the best in him, reincarnations and perennial seats of all in him which he could rationally hope to rescue from destruction. He can say, without any subterfuge or desire to delude himself, that he shall not wholly die; for he will have a better notion than the vulgar of what constitutes his being. By becoming the spectator and confessor of his own death and of universal mutation, he will have identified himself with what is spiritual in all spirits and masterful in all apprehension; and so conceiving himself, he may truly feel and know that he is eternal."[26]

5. REASON IN SOCIETY

The great problem of philosophy is to devise a means whereby men may be persuaded to virtue without the stimulus of supernatural hopes and fears. Theoretically it solved this problem twice; both in Socrates and in Spinoza it gave the world a sufficiently perfect system of natural or rational ethics. If men

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[26] *Ibid.*, p. 273.

[27] We shall have no space here for the volumes on *The Sense of Beauty*, and *Reason in Art*. The first is rather immature, and the other is the weakest link in Santayana's golden chain. The reader who likes the flavor of a classic style will relish *Reason in Religion* and *Reason in Society*. *Scepticism and Animal Faith* is a magnificent and vigorous book, whose sole shortcoming is its subject—epistemology.

could be moulded to either philosophy, all would be well. But "a truly rational morality or social regimen has never existed in the world, and is hardly to be looked for"; it remains the luxury of philosophers. "A philosopher has a haven in himself, of which I suspect the fabled bliss to follow in other lives . . . is only a poetic symbol; he has pleasure in truth, and an equal readiness to enjoy the scene or quit it,"—though one may observe a certain obstinate longevity in them. For the rest of us the avenue of moral development must lie, in the future as in the past, in the growth of those social emotions which bloom in the generous atmosphere of love and the home.[28]

It is true, as Schopenhauer argued, that love is a deception practised upon the individual by the race; that "nine-tenths of the cause of love are in the lover, for one-tenth that may be in the object"; and that love "fuses the soul again into the impersonal blind flux." Nevertheless, love has its recompenses; and in his greatest sacrifice man finds his happiest fulfilment. "Laplace is reported to have said on his death-bed that science was mere trifling, and that nothing was real but love." After all, romantic love, despite its poetical delusions, ends normally in a relationship—of parent and child—far more satisfying to the instincts than any celibate security. Children are our immortality; and "we commit the blotted manuscript of our lives more willingly to

[28] *R. in S.*, p. 239; *S. and A. F.*, p. 54.

the flames, when we find the immortal text half engrossed in a fairer copy.[29]

The family is the avenue of human perpetuity, and therefore still the basic institution among men; it could carry on the race even if all other institutions failed. But it can conduct civilization only to a certain simple pitch; further development demands a larger and more complex social organization, an intricate economic system in which the family ceases to be the productive unit, loses its control over the economic relations of its members, and finds its authority and its powers more and more appropriated by the state. The state may be a monster, as Nietzsche called it; a monster of unnecessary size; but its centralized tyranny has the virtue of abolishing the miscellaneous and innumerable petty tyrannies by which life was of old pestered and confined. One master pirate, accepting tribute quietly, is better than a hundred pirates, taking toll without warning and without stint.[30]

Hence, in part, the patriotism of the people; they know that the price they pay for government is cheaper than the cost of chaos. Santayana wonders whether such patriotism does more harm than good; for it tends to attach the stigma of disloyalty to advocates of change. "To love one's country, unless that love is quite blind and lazy, must involve a distinction between the country's actual condition and its inherent ideal; and this distinction in turn

[29] *R. in Society*, New York, 1915, pp. 22, 6, 195, 41; *R. in C. S.*, p. 57; *R. in S.*, p. 258.
[30] *R. in Society*, pp. 45, 77, 79.

involves a demand for changes and for effort." On the other hand, race patriotism is indispensable. "Some races are obviously superior to others. A more thorough adjustment to the conditions of existence has given their spirit victory, scope, and a relative stability." Hence intermarriage is perilous, except between races of acknowledged equality and stability. "The Jews, the Greeks, the Romans, the English, were never so great as when they confronted other nations, reacting against them and at the same time, perhaps, adopting their culture; but this greatness fails inwardly whenever contact leads to amalgamation."[31]

The great evil of the state is its tendency to become an engine of war, a hostile fist shaken in the face of a supposedly inferior world. Santayana thinks that no people has ever won a war.

> "Where parties and governments are bad, as they are in most ages and countries, it makes practically no difference to a community, apart from local ravages, whether its own army or the enemy's is victorious in war. . . . The private citizen in any event continues in such countries to pay a maximum of taxes and to suffer, in all his private interests, a maximum of vexation and neglect. Nevertheless . . . . the oppressed subject will glow like the rest with patriotic ardor, and will decry as dead to duty and honor anyone who points out how perverse is this helpless allegiance to a government representing no public interest."[32]

This is rather extreme language for a phil-

[31] *Ibid.*, pp. 164-167. [32] *Ibid.*, p. 171.

osopher; but let us have our Santayana unexpurgated. Often enough, he thinks, conquest and absorption by a larger state is a step forward toward the organization and pacification of mankind; it would be a boon to all the world if all the world were ruled by some great power or group of powers, as all the world was once ruled by Rome, first with the sword and then with the word.

> "The universal order once dreamt of and nominally almost established, the empire of universal peace, all-permeating rational art, and philosophical worship, is mentioned no more. . . . Those dark ages, from which our political practice is derived, had a political theory which we should do well to study; for their theory about a universal empire and a catholic church was in turn the echo of a former age of reason when a few men conscious of ruling the world had for a moment sought to survey it as a whole and to rule it justly."[33]

Perhaps the development of international sports may give some outlet to the spirit of group rivalry, and serve in some measure as "a moral equivalent for war"; and perhaps the cross-investments of finance may overcome the tendency of trade to come to blows for the markets of the world. Santayana is not so enamored of industry as Spencer was; he knows its militant as well as its pacific side; and all in all, he feels more at ease in the atmosphere of an ancient aristocracy than in

[33] *Ibid.*, p. 81; *R. in S.*, p. 255, referring, no doubt, to the age of the Antonines, and implicitly accepting the judgment of Gibbon and Renan that this was the finest period in the history of government.

the hum of a modern metropolis. We produce too much, and are swamped with the things we make; "things are in the saddle and ride mankind," as Emerson put it. "In a world composed entirely of philosophers, an hour or two a day of manual labor—a very welcome quality—would provide for material wants." England is wiser than the United States; for though she too is obsessed with the mania for production, she has in at least a portion of her people realized the value and the arts of leisure.[34]

He thinks that such culture as the world has known has always been the fruit of aristocracies.

> "Civilization has hitherto consisted in the diffusion and dilution of habits arising in privileged centers. It has not sprung from the people; it has arisen in their midst by a variation from them, and it has afterward imposed itself on them from above. . . . A state composed exclusively of such workers and peasants as make up the bulk of modern nations would be an utterly barbarous state. Every liberal tradition would perish in it; and the rational and historic essence of patriotism itself would be lost. The emotion of it, no doubt, would endure, for it is not generosity that the people lack. They possess every impulse; it is experience that they cannot gather, for in gathering it they would be constituting those higher organs that make up an aristocratic society."[35]

He dislikes the ideal of equality, and argues with Plato that the equality of unequals is in-

[34] *R. in Society*, pp. 87, 66, 69.
[35] *Ibid.*, pp. 125, 124; *R. in Science*, p. 255.

equality. Nevertheless he does not quite sell himself to aristocracy; he knows that history has tried it and found its virtues very well balanced by its defects; that it closes career to unpedigreed talent, that it chokes the growth, in all but a narrow line, of just those superiorities and values that aristocracy would, in theory, develop and use. It makes for culture, but also it makes for tyranny; the slavery of millions pays for the liberty of a few. The first principle of politics should be that a society is to be judged by the measure in which it enhances the life and capacities of its constituent individuals;—"but for the excellence of the typical single life no nation deserves to be remembered more than the sands of the sea."[36] From this point of view, democracy is a great improvement on aristicracy. But it too has its evils; not merely its corruption and its incompetence, but worse, its own peculiar tyranny, the fetich of uniformity. "There is no tyranny so hateful as a vulgar, anonymous tyranny. It is all-permeating, all-thwarting; it blasts every budding novelty and sprig of genius with its omnipresent and fierce stupidity."[37]

What Sanayana despises above all is the chaos and indecent haste of modern life. He wonders was there not more happiness for men in the old aristocratic doctrine that the good is not liberty, but wisdom, and contentment with one's natural restrictions; the classical tradition knew that only a few can win. But now that democracy has opened the great

[36] *R. in Society*, p. 52.
[37] *Ibid.*, p. 217; *Sense of Beauty*, p. 110.

free-for-all, catch-as-catch-can wrestling match of *laissez-faire* industrialism, every soul is torn with climbing, and no one knows content. Classes war against one another without restraint; and "whoever is victorious in this struggle (for which liberalism cleared the field) will make an end of liberalism."[38] This is the nemesis of revolutions, too: that in order to survive they must restore the tyranny which they destroyed.

> "Revolutions are ambiguous things. Their success is generally proportionate to their power of adaptation and to the reabsorption within them of what they rebelled against. A thousand reforms have left the world as corrupt as ever, for each successful reform has founded a new institution, and this institution has bred its new and congenial abuses."[39]

But what form of society, then, shall we strive for? Perhaps for none; there is not much difference among them. But if for any one in particular, for "timocracy." This would be government by men of merit and honor; it would be an aristocracy, but not hereditary; every man and woman would have an open road, according to ability, to the highest offices in the state; but the road would be closed to incompetence, no matter how richly furbished it might be with plebiscites. "The only equality subsisting would be equality of opportunity."[40] Under such a government corruption would be at a minimum, and science and the arts would flourish through discrim-

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[38] *American Review*, March, 1923; p. 195.
[39] *R. in R.*, p. 83; but cf. *R. in Science*, p. 233.
[40] *R. in Society*, p. 128f.

inating encouragement. It would be just that synthesis of democracy and aristocracy which the world pines for in the midst of its political chaos to-day: only the best would rule; but every man would have an equal chance to make himself worthy to be numbered among the best.—It is, of course, Plato over again, the philosopher-kings of the *Republic* appearing inevitably on the horizon of every far-seeing political philosophy. The longer we think about these matters the more surely we return to Plato. We need no new philosophy; we need only the courage to live up to the oldest and the best.

6. COMMENT

There is in all these pages something of the melancholy of a man separated from all that he loves and was accustomed to, a man *déraciné*, a Spanish aristocrat exiled to middle-class America. A secret sadness sometimes breaks forth: "That life is worth living," he says, "is the most necessary of assumptions, and, were it not assumed, the most impossible of conclusions."[41] In the first volume of "The Life of Reason" he talks of the plot and meaning of human life and history as the subject of philosophy; in the last volume he wonders is there a meaning, or a plot?[42] He has unconsciously described his own tragedy: "There is tragedy in perfection, because the universe in which perfection arises is itself imperfect."[43] Like Shelley, Santayana has never felt at home on this middling planet; his keen

[41] *R. in C. S.*, p. 252. [42] *Ibid.*, p. 9.
[43] *R. in Science*, p. 237.

esthetic sense seems to have brought to him more suffering from the ugliness of things than delight in the scattered loveliness of the world. He becomes at times bitter and sarcastic; he has never caught the hearty cleansing laughter of paganism, nor the genial and forgiving humanity of Renan or Anatole France. He stands aloof and superior, and therefore alone. "What is the part of wisdom?" he asks; and answers — "To dream with one eye open; to be detached from the world without being hostile to it; to welcome fugitive beauties and pity fugitive sufferings, without forgetting for a moment how fugitive they are."[44]

But perhaps this constant *memento mori* is a knell to joy; to live, one must remember life more than death; one must embrace the immediate and actual thing as well as the distant and perfect hope. "The goal of speculative thinking is none other than to live as much as may be in the eternal, and to absorb and be absorbed in the truth."[45] But this is to take philosophy more seriously than even philosophy deserves to be taken; and a philosophy which withdraws one from life is as much awry as any celestial superstition in which the eye, rapt in some vision of another world, loses the meat and wine of this one. "Wisdom comes by disillusionment," says Santayana;[46] but again that is only the beginning of wisdom, as doubt is the beginning of philosophy; it is not also the end and fulfillment. The end is happiness,

[44] *American Review*, March, 1923; p. 191.
[45] *R. in C. S.*, p. 28. [46] *Ibid.*, p. 202.

and philosophy is only a means; if we take it as an end we become like the Hindu mystic whose life-purpose is to concentrate upon his navel.

Perhaps Santayana's conception of the universe as merely a material mechanism has something to do with this sombre withdrawal into himself; having taken life out of the world, he seeks for it in his own bosom. He protests that it is not so; and though we may not believe him, his too-much-protesting disarms us with its beauty:

> "A theory is not an unemotional thing. If music can be full of passion, merely by giving form to a single sense, how much more beauty or terror may not a vision be pregnant with which brings order and method into everything that we know. . . . If you are in the habit of believing in special providences, or of expecting to continue your romantic adventures in a second life, materialism will dash your hopes most unpleasantly and you may think for a year or two that you have nothing left to live for. But a thorough materialist, one born to the faith and not half plunged into it by an unexpected christening in cold water, will be like the superb Democritus, a laughing philosopher. His delight in a mechanism that can fall into so many marvellous and beautiful shapes, and can generate so many exciting passions, should be of the same intellectual quality as that which the visitor feels in a museum of natural history, where he views the myriad butterflies in their cases, the flamingoes and shell-fish, the mammoths and gorillas. Doubtless there were pangs in that incalculable life; but they were soon over; and how splendid meantime was the

> pageant, how infinitely interesting the universal interplay, and how foolish and inevitable those absolute little passions."[47]

But perhaps the butterflies, if they could speak, would remind us that a museum (like a materialist philosophy) is only a show-case of lifeless things; that the reality of the world eludes these tragic preservations, and resides again in the pangs of passion, in the ever-changing and never-ending flow of life.

> "Santayana," says an observant friend, "had a natural preference for solitude. . . . I remember leaning over the railing of an ocean liner anchored at Southampton and watching passengers from the English tender crowd up the gang-plank to the steamer; one only stood apart at the edge of the tender, with calm and amused detachment observed the haste and struggle of his fellow-passengers, and not till the deck had been cleared, followed himself. 'Who could it be but Santayana?' a voice said beside me; and we all felt the satisfaction of finding a character true to himself."[48]

After all, we must say just that, too, of his philosophy: it is a veracious and fearless self-expression; here a mature and subtle, though too sombre, soul has written itself down quietly, in statuesque and classic prose. And though we may not like its minor key, its undertone of sweet regret for a vanished world, we see in it the finished expression of this dying and nascent age, in which men cannot be altogether wise and free, because they have

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[47] *R. in Science*, pp. 89-90.

[48] Margaret Munsterberg in *The American Mercury*, Jan., 1924, p. 69.

abandoned their old ideals and have not yet found the new ones that shall lure them nearer to perfection.

2. WILLIAM JAMES

1. PERSONAL

The reader will not need to be reminded that the philosophy which we have just summarized is a European philosophy in everything but the place of its composition. It has the nuances and polish and mellow resignation characteristic of an old culture; one could tell from any paragraph in the *Life of Reason* that this is no native American voice.

In William James the voice and the speech and the very turn of phrase are American. He pounced eagerly upon such characteristic expressions as "cash-value," and "results," and "profits," in order to bring his thought within the ken of the "man in the street"; he spoke not with the aristocratic reserve of a Santayana or a Henry James, but in a racy vernacular and with a force and directness, which made his philosophy of "pragmatism" and "reserve energy" the mental correlate of the "practical" and "strenuous" Roosevelt. And at the same time he phrased for the common man that "tender-minded" trust in the essentials of the old theology which lives side by side, in the American soul, with the realistic spirit of commerce and finance, and with the tough persistent courage that turned a wilderness into the promised land.

William James was born in New York City in 1842. His father was a Swedenborgian mystic, whose mysticism did no damage to his

wit and humor; and the son was not lacking in any of the three. After some seasons in American private schools, William was sent with his brother Henry (one year his junior) to private schools in France. There they fell in with the work of Charcot and other psychopathologists, and took, both of them, a turn to psychology; one of them, to repeat an old phrase, proceeded to write fiction like psychology, while the other wrote psychology like fiction. Henry spent most of his life abroad, and finally became a British citizen. Through his more continuous contact with European culture he acquired a maturity of thought which his brother missed; but William, returning to live in America, felt the stimulation of a nation young in heart and rich in opportunity and hope, and caught so well the spirit of his age and place that he was lifted on the wings of the *Zeitgeist* to a lonely pinnacle of popularity such as no other American philosopher had ever known.

He took his M. D. at Harvard in 1870, and taught there from 1872 to his death in 1910, at first anatomy and physiology, and then psychology, and at last philosophy. His greatest achievement was almost his first—*The Principles of Psychology* (1890); a fascinating mixture of anatomy, philosophy and analysis; for in James psychology still drips from the foetal membranes of its mother, metaphysics. Yet the book remains the most instructive, and easily the most absorbing, summary of its subject; something of the subtlety which Henry put into his clauses helped William James to

the keenest introspection which psychology had witnessed since the uncanny clarity of David Hume.

This passion for illuminating analysis was bound to lead James from psychology to philosophy, and at last back to metaphysics itself; he argued (against his own positivist inclinations) that metaphysics is merely an effort to think things out clearly; and he defined philosophy, in his simple and pellucid manner, as "only thinking about things in the most comprehensive possible way."[49] So, after 1900, his publications were almost all in the field of philosophy. He began with *The Will to Believe* (1897); then, after a masterpiece of psychological interpretation—*Varieties of Religious Experience* (1902)—he passed on to his famous books on *Pragmatism* (1907), *A Pluralistic Universe* (1909), and *The Meaning of Truth* (1909). A year after his death came *Some Problems of Philosophy* (1911); and later, an important volume of *Essays in Radical Empiricism* (1912). We must begin our study with this last book, because it was in these essays that James formulated most clearly the bases of his philosophy.[50]

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[49] *Some Problems of Philosophy*, p. 25.

[50] The reader who has leisure for but one book of James's should go directly to *Pragmatism*, which he will find a fountain of clarity as compared with most philosophy. If he has more time, he will derive abundant profit from the brilliant pages of the (unabbreviated) *Psychology*. Henry James has written two volumes of autobiography, in which there is much delightful gossip about William. Flournoy has a good volume of exposition, and Schinz's *Anti-Pragmatism* is a vigorous criticism.

2. PRAGMATISM

The direction of his thought is always to things; and if he begins with psychology it is not as a metaphysician who loves to lose himself in ethereal obscurities, but as a realist to whom thought, however distinct it may be from matter, is essentially a mirror of external and physical reality. And it is a better mirror than some have believed; it perceives and reflects not merely separate things, as Hume supposed, but their relations too; it sees everything in a context; and the context is as immediately given in perception as the shape and touch and odor of the thing. Hence the meaninglessness of Kant's "problem of knowledge" (how we put sense and order into our sensations?)—the sense and the order, in outline at least, are already there. The old atomistic psychology of the English school, which conceived thought as a series of separate ideas mechanically associated, is a misleading copy of physics and chemistry; thought is not a series, it is a stream, a continuity of perception and feeling, in which ideas are passing nodules like corpuscles in the blood. We have mental "states" (though this is again a misleadingly static term) that correspond to prepositions, verbs, adverbs and conjunctions as well as "states" that reflect the nouns and pronouns of our speech; we have feelings of *for* and *to* and *against* and *because* and *behind* and *after* as well as of matter and men. It is these "transitive" elements in the *flow* of thought that constitute the thread of our men-

tal life, and give us some measure of the continuity of things.

Consciousness is not an entity, not a thing, but a flux and system of relations; it is a point at which the sequence and relationship of thoughts coincides illuminatingly with the sequence of events and the relationship of things. In such moments it is reality itself, and no mere "phenomenon," that flashes into thought; for beyond phenomena and "appearance" there is nothing. Nor is there any need of going beyond the experience-process to a soul; the soul is merely the sum of our mental life, as the "Noumenon" is simply the total of all phenomena, and the "Absolute" the web of the relationships of the world.

It is this same passion for the immediate and actual and real that led James to pragmatism. Brought up in the school of French clarity, he abominated the obscurities and pedantic terminology of German metaphysics; and when Harris and others began to import a moribund Hegelianism into America, James reacted like a quarantine officer who has detected an immigrant infection. He was convinced that both the terms and the problems of German metaphysics were unreal; and he cast about him for some test of meaning which would show, to every candid mind, the emptiness of these abstractions.

He found the weapon which he sought when, in 1878, he came upon an essay by Charles Peirce, in the *Popular Science Monthly*, on "How to Make Our Ideas Clear." To find the meaning of an idea, said Peirce, we must ex-

amine the consequences to which it leads in action; otherwise dispute about it may be without end, and will surely be without fruit. This was a lead which James was glad to follow; he tried the problems and ideas of the old metaphysics by this test, and they fell to pieces at its touch like chemical compounds suddenly shot through with a current of electricity. And such problems as had meaning took on a clearness and a reality as if, in Plato's famous figure, they had passed out of the shadows of a cave into the brilliance of a sun-lit noon.

This simple and old-fashioned test led James on to a new definition of truth. Truth had been conceived as an objective relation, as once good and beauty had been; now what if truth, like these, were also relative to human judgment and human needs? "Natural laws" had been taken as "objective" truths, eternal and unchangeable; Spinoza had made them the very substance of his philosophy; and yet what were these truths but formulations of experience, convenient and successful in practice; not copies of an object, but correct calculations of specific consequences? Truth is the "cash-value" of an idea.

> "The true . . . is only the expedient in the way of our thinking, just as 'the right' is only the expedient in the way of our behaving. Expedient is almost any fashion; and expedient in the long run and on the whole, of course; for what meets expediently all the experiences in sight won't necessarily meet all further experiences equally satisfactorily. . . . Truth is *one species* of

good, and not, as is usually supposed, a category distinct from good, and co-ordinate with it. The true is the name of whatever proves itself to be good in the way of belief."[51]

Truth is a process, and "happens to an idea"; verity is verification. Instead of asking whence an idea is derived, or what are its premises, pragmatism examines its results; it "shifts the emphasis and looks forward"; it is "the attitude of looking away from first things, principles, 'categories,' supposed necessities, and of looking towards last things, fruits, consequences, facts."[52] Scholasticism asked, What *is* the thing?—and lost itself in "quiddities"; Darwinism asked, What is its origin? —and lost itself in nebulas; pragmatism asks, What are its consequences?—and turns the face of thought to action and the future.

3. PLURALISM

Let us apply this method to the oldest problem in philosophy — the existence and nature of God. The Scholastic philosophers described the deity as "*Ens a se, extra et supra omne genus, necessarium, unum, infinite perfectum, simplex, immutabile, immensum, eternum, intelligens.*"[53] This is magnificent; any deity would be proud of such a definition. But what does it mean?—what are its consequences for mankind? If God is omniscient and omnipotent, we are puppets; there is nothing that we can do to change the course of destiny which His will has from the beginning delineated and

[51] *Pragmatism*, pp. 222, 75, 53, 45.
[52] *Ibid.*, p. 54. [53] P. 121.

decreed; Calvinism and fatalism are the logical corollaries of such a definition. The same test applied to mechanistic determinism issues in the same results: if we really believed in determinism we would become Hindu mystics and abandon ourselves at once to the immense fatality which uses us as marionettes. Of course we do not accept these sombre philosophies; the human intellect repeatedly proposes them because of their logical simplicity and symmetry, but life ignores and overflows them.

> "A philosophy may be unimpeachable in other respects, but either of two defects will be fatal to its universal adoption. First, its ultimate principle must not be one that essentially baffles and disappoints our dearest desires and most cherished hopes. . . . But a second and worse defect in a philosophy than contradicting our active propensities is to give them no object whatever to press against. A philosophy whose principle is so incommensurate with our most intimate powers as to deny them all relevancy in universal affairs, as to annihilate their motives at one blow, will be even more unpopular than pessimism. . . . That is why materialism will always fail of universal adoption."[54]

Men accept or reject philosophies, then, according to their needs and their temperaments, not according to "objective truth"; they do not ask, Is this logical?—they ask, What will the actual practice of this philosophy mean for our lives and our interests? Arguments

[54] *Principles of Psychology*, New York, 1890, vol. ii, p. 312.

for and against may serve to illuminate, but they never prove.

"Logic and sermons never convince;
The damp of the night drives deeper into my soul. . . .
Now I re-examine philosophies and religions.
They may prove well in lecture rooms, yet not prove at all under the spacious clouds, and along the landscape and flowing currents."[55]

We know that arguments are dictated by our needs, and that our needs cannot be dictated to by arguments.

"The history of philosophy is to a great extent that of a certain clash of human temperaments. . . . Of whatever temperament a professional philosopher is, he tries, when philosophizing, to sink the fact of his temperament. Temperament is no conventionally recognized reason, so he urges impersonal reasons only for his conclusions. Yet his temperament really gives him a stronger bias than any of his more strictly objective premises."[56]

These temperaments which select and dictate philosophies may be divided into the tender-minded and the tough-minded. The tender-minded temperament is religious, it likes to have definite and unchanging dogmas and *a priori* truths; it takes naturally to free will, idealism, monism, and optimism. The tough-minded temperament is materialistic, irreligious, empiricist (going only on "facts"), sensationalistic (tracing all knowledge to sensation), fatalistic, pluralistic, pessimistic,

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[55]Whitman, *Leaves of Grass*, Philadelphia, 1900, pp. 61, 172. [56]*Pragmatism*, p. 6.

sceptical. In each group there are gaping contradictions; and no doubt there are temperaments that select their theories partly from one group and partly from the other. There are people (William James, for example) who are "tough-minded" in their addiction to facts and in their reliance on the senses, and yet "tender-minded" in their horror of determinism and their need for religious belief. Can a philosophy be found that will harmonize these apparently contradictory demands?

James believes that pluralistic theism affords us such a synthesis. He offers a finite God, not an Olympian thunderer sitting aloof on a cloud, "but one helper, *primus inter pares*, in the midst of all the shapers of the great world's fate."[57] The cosmos is not a closed and harmonious system; it is a battle-ground of cross-currents and conflicting purposes; it shows itself, with pathetic obviousness, as not a uni- but a multi-verse. It is useless to say that this chaos in which we live and move is the result of one consistent will; it gives every sign of contradiction and division within itself. Perhaps the ancients were wiser than we, and polytheism may be truer than monotheism to the astonishing diversity of the world. Such polytheism "has always been the real religion of common people, and is so still today."[58] The people are right, and the philosophers are wrong. Monism is the

[57] *Ibid.*, p. 298.
[58] *Varieties of Religious Experience*, New York. 1902, p. 526.

natural disease of philosophers, who hunger and thirst not (as they think) for truth, but for unity. "'The world is One!'—the formula may become a sort of number-worship. 'Three' and 'seven' have, it is true, been reckoned as sacred numbers; but abstractly taken, why is 'one' more excellent than 'forty-three,' or than 'two million and ten'?"[59]

The value of a multiverse, as compared with a universe, lies in this, that where there are cross-currents and warring forces our own strength and will may count and help decide the issue; it is a world where nothing is irrevocably settled, and all action matters. A monistic world is for us a dead world; in such a universe we carry out, willy-nilly, the parts assigned to us by an omnipotent deity or a primeval nebula; and not all our tears can wipe out one word of the eternal script. In a finished universe individuality is a delusion; "in reality," the monist assures us, we are all bits of one mosaic substance. But in an unfinished world we can write some lines of the parts we play, and our choices mould in some measure the future in which we have to live. In such a world we can be free; it is a world of chance, and not of fate; everything is "not quite"; and what we do may alter everything. If Cleopatra's nose, said Pascal, had been an inch longer or shorter, all history would have been changed.

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[59] *Pragmatism*, p. 132. The answer, of course, is that unity, or one system of laws holding throughout the universe, facilitates explanation, prediction, and control.

The theoretical evidence for such free will, or such a multiverse, or such a finite God, is as lacking as for the opposite philosophies. Even the practical evidence may vary from person to person; it is conceivable that some may find better results, for their lives, from a deterministic than from a libertarian philosophy. But where the evidence is indecisive, our vital and moral interests should make the choice.

> "If there be any life that it is really better that we should lead, and if there be any idea which, if believed in, would help us to lead that life, then it would be really *better for us* to believe in that idea, *unless, indeed, belief in it incidentally clashed with other greater vital benefits.*"[60]

Now the persistence of the belief in God is the best proof of its almost universal vital and moral value. James was amazed and attracted by the endless varieties of religious experience and belief; he described them with an artist's sympathy, even where he most disagreed from them. He saw some truth in every one of them, and demanded an open mind toward every new hope. He did not hesitate to affiliate himself with the Society for Psychical Research; why should not such phenomena, as well as others, be the object of patient examination? In the end, James was convinced of the reality of another spiritual world.

> "I firmly disbelieve, myself, that our human experience is the highest form of experience extant in the universe. I be-

[60] *Ibid.*, p. 78.

lieve rather that we stand in much the same relation to the whole of the universe as our canine and feline pets do to the whole of human life. They inhabit our drawing rooms and libraries. They take part in scenes of whose significance they have no inkling. They are merely tangent to curves of history, the beginnings and ends and forms of which pass wholly beyond their ken. So we are tangent to the wider life of things."[61]

Nevertheless he did not think of philosophy as a meditation on death; no problems had value for him unless they could guide and stimulate our terrestrial career. "It was with the excellencies, not the duration, of our natures, that he occupied himself."[62] He did not live in his study so much as in the current of life; he was an active worker in a hundred efforts for human betterment; he was always helping somebody, lifting men up with the contagion of his courage. He believed that in every individual there were "reserve energies" which the occasional midwifery of circumstance would bring forth; and his constant sermon, to the individual and to society, was a plea that these resources should be entirely used. He was horrified at the waste of human energy in war; and he suggested that these mighty impulses of combat and mastery could find a better outlet in a "war against nature." Why should not every man, rich or poor, give two years of his life to the

[61] *Ibid.*, p. 299.

[62] Kallen, *William James and Henri Bergson*, p. 240.

state, not for the purpose of killing other people, but to conquer the plagues, and drain the marshes, and irrigate the deserts, and dig the canals, and do the physical and social engineering which builds up so slowly and painfully what war so quickly destroys?

He sympathized with socialism, but he disliked its deprecation of the individual and the genius. Taine's formula, which reduced all cultural manifestations to "race, environments, and time," was inadequate precisely because it left out the individual. But only the individual has value; everything else is a means—even philosophy. And so we need on the one hand a state which shall understand that it is the trustee and servant of the interests of individual men and women; and on the other a philosophy and a faith which shall "offer the universe as an adventure rather than a scheme,"[63] and shall stimulate every energy by holding up the world as a place where, though there are many defeats, there are also victories waiting to be won.

"A shipwrecked sailor, buried on this coast,
Bids you set sail.
Full many a gallant bark, when we were lost,
Weathered the gale."[64]

4. COMMENT

The reader needs no guide to the new and the old elements in this philosophy. It is part of the modern war between science and

[63]Chesterton.
[64]Quoted by James (*Pragmatism*, p. 297) from the Greek Anthology.

religion; another effort, like Kant's and Bergson's, to rescue faith from the universalized mechanics of materialism. Pragmatism has its roots in Kant's "practical reason"; in Schopenhauer's exaltation of the will; in Darwin's notion that the fittest (and therefore also the fittest and truest idea) is that which survives; in utilitarianism, which measured all goods in terms of use; in the empirical and inductive traditions of English philosophy; and finally in the suggestions of the American scene. Professor Dewey believes that this "tychism," this conception of the world as the theatre of chance and not of fate, reflected the unfinished character of the America of James's day.[65]

Certainly, as everyone has pointed out, the manner, if not the substance, of James's thinking was specifically and uniquely American. The American lust for movement and acquisition fills the sails of his style and thought, and gives them a buoyant and almost aerial motility. Huneker calls it "a philosophy for philistines," and indeed there is something that smacks of salesmanship in it: James talks of God as of an article to be sold to a materialistically-minded consumer by every device of optimistic advertising; and he counsels us to believe as if he were recommending long-term investments, with high dividends, in which there was nothing to lose, and all the

[65] *New Republic*, April 12, 1922. Perhaps this an over-Marxian interpretation, ignoring the exuberant individuality of William James, and his Yankee love of freedom.

(other) world to win. It was America's defense-reaction against European metaphysics and European science.

The new test of truth was of course an ancient one; and the honest philosopher described pragmatism modestly as "a new name for old ways of thinking." If the new test means that truth is that which has been tried, by experience and experiment, the answer is, Of course. If it means that personal utility is a test of truth, the answer is, Of course not; personal utility is merely personal utility; only universal permanent utility would constitute truth. When some pragmatists speak of a belief having been true once because then useful (though now disproved), they utter nonsense learnedly; it was a useful error, not a truth. Pragmatism is correct only if it is a platitude.

What James meant to do, however, was to dispel the cobwebs that had entangled philosophy; he wished to reiterate in a new and startling way the old English attitude towards theory and ideology. He was but carrying on the work of Bacon in turning the face of philosophy once more towards the inescapable world of things. He will be remembered for this empirical emphasis, this new realism, rather than for his theory of truth; and he will be honored perhaps more as a psychologist than as a philosopher.. He knew that he had found no solution for the old questions; he frankly admitted that he had expressed only another guess, another faith. On his desk, when he died, there lay a paper on

which he had written his last, and perhaps his most characteristic, sentences: "There is no conclusion. What has concluded that we might conclude in regard to it? There are no fortunes to be told and there is no advice to be given. Farewell."

3. JOHN DEWEY

1. EDUCATION

After all, pragmatism was "not quite" an American philosophy; it did not catch the spirit of the greater America that lay south and west of the New England states. It was a highly moralistic philosophy, and betrayed the Puritanic origins of its author. It talked in one breath of practical results, and matters of fact, and in the next it leaped, with the speed of hope, from earth to heaven. It began with a healthy reaction against metaphysics and epistemology, and one expected from it a philosophy of nature and of society; but it ended as an almost apologetic plea for the intellectual respectability of every dear belief. When would philosophy learn to leave to religion these perplexing problems of another life, and to psychology these subtle difficulties of the knowledge-process, and give itself with all its strength to the illumination of human purposes and the co-ordination and elevation of human life?

Circumstances left nothing undone to prepare John Dewey to satisfy this need, and to outline a philosophy that should express the spirit of an informed and conscious America. He was born in the "effete East" (in Burling-

ton, Vermont, 1859), and had his schooling there, as if to absorb the old culture before adventuring into the new. But soon he took Greeley's counsel and went West, teaching philosophy at the universities of Minnesota (1888-9), Michigan (1889-94), and Chicago (1894-1904). Only then did he return East, to join—later to head—the department of philosophy at Columbia University. In his first twenty years the Vermont environment gave him that almost rustic simplicity which characterizes him even now that all the world acclaims him. And then, in his twenty years in the Middle West, he saw that vast America of which the Eastern mind is so proudly ignorant; he learned its limitations and its powers; and when he came to write his own philosophy he gave to his students and his readers an interpretation of the sound and simple naturalism which underlies the superficial superstitions of the "provinces" of America. He wrote the philosophy, as Whitman wrote the poetry, not of one new-English state, but of the continent.[66]

Dewey first caught the eyes of the world by his work in the School of Education at Chi-

[66]The most important of Dewey's books are: *The School and Society* (1900); *Studies in Logical Theory* (1903); *Ethics* (with Tufts, 1908); *How We Think* (1909); *The Influence of Darwin on Philosophy* (1910); *Democracy and Education* (1913); *Schools of Tomorrow* (with his daughter Evelyn, 1915); *Essays in Experimental Logic* (1916); *Creative Intelligence* (1917); *Reconstruction in Philosophy* (1920); *Human Nature and Conduct* (1922). The last two are the easiest approaches to his thought.

cago. It was in those years that he revealed the resolute experimental bent of his thought; and now, thirty years later, his mind is still open to every new move in education, and his interest in the "schools of tomorrow" never flags. Perhaps his greatest book is *Democracy in Education;* here he draws the varied lines of his philosophy to a point, and centers them all on the task of developing a better generation. All progressive teachers acknowledge his leadership; and there is hardly a school in America that has not felt his influence. Even distant Russia sends an official invitation to him, as the foremost educator in the world, to come and help reorganize its shattered schools and its impoverished universities.

Following up Spencer's demand for more science, and less literature, in education, Dewey adds that even the science should not be book-learning, but should come to the pupil from the actual practice of useful occupations. He has no great regard for a "liberal" education; the term was used, originally, to denote the culture of a "free man,"—i. e., a man who never worked; and it was natural that such an education should be fitted rather to a leisure class in an aristocracy than to an industrial and democratic life. Now that we are nearly all of us caught up in the industrialization of Europe and America, the lessons we must learn are those that come through occupation rather than through books. Scholastic culture makes for snobbishness, but fellowship in occupations makes for democracy. In an industrial society the school should be a

miniature workshop and a miniature community; it should learn through practice, and through trial and error, the arts and discipline necessary for economic and social order. And finally, education must be re-conceived, not as merely a preparation for maturity (whence our absurd idea that it should stop after adolescence), but as a continuous growth of the mind, and a continuous illumination of life. In a sense, the schools can give us only the instrumentalities of mental growth; the rest depends upon our absorption and interpretation of experience. Real education comes after we leave school; and there is no reason why it should stop before our deaths.

2. INSTRUMENTALISM

What distinguishes Dewey is the undisguised completeness with which he accepts the evolution theory. Mind as well as body is to him an organ evolved, in the struggle for existence, from lower forms. His starting-point in every field is Darwinian.

> "When Descartes said, 'The nature of physical things is much more easily conceived when they are beheld coming gradually into existence, than when they are only considered as produced at once in a finished and perfect state,' the modern world became self-conscious of the logic that was henceforth to control it, the logic of which Darwin's *Origin of Species* is the latest scientific achievement . . . When Darwin said of species what Galileo had said of the earth, *e pur si muove*, he emancipated, once for all, genetic and experimental ideas as an

organon of asking questions and looking for explanations."[67]

Things are to be explained, then, not by supernatural causation, but by their place and function in the environment. Dewey is frankly naturalistic; he protests that "to idealize and rationalize the universe at large is a confession of inability to master the courses of things that specifically concern us."[68] He distrusts, too, the Schopenhauerian Will and the Bergsonian *Elan;* these may exist, but there is no need to worship them; these world-forces are as often as not destructive of everything that man creates and reverences.[69] Divinity is within us, not in these neutral cosmic powers. "Intelligence has descended from its lonely isolation at the remote edge of things, whence it operated as unmoved mover and ultimate good, to take its seat in the moving affairs of men."[70] We must be faithful to the earth.

Like a good positivist, scion of the stock of Bacon and Hobbes and Spencer and Mill, Dewey rejects metaphysics as the echo and disguise of theology. The trouble with philosophy has always been that its problems were confused with those of religion. "As I read Plato, philosophy began with some sense of its essentially political basis and mission—a recognition that its problems were those of the organization of a just social order. But it soon got lost in dreams of another world."[71] In German philosophy the interest in religious

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[67]*The Influence of Darwin on Philosophy,* New York, 1910, p. 8. [68]*Ibid.,* p. 17.
[69]*Human Nature and Conduct,* New York, 1922, p. 74. [70]*I. of D. on P.,* p. 55. [71]*Ibid.,* p. 21.

problems deflected the course of philosophic development; in English philosophy the social interest outweighed the supernatural. For two centuries the war raged between an idealism that reflected authoritarian religion and feudal aristocracy, and a sensationalism which reflected the liberal faith of a religiously progressive democracy.

This war is not yet ended; and therefore we have not quite emerged from the Middle Ages. The modern era will begin only when the naturalist point of view shall be adopted in every field. This does not mean that mind is reduced to matter, but only that mind and life are to be understood not in theological but in biological terms, as an organ or an organism in an environment, acted upon and reacting, moulded and moulding. We must study not "states of consciousness" but modes of response. "The brain is primarily an organ of a certain kind of behavior, not of knowing the world."[72] Thought is an instrument of readaptation; it is an organ as much as limbs and teeth. Ideas are imaginative contacts, experiments in adjustment. But this is no passive adjustment, no merely Spencerian adaptation. "Complete adaptation to environment means death. The essential point in all response is the desire to control the environment."[73] The problem of philosophy is not how we can come to know an external world, but how we can learn to control it and remake it, and for what goals. Philosophy is not the

[72] *Creative Intelligence*, New York, 1917, p. 36.
[73] Class lectures on "Psychological Ethics," Sept. 29, 1914.

analysis of sensation and knowledge (for that is psychology), but the synthesis and co-ordination of knowledge and desire.

To understand thought we must watch it arise in specific situations. Reasoning, we perceive, begins not with premises, but with difficulties; then it conceives an hypothesis which becomes the conclusion for which it seeks the premises; finally it puts the hypothesis to the test of observation or experiment. "The first distinguishing characteristic of thinking is facing the facts—inquiry, minute and extensive scrutinizing, observation."[74] There is small comfort for mysticism here.

And then again, thinking is social; it occurs not only in specific situations, but in a given cultural *milieu*. The individual is as much a product of society as society is a product of the individual; a vast network of customs, manners, conventions, language, and traditional ideas lies ready to pounce upon every new-born child, to mould it into the image of the people among whom it has appeared. So rapid and thorough is the operation of this social heredity that it is often mistaken for physical or biological heredity. Even Spencer believed that the Kantian categories, or habits and forms of thought, were native to the individual, whereas in all probability they are merely the product of the social transmission of mental habits from adults to children.[75] In general the role of instinct has been exaggerated, and that of early training under-rated; the most powerful instincts, such as sex and

[74] *Reconstruction in Philosophy*, New York, 1920, p. 140. [75] *Ibid.*, p. 92.

pugnacity, have been considerably modified and controlled by social training; and there is no reason why other instincts, like those of acquisition and mastery, should not be similarly modified by social influence and education. We must unlearn our ideas about an unchangeable human nature and an omnipotent environment. There is no knowable limit to change or growth; and perhaps there is nothing impossible but thinking makes it so.

3. SCIENCE AND POLITICS

What Dewey sees and reverences as the finest of all things, is growth; so much so, that he makes this relative but specific notion, and no absolute "good," his ethical criterion.

> "Not perfection as a final goal, but the ever-enduring process of perfecting, maturing, refining, is the aim in living . . . The bad man is the man who, no matter how good he has been, is beginning to deteriorate, to grow less good. The good man is the man who, no matter how morally unworthy he *has* been, is moving to become better. Such a conception makes one severe in judging himself and humane in judging others."[76]

And to be good does not merely mean to be obedient and harmless; goodness without ability is lame; and all the virtue in the world will not save us if we lack intelligence. Ignorance is not bliss, it is unconsciousness and slavery; only intelligence can make us sharers in the shaping of our fates. Freedom of the will is no violation of causal sequences, it is the illumination of conduct by knowledge. "A

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[76] *Reconstruction in Philosophy*, pp. 177, 176.

physician or engineer is free in his thoughts or his actions in the degree in which he knows what he deals with. Perhaps we find here the key to any freedom."[77] Our trust must after all be in thought, and not in instinct;—how could instinct adjust us to the increasingly artificial environment which industry has built around us, and the maze of intricate problems in which we are enmeshed?

> "Physical science has for the time being far outrun psychical. We have mastered the physical mechanism sufficiently to turn out possible goods; we have not gained a knowledge of the conditions through which possible values become actual in life, and so are still at the mercy of habit, of haphazard, and hence of force . . . With tremendous increase in our control of nature, in our ability to utilize nature for human use and satisfaction, we find the actual realization of ends, the enjoyment of values, growing unassured and precarious. At times it seems as though we were caught in a contradiction; the more we multiply means the less certain and general is the use we are able to make of them. No wonder a Carlyle or a Ruskin puts our whole industrial civilization under a ban, while a Tolstoi proclaims a return to the desert. But the only way to see the situation steadily and see it whole is to keep in mind that the entire problem is one of the development of science and its application to life . . . Morals, philosophy, returns to its first love; love of the wisdom that is nurse of good. But it returns to the Socratic principle equipped with a multitude of special

[77] *Human Nature and Conduct*, p. 303.

> methods of inquiry and tests; with an organized mass of knowledge, and with control of the arrangements by which industry, law and education may concentrate upon the problem of the participation by all men and women, up to the capacity of absorption, in all attained values."[78]

Unlike most philosophers, Dewey accepts democracy, though he knows its faults. The aim of political order is to help the individual to develop himself completely; and this can come only when each shares, up to his capacity, in determining the policy and destiny of his group. Fixed classes belong with fixed species; the fluidity of classes came at the same time as the theory of the transformation of species.[79] Aristocracy and monarchy are more efficient than democracy, but they are also more dangerous. Dewey distrusts the state, and wishes a pluralistic order, in which as much as possible of the work of society would be done by voluntary associations. He sees in the multiplicity of organizations, parties, corporations, trade unions, etc., a reconciliation of individualism with common action. As these

> "develop in importance, the state tends to become more and more a regulator and adjustor among them; defining the limits of their actions, preventing and settling conflicts . . . Moreover, the voluntary associations . . . do not coincide with political boundaries. Associations of mathematicians, chemists, astronomers, business corporations, labor organizations, churches, are

[78] "Psychology and Social Science"; *I. of D. on P.*, p. 71. [79] *Reconstruction*, p. 75.

> trans-national because the interests they represent are world-wide. In such ways as these, internationalism is not an aspiration but a fact, not a sentimental ideal but a force. Yet these interests are cut across and thrown out of gear by the traditional doctrine of exclusive national sovereignty. It is the vogue of this doctrine or dogma that presents the strongest barrier to the effective formation of an international mind which alone agrees with the moving forces of present-day labor, commerce, science, art, and religion.[80]

But political reconstruction will come only when we apply to our social problems the experimental methods and attitudes which have succeeded so well in the natural sciences. We are still in the metaphysical stage of political philosophy; we fling abstractions at one another's heads, and when the battle is over nothing is won. We cannot cure our social ills with wholesale ideas, magnificent generalizations like individualism or order, democracy or monarchy or aristocracy, or what not. We must meet each problem with a specific hypothesis, and no universal theory; theories are tentacles, and fruitful progressive living must rely on trial and error.

> "The experimental attitude . . . substitutes detailed analyses for wholesale assertions, specific inquiries for temperamental convictions, small facts for opinions whose size is in precise ratio to their vagueness. It is within the social sciences, in morals, politics and education, that thinking still goes on by large antitheses, by theoreti-

[80] *Ibid.*, pp. 203, 205.

cal oppositions of order and freedom, individualism and socialism, culture and utility, spontaneity and discipline, actuality and tradition. The field of the physical sciences was once occupied by similar 'total' views, whose emotional appeal was inversely as their intellectual clarity. But with the advance of the experimental method, the question has ceased to be which one of two rival claimants has a right to the field. It has become a question of clearing up a confused subject-matter by attacking it bit by bit. I do not know a case where the final result was anything like victory for one or another among the pre-experimental notions. All of them disappeared because they became increasingly irrelevant to the situation discovered, and with their detected irrelevance they became unmeaning and uninteresting."[81]

It is in this field, in this application of human knowledge to our social antagonisms, that the work of philosophy should lie. Philosophy clings like a timid spinster to the old-fashioned problems and ideas; "direct pre-occupation with contemporary difficulties is left to literature and politics."[82] Philosophy is in flight today before the sciences, one after another of which have run away from her into the productive world, until she is left chill and alone, like a forsaken mother, with the vitals gone from her and almost all her cupboards empty. Philosophy has withdrawn herself timidly from her real concerns—men and their life in the world—into a crumbling corner called epistem-

[81] *New Republic*, Feb. 3, 1917.
[82] *Creative Intelligence*, p. 4.

ology, and is in danger every moment of being ousted by the laws that prohibit habitation in flimsy and rickety structures. But these old problems have lost their meaning for us "we do not solve them, we get over them";[83] they evaporate in the heat of social friction and living change. Philosophy, like everything else, must secularize itself; it must stay on the earth and earn its keep by illuminating life.

> "What serious-minded men not engaged in the professional business of philosophy most want to know is what modifications and abandonments of intellectual inheritance are required by the newer industrial, political, and scientific movements . . . The task of future philosophy is to clarify men's ideas as to the social and moral strifes of their own day. Its aim is to become, so far as is humanly possible, an organ for dealing with these conflicts . . . A catholic and far-sighted theory of the adjustment of the conflicting factors of life is philosophy."[84]

A philosophy so understood might at last produce philosophers worthy to be kings.

CONCLUSION

If the reader will now summarize for himself these three philosophies, he will perhaps see more justice than at first in that disregard of chronology which placed Santayana before James and Dewey. It is clearer, in retrospect, that the most eloquent and subtle of our living thinkers belongs almost wholly to the cultural traditions of Europe; that William James, though attached in many ways to that tradition, caught the spirit of at least the

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[83] *I. of D. on P.*, p. 19.

[84] *Creative Intelligence*, p. 5; *Reconstruction*, p. 26; *I. of D. on P.*, p. 45.

Eastern America in his thinking, and the spirit of all America in his style; and that John Dewey, product of East and West alike, has given philosophic form to the realistic and democratic temper of his people. It becomes evident that our ancient dependence on European thought is lessening, that we are beginning to do our own work in philosophy, literature and science, and in our own way. Merely beginning, of course; for we are still young, and we have not yet learned to walk entirely without the assistance of our European ancestry. But if we find it hard to surpass ourselves, and are sometimes discouraged with our own superficiality, our provincialism, our narrowness and our bigotry, our immature intolerance and our timid violence against innovation and experiment—let us remember that England needed eight hundred years between her foundation and her Shakespeare; and that France needed eight hundred years between her foundation and her Montaigne. We have drawn to us from Europe, and selected for survival and imitation among ourselves, rather the initiative individualist and the acquisitive pioneer than the meditative and artistic souls; we have had to spend our energies in clearing our great forests and tapping the wealth of our soil; we have had no time yet to bring forth a native literature and a mature philosophy.

But we have become wealthy, and wealth is the prelude to art. In every country where centuries of physical effort have accumulated the means for luxury and leisure, culture has followed as naturally as vegetation grows in a rich and watered soil. To have become wealthy was the first necessity; a nation too must live before it can philosophize. No doubt we have grown faster than nations usually have grown; and the disorder of our souls is due to the rapidity of our development. We are like youths disturbed and unbalanced, for a time, by the sudden growth and experiences of puberty. But soon our maturity will come; our minds will catch up with our bodies, our culture with our possessions. Perhaps there are greater souls than Shakespeare's, and greater minds than Plato's, waiting to be born. When we have learned to reverence liberty as well as wealth, we too shall have our Renaissance.

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Caught and Dreams and Compound Interest

Mr. and Mrs. Haldeman-Julius

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CAUGHT
and
DREAMS AND COMPOUND INTEREST

CAUGHT

I

To understand why Gordon Hamilton, half-baked author of still unwritten masterpieces, youngster of twenty-five, who knew a little about everything and a great deal about little —to understand why Gordon decided to shake the star-dust from his soul and leave his world of phrases, poems, and pigments for near-visioned, close-fisted Kansas, to be a Pagan in the mazes of Presbyterianism, romanticist in a world of realism, blower of bubbles in a stone-quarry—to understand this, one must give heed to Sylvia.

Sylvia's soft, golden hair was bobbed; her laughter had a merry lilt; the round, child-like, violet eyes were fringed with heavy, curling lashes, and in the soft fabrics dyed by her own rosy fingers into rare, intoxicating colors, she seemed like some dainty creature who had strayed from fairyland. Her brilliant loveliness completely captured the sensitive, beauty-worshiping youth. And when, just as everyone thought he had nearly won her, she suddenly

veered to his own chum and shack-mate, Oliver Mercer, who dabbled in oils and played the piano, Radnor-by-the-Sea became impossible for Gordon. He felt that he must go away from California, far away from Sylvia and Oliver and from the colony of friends who knew of his bitter disappointment.

His first thought was of Radnor-by-the-Sea's great-aunt, Greenwich Village; but in Fallon, Kansas, a job was waiting for him on the Middle West's most popular weekly. In fact, between unfinished novels, Gordon had made his living for several years by writing many of this paper's editorials, for which he received five dollars a column (set in eight-point solid, eighteen ems wide), and frequent invitations to come to Fallon for steady work at thirty dollars a week, with—important item—traveling expenses included. Radnor-by-the-Sea, with its vaulting ambitions, self-consumed with talk, was caviar and pretzels; the *Midland Weekly*, with its large circulation and medical ads, was a thick slice of bread and butter. Heavy of heart and weary of spirit, Gordon purchased his ticket.

'But what on earth will you do in Fallon?' demanded Oliver, stirred into making an unwelcome call.

'Work,' Gordon answered stiffly.

'I certainly can't imagine one doing anything else in Kansas. You know, of course, that a wretch found with a bottle of beer may receive a more severe sentence than that given to the gentleman who kills his neighbor.'

'It'll be the same here soon enough.'

'But Kansas is so prosperous and completely populated by tax-payers and auto-owners,' Oliver persisted.

Gordon was in no mood for humor.

'I hope the environment *will* be uncongenial,' he returned savagely. 'Then I'll be driven to finish some of my stories and plays.'

'Don't think it!' warned Oliver soberly. 'I was born and raised in one of these small Middle Western towns, and I know them. It'll get you, sure. There's something in their atmosphere that's deadening to certain kinds of impulse. Before you know it, you'll be joining the No-Tobacco League, receiving honors in lodges, going to funerals, and becoming an all-around useful member of society.'

Gordon smiled at the suggested incongruity, but there was no mistaking the real earnestness in Oliver's voice as he added awkwardly: 'I know how you feel toward me, just now, and I can't say much; but you're too big to be

lost. Don't do it. I swear to you, you're making the mistake of your life.'

'I shan't stay over a year, at most,' Gordon assured him, hastily, more moved than he cared to admit by the sincerity of Oliver's protest. 'Even a drop of the real thing ought to survive that long.'

'Well, whatever you do,' laughed Oliver, 'don't take to marching in parades and wearing badges.'

Radnor-by-the-Sea was not more than a day's ride behind him when Sylvia began to seem ever so slightly remote, and Oliver more forgivable than Gordon could have conceived possible a week earlier. 'Old Man Travel is getting in his licks on Old Man Time,' he commented inwardly. 'Funny how objectively one can see the whole world and himself through a Pullman window. Here's a young fellow,' his thoughts ran on, 'with splendid health and fairly good looks. No serious vices. Has an enormous capacity for work, but uses up all his energy with facile space-writing, leaving none for the sustained, concentrated effort necessary for creative work. Favorite sport: none. Feels best when doing nothing violent. Indifferent to business, probably because he has not been associated with it. Finds he

avoids anything he doesn't understand; typical American in this. Equally indifferent to God. May give Him more thought when older. Not an educated person at all; has no particular reverence for facts. Prefers a good book to anyone's companionship, but usually gets on well with men, and is quite popular with women. Doesn't sound like such a bad inventory; but just the same, his life so far is a failure—financially and artistically.'

Unconsciously dropping into the first person, he went on with, 'Well, what of it? The world needs divine bums. As soon as I get a couple of hundred dollars ahead in Fallon, I'll go straight to Paris, where poverty is beautiful, to my own kind of people: cynical French skeptics; morose, pessimistic Russians; melancholy Roumanians; wine-drinking old priests who live in untidy rooms and know how to laugh; atheists; polite, gorgeously dressed Turks; Chinamen; magnificent failures in art, letters, and love; women who are not too particular, and pickpockets off duty. What difference does it make if I spend my last quarter once a month? But I'll keep a grip on myself and buckle down to real work.'

With this resolve in his heart, Gordon was not disconcerted when, descending from the

train, he was obliged to look twice to find in which direction Fallon lay. The little town of thirty-five hundred much preferred to welcome newcomers at about three o'clock of a sunshiny Saturday afternoon. At that hour, with the Square swarming with farmers, a hundred or more rigs tied to the iron rail surrounding the courthouse yard, and all makes of cars parked at the curbing, it seemed to warrant the boosters' proud phrase of 'City of the Second Class.' On Saturday, too, Rimpkey's redecorated restaurant overflowed; children flocked in and out of the two movie-houses; a lively crowd gathered around Tawley-the-real-estate-man's weekly demonstration of the Lally farm-lighting system,—a good show in itself,—and Recker of the Kandy Kitchen was obliged to hire extra help to dish up the ice-cream sodas for the countrywomen enjoying their favorite dissipation. Decidedly, on Saturday one could not but be impressed with the bustle and activity. But Gordon came on a Tuesday morning, at an early hour, when even Kansas City is quiet. To his unprejudiced eye, Fallon appeared as three homes, a barn, and a chicken-house.

'Fine,' he grunted as he passed Canton's lumberyard. 'Just what I wanted—a deserted vil-

lage. All the more reason why I'll duck out as soon as I get a reasonable reserve.'

To his amusement, it was necessary to ring a gong to waken the owner of the shabby little hotel.

II

Getting into the swing of his work next morning was a simple matter for Gordon. After a hearty reception by Mr. Rhodes, the publisher, who made no effort to conceal his satisfaction over his arrival, he was given a pleasant corner and told to 'go to it.' By noon he was turning out editorials and articles, thoroughly at home in the two-story, box-like building.

After dinner, Mr. Rhodes brought to Gordon's desk a short, fat man whom he introduced as Professor Tomlin McPherson, one of the *Midland's* regular advertisers.

'I sell a peach of an article,' the professor explained, with enthusiasm. 'It's called Itch-O and there's no salve can beat it. The fact is' —he dropped his voice confidentially—'it's made from one of my grandmother's recipes. I did humanity a service when I put it on the market. I have testimonials from every state in the Union,' he ended, with unmistakable pride.

'I'll keep Itch-O in mind if I develop symptoms,' Gordon promised gravely.

'Everything's in the advertising,' declared the professor. 'Frank Rhodes has told me about you, and I thought you might look over this circular letter I've written. It ain't up to snuff when it comes to grammar. If you'll put it in good shape, I'll pay you five beans.'

Gordon took the much-edited sheet, and, as he read, discovered possibilities of many times five dollars.

'Is this all you send to a person who inquires about Itch-O?' he demanded. 'My dear sir, I'm afraid you don't understand the advertising game.'

'What d'ye mean?' questioned the Professor. 'My stuff pulls fine, once I get it fixed up.'

Gordon's answer was a wise, incredulous smile.

'I've increased my business by half in three years,' insisted the professor.

'Which only proves what you could have done,' returned Gordon. 'You don't seem to realize,' he continued, 'that when one has an ailment, he is intensely interested in it. He is ready to read a library about it. He wants to know the cause of it, its nature, and its characteristics. This circular takes it for

granted that the inquirer merely wants Itch-O. He wants more. He wants information.'

'Say,' exclaimed the professor, impressed, 'I believe you've got the right dope. Can you turn it out?'

'Yes, I can let you have a well-written dissertation that will cover thirty-two pages in agate.'

'I'll give you a hundred dollars for it.'

'Make it two and it'll be in your hands tonight.'

'All right,' agreed the professor, heavily. 'It's a bargain.'

Gordon accepted the assignment and went to the *Britannica*, from which he emerged, saturated with scientific lore. Never had Itch-O's praises been sung so well, never had its virtues been described so rapturously. The phrases of eulogy galloped from his Underwood. Itch-O became literature.

The professor was delighted, and that very evening, as he wrote the promised check, he added that he would appreciate more such suggestions and work.

On his way to a night lunch-counter for a belated meal, Gordon remembered nervously that he had covenanted with himself to stay merely long enough to save a couple of hun-

dred dollars for the great journey. But how could he have dreamed that the entire fortune would be acquired the first day? Really, in all decency, he owed it to Mr. Rhodes to remain at least a few weeks. He would leave, of course, and that shortly, but there was no reason why he should break his streak of luck when it had only begun. Never before had he earned so much at one time.

The next day, taking the advice of Mr. Rhodes, he dropped into the First State Bank to deposit his check. Mrs. Graham, the friendly little vice-president, waited on him and introduced him to the president, James Osborne, who had already heard of him.

'You'll get good service here,' said the gruff, dignified man. 'Fallon is always glad to welcome hustling young folks.'

It was a new experience for Gordon to receive such cordiality from a bank president. The thrill was indescribable.

When he strolled about after supper, he noticed the trim post-office with its well-kept lawn, the imposing high-school building and the neat churches. It wasn't such a bad little town, after all, he reflected. To be sure, the general impression was that of unutterable commonplaceness, and there was a pitiful lack

of understanding of beauty, either of line or of color. The most pretentious house was, architecturally, quite the most terrible. But the people seemed unusually sensible and kindly. The whole world couldn't be artists.

'It's that money-in-the-bank-feeling working,' he murmured in droll dismay. 'Wouldn't Oliver be triumphant if he knew I was actually beginning to apologize for Fallon.'

His meditations were interrupted by a tall, spare man and the professor, who explained, with an air of proud proprietorship, 'This is the young chap I was telling you about. Mr. Hamilton, meet Mr. Burns, the next state senator from this district.'

Ten minutes later, Gordon was richer by fifty dollars. Mr. Burns was, indeed, running for office, and it was Gordon's new job to pen his advertisements, his letters of acceptance, his statements to the county press, and other literature intended to turn an apparently honest man into a senator.

At the end of the tenth perfect day, Gordon, smiling to himself, checked over his accounts. He realized that he had a corner on writing in Fallon, and felt an amused worry over the monster of the income-tax which, at this rate, would soon menace him. Immediately he de-

cided to conceal the visitations of Madam Money. Certainly, he would not leave, for the present. He would stay in Fallon until he had cleaned up a couple of thousand. Paris could wait a few months. Paris, like Radnor-by-the-Sea, began to seem remote.

As the new consciousness of his own market value began to sink deeper, his courage and initiative grew. Before many weeks had passed, he decided to enlarge his scale of activities. Going into Mr. Rhodes's office, he announced suddenly that he intended to resign.

The publisher was more than surprised. As Gordon had expected, he was worried.

'Why, my dear fellow, you are scarcely settled down,' he temporized.

'I've been here long enough to know it's no place for me,' Gordon answered firmly.

'May I ask why?'

'It's simply this, Mr. Rhodes: you brought me here at a measly thirty-dollar salary and you've loaded me with the work of two men. If I'm to do two men's work, I must have two men's pay.'

'It's true you have made yourself worth more to me than thirty a week,' Mr. Rhodes admitted graciously. 'I don't mind telling you that I am considering giving you a raise.'

'Then, now is the time,' returned Gordon. 'It isn't only the money I'm concerned over,' he continued sharply. 'I don't like the way a lot of things are handled in this office. The paper has a large circulation, but it could have twice as many subscribers if it had more pep and we employed more efficient methods. If I'm to stay, I'll have to be given more authority. I must be managing editor with a salary of seventy-five a week and the understanding that, as soon as I put on a hundred thousand more readers, that amount will be doubled.'

There was a long discussion. Mr. Rhodes was not the sort of a man to be easily bullied, but he had become convinced of Gordon's unusual abilities. The *Midland Weekly* had, for the past year, been losing ground, and he had learned from bitter experience that Fallon was not an alluring point for brilliant young men. The matter ended with Gordon issuing forth a full-fledged managing editor at the demanded salary. The inspired gambler had placed everything on a small pair and had come off victorious.

III

Before the year passed, he played for even greater stakes, risking all his chips in the supreme hazard of matrimony, and, true to his

streak, won, not only genuine happiness, but greater prosperity. It was Mr. Rhodes who was first impressed with the desirability of marriage for Gordon. For, after the momentous interview which more than doubled that young man's salary, he threw up his hands and muttered words to the effect that one could never be sure of single men. If only this positive-minded person were married,—with, perchance, a family,—ah, then he, Frank Rhodes, could use very different tactics. At which point he made a quick census of the town and instantly thought of Ruth Sterling.

If Ruth could be interested! All Fallon stood a little in awe of her. She had been reared so differently from the rest of the small-towners. She had come to her parents late in their lives, and her mother dying while she was a baby, her father had brought her up himself. She had been sent to a convent school, then to Paris, and had flitted back and forth with him between the little town and the East until his death, when she was eighteen. People had wondered what she would 'do'; but, alone as she was, she had clung passionately to the place where he had spent his life; and during the two years that had passed she had learned, under Janet Graham's wise guidance, to enjoy

managing the conservative investments left to her. These were all in Kansas, and Mr. Rhodes shrewdly guessed that it would be no easy task to persuade her to leave Fallon.

Gordon was drawn to her the first time they met. He liked the sweet tranquillity of her fresh, young face, the well-groomed, carefully netted dark hair, her trim figure, perfect poise, and unmistakable good breeding. Mr. Rhodes and his wife had invited them for a Sunday afternoon auto trip, and during the whole ride Gordon and Ruth talked together in the tonneau. It seemed to them scarcely less than a miracle that they had read the same books, liked the same plays, had so many valuations in common, could laugh with the same tender amusement at Fallon's limitations, and sigh the same sigh for interesting places and people.

Gordon told her of the changes he had already effected in the *Midland Weekly*, of his big plans for its future, of his need for utterance, and even outlined in detail some of his unfinished writings. As Ruth listened intently, she became more and more aware of the dynamic possibilities of this dark, charming youth, more and more intrigued by his winning personality, so baffling in its mixture of commercial practicality and inspired idealism. Never,

it seemed to Gordon, had he known anyone with such understanding. He felt doubly sure of himself, baptized with a reborn confidence in his artistic future. By the time they reached home, their friendship was established.

Marriage, after a few months of companionship, was the logical, natural step for both. Gordon's yearning for sparkling, restless little Sylvia had been a disturbing, disintegrating force. In his love for Ruth was a rare quality of trust and comradeship. How he adored the hominess of her! He knew instinctively that children would bring to her the same deep joy which he realized with a new thrill would be his if he were to be a father. Together, he felt, they would find life a long adventure, always rich in new emotions, new thoughts, and new experiences. Each day would be full of growth and achievement. It was all so simple, too, for Ruth still lived in the old family homestead. There was no initial outlay necessary, no assuming of serious responsibilities. It seemed a part of Gordon's streak to marry thus.

This faculty of being successful continued to develop with Midas-like rapidity. Literally, whatever he touched turned into dollars. It became an accepted conclusion in Fallon that anything he might do would be profitable. He

traded some unimproved land for a modern, well-equipped farm, which he ran on shares, going in for thoroughbred Poland Chinas. Through his skillful advertising, the Hamilton Hog Sales became famous in three states and brought prices that made Fallon gasp. He organized a coöperative elevator with the farmers' money and his own luck. It was a go from the start. At his direction, Itch-O's capitalization was increased by two hundred per cent, the stock was sold, a liberal block transferred as commission to himself, and the entire business put completely under his capable management. From the day he leased the *Midland Weekly* its profits steadily increased.

He was the most listened-to man at the town's Commercial Club. His sayso was final, because his promises were golden and certain to actualize. The County Fair Association, which he started, and to which he sold some of his wife's land for the ground, drew thirty thousand people the first season, and Gordon rightly was given the credit. He was looked up to as a pillar of boost, a man who was putting Fallon on the map, a genius at organization.

He raised ten thousand dollars and placed a corporation in control of the town's best drug-

store, with himself as president. It occurred to him that Fallon's volume of trade would grow immeasurably if it were more available by car-line to the miners of the near-by camps; and, getting together sixty-five thousand dollars of the necessary funds in the county, he secured the balance in Kansas City. He was elected president of the new road. As one out of every six persons in the surrounding country owned a car, he decided that it would be an excellent thing to give the town a twenty-five-thousand-dollar garage, properly incorporated, with a vague system of profit rebates to the stock-holders, of whom there were many. Again he was elected president. He went into coal-mining and helped to open up the yet unexploited local oil-fields, and every venture with which he was connected was a success. Always serene, always at leisure, always ready to organize an enterprise and assume its presidency, his word, spoken with delightful courtesy, was law. In less than seven years, he was the wealthiest man in the county. Southeastern Kansas had never known anyone like Gordon Hamilton. He was something new.

He had long since observed that, while for a few the church was a sincere expression of their religious faith, for the majority of the

people of Fallon it was more in the nature of a club, and one of the obvious stepping-stones toward dignity and prominence. Without hypocrisy, professing nothing, he began to attend Presbyterian services and functions with consistent regularity. When a vacancy occurred on the Board of Trustees, he was unanimously elected to fill it. Followed thereupon the swift placing of the church on a sound business basis and the remodeling of the nondescript building into a stately gothic edifice. It was not large, but in drab little Fallon it stood, with its pure lines and glowing windows, challenging in its beauty, a pearl set in lead. As Gordon sat, on Sundays, in the family pew, with Ruth and their children, he knew that all the town thought him a paragon of respectability; and although he could not explain why, he felt that he thoroughly deserved this reputation—that, at bottom, he always had been solid.

Ruth was quietly proud of him, and their emotional life flowed smoothly, but she was often deeply troubled because of the scarcity of money. They were worth many times what she had been when they were married, but there was always a flock of outstanding notes which, with their interest, had to be met. It was Gordon's method. If he wished to invest

in a project, he borrowed, sometimes using Ruth's splendid securities as collateral. The debt paid, it meant that they had accumulated just that much more principal. This knowledge recompensed Gordon for all the necessary sacrifices and economies. There came a day, however, when Ruth rebelled.

'Why do you want to go into any more things?' she asked him desperately, when he brought her a note to sign with him for ten thousand dollars, that they might purchase an interest in a steam-coal-shovel company.

'For the fun of making more and the satisfaction of having it, dear heart,' was the prompt answer.

'Do you know, Gordon,' she asked slowly, her gray eyes strangely calm, 'do you know that in order to make life livable and happy for us all, I have been obliged to borrow at the First State Bank for the last two years?'

'What?' Gordon was genuinely shocked.

'I owe a thousand dollars there.'

'A thousand dollars!' echoed Gordon. 'This is terrible.'

'I used to think so,' Ruth smiled bravely, 'until Janet Graham made me see that it was merely absurd. She says there are half a dozen other women—wives of progressive Fallon men

—doing the same ridiculous thing for lack of proper spunk.'

'But I don't understand,' groped Gordon in real perplexity; 'what have you borrowed it *for?*"

'Mostly for little things, dear; for the extras —the things that take the edges off everyday living and put charm and distinction into it; for household necessities; for the new sheets and counterpanes when you insisted we wait another year—though you would buy the eighty acres that joined the farm; for the kitchen stove when you thought we should get along with the old one which was wearing out Sally's nerves; for the new lawn-mower; for the extra wages I pay—one couldn't keep a superior maid for what you stipulate, Gordon; for the new privet hedge—it cost twice what you think —and the lovely climbing roses; for little charities; for gifts from the children and myself at the graceful moment. It's a long list. Shall I go on?'

'But why didn't you tell me?'

'I did, dear, each time,' Ruth answered quietly. 'And each time you were so final, you delivered such an ultimatum, that I couldn't bear to argue with you. I feel as you do about people who wrangle. Perhaps it wasn't quite

frank, but you see, I could usually understand that you honestly, often just because you were a man, couldn't comprehend the reasonableness of what I asked. If we had been seriously involved, I shouldn't have let a penny slip, but it suddenly dawned on me that there was absolutely no need for this petty scrimping and saving.

'Why, Gordon.' she hurried on, 'father and I used to take wonderful trips, we collected rare books, I bought the smartest of clothes, and yet there was always plenty. Now we can't afford a single luxury. We've never been away together since we were married—I haven't been East for five years, and I dress like a frump."

'Ruth, what nonsense!' Gordon interrupted brusquely. 'You know you get your frocks in Kansas City and always look remarkably well.'

'I pass, but that's all,' she corrected. 'And I shouldn't do that if I didn't get what I felt I must from the bank. 'Oh, my dear,' she pleaded, 'do see the humorous side of it! It isn't as if you were naturally stingy, and I shouldn't care if there were any *use* in it; but we have enough—so much more than enough. Yet here we are, so strapped that I must borrow for what I consider essentials. Actually, Gordon, it seems

more of a problem when I want a new hat than when we need a new silo.'

Gordon came over to her and put his arms round her tenderly.

'I see your point, dear heart. You make me feel like a brute, but you know I've never gone into anything to which you haven't agreed. As soon as we swing this steam-shovel deal we will stop. It shall be the end. I will give myself to writing. You know that is what I have always planned.'

'You must square up at the bank, first,' persisted Ruth.

'Renew the note.'

'No. Janet doesn't want me to.'

'Do you mean to say she won't?' Gordon demanded, incredulously.

'She didn't say she wouldn't, and she made it very clear they would lend *us* any amount we wanted; but you know she's been like an elder sister to me, and she made me feel that I was being awfully foolish in not having a talk with you and putting a stop to this way of doing. I am going to pay it, Gordon. I shall sell one of my mortgages.'

'Cash in capital? I won't consent to it.'

'I can't see what's to be gained by paying interest when I have the money.'

'But, my dear child, then the capital will be gone. Renew the note, and the next dividend from the *Midland* shall go toward it.'

'No,' Ruth resisted with gentle stubbornness. 'I need that to take the children East to the Montessori school, so they can have a month of it and I can get a better idea of the method.'

'Ruth, we simply cannot afford that this year.' Gordon was earnest. 'You've been such a splendid pal—we've made so much together. I've always felt you were with me. I can't understand what's come over you.'

'I've told you, dear. I've recovered my sense of proportion and I mean to keep it. I won't be poor any longer, merely to make more when we have enough now to live beautifully. There's neither rhyme nor reason in it. It's changing you, too, Gordon.'

'I guess I have changed,' he laughed easily. 'I was a queer dub lolling around waiting for something real to show up. I remember I wanted a couple of hundred dollars for Paris—to be a boulevardier—to meet strange failures. But, instead, I became a success. Are you sorry?'

'Not if you are sure you aren't.' Ruth answered soberly. Then, after a moment, she

added, very low, 'Only sometimes—forgive me if I hurt you, darling—I'm afraid you will feel, too late, that your life has been a failure.'

IV

It was so unlike Ruth to be anything but sympathetic that her words left a profound impression. After supper, as he listened to her moving about, putting the little folks to bed, he went over their conversation. Was he, after all, a fool to have left the adventures of the soul for the game of piling dollar on dollar for the sheer sport of piling? Made restless by his thoughts, he put on his hat for a walk downtown. As he strolled, he became more serious. Was it true, he asked himself, that he was being caught in the meshes of his own success? Was it really a misfortune that his luck had been so unfailing? And had it been luck, or ability? A toss-up, he concluded.

'Surely,' he argued, 'a man ought to be able to establish two distinct selves—one, the money-maker for so many hours a day; the other, a dweller in the halls of art. I must take time to write. But isn't it rather inane to say everlastingly, "I must write," as though the world needed more books. Rather childish, that.'

At least, he decided, he could start off with one story—a story of his own soul on its pilgrimage to Parnassus, halting a moment in the temple of the money-changers and remaining there.

'That ought to make a good theme,' he murmured. 'A man ever so rich who is ever so poor, bound by the chains of property, while his soul suffocates as surely as those stifled by lack of means.'

But wasn't it possible, he wondered, to have just enough property to ensure comfort, and just enough soul to enjoy it to the full? That was what Ruth wanted. She was right, too; but hang it all, he had the habit of seeing opportunities. He hadn't even tapped the ones offered in this little town. And what a future he could give his children!

Suppose he *had* written a novel—half a dozen? Would it really have counted for more in the world than what he had actually accomplished? Would he have created any more, truly? The *Midland Weekly's* circulation was doubled. Itch-O was a useful and favorite national commodity. Hundreds of grateful letters poured into his office every day. Ruth was still in love with him. He cherished her and their two sturdy boys and beautiful baby

daughter. The town and county looked up to him. What if he had never had all this joy, success, and power? But he did have them and now he would not, could not be, without them. His old world—Sylvia, Radnor-by-the-Sea with its temperament and poverty, New York, Paris—not even in his mind. Then why this pricking of conscience, this conviction that, in spite of his logic, he had allowed himself and his standards to be subtly, irrevocably cheapened?

His eye was attracted by the glaring red of a poster in front of the town's best movie-house, and he stopped to look. It was a picturization of Pierrot and the Moon Maiden. But before he could examine the lithograph with any care, he felt a hand on his shoulder and heard an excited voice exclaim,—

'If it isn't Gordon! Gordon Hamilton, the long-lost, the plutocratic, small-town Crœsus!'

'Oliver!' returned Gordon, 'Radnor-by-the-Sea's old thumper of the Steinway! What are you doing here in Fallon, Kansas?'

'On a mission of art and beauty—See there.' Oliver indicated the poster. It cannot be shown to jazz; it needs the interpretative music which I have composed myself.'

'Do you track a picture and play the piano in movie-houses like this?'

'Preaching the doctrine of the sublime.'

Gordon laughed lightly at the intended exaggeration.

'But seriously,' Oliver continued, 'the world does need ambassadors of the muse—'

'Pioneers of aestheticism, torch-bearers of the over-man, advance agents of the super-soul and—'

'Stop!' commanded Oliver.

'And Sylvia—she is here with you spreading the gospel of beauty?'

'Oh, Sylvia!' Oliver shrugged his shoulders in an expressive gesture. 'She is out of my life. You escaped because yould not win her; I escaped because I did.'

Gordon shuddered as he reflected on Oliver's fleeing to this soiled goal, banging out incidental melodies to a five-reel film. And yet, was it so different from his own effort to earn a couple of hundred for possibly as futile a journey to Paris?

'I've heard about you, Gordon,' said Oliver: 'how you married and settled down to peace, prosperity, and Philistinism, as you may happen to remember, I once prophesied you would.'

'I'm not peaceful, though I am prosperous, and, I suppose, a thoroughgoing Philistine.'

'You, with your long drawn-out theories of literary expression, with your everlasting talk about what you were to write, with your real gift—you in this little town, just making money. It's a shame.'

'Oh, I don't know' fenced Gordon; 'I'm still young enough, and only this evening I outlined a story which I shall work on tonight.'

'You won't write it,' declared Oliver flatly. 'I can see that.'

'You think I am quite hopeless?'

'Absolutely. One must be ready to make great sacrifices. Take myself. I might be a money-maker, too, but see what I do. I get only my expenses and twenty-five dollars a week, but I am happy, because every evening and sometimes twice a day I give to this little gem of fantasy a background of music.'

'You really are happy?'

'I am that. Next season I am to go out with *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Only an artist can comprehend the joy I have in creating my own compositions. I could draw on a rich repertoire, but I prefer to dip into my own well.'

Gordon noticed the burning, far-seeing eyes, the pale skin, the deep lines from nostrils to

the sensitive mouth, the nervous movements of the thin lips. And his clothes—how cheap!

'If this is his happiness,' thought Gordon, as both entered the crude little house for the first show, 'thank Heaven, I am not of it!'

Oliver went to the piano with the air of a Carnegie Hall soloist. Gordon wondered whether this might be because of a lack of humor or of an over-abundance of it. Or was the man able to persuade himself that he was before an audience thirsting for his art? His gestures were most profound. The piano, alas! was no instrument for this throbbing soul. Gordon saw very little of the picture, though what he watched was exquisite. The musician held him. Oliver had spoken the truth. It was plain that, as he played, he was lifted up into a world of poetry and ecstasy. Sincerity and happiness shone from his face. He did not seem to realize, as did Gordon, that he was pouring his music into stone ears. None of his efforts would make the slightest elevation of tone in Fallon. A thousand such ambassadors would leave it untouched.

During the wait between the first and second shows, Oliver seated himself by Gordon, who could not help hearing the litle rustlings and whisperings as the townfolk noticed their

financier associating with this odd, minstrel-like stranger. It irritated Gordon to find that he felt conspicuous and uncomfortable.

'You did well," he said kindly.

Oliver ate up this thin slice of praise. 'It's nothing compared to the things I am doing for *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. I've been thinking,' he went on impetuously, 'that since you are so well off, you might do something for a poor artist. You cannot help yourself, why not help me?'

'How?'

'By lending me enough to lease outright one set of reels. I'll pay you back some day, if I can; and if I can't you will, at least, have rendered some service to art.'

'How much will you want?'

'I don't know. I'll write you. I may need five or six hundred, and I may need more. It ought to be a good investment. Instead of getting only twenty-five a week, I'll often clear twenty-five a night when I play to my own show.

'You have the right idea—'

'I know so many movie-owners; I can arrange more dates than I can handle.'

'I'll do it,' promised Gordon grimly; 'not to help art, but to show you what I have been

up against. You will make money, and being cautious, you will save. You will lease a few more pictures, square yourself up with me, and go into the business on a larger scale. You will understand what has kept me from writing. You will become too occupied to compose.'

'No danger of that,' laughed Oliver confidently. 'You will really help me? I hate to ask it of you, but—you understand.'

'I understand you better than you think. I am going to undo this sordid little world of yours and send you on the road to peace, prosperity, and Philistinism. My dear fellow, you are soon to realize that this art for art's sake, this will to suffer, this sacrifice—is all bluff, except in youth—a pose! You may think you look down on me as a defaulter, but you envy me my success.'

'Not at the price you've paid for it.'

'Wait and see,' was Gordon's cryptic answer.

V

As he made his way home, late that evening, after saying good-bye to his old friend, his mind was full. He was sure Oliver's was no standard, and yet he could not deny that at one time it had been his own.

'I must merely make a slight change in my life,' he told himself. 'I must buy and sell, handle my business transactions, edit the *Weekly*, and boost Itch-O; but I must remember, as Ruth does, that these things are a means, not an end. I'll put all these thoughts and emotions into a story, and if, when it's finished, it's no good, I'll be able to live my regular life without further qualms.'

Athrob with this urge for expression, his imagination began to picture situations and characters, and he was already making mental notes of sentences, when he was stopped by the professor, now only a minority stock-holder and assistant manager in the temple that issued such enormous quantities of salves for the anointing of the trusting.

'I say, Mr. Hamilton; just a minute.'

Gordon paused, impatient.

'You know we haven't had a new piece of literature in a dog's age.'

'Well, what of it?' Gordon asked sharply. 'The receipts seem to be coming in right along.'

'Just the same we ought to get out something new and classy—something catchy.'

'Get it done. For heaven's sake, are you helpless? Must I write every word?'

'There's no one can do it as well.'

'Perfect nonsense! We'll have to employ some live wire who can attend to the detail work. I'm getting sick and tired of it. I must have time to live, to think, to create.'

This was a new Gordon. Confused, the professor found an excuse to go.

'Always Itch-O, Itch-O,' thought Gordon disgustedly. 'It's high time I came to myself.'

He reached home a few minutes later and hurried to the library. There he found Ruth lying on the couch reading.

'Hello, dear,' she smiled pleasantly, noting the look of suppressed excitement in his eyes. 'What have you been made president of to-night?'

'President of my own soul. I've come home to work.'

'A set of by-laws for a new corporation?'

'No. I've had enough of this endless money-grubbing.'

Ruth's eyebrows arched slightly, but her tone was warm as she exclaimed,—

'You don't mean—?'

'That I've come home full of inspiration. I'm going to work on a story.'

She rose quickly. 'The library is yours, old dear. I'll make some coffee.'

Alone, Gordon sat down before his Corona

and typed, 'The Seeker.' Then he thought hard. He wrote a while, hurriedly; tore out the sheet. Before he adjusted another, he recalled his recent meeting with the professor and cussed him roundly. In his own journey to Parnassus, this fat little man had stopped him with a fat little temptation, and since then he had been bowing before the god of Itch-O.

He searched for his pipe and lost himself in a whirlwind of chaotic reflections. One thought, however, dominated—that of the necessity for a new booklet—a clever one. Oh, the professor's evil spirit! How it persisted!

'I know why I can't write tonight.' Gordon grumbled. 'It's this wretched pamphlet. It has to be done. When I get it out of the way, I'll be free to go ahead with a clear mind.'

From then on, the typewriter clicked without a halt. Again did the praises of Itch-O rise in symphonic volume, with the glorious climax that 'the trial treatment is free.'

When, hours later, Ruth, heeding a sudden silence, came in with a dainty tray, Gordon lay back in his chair, exhausted. A lump swelled in his throat as his tired mind admitted that once more he had been caught.

'You've been working hard,' Ruth said ten-

derly. 'You look worn out. Will you show me what have you written?'

Embarrassed, he turned down the pages.

'I wasn't in the mood, precious, I—'

'But what have you been doing?'

'Nothing, nothing; just a little matter that's been hanging over me. I'll tackle the story tomorrow evening. Well, shall we get to sleep?"

DREAMS AND COMPOUND INTEREST

I

The Square was all but deserted. Even the time-worn court-house, centred among weeds and scrawny catalpas seemed dozing, and the little county seat's one stone-fronted building, the First State Bank, with blinds drawn, appeared to have shut its eyes wearily after one more fussy day in heavy harness.

Inside, Bob, the youthful teller, was clacking away at the Burroughs, jerking his skinny, stringy neck each time he yanked the handle. The cashier mumbled solemnly as he stacked the twenties in five-hundred-dollar piles. James Osborne, the president,—bag-eyed, with a stern, inexorable face, a rock-ribbed jaw, and heavy figure,—sat writing letters. And at her desk near his, Janet Graham, the girlish vice-president, was going over belligerent-looking mortgages.

Her mind was far from southeastern Kansas. Mechanically, she would note the dates on the interest coupons, and then, after jotting down a memorandum, she would stop and think a

moment of her husband, Robert. His letter, which had come from New York on the noon train, was on her mind and in her heart. She slipped it out of its envelope and read it again. It told her that the managers could not even consider his play. It was too high-brow. That sort of thing would not go. 'And probably they are right,' he added.

'You know, dear,' he wrote candidly, 'it takes only a few days' peddling to transform a philosophical comedy into a tragedy. They were nice to me. I didn't expect so much attention. I should not have been surprised at complete indifference, if not rebuffs. Instead, I was taken out to dine by three potentates, and on each occasion told how utterly absurd I was to put my energy into this style of work. And I guess it's the truth, sweetheart.'

Intuition as well as judgment whispered to Janet that in Robert's very absurdities lay his power. Any number of clever men could manufacture the popular current play and straightforward, interesting story. But to write sparkling moonshine that left the bemused reader uncomfortably conscious that, while apparently talking in the absurdest fashion, the author had somehow given a penetrating criticism of life

—this was left for the few who, when their genius had ripened, wrote for all time.

That *The Miracle Men* had a touch of this quality, Janet was as positive as Robert was doubtful. He had brought it to her, saying in his gentle naive way, 'Of course, Janet, no civilized human being should write a play with such persons as these in it. I'm afraid the very characters are enough to queer its chances.'

In a modern setting, this droll comedy presented a group of rare spirits in commonplace, sordid environments. Voltaire had become a fishmonger; Chesterton, a plumber; Shaw, a 'gimme-the-rent' Irish landlord; Shakespeare, a successful movie-owner; Poe, an undertaker; Dante, an Italian ice-cream vender; Beethoven, a pianist in a Fourteenth Street theatre orchestra; Juliet, a worker in a box-factory, and Hamlet, alas, not Romeo,—her dopy husband.

There were others, all similarly situated. Their immediate lives were materialistic, but the artist in them strove for their pasts. In Hamlet's one-room domicile, this extraordinary company gathered to plot an escape from the actual, and regain their former glories; but, each innately hostile to the others, their plans collapsed in utter disappointment. Their effort

to organize genius was as futile as an attempt to persuade an eagle, an angel, a demon, and a fish to pull together for one purpose. The play presupposed a degree of culture. Otherwise the delicate nuances of irony were lost. If it was talky in places, it was scintillating talk. It was actable in the right atmosphere. But Janet, always just, had to admit that she could not wholly blame the commercial managers.

'I gave them up,' wrote Robert, 'and went down to Washington Square, where I met several young men and women who are interested in a little theatre. I found them receptive, even cordial. They probably thought the play just freakish enough to command attention. There won't be a chance this spring, but they will try it out early next fall *if*—notice the *if*—if I put up twenty-five hundred dollars to guarantee them against loss. If it is less, they agree to rebate the difference, though between ourselves I rather question the value of their promises. It seems to be quite taken for granted there will be some loss. They summer at Provincetown, and I can go up with them to work on the scenery and costumes. The play will be presented at least six times, which is fair. I have also been to see the publisher of whom I spoke in my last letter. He will pub-

lish the play *if* it is produced on the stage, *if* —another *if*—if we guarantee five hundred in case the first edition of a thousand falls flat. I know how you feel, darling, but I am strongly convinced that I should go home and forget about it. I have had lots of fun writing this thing. Why go further? Think it over carefully, Janet!'

Practical judgment told her to call it off; but Robert's dreams were hers. She wanted him to have a fair chance. Three thousand dollars was a lot of money; but who would have known Thomas Hardy if he hadn't financed his first novel? Suppose many of the initial thousand of the published play should be left? Weren't the remainders of others' early editions cherished now by the discriminating world? It wasn't as if it were a question whether or not Robert could write. The utilitarian side to his gift was as clear and as lucrative as her own banking methods. Years spent with newspapers and magazines had taught him how to turn out articles that were always in demand at a good figure. But this spark that was 'different,' that experimented —Janet did not want it smothered; she wanted, passionately, to help kindle it into flame.

II

When they were married, three years before, many papers carried items about them. She was, they said, precisely the sort of young woman that alarmists of not so very long ago were lifting their voice against in warning. She had not been long out of college when the death of the head of her family called her to take that place and make its third generation of country bankers. She had accepted cheerfully what seemed to her a clear duty to 'carry on,' and had settled down in her little native town. It had never occurred to her, once Robert had found he could continue his work from there, that she should not combine a business and domestic life; and systematizing her day, she took as much pride in her cozy home as in the dividends the bank declared.

Blessed with a happy, enthusiastic temperament, she gave an impression of buoyant youth that made her seem much less than her thirty years; her compact little figure radiated charm and vitality, and sunny chestnut hair curled about a merry, piquant face, lighted by warm, friendly, brown eyes that registered infinite shades of feeling. Often care-free as a child's, sometimes they were luminous with wisdom.

As she returned to the Harvey mortgage, which she had deserted for Robert's letter, she frowned her dissatisfaction. Here was a man who should not be in arrears, a farmer who could make money. Where others less able then he were meeting their obligations promptly, Harvey was lagging behind, letting interest grow into the dread monster of compound interest. The conviction grew in Janet's mind, that if Robert were to have the means to bring his play before the public, Harvey would be one of the men who would have to pay up.

'Jim,' she called suddenly to Osborne, 'this second coupon of the Harveys fell due several weeks ago. That makes them two years back in their interest. It totals around seven hundred dollars. Don't you think we should have Joe and his wife secure it by a chattel mortgage on their growing crops?'

James Osborne was of the old school. He had been cashier under Janet's father, and had taught her practically all she knew of the business. He seemed uncompromisingly stern, but she had found that under a gruff exterior beat one of the kindest of hearts. Both Osborne and Janet, like many country bankers, applied themselves to farmers' problems. They knew

when to be easy and when to tighten the reins. And as the Grahams and Osborne owned two-thirds of the stock, what they decided was law. When Osborne was sometimes too conservative, a trifle old-fogy, perhaps, Janet might have been too venturesome. Together they struck a balance, one that encouraged healthy dividends twice a year.

'Yes,' agreed Osborne, grimly, 'we'll have to do something all right. Joe is on one of his buying tears right now. Just look at this.' And he handed Janet a check.

'On us for four hundred dollars!' she exclaimed; and seeing some penciling in the lower left-hand corner, read: 'Part payment on Buckeye McKinley Segis.'

'Can you beat it? He is overdrawn now.'

Janet's lips set closely. Robert's dreams would never become tangible realities if a few more Harveys were to nest under the shelter of the First State Bank.

'It came through Kansas City this morning,' observed Osborne.

'I see it is a sight draft dated from Illinois. He is probably at some stock show. Jim, what do you think of that man?'

'Well, it's hard telling,' replied Osborne. 'He's a sort of genius, he is. But his dreams are too

big for his pocketbook, so he lets them lop over into other people's. He used to do first-rate until he got this high-grade-stock craze and took the notion that he was appointed by the gods to develop the dual-purpose breed of cattle. We've lent him money off and on for the last fifteen years. There was a time when all he had to do was to ask for it; but somehow he seems to be going down hill lately. You know how things stand as well as I do. We've got to put our foot down and put it down hard.'

'He always seems so superior to his wife,' mused Janet. 'But I suppose,' she added shrewdly, 'that is because he gets out so much and mingles with stimulating people, while she is so tied at home. She and the two older boys about run the dairy. I notice one of the daughters helps deliver the milk.'

A vigorous rattling at the door interrupted them. As the teller opened it, Janet saw a large, stolid woman, in a straight, rusty coat that concealed any possible grace. Held tightly was a huge armful of baby, and clinging to her skirts was a bewitching-faced little butterfly of a girl.

'How-do-you-do, Mrs. Harvey?' said the young man, easily.

'Just fine, Bob,' returned the woman in a deep, pleasant voice. 'Is Mrs. Graham in?'

'Come back here, Fanny,' invited Janet, rising and going to open the door to a semi-private office. 'Do sit down and unwrap the baby. How old is he now?' she asked, watching Mrs. Harvey divest the infant of the heavy outer blanket.

'Four months. But it ain't a boy. It's a girl.'

'Oh, so she is,' returned Janet placidly. Long ago she had learned when in doubt to take it for granted that every child was a future president. 'What a darling! And you call her—?'

'Pearl.'

'Of course,' thought Janet. 'Pearl or Pansy. The more prosaic the mother, the more poetic the name.'

'This here one's Marie,' continued Mrs. Harvey. 'She'll be two in May.'

'My baby will be one in May!' exclaimed Janet. 'So this is what she will be like in a year from now. It doesn't seem possible they can grow so rapidly.' With tender curiosity she looked at the little girl, whose appealing violet eyes, chiseled features, and exquisite body made Janet wonder profoundly how Fanny Harvey could have produced such a lovely crea-

ture. 'She is adorable,' she enthused sincerely, and went briskly to get some paper and a pencil for Marie to play with while she and Mrs. Harvey talked.

'Give me Pearl,' she suggested, 'while you take off your coat and Marie's. It's so warm in here I'm afraid you may catch cold when you go out. These spring days are very deceptive. I'm going to take off the rest of this wee lamb's wraps.' And she was soon cooing down mother-fashion into the little face. 'Marie two years, and this one four months! Seven children already, and Fanny not more than three years older than I!' she thought. 'Well, for women like her, motherhood is as incidental as for their stock.'

'I've never seen your baby,' ventured Mrs. Harvey.

'Here is a picture of her taken at eleven weeks,' said Janet proudly. And with Pearl still in her arms she went to get it.

'My, ain't she sweet!'

'She is quite different now,' answered her mother softly. 'I know someone who is most awfully hungry,' she laughed; for little Pearl had begun to rummage in the folds of Janet's smart frock. 'It's impossible even to try to think until one's baby is contented. I know

from experience. Come into the directors' room; it's more secluded.' And as they sat down at the long table, she added, 'When Gloria was younger she used to have her dinner here every afternoon.'

'Yes,' said Mrs. Harvey with eager interest. 'I told Joe they must take the baby over here to you.'

It struck Janet as odd that Joe and Fanny Harvey had speculated upon where she nursed her baby. 'Yes,' she smiled, 'but now I feed her when I put her to sleep before I come in the afternoon, and then the first thing when I reach home. She does splendidly. I think I shan't wean her until the hot summer is over.'

Mrs. Harvey nodded her approval. 'It's best not to,' she said with authority. Then, with a gesture dramatic in its simplicity, she opened her waist a trifle further. A jagged, ugly scar crossed the breast against which little Pearl lay.

Janet's eyes misted with quick tears. 'Oh, my dear, did you have to go through *that?*'

'The sixth,' said Mrs. Harvey, with a significant glance at Marie. 'And she had to go on one. But this,' with a touch of her roughened fingers on Pearl's hair, 'this has two. You have no trouble?'

'None at all,' Janet answered gratefully.

Mrs. Harvey sighed. It was a sigh that told as much as her words. 'I have a hard time with all my children,' she confided. 'Before they come, too. Seems like I can't hardly get through my work. Joe used to tell me how you was always here in the bank every day. I've heard folks wonder how you get any time to give to Gloria.' Janet noticed the easy use of her baby's name, as if it had been often on Mrs. Harvey's tongue. 'But I tell 'em, "Land! I wish I could give as much time to mine." It worries me how I have to let them go; but there's only one pair of hands—'

'They are beautiful children,' said Janet warmly, drawing Marie close. 'I wonder if Gloria will be quite as enchanting. Wonderful little souls! There is nothing like them.'

The faces of the two women filled with expression. A genuine sweetness, a certain sound experience shone from both. They talked of their children. Gloria was eleven months and walking everywhere. Marie had walked at the end of ten. And her little legs were straight? But one could see! Pearl had the colic badly. Had Fanny used one of the bands that go over the shoulders under the shirt? They didn't slip, and kept the little stomachs

so warm. Johnny was just starting to school and found the two-mile walk pretty far. Joe hoped soon to be able to buy a pony for the children to drive. They had been promised one for a year, but Gladys had been put off from her music for more than that. She seemed so pale this spring. Did she have enough vegetables with iron in them, spinach and carrots and such? A warm intimacy, as real as the fundamental facts upon which it rested, drew the two together. Gentleness and motherhood possessed the room. On the soft, ample bosom little Pearl slept.

The clock sounded the half hour, and a ripple of uneasiness flowed between them. Janet became acutely conscious that time was passing. Now, with little Pearl asleep, was the time to talk. She was aware, too, from the tension in Mrs. Harvey's silence that she, also, was gathering her forces for some difficult utterance. They must get down to business. Yet, somehow, it was harder than usual. Heretofore, she had always dealt with Joe, and thus had not been made poignantly cognisant of the Harveys' struggle. Women had the capacity to give the most ordinary transaction emotional coloring, while men usually impersonalized most deals. They knew how to keep their

feelings in one compartment and cold facts in another. Janet's generous heart longed to give instead of to demand, but the latter had to be done, if not by her, then by Jim. There was no point in shifting responsibility. And besides, there was Robert's letter from New York. She was quiet a moment longer, then a little abruptly,—

'I'm awfully glad you came in this afternoon, because I was just going to write you. We must do something about this back interest. It can't be allowed to pile up as it is doing now. In the first place, it isn't good business on our part, nor fair to our stockholders; and then, it just makes it that much harder for you, Fanny, if you let your interest compound. You must clear some of it up. Mr. Osborne and I think we shall have to ask for a chattel on your growing wheat and corn as security.'

Mrs. Harvey's face clouded. 'You know, we would've paid if we could. If we get any kind of a crop, we'll turn over as much as we can spare and live. I don't think you ought to ask for a mortgage on the only thing we've got we can call our own.'

'Fanny,' said Janet gently but with unmistakable firmness, 'I am sure Joe is perfectly straight, but when he owes as much as he does

here and then goes to Illinois and writes a check on us for four hundred dollars that reads "part payment on Buckeye McKinley Segis," we are certainly going to see to it that we are protected, and that when you harvest your wheat this summer, some of it is coming to us and not going into more stock. If it is what you were planning to do anyway,—and I take your word for it when you say it is,—you surely can't consistently object.'

'Joe knows what he is doing when he buys the best,' said Mrs. Harvey, with spirit. 'It isn't for you to criticize his methods.'

'Not his methods,' agreed Janet evenly, 'but the results of those methods. Why didn't you have a better wheat-crop last year?'

'The Hessian flies got into it, and besides, it jointed before winter set in.'

'The chances are neither would have happened if you had turned your stock on to it.'

'How do you know we didn't?'

'My dear,' replied Janet, 'it's our business to know. It was because your fences weren't stock proof. Isn't that true? And wasn't that because Joe was here and there and everywhere?'

'He makes more buying and selling stock than raising it. He knows the best way to

advertise his stuff is at the shows. And he sure hopes to breed the dual-purpose cow, a Holstein and Shorthorn in one. He's got more brains than any other farmer around here.'

'I know he has brains, Fanny,' admitted Janet willingly. 'And he understands stock. I realize, too, that your farm is worth more than enough to clear the mortgage, the interest and all expenses, and then leave a wide margin. We are not worried about the loan. But you don't think we want ever to foreclose, do you? That's not our way. You tell Joe to stay at home and stick either to milk or beef. He dreams too much about this dual-purpose cow,' Janet continued sharply. 'He wants beef and milk from the same breed—we haven't got it yet. We may get it, at some distant time. Many stockmen believe it. Personally, I have my doubts. A cow eats forty pounds of feed a day, let us say —if she's a Holstein it goes to milk, if she's a Shorthorn it goes to beef. That food can't do both. You can't get something for nothing. Joe means well, but why doesn't he work along established lines and leave this problem to moneyed faddists and experiment stations? He ought to think of you and these children.'

'You're not thinking of them much, Janet Graham,' retorted Mrs. Harvey bitterly, 'or

you'd knock off that compound interest. I don't see what cause you have to kick about our being slow, when every day we put off paying you, you're getting ten per cent on the back interest, besides the regular six and a half on the mortgage.'

Both women were hardening. But Janet, accustomed to dealing with all sorts of people, explained patiently: 'You rented money from us which, invested, has brought you milk and calves. Rented to someone else, it would have brought us in rent promptly. And you can't tell how much or how little not having that income may have cost us. Money produces just as surely as a cow produces. Frankly, I, for one, need our share of this particular rent very much.'

'If our wheat had done better, we could've paid it all. Even then, if our alfalfa hadn't been winter froze and—'

'Fanny,' broke in Janet quickly, 'I'm going to talk plain English to you. It's just people like your husband who justify compound interest. He is honest in intention, but if we were too easy, he would let his debts run and run and accumulate. There must be some penalty that makes it too expensive not to meet his obligations. You have splendid land

and good stock, and you can pay every dollar you owe, if you'll stick to the dairy business with good grade, and some registered, animals. You know, I'm not against fine blood. On the contrary. But I think Joe has no business to go into it to the point where this present situation is the result.'

'He'll never be contented until he breeds the animal he's working for. To him all the money in the world will never be worth that.'

Slow tears gathered in Mrs. Harvey's tired eyes and trickled down her flushed cheeks. 'Maybe you think I haven't talked to him, Janet. A man who knows farming like him, and me working like I do, and the three older children helping so willing. I wish to God he could get this breed. It isn't only the money it would bring us, though you know how such stuff sells. But it would be the peace. He's found the right kind of a bull up in Illinois. Here's his telegram.'

As she fumbled for it, there arose before Janet the picture of Joe Harvey—a man of middle age, above medium height, dressed always with a certain careless style, shoes polished, great, capable hands, heavy dark hair, with touches of gray growing thick on a massive head, positive jaw, and eyes that gleamed

like new steel when he was making one of his 'trades'; genial, square in all his dealings, but quick to see and take every legitimate advantage. A practical stockman who could be successful, forever pursuing a will-o'-the-wisp; dreaming among cows—a dream that was an ominous crescendo of disappointment.

Simultaneously there flashed into her mind Robert with his whimsical smile, his dear eyes shadowed with visions, and his play of Machiavelli and Voltaire and Chesterton. Another idealist, but her own, whom she would stand by with every bit of intelligence and every ounce of determination, yes, just as Fanny Harvey was standing by hers.

'Here's his night-letter,' said Mrs. Harvey. 'It come this morning.'

Janet read: 'Have found exactly animal looking for Holstein will cross with Nell Beachwood arrange loan for one thousand put it through for me girl I depend on you.'

The stillness deepened until little Pearl's breathing and the friction of Marie's pencil on the paper vied with the tick of the clock in distinctness. In the eyes of each of the women glowed the reflected light of her husband's radiant dream. Harvey's called for a thousand, Robert's for three.

To Janet, imaginative, sensitive soul that she was, the moment seemed woven of the very tissue of tragedy. She must play her part in frustrating one man's creative triumph, that another's might be quickened; in condemning Joe Harvey to the common level, that Robert might advance toward brilliant achievement. It was cruel! Then the good sense that usually guided Janet through the mists of her sympathies reasserted itself. Clearly it was not for her to finance the Harveys' castles. She and Robert had their own castles.

'Can't be done,' she said decidedly, and there was finality in her voice. 'We hold a chattel on stock now that we took because Joe almost convinced Mr. Osborne and myself that it was his one chance to win out. That was when he bought the Shorthorn, Nell Beachwood. She was all that was necessary to attain the perfect result. Now he has her and it is still the same story—it is another animal he needs.'

'Nell Beachwood did drop some fine calves. He is getting them better and better.'

'I'm awfully sorry, but it can't be done,' repeated Janet. 'Even if he did produce what he's after I question if he could exploit the new breed successfully. It's the turning-point for you, Fanny.'

'We can give a chattel on our growing crop as security for this loan,' pleaded Mrs. Harvey desperately.

'We expect that, as I showed you before, to protect the back seven hundred,' Janet reminded her. 'We can't loan another dollar until you begin to clean up what you owe and get things in shape. I wish we didn't have to, honestly, but we must protest Joe's sight draft. I warned him myself the next time he drew on us in that way we could not honor his check.'

'That'd be a raw trick!' blazed Mrs. Harvey.

'I've explained,' said Janet patiently, torn by the bitter disappointment she was causing.

She rose quietly. Marie, caught by the note of pain and anger in her mother's tone, crowded against her. Waking, Pearl began to fret. The two women might have been trying to converse from different stars.

Janet knew that in Mrs. Harvey's present mood discussion was useless. She held out her arms to take the baby while the mother put on her wraps. Then, quite unconscious of their faultless teamwork, the two pairs of practised hands rolled little Pearl in the heavy blanket. As the rose-petal cheek, so like her own little Gloria's, rested on Janet's shoulder, she touched

it tenderly with her lips. The movement, the look in her eyes, no mother could misunderstand. Mrs. Harvey melted a trifle.

'It isn't everyone she takes to like you. Here, Marie, give Mrs. Graham her pencil.'

Marie clung to it.

'Oh, do let her keep it.'

'No,' insisted Mrs. Harvey, 'she's got to learn to give up the things she wants. She may as well begin now.' And as Janet opened the door for her, she added stiffly, 'Good-bye.'

When it had closed behind them, Osborne asked, 'Have a good talk?'

'Yes,' replied Janet wearily. 'She came in about that check. Wanted to borrow a thousand.'

'A thousand!' Osborne fairly snorted.

'Oh, I made her understand she couldn't have it,' Janet assured him. 'They'll come to time. The compound interest will act as a spur. Jim, my heart aches for that woman.' And to herself she added, 'Fanny Harvey, whom I thought like her stock, for whom there were so few problems—'

Janet went back to her desk, where, pushing aside the mortgages, she wrote hastily to Robert, pouring forth her faith in his dreams and urging that between them they could afford the three thousand.

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THE ATHEIST'S MASS

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Doctor Bianchon, a physician to whom science is indebted for a grand physiological theory, and who, though still a young man, is considered one of the celebrities of the School of Paris (itself a center of light to which all the physicians of Europe pay homage), had practiced surgery for a long time before he devoted himself to medicine. His early studies were directed by one of the greatest of French surgeons, a man who passed through the scientific world like a meteor—the celebrated Despleins. As his enemies themselves acknowledge, an intransmittable method was buried in his tomb. Like all men of genius he had no heirs; he carried—and he carried away everything with him. The fame of a surgeon is like the fame of an actor; it exists only as long as they live, and their talent is no longer appreciable after they have disappeared. Actors and surgeons, like great singers also, and those masters who increase the power of music tenfold by their execution, are all heroes of the moment. Despleins himself is a proof of this similarity between the destinies of these transitory geniuses; his name, yesterday so celebrated, is today almost forgotten; it will last only in his special sphere, and will not pass beyond it. But are not unheard-of circumstances required for the name of a *savant* to

pass beyond the domain of his science into the general history of humanity? Had Despleins that universality of knowledge which makes a man the *Word*, the *Expression* of an age? Despleins possessed a divine glance; he penetrated into the patient and his disease by natural or acquired intuition which enabled him to seize the diagnostics peculiar to the individual, and taking into consideration the atmospheric conditions and the peculiarities of the temperament, to determine the precise time, the hour, the minute for an operation to take place. In order thus to proceed in concert with nature, had he studied the incessant juncture between beings and elementary substances contained in the atmosphere or furnished by the earth for their absorption and preparation by man, in order that he may draw from them a peculiar expression? Did he proceed by that deductive and analogical power to which the genius of Cuvier is due?—However that may be, he made himself the confidant of the flesh; by relying on the present he comprehended it in the past and the future. But did he sum up all science in his own person as Hippocrates, Galen, and Aristotle did? Had he led a whole school to new worlds? No. If it is impossible to deny that this perpetual observer of human chemistry possessed the ancient science of magism —that is to say, the knowledge of the elements in fusion, of the causes of life, of life before life, of what from its preparations it will be before it is, still it is but just to admit that everything in him was personal; he was iso-

lated in his life by egoism, and today his egoism is the suicide of his fame. Upon his tomb rises no sonorous statue proclaiming to the future the mysteries which genius seeks at its expense. But perhaps the talent of Despleins was part and parcel of his belief, and consequently mortal. To him the terrestrial atmosphere was a generative bag; he could see the earth like an egg in its shell, and not being able to decide whether the egg or the fowl came first, he admitted neither the shell nor the egg. He believed neither in the animal anterior nor the spirit posterior to man. Despleins was not in doubt, he affirmed. In his frank, unmixed atheism he was like so many *savants*, the best men in the world, but invincible atheists, such atheists as religious men will not acknowledge can exist. This opinion could not be otherwise in a man accustomed from early youth to dissect the being *par excellence* before, during, and after his life, to search him through all his organization, without finding that single soul which is so necessary to religious theories. Recognizing in man a cerebral center, a nervous center and an aerosanguineous center the two former supplying each other's places so well that he was convinced during the last two or three days of his life that the sense of hearing was not absolutely necessary for hearing, nor the sense of sight absolutely necessary for seeing, and that the solar plexus could replace them beyond suspicion of any change; Despleins, I say, finding two souls in man,

confirmed his atheism by this fact, although it still proves nothing on the subject of God. This man, it is said, died in the final impenitence of, unhappily, so many fine geniuses; may God forgive them! The life of this really great man betrayed many pettinesses, to use the phrase of enemies anxious to diminish his reputation, but which it would be more correct to call apparent contradictions. Never having had any cognizance of the motives on which men of higher intellect act, the envious or stupid immediately seize upon some superficial contradictions in order to draw up an indictment on which they obtain a momentary verdict. If, later on, success crowns the combinations they have attacked, by demonstrating the relation of the preparations to the results, still a few of their advance guard calumnies always survive. Thus in our own time, Napoleon was condemned by his contemporaries when he stretched out the wings of his eagle over England; 1822 was necessary to explain 1804 and the flat-bottom boats at Boulogne.

In the case of Despleins, his reputation and scientific knowledge being unassailable, his enemies found ground for attack in his extraordinary temper and his moral character; as a matter of fact, he certainly did possess that quality which the English call "eccentricity." At times he dressed superbly, like Crebillon, the tragic writer, than all at once he would affect a strange indifference in the matter of clothes; sometimes he appeared in a carriage, sometimes on foot. He was by turns

brusque and kind, though apparently hard and stingy; yet he was capable of offering his fortune to his masters when they were in exile, and they actually did him the honor of accepting it for a few days. No man has been the object of more contradictory judgments. Although for the sake of a *cordon noir*, which physicians have no business to solicit, he was capable of dropping a book of Hours out of his pocket at Court, it is certain that, inwardly, he laughed at the whole thing. He had a profound contempt for mankind, for he had studied them from above and below; he had caught them with their true expressions in the midst of the most serious and of the pettiest actions of life. The qualities of a great man are often consolidate. If among these giants one has more talent than *esprit*, still his *esprit* has a wider range than that of a man whom one simply calls "a man of *esprit*." All genius presupposes intuition; this intuition may be directed to some special subject; but a man who can see a flower must be able to see the sun. The doctor who is asked by a courtier whose life he has saved, "How is the Emperor?" and answers, "The courtier is recovering, the man will follow!" is not only a surgeon or a physician, he is also prodigiously *spirituel*. Thus the close and patient observer of humanity will justify the exorbitant pretensions of Despleins, and will believe him—as he believed himself—to have been as capable of making quite as great a minister as he was a surgeon.

Among the enigmas which the life of Des-

pleins offer, to the eyes of his contemporaries, we have chosen one of the most interesting, because the point comes at the end of the story, and will answer accusations which have been made against him. Of all the pupils that Despleins had at his hospital, Horace Bianchon was one of those to whom he was most warmly attached. Before going into residence at the Hotel Dieu, Horace Bianchon was a student of medicine, and lodged in le quartier Latin at a wretched *pension*, known under the name of La Maison Vauquer. At this place the poor youth experienced the pangs of that acute poverty which acts as a sort of cresset from which young men of great talent should come forth refined and incorruptible, like diamonds which can be subjected to any shock without breaking. In the violent flames of passions, just freed from restraint, they acquire habits of the most unswerving probity, and accustom themselves by means of the constant labor wherewith they have baffled and confined their appetites to those struggles which await on genius. Horace was a straightforward young man, incapable of double-dealing in a question of honor, going straight to the point without palavering, and as ready to pawn his cloak for a friend as to give him his working time or his evenings. He was one of those friends who do not trouble themselves about what they receive in exchange for what they give, being certain of receiving in their turn more than they have given. Most of his friends had that inward respect for him which unobtrusive goodness inspires, and many

of them were afraid of his censure. But Horace displayed his good qualities without priggishness. He was neither a Puritan nor a preacher; and he swore with a will when he gave advice, and was quite ready to take his slice of good cheer if the occasion offered. He was good company, not more prudish than a trooper, open and straightforward—not like a salior—a sailor nowadays is a wily diplomatist—but like a fine young man who has nothing in his life to hide, he held his head high, and walked on with a light heart. In fact, to sum up everything in a word, Horace was the Pylades of more than one Orestes—creditors serving nowadays as the nearest representation of the ancient Furies. He wore his poverty with that gaiety which is perhaps one of the greatest elements of courage, and, like all those who have nothing, he contracted few debts. As sober as a camel, and as watchful as a stag, his ideas and his conduct were equally unwavering. The happiness of Bianchon's life began on the day on which the famous surgeon received a proof of the faults and good qualities which, the one as much as the other, made Doctor Horace Bianchon doubly precious to his friends. When the chief clinical lecturer takes a young man under his wing, that young man has, as they say, his foot in the stirrup. Despleins did not fail to take Bianchon with him as his assistant to wealthy houses, where some present almost always found its way into the pupil's purse, and where the mysteries of Parisian life were insensibly revealed to his provincial experience. He kept him in his

study during consultations, and gave him employment there. Sometimes he would send him to accompany a rich patient to the baths. In fact, he nursed a practice for him. Consequently, at the end of a certain time, the despot of surgery had a *seïd*. These two men, one at the height of his celebrity and at the head of his own science, enjoying an immense fortune and an immense reputation; the other, a humble Omega, without either fortune or fame—became intimates. The great Despleins told his assistant everything. He knew if such and such a woman had sat on a chair by the master, or on the famous couch which stood in the study, and on which he slept. He knew thoroughly the great man's temperament—half lion, half bull—which at last developed and amplified his bust to such a degree as to cause his death by enlargement of the heart. He studied the strange corners of that busy life, the projects of its sordid avarice, the hopes of the politician hidden beneath the *savant;* he could foresee the deceptions which awaited the one sentiment buried in a heart not so much bronzen as bronzed.

One day Bianchon told Despleins that a poor water-carrier of le quartier Saint Jacques had a terrible illness caused by fatigue and poverty; the poor Auvergnat had eaten nothing but potatoes during the great winter of 1821. Despleins left all his patients; he flew, at the risk of breaking his horse's wind, followed by Bianchon, to the poor man's lodgings, and himself had him carried into the private hospital

founded by the celebrated Dubois, in le faubourg Saint Denis. He went and attended the man, and when he had cured him gave him the necessary sum to buy a horse and a water-cart. This Auvergnat was remarkable for an original trait. One of his friends fell ill, so he promptly brought him to his benefactor, saying, "I could not bear for him to go to any one else."

Despleins, crabbed as he was, grasped the water-carrier's hand, and said, "Bring them all to me." Then he got this son of Le Cantal taken in at the Hotel Dieu and took the greatest care of him while he was there. Bianchon had already several times noticed in his chief a predilection for Auvergnats, and especially for water-carriers; but as Despleins made his duties at the Hotel Dieu a sort of point of honor, he did not see anything so very strange in it. One day as Bianchon was crossing la place Saint Sulpice, he caught sight of his master going into the church. Despleins, who at that time never went a step out of his *cabriolet*, was on foot, and slipped out of la rue du Petit Lion as if he had been into a house of doubtful reputation. Naturally seized with curiosity, the assistant, who knew his master's opinions, and was *un cabaniste en dyable* (with a *y*, which seems in Rabelais to imply superiority in *devylrie*), slipped also into Saint Sulpice. He was not a little astonished at seeing the great Despleins—that atheist without pity for the angels, because they offer no resistance to the bistoury, and cannot have either fistulas or gastritis;—in fact, the dauntless *désireur* kneel-

ing humbly on his knees, and where? In the chapel of the Virgin, at which he was hearing a mass. He gave for the expenses of the ceremony, he gave for the poor, as serious all the time as if he had been performing an operation. "He can't be come to throw light on questions relative to the parturition of the Virgin," said Bianchon, whose astonishment was boundless. "If I had seen him holding one of the tassels of the canopy of Corpus Christi, it would only have been a joke; but at his hour, alone, without any one to see!—it certainly is something to think about." Bianchon did not like to appear to be spying upon the first surgeon of the Hotel Dieu, so he went away. It chanced that Despleins had invited him to dinner that very day, not at his own house, but at a restaurant. At dessert Bianchon succeeded by skilful maneuvering in bringing the conversation round to the subject of the mass, which he pronounced a mummery and a farce. "It's a farce," said Despleins, "which has cost Christianity more blood than all the battles of Napoleon, and all the leeches of Broussais! The mass is a Papal invention, based on *Hoc est corpus*, and does not go back further than the sixteenth century. What torrents of blood had to be shed in order to establish the observance of Corpus Christi! By the institution of this feast the Court of Rome was determined to mark its victory in the question of the real Presence—a schism which troubled the Church for three centuries. The Waldenses and the Albigenses refused to accept the innovation, and the wars of le Comte de Toulouse and the Al-

bigenses are the conclusion of the whole affair." In fact, Despleins revelled in giving vent to all his atheistic caprices; he poured forth a flood of Voltarian pleasantry, or to be exact—a horrible parody of *Le Citateur*.

"Ho! ho!" said Bianchon to himself. "What has become of my morning *dévot?*" He kept silence; he doubted whether it was his chief that he had seen at Saint Sulpice. Despleins would not have taken the trouble to lie to Bianchon; they knew each other too well; they had already exchanged thoughts on equally serious subjects, and discussed systems *de natura rerum*, probing or dissecting them with the knives and scalpel of incredulity. Three months passed; Bianchon did not follow this up, although the fact remained stamped in his memory. One day during the year, one of the physicians of the Hotel Dieu took Despleins by the arm in Bianchon's presence, as if to ask him a question.

"What were you going to do at Saint Sulpice, *mon cher Maître?*" said he.

"I went there to see a priest who has *caries* of the knee, whom Madame la Duchesse d'Angouleme did me the honor to recommend to me," said Despleins.

The doctor was satisfied with this excuse—not so Bianchon.

"Oh! he goes to see bad knees in the church, does he? He went to hear his mass," said he to himself. He determined to watch Despleins. He made a note of the day and the hour when he had caught him going into Saint Sulpice, and determined to be there the year following at

the same day and hour to see if he could catch him again. If he did, the regular recurrence of his devotion would justify a scientific investigation, for it would not be becoming in so great a man to show a direct contradiction between his thought and his action. The following year, at the day and hour named, Bianchon, who was by this time Despleins's assistant no longer, saw his friend's *cabriolet* stopping at the corner of la rue de Tournon and la rue du Petit Lion; from there Despleins crept jesuitically along the walls of Saint Sulpice, and again heard his mass at the altar of the Virgin. It certainly was Despleins! the chief surgeon, the atheist *in petto*, the chance *dévot*. The plot was thickening. The famous *savant's* persistency complicated it all. When Despleins had gone out, Bianchon went up to the sacristan who had come to invest the chapel, and asked him whether the gentleman was a regular attendant there.

"I have been here for twenty years," said the sacristan, "and all that time Monsieur Despleins has come four times a year to hear this mass; he founded it himself."

"A foundation by him!" said Bianchon, as he walked way. "It's as great a mystery as the Immaculate Conception—a thing of itself to make a doctor incredulous."

Some time passed by before Doctor Bianchon, although he was Desplein's friend, was in a position to talk to him of this strange incident in his life. If they met in consultation or in society, it was difficult to find that moment

of confidence and solitude when one sits with one's feet on the fire-dogs and one's head resting on the back of an armchair, when two men tell each other their secrets. At last, seven years later, after the Revolution of 1830, when the people rushed upon the Archbishop's palace, when Republican inspiration drove them to destroy the gilded crosses that flashed up like lightning in this immense ocean of houses, when disbelief side by side with sedition stalked the streets, Bianchon caught Despleins again going into Saint Sulpice. The doctor followed, and took a place near his friend without his making him the least sign or showing the least surprise. They heard the votive mass together.

"Tell me, *mon cher*," said Bianchon to Despleins, when they were outside the church, "what is the reason for this *capucinade* of yours? I have now caught you three times going to mass—*you!* You must give me a reason for this mysterious proceeding, and explain the flagrant inconsistency between your opinions and your practice. You don't believe in God, and yet you go to mass! My dear master, you are really bound to answer me."

"I am like many *dévots*, men profoundly religious in appearance, but quite as much atheists as we are, you and I."

Then came a torrent of epigrams on certain political personages, the best known of whom represent in this century a second edition of Molière's *tartuffe*.

"I did not ask for all that," said Bianchon. "I want to know the reason for what you have

just been doing here; why did you found this mass?"

"*Ma fois, mon cher ami,*" said Despleins. "I am on the brink of the grave, so it is as well that I should speak to you of the beginning of my life."

At this moment Bianchon and the great man happened to be in la rue des Quatre-Vents, one of the most horrible streets in Paris. Despleins pointed to the sixth story of one of those houses like an obelisk, with a side door opening into an alley, at the end of which is a tortuous staircase lit by inside lights,—well named, *jours de souffrance.* It was a greenish-colored house; on the basement lived a furniture dealer, who seemed to lodge a different misery on each of his floors. Despleins raised his arm with an emphatic gesture and said to Bianchon: "I lived up there for two years!"

"I know it; d'Arthez lived there. I used to come here almost every day when I was a youth; we used to call it '*Le bocal aux grands hommes.*' Well?"

"The mass that I have just heard is connected with events which took place at the time when I lived in the garret in which you tell me d'Arthez used to live; the one with the window where the line with the clothes on it is floating over the pot of flowers. I had such a rough start, my dear Bianchon, that I can dispute the palm of the sufferings of Paris with any one. I have endured everything: hunger, thirst, want of money, of clothes, of boots and shoes, and of linen—all the hardest phases of poverty. I have blown on my numbed fingers in that '*bocal*

aux grands hommes'—I should like to go with you and see it again. I worked through one winter when I could see my head steaming and a cloud of my own breath rising as you see the breath of horses on a frosty day. I do not know where a man gets his support from to enable him to offer any resistance to such a life. I was alone, without help, without a soul either to buy books or to pay the expenses of my medical education. Not having a friend, my irritable, gloomy, restless temperament stood in my way. No one was willing to see in my irritability the labors and difficulties of a man who, from the bottom of the social state where he is, is toiling to reach the surface. But—I can say this to *you;* before you I have no need of disguise—I had that foundation of noble sentiments and vivid sensibility which will always be the appanage of men who are strong enough to climb to any summit whatever, after having trudged for a long time through the sloughs of poverty. I could get nothing from my family, nor my home, beyond the meager allowance they made me. At this time then, all I had to eat in the morning was a little loaf which the baker in la rue du Petit Lion sold me cheaper, because it had been baked the evening before, or the evening before that. This I crumbled into some milk; so my morning meal only cost me two *sous.* I only dined every other day, at a *pension* where the dinner cost sixteen *sous.* In this way I only spent nine *sous* a day. You know as well as I do what care I had to take of my clothes, and my boots and shoes! I don't know whether we feel later as much

trouble over the treason of a comrade as we feel—you have felt it too—at the sight of the mocking grin of a shoe that is coming unsewed, or at the sound of a split in the lining of an overcoat. I drank nothing but water. I had the greatest respect for the *cafés*. Zoppi seemed to me a sort of Promised Land where the Luculli of the *pays latin* alone had rights of presence. Should I ever be able, I said to myself sometimes, to take a cup of coffee and cream there, and play a game of dominoes? Well, I carried into my work the fever with which my poverty inspired me. I tried to acquire positive details of knowledge, that I might possess an immense personal value, and so deserve the place I was to reach on the day when I passed out of my state of nothingness. I consumed more oil than bread; the light that lit me during those stubborn nights cost me more than my food. The struggle was long, obstinate, and without any consolation. I awoke no sympathy about me. In order to make friends, a young man must mix with his fellows, possess a few *sous* to be able to go and drink with them, and go with them everywhere where students do go! I had nothing! and no one in Paris realizes what a nothing 'nothing' is. If ever there was an occasion which might betray my poverty, I experienced that nervous contraction of the gullet which makes a patient believe that a ball is rising up into the larynx out of the œsophagus. Later on I met those people who were born rich, who have never wanted for anything, and do not know the problem of this rule of three: '*A young man is to*

crime as a hundred sou piece is to ×.' These gilded idiots say to me: 'Then why did you get into debt? Why did you contract such onerous obligations?' They remind me of the princess who, knowing that the people were starving for bread, said: 'Why don't they buy *brioches?*' I should very much like to see one of these rich people, who complain that I charge them too much for operating—yes, I should like to see him alone in Paris without a *sou* or a scrap of baggage, without a friend and without credit, forced to work with his five fingers to live. What would he do? Where would he go to stay his hunger? Bianchon, if you have seen me sometimes hard and bitter, it was that I was laying my former troubles upon the callousness and egoism of which I have had thousands of proofs in high quarters; or I may have been thinking of the obstacles that hate and envy and jealousy and calumny have raised between me and success. At Paris, as soon as certain people see you ready to put your foot in the stirrup, some of them catch you by your coat tail; others loose the buckle of the girth so that you may fall and break your head; another takes the shoes off your horse; another steals your whip; the least treacherous is the one you can see coming to shoot you, with the muzzle of his pistol close to you. You have enough talent, *mon cher enfant*, to know very soon the horrible, incessant warfare that mediocrity wages against a man of greater power. If you lose twenty-five *louis* one evening, the next morning you will be accused of being a gambler, and your best friends will say that the night

before you lost twenty-five thousand *francs*. If your head is bad, you will pass for a lunatic. If you feel irritable, you will be unbearable. If, in order to resist this army of pigmies, you collect your superior forces, your best friends will cry out that you want to eat up everything, that you think you have a right to domineer and play the tyrant. In short, your good qualities will become faults, your faults will become vices and your vices will be crimes. If you have saved a man, you will have killed him; if your patient recovers, it will be certain that you have assured the present at the expense of the future; if he is not dead, he will die. Stumble, and you will have fallen. Invent whatever you will, claim your just rights, you will be a sharp man, a man difficult to deal with, a man who won't let young men get on. So you see, *mon cher*, if I do not believe in God, much less do I believe in man. You recognize in me, don't you, an entirely different Despleins from the Despleins whom every one abuses? But don't let us stir up the mud! Well, I lived in that house; I was hard at work so as to be able to pass my first examination; I hadn't got a stiver. I had come to one of those last extremities when, you know, a man says, 'I must enlist.' I had one hope. I was expecting a trunk full of linen from my home—a present from one of those old aunts who, knowing nothing about Paris, think of one's shirts, under the idea that with thirty *francs* a month their nephew lives on ortolans. The trunk arrived while I was at the school; the carriage cost forty *francs*. The porter, a German shoemaker, who lodged in a

loft, had paid the money and kept the trunk. I went for a walk in la rue des Fosses Saint Germain des Prés, and in la rue de l'Ecole de Médecin, but I could not invent a stratagem which would deliver me up my trunk, without my being obliged to give the forty *francs*, which I should naturally have paid after having sold the linen. My stupidity in this taught me that I had no other vocation than surgery. Delicate minds which exercise their power in a lofty sphere are wanting in that spirit of intrigue which is so fertile in resource and combination; *their* talent is chance; they do not seek—they *find*. Well, at night I returned. My neighbor, a water-carrier, named Bourgeat, a man from Saint Flour, was going in at the same moment. We knew each other in the way that two lodgers get to know each other who have rooms at the same landing and hear each other sleeping, coughing, and dressing, until at last they get used to one another. My neighbor informed me that the landlord, whom I owed for three terms, had turned me out; I had to pack off on the following day. He himself had notice to quit on account of his trade. The night I spent was the most miserable in my life. Where was I to get a messenger to carry my few belongings and my books? How was I to pay a messenger and the carter? Where was I to go to? I asked myself these unanswerable questions again and again, through my tears, like madmen repeating their refrains. I fell asleep. Poverty has a divine sleep of its own, full of beautiful dreams. The next morning, while I was eating my bowl of bread crumbled

into milk, Bourgeat comes in and says in his bad French:

"'*Monchieur l'Etudiant*, I'm a poor fellow, a foundling from the hospital at *Chian* Flour; I've no father or mother, and I've never been rich enough to marry. You've not a lot of people belonging to you neither; you've not got anything to speak of. Look here, I've got a hand-cart down below which I've hired for two *sous* an hour. It'll hold all our things; if you're agreeable, we'll look out for a place where we can lodge together, as we're driven out of this. After all it's not such a paradise on earth.'

"'I know that, my good Bourgeat,' I said; 'but I am in great difficulties. Down below I have got a trunk containing linen worth a hundred *écus;* with that I should be able to pay the landlord and also what I owe the porter, but I haven't got a hundred *sous*.'

"H'm! I've got some *chink*,' he answered cheerfully, showing me a filthy old leather purse. 'You'd better keep your linen.'

"Bourgeat paid for me three terms and his own, and settled with the porter. Then he put our furniture and my linen onto his barrow and pushed it through the streets, stopping before every house where there was a placard hung out. *I* went up to see if the place to let would be likely to suit us. At midday we were still wandering about le quartier Latin without having found anything. The price was a great obstacle. Bourgeat proposed that we should dine at a wine shop; we left our barrow at the door.

"Toward evening I discovered in la cour de Bohan, passage du Commerce, two rooms sep-

arated by a staircase, at the top of a house, under the tiles. We could have lodgings for sixty *francs* a year each. Here then we settled down, I and my humble friend. We dined together. Bourgeat, who earned about fifty *sous* a day, possessed about a hundred *écus*. He would soon have been able to realize his ambition and buy a horse and water-cart. When he discovered my situation, for he could draw out my secrets with a depth of cunning and a kindness the memory of which even now touches my heart, he gave up for some time the ambition of his whole life. Bourgeat had worked in the streets since he was twenty-two; he sacrificed his hundred *écus* to my future."

Here Despleins pressed Bianchon's arm.

"He gave me the necessary money for my examinations. He understood, *mon ami*, that I had a mission—that the needs of my intelligence exceeded his own. He took charge of me; he called me his *petit;* he lent me the money necessary for my purchases of books; sometimes he would come in very quietly to watch me at work; in short, he took all the care of me that a mother would that I might be able to have wholesome nourishment instead of the bad and insufficient food to which I had been condemned.

"Bourgeat was a man of about forty, with the face of a medieval burgher, a prominent forehead, and a head that a painter might have taken as a model for Lycurgus. The poor man felt his heart big with dormant affection, he had never been loved except by a poodle, which

had died a short time before. He was always talking to me about it, and used to ask me if I thought that the Church would consent to say masses for the repose of its soul. He said his dog was a true Christian; it had accompanied him to church for twelve years without ever having barked. It listened to the organ without opening its mouth, sitting quietly by him with an air which made him believe that it was praying with him. This man centered all his affections on me; he accepted me as a being who came in trouble; he became the most attentive of mothers to me, the most delicate of benefactors—in short, the ideal of that virtue which delights in its own work. If I met him in the streets he cast on me a look of intelligence full of inconceivable nobleness. On these occasions he walked as if he were carrying nothing; it seemed to make him happy to see me in good health and well clad. In fact, his was the devotion of the people, the love of the *grisette*, carried into a higher sphere. He did my commissions, woke me at night at certain hours, cleaned my lamp, and polished our landing: he was as good a servant as he was a father, as neat as an English girl. He kept house; like Philopœmen, he sawed up our wood; doing everything in a simple way of his own without ever compromising his dignity, for he seemed to feel that the end he had in view could ennoble whatever he did. When I left this good man to enter at the Hotel Dieu as a resident, I cannot describe the sadness and gloom he felt at the thought that he could no longer live with me; but he consoled himself with the prospect

of saving up the money necessary for the expenses of my thesis, and made me promise to come on the days when we had leave, to see him. He was proud of me; he loved me for my own sake, and for his own too. If you were to look up my thesis, you would see that it was dedicated to him. During the last year of my term of residence I had earned enough money to repay the noble Auvergnat all I owed him, by buying him a horse and water-cart. He was furiously angry to think that I was depriving myself of the money, and yet enchanted at seeing his wishes realized; he laughed and scolded me together, looking at the horse and water-cart, and saying, as he wiped away a tear, 'It's too bad. Oh! what a splendid cart! you ought not to have done it. . . . The horse is as strong as an Auvergnat.' I never saw anything more touching than this scene. Bourgeat absolutely insisted on buying me the case of instruments mounted in silver which you have seen in my study; to me it is the most precious thing I possess. Although elated at my first success, he never let the least word escape him or the least sign that implied: 'This man is due to me.' And yet without him poverty would have killed me. The poor man was killing himself for me; he had eaten nothing but bread rubbed with garlic, so that I might have enough coffee for my vigils. He fell ill. As you may imagine, I spent the nights at his bedside; I pulled him through the first time, but he had a relapse two years afterward, and in spite of the most devoted care, in spite of the greatest efforts of science, he had to give in.

No king was ever nursed as he was. Yes, Bianchon, I tried things unheard of before to snatch that life from death. I would have made him live, as much as anything that he might witness his own work, that I might realize all his prayers for him, that I might satisfy the only feeling of gratitude that has ever filled my heart and extinguish a fire which burns me even now."

"Bourgeat," continued Despleins, who was visibly moved, after a pause, "my second father, died in my arms. He left me everything he possessed by a will he had had made by a scrivener, dated the year when we went to lodge in la cour de Rohan. He had all the faith of a charcoal burner; he loved the Blessed Virgin as he would have loved his wife. Though he was an ardent Catholic, he had never said a word to me about my irreligion. He besought me, when he was in danger, to spare no pains that he might have the assistance of the Church. He would often express to me during the night fears as to his future; he was afraid that he had not lived a holy enough life. Poor man! he toiled from morning till night. To whom else could Paradise, if there is a Paradise, belong? He received the sacraments like the saint he was, and his death was worthy of his life. No one followed his funeral except me. When I had placed my only benefactor in the earth, I pondered how I could perform my obligations to him. I remembered that he had no family, or friends, or wife, or children; but he believed; he had a religious conviction. Had I any right to dispute it? He had spoken to me

timidly about masses said for the repose of the dead. He had not chosen to impose that duty upon me, thinking that it would be like asking for a return for his devotion. As soon as I could establish a foundation, I gave the necessary sum to Saint Sulpice for having four masses a year said here. As the only thing I could offer Bourgeat in satisfaction of his pious wishes, I go in his name, on the day on which this mass is said at the beginning of every season, and recite for him the necessary prayers. I say with the good faith of a doubter: 'My God, if there is a sphere where Thou puttest after their death those who have been perfect, think of good Bourgeat; and if there is anything for him to suffer, give me his sufferings that he may enter more quickly into what is called Paradise.' That, *mon cher*, is all that a man of my opinions can allow himself. God must be *un bon diable;* he could not be annoyed with me. I swear to you I would give my fortune for the belief of Bourgeat to enter into my brain." Bianchon, who attended Despleins in his last illness, dares not affirm now that the celebrated surgeon died an atheist. Those who believe will like to think that the humble Auvergnat will have come to open to him the door of Heaven, as he formerly opened to him the door of that eartnly temple over which is written, *Aux grands hommes la patrie reconnaissante.*

AN ACCURSED HOUSE

(*A Story related by Horace Bianchon*)

On the banks of the Loire, about a stone's throw from Vendôme stands an old brown house, with a very steep roof. Even the stinking tanyards and the wretched taverns found on the outskirts of almost all small towns have no place here; the isolation is complete. At the back of this dwelling, leading down to the bank of the river, is a garden. The box, once clipped to mark the walks, grows now as it will; some willows sprung from the Loire have formed a boundary with their rapid growth, and almost hide the house; plants which we call weeds make the sloping bank beautiful with their luxuriant growth; the fruit trees, unpruned for ten years, form a thicket with their suckers, and yield no harvest; the espaliers have grown as bushy as a hedge of elms; paths once sanded are covered with purslain—or rather, of the paths themselves there is left no trace. From the brow of the hill hang, as it were the ruins of the ancient castle of the Dukes of Vendôme; it is the only place whence the eye can penetrate into this retreat.

It is said that this strip of land was once—at a date difficult to fix exactly—the delight of a gentleman who spent his time in the cultivation of roses and tulips; in fact, in horticulture generally, especially devoting himself to the rarer fruits. An arbor—or rather, the ruins of one—is still visible, and in it a table which time has not yet entirely destroyed. The sight

of this garden which is no more reminds one of the negative enjoyment of life spent peacefully in the county, just as one guesses at the story of a successful merchant from the epitaph on his tomb. To complete the sad and sweet thoughts which fasten here upon the soul, one of the walls bears a sun dial inscribed with this legend, "Ultimam cogita"—such is the reminder of its somewhat matter-of-fact Christianity. The roofs of this house are utterly ruinous, the shutters are always closed, the balconies full of swallows' nests, the doors forever shut; tall grasses etch with their green outline the cracks in the pavement, the bolts are red with rust. Summer and winter the sun and the moon and the snow have cracked the wood and shrunk the planks and gnawed away the paint. Here silence and gloom hold their untroubled sway, only birds, and cats, and rats, and mice, and martins roam here unmolested, and fight their battles, and prey upon each other. Over all an invisible hand has written the one word—*Mystery*.

If you were driven by your curiosity to go round and look at the house on the other side, from the road, you would notice a wide-arched door, through which the children of the neighborhood have made plenty of peep-holes—I learned afterward that this door had been past repair ten years before—and through these irregular chinks you could see the perfect harmony there is between the garden front and the front looking on to the courtyard. Here is the same reign of disorder—the flagstones are edged with tufts of grass, enormous cracks

run like furrows over the walls, the blackened coping is interlaced with festoons of countless wall plants, the stones of the steps are unjointed, the gutters are broken, the cord of the bell has rotted away. Has fire from heaven passed through this dwelling? Did some tribunal decree that this habitation should be sown with salt? Has man betrayed France in this place —insulted God? These are the questions one asks here; only the reptiles writhe and answer not. This empty, desolate house is a vast enigma, and no man knows the clue. It was formerly a small manor, and bears the name of La Grande Brétèche. During my stay at Vendôme, where Despleins had left me to take care of a rich patient, the sight of this strange dwelling became one of my keenest pleasures. It was more than a ruin; to a ruin are attached at least some remembrances of incontestable authenticity; but this habitation, still standing, slowly decaying beneath an avenging hand, held within it a secret—a thought unknown. At the least its mere existence was the sign of some strange caprice. Many a time of an evening I resolutely approached the now wild hedgerow which protected the enclosure. I braved the tearing thorns, and trod this garden without an owner, and entered this possession no longer public or private. I stayed there whole hours gazing upon its disorder. Not even for the sake of learning the story—which I felt certain would give an explanation of this strange scene—would I have made a single inquiry of any of the gossips of Vendôme. There I composed charming romances; I gave myself

up to little debauches of melancholy which delighted my heart. If I had known the cause of this desertion (perhaps a commonplace story enough), I should have lost the intoxication of these my unpublished poems. To me this retreat represented the most varied pictures of human life, clouded by misery. Now it had the air of a cloister without inmates; now the peace of a cemetery without the dead and all their chattering epitaphs; one day it was a lazar-house, the next the Palace of the Atridae; but above all it was the country with its hour-glass existence, and its conventional ideas. I have often wept, I never laughed there. More than once I felt an involuntary terror when I heard above my head the dull whir of the wings of some belated wood dove. There the soil is so dank you must defy the lizards and vipers and frogs that walk abroad in all the wild liberty of Nature. Above all, you must not mind the cold; at certain moments you feel as though a mantle of ice were cast upon your shoulders, like the commandant's hand upon Don Juan's neck.

One evening, just at the moment I was finishing a tragedy by which I was explaining to myself the phenomenon of this sort of woe in effigy, the wind turned an old rusty weather-cock, and the cry it gave forth sounded like a groan bursting from the depth of the house; I shivered with terror.

I returned to my inn overpowered with gloomy thoughts. When I had supped, my hostess came with a mysteious air into my room,

and said, "Monsieur, Monsieur Regnault is here." "Who is Monsieur Regnault?" "Why! does not Monsieur know Monsieur Regnault? Ah, that's very odd," she said, and went away. Suddenly I saw before me a long, lean man; he entered the room like a ram gathering itself up to butt at a rival; he presented a receding forehead, a little pointed head, and a sallow face, not unlike a glass of dirty water; he might have passed for a ministerial beadle. This man, who was quite unknown to me, wore a black coat, very much worn at the seams, but he had a diamond in the bosom of his shirt and gold rings in his ears.

"Monsieur, whom have I the honor of addressing?" said I. He seated himself on a chair, arranged himself before my fire, placed his hat on my table, rubbed his hands together and said, "Ah! it's very cold. Monsieur, I am Monsieur Regnault." I bowed, saying to myself, "Il bondo cani! let's see."

"I am," said he, "a notary in Vendôme." "I am charmed to hear it, Monsieur," said I, "but I am not in a position to make a will, for reasons known to myself." "Just one moment!" he replied, raising his hand as if to impose silence. "Allow me, Monsieur, allow me! I learn that you have occasionally gone to walk in the garden of La Grande Brétèche." "Yes, Monsieur." "Just one moment," said he, repeating his gesture; "this of itself constitutes an actionable offence. Monsieur, I am come in the name and as executor under the will of Madame, the late Comtesse de Merret,

to request you to discontinue your visits. Just one moment! I am no Turk; I do not wish to make a crime of it; besides, you may very well be ignorant of the circumstances which oblige me to allow the finest mansion in Vendôme to fall into ruins. However, Monsieur, you appear to be a man of education, and you ought to know that the laws forbid trespass on an enclosed estate under heavy penalties. A hedge is as good as a wall. However, the state in which the house now stands may serve as an excuse for your curiosity. Nothing would give me more pleasure than to leave you free to come and go as you please in the house; but, charged as I am to carry out the wishes of the testatrix, I have the honor, Monsieur, to request you not to enter that garden again. Monsieur, since the opening of the will I have not myself set foot in that house, though it belongs—as I had the honor of informing you—to the estate of Madame de Merret. All we did was to make an inventory of the doors and windows, in order to assess the taxes, which I pay annually out of capital destined by the late Madame la Comtesse for that purpose. Ah, my dear Monsieur, her will made a great talk in Vendôme!"

Here the worthy man stopped to blow his nose. I respected his loquacity, understanding perfectly that the estate of Madame de Merret was the most important event in his life—his whole reputation, his glory, his *restoration*. Then, after all, I must say good-bye to my fine reveries and romances. However, I

did not rebel against the satisfaction of learning the truth in an official manner.

"Monsieur," I said, "would it be indiscreet if I asked you the reason for this eccentricity?"

At these words a look expressing all the pleasure of a man accustomed to mounting his hobby passed over the notary's face. He pulled up his shirt collar with a sort of self-satisfied air, took out his snuff-box, opened it, offered me some snuff, and on my refusal seized a large pinch himself. He was happy! The man who has not got a hobby knows nothing of the profit one can get out of life. A hobby is the exact mean between passion and monomania. At this moment I understood that champing expression of Sterne's in all its meaning. I had a complete idea of the joy with which, by the aid of *Trim*, *Uncle Toby* bestrode his charger.

"Monsieur," said Monsieur Regnault, "I was formerly senior clerk to Maître Roguin, in Paris—an excellent office. Perhaps you have heard speak of it? No! Well, a most unfortunate bankruptcy rendered it notorious. Not having sufficient capital to carry on business in Paris, considering the price to which practices went up in 1816, I came here and purchased the office of my predecessor. I had relations here in Vendôme, among others a very rich aunt who gave me her daughter in marriage. Monsieur," he continued after a slight pause, "three months after I had been enrolled before *Monseigneur le Garde des*

sceaux, I was summoned one night just as I was going to bed (this was before my marriage) by Madame la Comtesse de Merret to her chateau, le Chateau de Merret. Her lady's maid, a fine young woman, now servant in this hotel, was at my door in Madame la Comtesse's *caleche*. Ah! just one moment! I ought to have told you, Monsieur, that Monsieur le Comte de Merret had gone to Paris, and died there two months before I came here. He died miserably, having given himself up to every kind of excess. You understand? The day of his departure Madame la Comtesse had left La Grande Bretèche and had it dismantled. Some people even declare that she burned all the furniture, hangings—*in short, all the goods and chattels generally whatsoever adorning the premises now in the tenancy of the said sieur* —(Dear me, what am I saying? Beg pardon, I was thinking I was drawing up a lease.) Yes," he repeated, "they say she had them burned in the meadow at Merret. Have you been to Merret, Monsieur? No," said he, answering the question himself. "Ah! it's a very fine place! For about three months before, Monsieur le Comte and Madame la Comtesse had been living in a strange manner. They no longer received any one; Madame lived on the ground floor and Monsieur on the first story. After Madame la Comtesse was left alone, she never showed herself again, except at church; later she refused to see her friends who came to visit her at home in her chateau. She was already very much changed

when she left La Grande Brétèche and went to live at Merret. The dear woman (I say 'dear' because this diamond comes to me from her, otherwise I never saw her but once). Well, the good lady was very ill. No doubt she had given up all hope of recovery, for she died without wishing any doctors to be called in; indeed. many of our ladies here thought that she was not quite right in the head. As you may imagine then, Monsieur, my curiosity was especially excited when I was informed that Madame de Merret needed my assistance—and I was not the only person who took interest in this story.

"Although it was late, the whole town knew that same evening that I had gone to Merret. On the road I addressed a few questions to the lady's maid, but her answers were very vague; however, she told me that the curé of Merret had come during the day and administered the Last Sacraments to her mistress, and that it seemed impossible that she could live through the night. I arrived at the *chateau* about eleven o'clock. I went up the great staircase; then, after traversing vast, gloomy apartments, cold and damp enough for the devil, I reached the principal bed-chamber, where Madame la Comtesse lay. After all the reports that had been going about (I should never have finished, Monsieur, if I were to repeat all the stories that are told about her), I expected to see a sort of coquette. Just then I had the greatest difficulty to discover at all where she was, in the great bed in

which she lay. True, she had one of those antique Argant lamps for light, but the chamber was enormous, with an *ancien régime frise* so covered with dust that the very sight of it made one cough. Ah! but you've not been to Merret! Well! Monsieur, the bed is one of those old-fashioned ones, with a high canopy trimmed with figured chintz. A small night table stood by the bedside, and I noticed on it a *Following of Christ*, which, by the way, I afterward bought for my wife, as well as the lamp; there was also a large couch for her confidential servant, and two chairs. No fire, mind! This was all the furniture; it wouldn't have filled ten lines of an inventory. Ah, *mon cher Monsieur*, if you had seen, as I did then, this vast room, hung with brown, you would have fancied you had been transported into a scene of a romance come true. It was icy, more than icy—funereal," he added, raising his arm with a theatrical gesture and pausing. "After looking for some time and going close up to the bed, at last I discovered Madame de Merret, thanks to the lamplight which fell full upon her pillows. Her face was as yellow as wax; it was just like a pair of clasped hands. She had on a lace cap which showed her beautiful hair; then, it was as white as thread. She was sitting up, though she seemed to do so with great difficulty. Her great black eyes, dulled with fever no doubt, and already almost dead, scarcely moved under the bones where the eyebrows are—here!" said he, pointing to the

arch of his eyes. "Her brow was wet, her hands were fleshless, mere bones covered with a fine, tender skin; all her veins and muscles stood out prominently. She must have been very beautiful once, but at the moment I was seized with a feeling—I don't know how—at the sight of her. The people who laid her out said they had never seen a creature so utterly fleshless alive. She really was terrible to behold! Disease had made such ravages upon her she was nothing more than a phantom. Her lips were a livid purple; they seemed motionless even when she spoke. Although my profession takes me now and again to the bedsides of the dying in order to ascertain their last wishes, so that I am not unfamiliar with these scenes, yet I must say that the lamentations of the families and the agonies of the dying which I have witnessed are as nothing compared to this desolate and silent woman in her vast *chateau.* I could not hear the faintest sound, I could not even see the least movement of the bedclothes from the breathing of the sick woman; I too stood perfectly motionless, absorbed in looking at her, in a sort of stupor. I could fancy I was there now. At last her great eyes moved; she tried to lift her hand, but it fell back on the bed, and these words passed out of her mouth like a sigh—her voice was a voice no more—'I have waited very impatiently for you.' Her cheeks flushed feverishly. It was a struggle for her to speak. 'Madame,' I said. She made me a sign to be silent, and at the same moment the

old housekeeper rose from her couch and whispered in my ear: 'Do not speak; Madame la Comtesse is not in a state to bear the least sound; if you spoke you might agitate her.' I sat down. After a few moments Madame de Merret gathered up all her remaining strength and moved her right arm; she put it with immense difficulty under her bolster; then she paused for a moment; then she made one last effort to draw out her hand; she took out a sealed paper, and as she did so the sweat fell in drops from her forehead. 'I entrust my will to you,' she said. 'Ah, my God, ah!' This was all. She seized the crucifix which lay on her bed, raised it quickly to her lips, and died. The expression of those motionless eyes makes me shudder still; she must have suffered terribly! There was joy in her last look, and the joy remained graven upon her dead eyes. I took away the will with me; when it was opened I found that Madame de Merret had named me her executor. She bequeathed the whole of her property to the hospital at Vendôme, with the exception of a few individual legacies. Her directions relative to La Grande Brétèche were as follows:—She directed me to leave the house for a period of fifty years—reckoned from the day of her death—in the exact state in which it should be found at the moment of her decease; she forbade any entry into the apartments by any person whatsoever, and also the least repair; she even set aside the interest of a certain sum wherewith, if necessary, to engage keep-

ers, in order to insure the fulfillment of her intentions in their entirety. At the expiration of this term of years, if the wishes of the testatrix have been carried out, the house is to pass to my heirs, for Monsieur is aware that notaries are not allowed to accept a legacy; if they are not carried out, La Grande Brétèche returns to the heirs-at-law, with the charge that they are to fulfill the conditions indicated in the codicil annexed to the will, which codicil is not to be opened until the expiration of the said fifty years. The will has never been disputed, and so——;" at this word, and without finishing his sentence, that oblong notary surveyed me with an air of triumph, and I made him quite happy by addressing him a few compliments. "Monsieur," I finished by saying to him, "you have made such a vivid impression upon me that I fancy I can see this dying woman paler than her own sheets; her gleaming eyes made me afraid; I shall dream of her tonight. But you will have formed some conjectures concerning the dispositions contained in this eccentric will?" "Monsieur," said he, with comic reserve, "I never allow myself to judge of the conduct of persons who have honored me with the gift of a diamond." I soon untied the tongue of the scrupulous notary, and he communicated to me, amid long digressions, all the observations made by the profound politicians of both sexes whose judgments are law in Vendôme. But these observations were so contradictory and so diffuse, that, in spite of the interest

which I took in this authentic history, I very nearly fell asleep. The notary, no doubt accustomed to listen to himself, and to make his clients and fellow-townsmen listen too, to his dull voice and monotonous intonation, began to triumph over my curiosity, when happily he got up to leave. "Ha, ha, Monsieur," said he, upon the staircase, "there are many people who would like to be alive in forty-five years' time, but—just one moment!" and he put the first finger of his right hand to his nose, as if to say, "Pay great attention to this," and said, in a sly way, "To get as far as that, one must start before sixty." I was drawn from my apathy by the last sally—the notary thought it prodigiously witty; then I shut my door, sat down in my armchair, and put my feet on the fire dogs of the grate. I was soon deep in a romance *a la* Ann Radcliffe, founded on the juridical hints given by Monsieur Regnault. Presently my door, handled by the dexterous hand of a woman, turned on its hinges; my hostess came in, a good-humored, jovial woman, who had missed her vocation; she was a Fleming, and ought to have been born in a picture by Teniers. "Well, Monsieur," said she, "I suppose Monsieur Regnault has been droning over his old story again about La Grande Brétèche?" "Yes, he has, *mère* Lepas." "What has he been telling you?" I repeated to her in a few words the gloomy, chilling story of Madame de Merret. After each sentence my hostess stretched out her neck and looked at me with an innkeeper's own shrewdness—a sort of happy

mean between the instinct of a gendarme, the craft of a spy, and the shiftiness of a shopkeeper. When I had finished I added, "My dear *dame* Lepas! you seem to me to know something more about it yourself, or else why should you have come up to see me?" "No, on my word of honor! as sure as my name's Lepas." "No, don't swear to it; your eyes are big with a secret. You knew Monsieur Merret; what was he like?" "Lord bless you, Monsieur de Merret was a fine man; you never got to the end of him, he was so long—a worthy gentleman come from Picardie, but, as we say here, '*Il avait la tête près du bonnet.*' He paid everything with ready money, so that he might never come to words with any one; you see he was a bit quick! Our ladies here all thought him very nice and pleasant." "Because he was quick?" said I. "Likely enough," said she. "You may imagine, Monsieur, there must have been a *something* about him, as they say, for Madame de Merret to have married him. I don't want to hurt the other ladies, but she was the richest and prettiest young lady in all Vendôme; she had near on twenty thousand *livres* a year. The whole town went to the wedding. The bride was a delicate, winning creature—a real jewel of a wife. Ah! they made a fine couple in their time!" "Were they happy together?" "Hm! perhaps they were and perhaps they weren't, as far as one could tell; but you can imagine they didn't hobnob with such as we. Madame de Merret made a good wife, and very kind. I dare say

she had a good bit to put up with at times from her husband's tantrums; but though he was a bit stern, we liked him well enough. Bah! it's his quality that made him like that; when a man's noble, you know——" "Then there must certainly have been some catastrophe for Monsieur and Madame de Merret to have separated so abruptly?" "I never said anything about a catastrophe, Monsieur I don't know anything about it." "All right! Now I am certain that you *do* know about it." "Well, Monsieur, I am going to tell you all I know. When I saw Monsieur Regnault go up to see you, I felt certain that he would talk to you about Madame de Merret, with reference to La Grande Brétèche. This put it into my head to consult Monsieur, for you seemed to me to be a comfortable man, who would not betray a poor woman like me that has never done harm to any one—and yet find myself tormented by my conscience. I have never up to now dared to open my mouth about it to the people in this place; they're all a pack of gossips with tongues like vinegar. In fact, Monsieur, I have never yet had a traveler stay in my house as long as you have, or any one to whom I could tell the history of the fifty thousand *francs*—" "My dear *dame* Lepas," I answered, checking the flow of her words. "if your confidence is of a nature to compromise me I wouldn't be burdened with it for all the world." "You needn't be afraid," said she, interrupting me, "you will see." This readiness made me think that I was not the only person

to whom our good hostess had communicated the secret of which I was to be the sole depository; however, I settled myself to listen. "Monsieur," said she, "when the Emperor sent some Spanish prisoners here—prisoners of war or others—I had one to lodge at the expense of the Government, a young Spaniard sent to Vendôme on parole. In spite of his parole, he had to go every day to report himself to the sub-prefect. He was a Spanish grandee—excuse me a minute—he bore a name ending in 'os' and 'dia.' I think it was Bagos de Feredia, but I wrote it down in my register; if you would like to, you can read it. Ah! he was a handsome young man for a Spaniard, who are all ugly—so they say. He couldn't have been more than five feet two or three inches, but he was well made. He had the smallest hands!—which he took such care of—you should have seen—he had as many brushes for his hands as a woman has for the whole of her toilet. He had long black hair, gleaming eyes, rather an olive complexion—but I admired that. He wore the finest linen I ever saw on any one—and I have had princesses to lodge here, and among others le Général Bertrand, le Duc and la Duchesse d'Abrantès, Monsieur Decazes, and the King of Spain. He did not eat much; but one couldn't be angry with him, he had such gentle, courteous manners. Oh! I was very fond of him, although he didn't say two words in the day; and one couldn't get the least conversation with him. If one tried to talk to him, he didn't answer. It was a fad—a

mania; they're all like it, so I'm told. He read his breviary like a priest; he went regularly to mass and to all the offices; and where do you think he knelt?—(we noticed this afterward)—why not two steps from Madame de Merret's chapel. As he took his seat there ever since the first time he went into the church, no one imagined there could be anything in it; besides, the poor young man never raised his nose out of his book of prayers. Then, Monsieur, in the evening he used to walk on the hill in the ruins of the castle. It was his only amusement, poor man; it must have reminded him of his own country—Spain is nothing but mountains, so I've heard. From the first days of his detention he was always late at night. I was anxious, when I saw he didn't come in until just on the stroke of midnight; but we all got accustomed to his fancies. He took the key of the door, and we didn't sit up for him any longer. He lodged in the house we have in la rue des Casernes. Then one of our stable boys told us that one evening when he was going to wash the horses, he believed he had seen the Spanish grandee swimming like a fish some distance off in the river. When he came back I warned him to mind the weeds. He seemed annoyed at having been seen in the water. At last, Monsieur, one day, or rather one morning, we found he was not in his bedroom; he had not returned. After hunting about everywhere, I saw some writing in the drawer of his table, and with it fifty of the Spanish gold pieces they call portugals, equal to about fifty thou-

sand *francs;* and afterward in a little sealed box some diamonds, worth about ten thousand francs. Well, this writing said that in case he did not come back he left us the money and the diamonds, and charged us to have masses said to thank God for his escape and his safety. At that time I still had my husband with me, and he ran out to search for him. Now comes the oddest part of the story. He brought back the Spaniard's clothes, which he had found under a large stone in a sort of palisade on the bank of the river, on the *chateau* side, almost opposite La Grande Brétèche. My husband had got there so early that no one had seen them. When he had read the letter, he burned the clothes, and we gave out according to Count Feredia's desire that he had escaped. The sub-prefect set the whole *gendarmerie* at his heels; but, pooh! they never caught him. Lepas believed the Spaniard was drowned; but I don't, Monsieur. I believe he had something to do with that affair of Madame de Merret, seeing that Rosalie told me that the crucifix which her mistress was so fond of that she had it buried with her, was made of ebony and silver. Now during the first days of Monsieur Feredia's stay here he had a crucifix of ebony and silver, which I never saw among his things again. Now, Monsieur, you don't really think I need have any remorse about the fifty thousand *francs?* They really are mine?"

"Certainly. Then you've never tried to question Rosalie," I said.

"Haven't I though, Monsieur; but what am

I to do? That girl! she's—*a wall.* She knows something, but there's no getting anything out of her."

After talking to me for a few minutes more my hostess left me, tortured by vague and gloomy thoughts. I felt a romantic curiosity, and yet a sort of religious horror, like the profound sensation which takes hold of us when we go into a church at night. Under the lofty arches we perceive through the gloom a far-off flickering light, an uncertain form glides by us, we hear the rustle of a gown or a cassock—before we know it, we have shuddered. La Grande Brétèche, with its rank weeds, its worn-out casements, its rusted ironwork, its deserted chambers, its closed portals, rose up suddenly, fantastically before me. I would try to penetrate into this mysterious dwelling, by seeking for the knot of its solemn history, the drama that had slain three human beings. Rosalie was now the most interesting person to me in Vendôme. In spite of the glow of health which beamed from her chubby face, I discovered, after close scrutiny, the trace of hidden thoughts. She held within her the elements either of hope or remorse; her behavior suggested a secret, like those pious women who pray to excess, or a girl who has killed her child and is always hearing its last cry. Yet her attitudes were simple and awkward. There was nothing criminal in her broad, foolish smile, if only at the sight of her sturdy bust, covered with a red and blue check kerchief, and enclosed, impressed, and enlaced in a violet and white striped gown, you could

not have failed to think she was innocent. "No," thought I, "I shall not leave Vendôme until I know the whole history of La Grande Brétèche. I will become Rosalie's lover, if it is absolutely necessary, to gain my end." "Rosalie," said I one day. "Yes! if you please, Monsieur." "You are not married?" She gave a little start. "Oh, I shan't want for men, I can tell you, Monsieur, when the whim takes me to make a fool of myself," said she, laughing.

She quickly recovered from her inward emotion, for every woman, from a fine lady to a tavern drudge inclusively, has a *sang froid* especially her own.

"You are fresh and attractive enough not to lack lovers! But tell me, Rosalie, how was it you took a place at an inn after you had been with Madame de Merret? Didn't she leave you any pension?"

"Oh, yes, Monsieur; but my place is the best in all Vendôme."

This was one of those answers which judges and barristers call *dilatory*. It appeared to me, with regard to this romantic story, that Rosalie stood on the middle square of the chess board; she was at the very center of the interest and of the truth of it; she seemed to be bound up in the knot. It was no ordinary seduction I was attempting; this girl was like the last chapter of a romance. So from this moment Rosalie became the object of my predilections. By dint of studying her, I noticed in her—as one does in all the women whom we make our chief thought—a number of good qualities.

She was neat, diligent, pretty—of course that goes without saying; in fact, she was soon endowed with all the attractions which our desire attributes to women, in whatever situation they may be placed. A fortnight after the notary's visit, one evening—no, one morning; in fact, it was quite early—I said to Rosalie:

"Come, tell me all thou knowest about Madame de Merret!" "Oh, don't ask me that, Monsieur Horace," she answered with terror. Her pretty face grew dark, her bright vivid coloring faded, and her eyes lost all their soft and innocent luster. "Well," she said, "as you wish it, I *will* tell you; but whatever you do, keep the secret!" "Done! my dear child; I will keep all thy secrets with the integrity of a robber, which is the loyalest that exists." "If you don't mind," said she, "I had rather you kept them with your own." So she arranged her kerchief, and settled herself as one does to tell a tale, for certainly an attitude of confidence and security is a necessity in story-telling. The best stories are told at a not too early hour, and just as we are now, at table. No one ever told a story well standing or fasting. But if it were necessary to reproduce faithfully the diffuse eloquence of Rosalie, a whole volume would scarcely be enough. Now, since the event thus confusedly related to me bears exactly the same relation to the notary's and Madame Lepas's gossip, as the mean terms in arithmetical proportion bear to the extreme, I have nothing more to do than to tell it again in few words; so I abridge.

The bedroom which Madame de Merret occupied at la Brétèche was situated on the ground floor. In it, sunk in the wall, about four feet deep, was a small closet which she used for a wardrobe. Three months before the evening when the circumstances took place which I am about to relate to you, Madame de Merret was so seriously indisposed that her husband left her to sleep alone in her room, and went himself to sleep in a room on the first floor. On this evening, by one of those chances impossible to foresee, he came home from his club (where he went to read the papers and talk politics with the country gentlemen) two hours later than he was accustomed to. His wife thought that he had already come in and gone to bed and was asleep. But there had been a rather animated discussion on the subject of the invasion of France; the game of billiards too had proved an exciting one, and he had lost forty *francs*. This was an enormous sum at Vendôme, where every one hoards and morals are kept within bounds of most praiseworthy moderation; perhaps this is the source of that true contentment which Parisians do not appreciate. For some time Monsieur de Merret had contented himself with inquiring from Rosalie whether his wife had gone to bed, and on her always answering in the affirmative, he went straight to his own room with that simplicity which comes of habit and confidence. But that night, when he came in, the fancy took him to go and tell his ill luck to Madame de Merret, and also perhaps receive her sympathy. Now dur-

ing dinner he had observed that Madame de Merret was very becomingly dressed; and he remarked to himself as he came from his club that his wife's indisposition must have passed off, and that her convalescence had made her more beautiful than before. You see he noticed this, as husbands do everything, a little late in the day. At this moment Rosalie was in the kitchen, engaged in watching the cook and the coachman play out a difficult hand at *brisque;* so instead of calling her, Monsieur de Merret placed his lantern on the bottom step of the stairs, and by its light directed his steps toward his wife's bedroom. His footsteps were easy to recognize as they rang in the vaulted corridor. At the moment he turned the handle of his wife's door, he thought he heard the door of the closet I have mentioned shut; but when he came in Madame de Merret was alone, standing before the fireplace. Her husband in his simplicity thought to himself that it was Rosalie in the wardrobe, but yet a suspicion jangled like a chime in his ears and made him distrustful. He looked at his wife; he saw in her eyes a sort of troubled, fierce expression. "You are late to-night," said she. In her voice, before so pure and gracious, there seemed to him to have come a subtle change. He made no reply, for at that moment Rosalie came in. It was a thunderbolt to him.

He paced up and down the room, his arms folded, going from one window to the other with measured tread. "Have you had bad news, or are you in pain " she asked timidly, while Rosalie undressed her. He kept silence.

"You can go," said Madame de Merret to her lady's maid; "I will put in my curl-papers myself." She divined some evil from the very look on her husband's face, and wished to be alone with him. When Rosalie was gone—or ostensibly gone, for she waited for some minutes in the corridor—Monsieur de Merret came and sat down before his wife, and said coldly, "Madame, there is some one in your wardrobe." She looked calmly at her husband, and said simply, "No, Monsieur." This "No" wounded Monsieur de Merret to the quick; he did not believe it, and yet his wife had never seemed to him purer or holier than she looked at that moment.

He rose and went to open the closet. Madame de Merret took his hand and stopped him, looked at him with a melancholy air, and said in a voice of extreme emotion, "Remember, if you do not find any one there, all will be over between us!" The incredible dignity stamped upon the figure of his wife restored him to a profound sense of esteem for her, and inspired him with one of those resolves which only need a vaster stage to become immortal. "No, Josephine," said he, "I will not go. In either case we should be parted for ever. Listen! I know all the purity of thy soul; I know that thou leadest a holy life, that thou wouldst not commit a mortal sin to save thyself death." At these words Madame de Merret looked at her husband with a wild light in her eyes. "Stop, here is thy crucifix," added the man. "Swear to me before God that there is no one there. I will trust you—I will

never open that door, "I swear." "Louder," said her husband; "and repeat, 'I swear before God there is no one in that wardrobe.'" She repeated the phrase unmoved. "It is well," said Monsieur de Merret coldly.

After a moment's silence: "That's a very fine thing you have, I have not noticed it before," said he, examining the crucifix, which was of ebony and silver, and very finely carved. "I picked it up at Duvivier's; he bought it of a Spanish *religieux* last summer, when that troop of Spanish prisoners passed through Vendôme."

"Oh!" said Monsieur de Merret, and hung up the crucifix upon the nail again; then he rang the bell. Rosalie did not keep him waiting. Monsieur de Merret went quickly to meet her, drew her into the embrasure of the window which looked out on the garden, and said, in a low voice: "I know that Gorenflot wants to marry you, that it's only your poverty which prevents your setting up house, and that you have refused to marry him if he can't manage to make himself a master mason—very well! go and fetch him; tell him to come here with his trowel and his other tools. Manage so as to wake no one in his house except him, and you'll make a much finer fortune than you ever even coveted. Above all, go out of this house without chattering; if you do not ——" and he frowned. Rosalie went; he called her back. "Stop, take my latch-key," said he.

"Jean!" thundered Monsieur de Merret in the corridor.

Jean, who served both as coachman and con-

fidential servant, left his game of *brisque*, and came.

"Go, all of you, to bed," said his master, making him a sign to come up close to him; then he added, in a low voice, "When they are all asleep—*asleep*, mind—come down and tell me."

Monsieur de Merret, who had not lost sight of his wife all the time he was giving his orders, came back quietly to her before the fire, and proceeded to relate the events of his billiard match and their discussions at the club. When Rosalie came back, she found Monsieur and Madame de Merret talking amicably together.

The Count had recently had ceilings made to all the rooms on the ground floor, which he used for receptions. It was this circumstance that had suggested to him the plan he proceeded to carry into execution. "Monsieur, Gorenflot is here," said Rosalie in a low voice. "Let him come in," said the Picard aloud.

Madame de Merret grew a little pale when she saw the mason. "Gorenflot," said her husband, "go and get some bricks from under the coach-house, and bring enough to wall up the door of that closet; you can use some of the plaster I have by me, for plastering the the wall." Then he drew Rosalie and the workman aside, and said to them, in a low voice: "Listen, Gorenflot, you will sleep here to-night, but to-morrow morning you shall have a passport to go abroad to a town which I will name. I shall send you six thousand *francs* for the journey. You will remain for ten years in this town; if the place does not please you,

you can settle in another, provided only that it is in the same country. You will pass through Paris, wait for me there; there I will settle on you, by deed, six thousand *francs* more, which shall be paid you on your return, if you have fulfilled the conditions of our bargain. For this sum you must keep the most absolute silence about what you are going to do to-night. As to you, Rosalie, I will give you ten thousand *francs*, not to be paid over to you until the day of your marriage, and then only on condition that you marry Gorenflot; but to marry, you must be silent; if not, you get no dowry."

"Rosalie," said Madame de Merret, "come and do my hair."

Her husband paced quietly from one end of the room to the other, watching the door, the mason, and his wife, but without displaying any offensive distrust. Gorenflot could not help making some noise. While the workman was unloading his bricks, and her husband was at the end of the room, Madame de Merret seized the opportunity of saying to Rosalie: "A thousand *francs* a year for thee, my dear child, if thou canst tell Gorenflot to leave a chink near the bottom." Then she said aloud, and with perfect composure, "Go and help him."

Monsieur and Madame de Merret remained silent during the whole time Gorenflot took to wall up the door. With the husband, this silence arose from calculation; he did not wish to give his wife a chance of saying anything which might have a double meaning. With Madame de Merret, it was prudence or pride.

When the wall had reached half the necessary height, the cunning mason seized an opportunity when Monsieur de Merret's back was turned, and gave one of the two panes of glass in the door a blow with his pick. This made Madame de Merret understand that Rosalie had spoken to Gorenflot. Then they all three saw the sad, dark face of a man, with black hair and gleaming eyes. Before her husband had turned round, the poor woman had time to make a sign with her head to the stranger. By this sign she would have said to him, "Hope!"

At four o'clock, just before daylight, the wall was finished. The mason remained in the house, guarded by Jean, and Monsieur de Merret went to bed in his wife's room. The next morning, while he was getting up, he said carelessly: "The deuce! I must go to the mayor and get that passport." He put his hat on his head, took three steps to the door, then turned round and took the crucifix. His wife trembled with delight. "He is going to Duvivier's," she thought. As soon as he had gone out, Madame de Merret rang for Rosalie. "The pick, the pick!" she cried in a voice of terror; "to work! I saw how Gorenflot began yesterday; we shall have time to make a hole and stop it up again." In the twinkling of an eye Rosalie had brought her mistress a sort of marline, and she began to set to work to pull down the wall with an energy of which no words could give the least idea. She had already dislodged some of the bricks; she was gathering up her strength for a still more vigorous blow, when she saw Monsieur de Merret standing behind her. She

fell on the floor in a swoon. "Lay Madame on the bed," said the Picard coldly. Foreseeing what would happen during his absence, he had laid a trap for his wife. He had really written to the mayor and sent for Duvivier. In fact the jeweller arrived just after the disorder in which the room lay had been cleared away.

"Duvivier," he asked, "did you not buy some crucifixes from those Spaniards when they passed through the town?"

"No, Monsieur."

"Thank you, I am much obliged." He darted the look of a tiger at his wife, and she returned it. "Jean," he added, "have my meals served in Madame de Merret's room, as she is very ill. I shall not leave her until she has fully recovered her health.

The cruel Picard remained for twenty days close to his wife. During the first part of the time, if any sound came from the walled-up wardrobe, and Josephine began to implore him to have mercy on the dying stranger, he prevented her from saving a single word by answering: "*You swore upon the crucifix that there was no one there.*"

. . . . . .

After this narrative all the ladies rose from the table, and the charm under which Bianchon had held them was dispelled. Nevertheless some of them had felt a sort of chill when they heard the last sentence.

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Abraham Lincoln and the Working Class

Herman Schleuter

HALDEMAN-JULIUS COMPANY
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ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND THE WORKING CLASS.

1. The English Workingmen and the Civil War.

Of the European countries, it was especially England that was affected by the outbreak of the Civil War. As we have seen, England was connected with the Southern States by a bond of common interests. Its textile industry, which had reached its highest development towards the close of the fifties, needed the raw cotton of the cultivation of which the Southern States possessed a monopoly. The latter, owing to the institution of slavery, were interested in the importation of English products free of duty, while the young manufacturing industry of the North favored a protective policy which found actual expression in the national tariff laws. It was consequently in the interest of the English middle class that the Southern States should form an independent confederacy with tariff regulations of its own which should grant England undisturbed free trade. Under such an arrangement the South could supply England with the raw cotton which was so necessary to it, and English manufacturers could export their industrial products of all kinds to the Southern States, free of duty, and without fear of competition. Under the pressure of

these interests the early Abolitionist impulses of the ruling class in England disappeared, and English intervention in favor of the Southern States was advocated in these circles.

Besides England, France also was interested in the events taking place in the United States. Textile industry was of course far less developed in the Second Empire than in Great Britain, and cotton did not play as important a role in French politics as in English. Nevertheless, French textile workers were also affected by the scarcity of cotton and suffered severely from the crisis produced thereby. But although their distress was due to the War of Secession, like their English comrades they stood by the Union and opposed Negro slavery, and by no means shared their ruler's bias in favor of the Southern slaveholders. On the contrary, they took a very decided stand against them.

It was, however, not the part which the cotton famine and all it involved played in France that drove the French Emperor to sympathize with the South. Louis Napoleon was filled with the lust of conquest and aggrandizement. He had designs upon Mexico that could scarcely be realized if the United States remained intact, and for this reason he sided with the Southern States. He would gladly have made the attempt to break the blockade of the Southern ports proclaimed by the Washington Government, and he would even have directly intervened in favor of the South, had he not feared thereby to involve France in conflicts of far-reaching consequences. For

this reason, he desired the co-operation of England in this enterprise, and he did his best to obtain it.

In England the government was far more dependent on public opinion than in France. If public opinion in Great Britain had really demanded the recognition of the Southern Confederacy, if it had demanded active intervention in its favor, the Government would only too willingly have obeyed the pressure. But in the face of the public opinion emphatically opposed to all intervention on the part of England in the affairs of America, the Government dared not pursue a contrary course. The decision consequently lay with England.

Only a few years had passed since England, on the occasion of the visit of Harriet Beecher Stowe, the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, the book which graphically described the sufferings of Negro slaves, melted in sentimental approval, especially since the author was the honored guest in the most exclusive circles of the English nobility. After the outbreak of the Civil War not a trace of this sentiment remained in the hearts of the English middle class. "Today [1862] we find only here and there one among the Englishmen who does not fanatically side with the slave States, and that one probably has not the courage to express his opinions"* This was true as far as the

*Lothar Bucher: *Die Londoner Industrieausstellung von* 1862. Berlin, 1863, p. 155. Bucher evidently considered only the ruling class as "Englishmen."

ruling classes were concerned, and they indeed tried their best to persuade the Government to intervene in behalf of the South. They arranged labor demonstrations and meetings declaring in favor of the South and of open hostilities against the North for the purpose of showing that these sentiments had the backing of English "public opinion." But under the influence of persons, many of whom subsequently belonged to the General Council of the International Workingmen's Association, the workingmen of England offered the most determined opposition to the attempt of forcing them into demonstrations favoring the slaveholders. English workingmen had themselves become only too well acquainted with slavery to espouse its support in one of its most aggravated forms.

The manufacturers now resorted to intimidation to compel the workingmen to join in the cry for war. Starvation, that ever ready weapon in the hands of the middle class, was to force the workingmen of England to declare for slavery in America and thereby enable the Government to say that public opinion demanded its hostile intervention in behalf of the South. The Civil War, and especially the blockade of the southern ports by Northern forces, had created a scarcity of cotton in England which, by the way, was not altogether unwelcome to the manufacturers. For there had been an overproduction in the cotton industry of England in 1860. "Its effects were still felt during the years immediately following. . . . . The demand for labor had in con-

sequence already been decreased here [in Blackburn, where in 1860 there were 30,000 mechanical looms], months before the effects of the cotton blockade made themselves felt. . . . . The stock on hand [of the manufacturers] of course rose in price as long as it lasted, and the alarming depreciation which ordinarily inevitably accompanies such crises was thus avoided."*

A temporary closing of factories thus sent up the prices of the accumulated commodities, a situation by no means deprecated by the cotton lords, especially since they cherished the hope that starvation would speedily cause the workingmen to adopt the views of the manufacturers in regard to the Civil War in America. So the textile factories in the north of England were shut down. More than half of the looms and spindles were idle. The wages of the spinners and weavers who continued to be employed were artificially and forcibly reduced in a manner which literally led to starvation. The manufacturers deliberately increased the misery into which the workingmen had been thrown by the scarcity of cotton, hoping thus to drive them to despair and to demand the Government's intervention in the American troubles. For, as the middle-class organs declared, the intervention of England would put an end to their misery.

And this misery of the workingmen, especially in the textile districts of Lancashire, was

*_Report on Factories._ October, 1862, pp. 28-29. Quoted by Karl Marx: _Kapital_, III., 1, p. 106.

indeed alarming. In 1863, when conditions had already somewhat improved, the weekly wages of weavers and spinners amounted to 3s. 4d. and 5s. 1d. Despite this low rate, these wages were still further reduced, particularly by fines. In 1862 weavers' wages ranged from 2s. 6d per week up.

"No wonder that, in some parts of Lancashire, a kind of famine fever broke out.* . . . . But the working-people had to suffer not only from the experiments of the manufacturers inside the mills, and of the municipalities outside; not only from reduced wages and absence of work, from want and from charity, and from the eulogistic speeches of Lords and Commons. Unfortunate females who, in consequence of the cotton famine, were at its commencement thrown out of employment, and have thereby become outcasts of society, and now, though trade has revived and work is plentiful, continue members of that unfortunate class, and are likely to continue so. There are also in the borough more youthful prostitutes than I have known for the last 25 years."*

The workingmen of England were starving with exemplary patience. They saw their daughters drift into a life of shame while hunger-typhus decimated their own ranks, but they would not yield to the demands of the brutal factory lords. Not only did they refuse

*Marx: *Capital*, I., p. 283.

**Report on Factories*. October 31, 1865. Quoted by Marx: *Capital*, I., p. 283.

to fall into line with the wishes of their masters and declare themselves in favor of the South, but on the contrary they declared themselves as distinctly against such a policy. The workingmen of England never had better leaders than at this period, and on these leaders' advice they espoused the cause of the abolition of Negro slavery and protested against the intervention of the Government in favor of the South.

Hardly had Lincoln, after more than a year of cautious dealing with the slavery question, intimated that the War of Secession might be transformed into a war of Negro emancipation, than the workingmen of England, in hundreds of public meetings all over the country, in all industrial sections and large cities, hailed this move with enthusiasm and demanded the initiation of energetic measures against slavery and the slaveholders. In vain were the sneers with which the English ruling class commented on the early defeats of the Union army, in vain was the hypocritical attitude of Gladstone and his colleagues in the Government who sought to disguise their secret desire for intervention by the declaration that the Union could never suppress the Rebellion and that the Civil War meant only useless and aimless bloodshed. Cheerfully, even enthusiastically, the English workingmen bore starvation and misery, and protested more and more loudly against Negro slavery and against the intervention of their Government in favor of the Southern rebels.

In the north of the country, in the cotton

districts, where the manufacturers attempted to coerce their employees by starvation, one of the active agitators in favor of the Union was Ernest Jones, the champion and poet of the Chartist movement. His eloquence was irresistible, and his speeches against the slaveholders were so impressive that the towns of Ashton and Rockdale had them printed and circulated at their own expense. When Jones, before a crowded mass meeting at Blackburn, surrounded by the hostile local manufacturers on the platform, exclaimed. "Why did the South secede?" one of the latter replied, "For free trade," whereupon the speaker instantly retorted, "Free trade in what? Free trade in the lash—free trade in the branding iron—free trade in chains."*

The applause which broke forth from the assembled workingmen need not be described. The glowing eloquence of Jones contributed its share in inspiring the starving textile workers of Lancashire to persist in their position.

Let us compare now with the heroism of the workingmen of England the contemptible hypocrisy of the middle class and its leaders. The same Gladstone who declared the attempts of the North to suppress the rebellion of the slaveholders to be futile, and who only waited for an opportunity to bring about an intervention of England in favor of the Southern States, this same Gladstone declared in a speech that the whole history of the Christian

*Frederick Leary: *Ernest Jones.* London, 1887, p. 72.

church could not furnish so brilliant an example of Christian resignation as that of the workingmen of Lancashire.† Of course, this "Christian resignation" and the exemplary patience of these workingmen were easily explained. Mr. Gladstone himself would have them, had they become impatient, imprisoned and shot to pieces amid the applause of the manufacturers, who were responsible for all the misery.

In New York a committee was formed for the purpose of collecting money for the starving spinners and weavers in the north of England and thus alleviating their misery. The "suffering factory workers" of Blackburn addressed a letter to this committee and "to the inhabitants of the United States" beseeching them to furnish the means for their emigration to the United States. But the starving workingmen of the north of England were of far greater use to the Northern capitalists by remaining where they were and continuing to starve and heroically to protest against the machinations of their masters than by coming to the United States. So money was indeed sent to relieve their immediate distress, but Brother Jonathan lent a deaf ear to their entreaties for emigration on a large scale.

The workingmen of England could count even less upon the encouragement of the ruling class of their own country in their plans for emigration. The great mass of the textile

†Bucher, pp. 156-57.

workers was indeed without employment at the time, but the manufacturers desired to retain the skilled laborers until they should need them again. On March 24, 1863, a manufacturer declared in the London Times:

"Encourage or allow the working-power to emigrate, and what of the capitalists? . . . Take away the cream of the workers, and fixed capital will depreciate in a great degree, and the floating will not subject itself to a struggle with the short supply of inferior labor. . . . . We are told the workers wish it [emigration]. Very natural it is that they should do so. . . . . Reduce, compress the cotton trade by taking away its working-power and reducing their wages expenditure, say one fifth, or five millions, and what then would happen to the class above, the small storekeepers, and what of the rents—the cottage rents? . . . . . Trace out the effects upward to the small farmer, the better householder, and . . . . . the land-owner, and say if there could be any suggestion more suicidal, to all classes of the country, than by enfeebling a nation by exporting the best of its manufacturing population, and destroying the value of some of its most productive capital and enrichment"*

The manufacturers' cry of despair found willing ears. The emigration of the workingmen was prevented. "Parliament did not vote a single farthing in aid of emigration, but simply passed some acts empowering the municipal

*Marx: *Capital*, I., pp. 362-363.

corporations to keep the operatives in a half-starved state—i. e., to exploit them at less than the normal wages."*

The municipalities ordered public works. The unemployed were set to work on drainage, roads, stone cutting, paving, etc., and drew relief from the local authorities. This action virtually amounted to a relief of the manufacturers, whose skilled hands were kept in the country. Thus "the manufacturer, in secret understanding with the Government, prevented emigration as far as possible, partly in order to have instantly available their capital which consisted in the flesh and blood of these workmen, and partly in order to be sure of the rent which these workmen paid them."†

Many of the manufacturers owned the houses in which the workingmen employed by them were living. Rent could not be paid during the time there was no work. The unpaid rent would have been a pure loss if the workingmen had succeeded in realizing their plan for emigration. Another reason which induced the manufacturers to oppose the scheme with all the means at their disposal was the fact that it offered the workingmen an opportunity to escape from their wretched conditions.

The heroic attitude of the textile workers of England during the Civil War in America constitutes one of the most glorious pages in the history of the working class and must there-

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*Marx: *Capital*, I., p. 364.

†Marx: *Kapital*, III., I., pp. 111-115.

fore be emphasized here. They suffered, starved and even died for the cause of Negro emancipation in America. And yet a little less patience would in this case have made the workingmen even more heroic. But the spirit of the Chartists had passed, and the workingmen of England were now great only in passive resistance. The perfidy of the ruling class never challenged instant active resistance more than did the conduct of the English manufacturers and the English government at the time of the Civil War.

The meetings protesting against a war in favor of the Southern States had in the meantime been continued. It was especially during the late winter of 1862 and of 1863 that one such meeting followed another. Above all others the workingmen of London began to be aroused. The trade unions of the metropolis called a meeting at St. James Hall for March 26th, which was of special importance, and the declarations of which were recognized as the expression of English working class opinion. At this meeting a prominent part was played by W. R. Cremer, then a cabinet-maker, subsequently a member of the General Council of the International Workingmen's Association, and still later one of the champions of the international peace movement. John Bright was in the chair, and among the speakers were John Stuart Mill and Prof. E. S. Beesly. In an address to Abraham Lincoln which was drawn up by this monster meeting this passage occurs:

"Though we have felt proud of our country

. . . . . yet have we ever turned with glowing admiration to your great Republic, where a higher political and social freedom has been established."

And John Bright declared:

"I am persuaded . . . . . that the more perfect the friendship that is established between the people of England and the free people of America, the more you will find your path of progress here made easy for you, and the more will social and political liberty advance among us."*

Lord Palmerston, then at the head of the English Government, was about to declare war against the Union. According to the testimony of Karl Marx it was this monster meeting of the English trade unions, together with the general attitude of the English working class in the matter, that prevented him from carrying out his intention. The Northern States of America have to thank the working class of England that at that trying period in their conflict with the South they were not involved in an additional war with England, and perhaps also with France, which would have seriously imperilled the existence of the Union.

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*Henry Bryan Binns: *Abraham Lincoln.* London, 1907.

2. Abraham Lincoln and the Workingmen of England.

Near the end of September, 1862, Lincoln issued a proclamation to the effect that on January 1, 1863, he would declare free all slaves in those States which should then be in rebellion against the United States and refuse to lay down their arms.

It was natural for the ruling classes of the South to ignore this proclamation. The Southern States had been enabled to maintain a few good privateers for injuring Northern Commerce, aided and encouraged therein mainly by England, its nobility, shipbuilders and merchants, with the Government's tacit approval. The slave-holders had every reason to expect that the English ruling classes would lend the Confederacy still further assistance.

But as we have seen, the English working class put in its veto here. The proclamation by Lincoln of his intention to abolish slavery by January 1st called forth great rejoicing; and although there was heard here and there a note of disappointment because the abolition of slavery was put forth as a war measure and not as an unconditional condemnation of slavery on principle, great demonstrations of workingmen took place, alike in the north and the south of England. In meetings at London and at Manchester it was resolved to send an address to President Lincoln expressing the thanks of the English workingmen for

the Emancipation Proclamation and encouraging him in taking still more decisive steps. Both meetings took place December 31, 1862.

The address adopted by the London meeting read as follows:

"The Workingmen of London to the President of the United States of America.

"To His Excellency, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States of America.

"Sir: We who offer this address are Englishmen and workingmen. We prize as our dearest inheritance, bought for us by the blood of our fathers, the liberty we enjoy—the liberty of free labor on the free soil. We have, therefore, been accustomed to regard with veneration and gratitude the founders of the great republic in which the liberties of the Anglo-Saxon race have been widened beyond all the precedents of the old world, and in which there was nothing to condemn or to lament but the slavery and degradation of men guilty only of a colored skin or an African parentage. We have looked with admiration and sympathy upon the brave, generous and untiring efforts or a large party in the Northern States to deliver the Union from this curse and shame. We rejoiced, sir, in your election to the Presidency, as a splendid proof that the principles of universal freedom and equality were arising to the ascendant. We regarded with abhorrence the conspiracy and rebellion by which it was sought at once to overthrow the su-

premacy of a government based upon the most popular suffrage in the world, and to perpetuate the hateful inequalities of race. We have ever heard with indignation the slander that ascribed to England sympathy with a rebellion of slaveholders, and all proposals to recognize in friendship a confederacy that boasts of slavery as its cornerstone. We have watched with the warmest interest the steady advance of your policy along the path of emancipation; and on this eve of the day on which your proclamation of freedom takes effect, we pray God to strengthen your hands, to confirm your noble purpose, and to hasten the restoration of that lawful authority which engages, in peace or war, by compensation or by force of arm, to realize the glorious principle on which your constitution is founded—the brotherhood, freedom, and equality of all men."*

On the same day when the workingmen of London in mass meeting assembled framed the above address, the workingmen of Manchester held a meeting for the same purpose. No less than 6,000 persons were present in the hall, the largest of the city. The address adopted here was sent by the Mayor of Manchester by special messenger to the American Minister at London, Charles Francis Adams. The importance which the American Minister attached to this manifestation of the workingmen may be gathered from the letter with which he forwarded the address to Secretary

Senate Documents. Washington, 1863.

of State Seward, in Washington. This letter declared:

"This meeting is in every respect a most remarkable indication of the state of popular sentiment in Great Britain. It will doubtless make a strong impression elsewhere, and, if duly followed up, may have the effect of restoring, in a degree, the amicable feeling between the two countries."*

The address, whose significance was truly set forth by this letter of the minister, read as follows:

"Address to the Workingmen of Manchester to His Excellency,

"Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States of America.

"As citizens of Manchester, assembled at the Free Trade Hall, we beg to express our fraternal sentiments towards you and your country.

"We rejoice in your greatness, as an outgrowth of England, whose blood and language you share, whose orderly and legal freedom you have applied to new circumstances, over a region immeasurably greater than our own. We honor your free States as a singularly happy abode for the working millions where industry is honored. One thing alone has, in the past, lessened our sympathy with your country and our confidence in it; we mean

*_Senate Documents._ Washington, 1863.

the ascendancy of politicians who not merely maintained Negro slavery, but desired to extend and root it more deeply. Since we have discerned, however, that the victory of the free North in the war which has so sorely distressed us as well as afflicted you, will shake off the fetters of the slave, you have attracted our warm and earnest sympathy.

"We joyfully honor you, as the President, and the Congress with you, for the many decisive steps towards practically exemplifying your belief in the words of your great founders: 'All men are created free and equal.'

"You have procured the liberation of the slaves in the district around Washington, and thereby made the centre of your federation visibly free. You have enforced the laws against the slave trade and kept up your fleet against it, even while every ship was wanted for service in your terrible war. You have nobly decided to receive ambassadors from the Negro republics of Hayti and Liberia, thus forever removing that unworthy prejudice which refuses the rights of humanity to men and women on account of their color. In order more effectually to stop the slave trade, you have made with our Queen a treaty, which your Senate has ratified, for the right of mutual search. Your Congress has decreed freedom as the law forever in the vast unoccupied or half-settled territories which are directly subject to its legislative power. It has offered pecuniary aid to all the States which will enact emancipation locally, and has forbidden your generals to restore fugitive slaves

who seek their protection. You have entreated the slave masters to accept these moderate offers; and, after long and patient waiting, you, as commander-in-chief in the army, have appointed to-morrow, the first of January, 1863, as the day of unconditional freedom for the slaves of the rebel States. Heartily do we congratulate you and your country on this humane and righteous course.

"We assume that you cannot now stop short of a complete uprooting of slavery. It would not become us to dictate any details, but there are broad principles of humanity which must guide you. If complete emancipation in some States be deferred, though only to a predetermined day, still, in the interval, human beings should not be counted chattels. Women must have rights of chastity and maternity, men the rights of husbands; masters the liberty of manumission. Justice demands for the black, no less than for the white, the protection of the law—that his voice may be heard in your courts. Nor must any such abomination be tolerated as slave-breeding States and a slave market—if you are to earn the high reward of all your services in the approval of the universal brotherhood and of the Divine Father. It is for your free country to decide whether anything but immediate and total emancipation can secure the most indispensable rights of humanity, against the inveterate wickedness of local laws and local executives.

"We implore you, for your own honor and welcome, not to faint in your providential mis-

sion. While your enthusiasm is aflame, and the tide of events runs high, let the work be finished effectually. Leave no root of bitterness to spring up and work fresh misery to your children. It is a mighty task, indeed, to reorganize the industry, not only of four millions of the colored race, but of five millions of whites. Nevertheless, the vast progress you have made in the short space of twenty months fills us with hope that every stain on your freedom will shortly be removed, and that the erasure of that foul blot upon civilization and Christianity—chattel slavery—during your Presidency, will cause the name of Abraham Lincoln to be honored and revered by posterity. We are certain that such a glorious consummation will cement Great Britain to the United States in close and enduring regards. Our interests, moreover, are identified with yours. We are truly one people, though locally separate. And if you have any ill wishes here, be assured that they are chiefly those who oppose liberty at home, and that they will be powerless to stir up quarrels between us, from the very day in which your country becomes, undeniably and without exception, the home of the free.

"Accept our high admiration of your firmness in upholding the proclamation of freedom."

On February 2, 1863, Lincoln sent the following letter in answer to the address of the London workingmen:

"To the workingmen of London: I have received the New Year's address which you have

sent me, with a sincere appreciation of the exalted and humane sentiments by which it was inspired.

"As these sentiments are manifestly the enduring support of the free institutions of England, so I am sure also that they constitute the only reliable basis for free institutions throughout the world.

"The resources, advantages and powers of the American people are very great, and they have consequently succeeded to equally great responsibilities. It seems to have developed upon them to test whether a government established on the principles of human freedom can be maintained against an effort to build one upon the exclusive foundation of human bondage. They will rejoice with me in the new evidences which your proceedings furnish that the magnanimity they are exhibiting is justly estimated by the true friends of freedom and humanity in foreign countries.

"Accept my best wishes for your individual welfare, and for the welfare and happiness of the whole British people."

Abraham Lincoln."*

Previous to this, on January 19th, President Lincoln had sent a more comprehensive reply to the address of the workingmen of Manchester. This reply read as follows:

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*Senate Documents. Third Session, 37th Congress, 1862-1863.

"Washington, January 19, 1863.

"To the Workingmen of Manchester, England:

"I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of the address and resolutions which you sent me on the eve of the new year. When I came, on the 4th of March, 1861, through a free and constitutional election to preside in the Government of the United States, the country was found at the verge of civil war. Whatever might have been the cause or whoseever the fault, one duty, paramount to all others, was before me, namely, to maintain and preserve at once the Constitution and the integrity of the Federal Republic. A conscientious purpose to perform this duty is the key to all measures of administration which have been and to all which will hereafter be pursued. Under our frame of Government and my official oath, I could not depart from this purpose if I would. It is not always in the power of government to enlarge or restrict the scope of moral results which follow the policies that they may deem it necessary for the public safety from time to time to adopt. I have understood well that the duty of self-preservation rests solely with the American people; but I have at the same time been aware that favor or disfavor of foreign nations might have a material influence in enlarging or prolonging the struggle with disloyal men in which the country is engaged. A fair examination of history has served to authorize a belief that the past actions and influences of the United States were generally regarded as hav-

ing been beneficial toward mankind. I have, therefore, reckoned upon the forbearance of nations. Circumstances to which you kindly allude induce me especially to expect that if justice and good faith should be practiced by the United States, they would encounter no hostile influence on the part of Great Britain. It is now a pleasant duty to acknowledge the demonstration you have given of your desire that a spirit of amity and peace toward this country may prevail in the councils of your Queen, who is respected and esteemed in your own country only more than she is by the kindred nation which has its home on this side of the Atlantic. I know and deeply deplore the sufferings which the workingmen at Manchester, and in all Europe, are called to endure in this crisis. It has been often and studiously represented that the attempt to overthrow this Government, which was built upon the foundation of human rights, and to substitute for it one which should rest exclusively on the basis of human slavery, was likely to obtain the favor of Europe. Through the action of our disloyal citizens, the workingmen of Europe have been subjected to severe trials, for the purpose of forcing their sanction to that attempt. Under the circumstances, I cannot but regard your decisive utterances upon the question as an instance of sublime Christian heroism which has not been surpassed in any age or in any country. It is indeed an energetic and reinspiring assurance of the inherent power of truth, and of the ultimate and universal triumph of justice, hu-

manity and freedom. I do not doubt that the sentiments you have expressed will be sustained by your great nation; and, on the other hand, I have no hesitation in assuring you that they will excite admiration, esteem and the most reciprocal feelings of friendship among the American people. I hail this interchange of sentiment, therefore, as an augury that whatever else may happen, whatever misfortune may befall your country or my own, the peace and friendship which now exists between the two nations will be, as it shall be my desire to make them, perpetual.

Abraham Lincoln."*

On the 26th of February the Senate adopted a resolution† requesting that the correspondence between President Lincoln and the Workingmen of England be laid before it. This was done, and on March 2d the Senate ordered it sent to the printer and incorporated in the Senate Documents.**

President Lincoln's letter to the workingmen of Manchester recognizes the sacrifices which the workingmen of England made in behalf of the Union, and mentions the sublime heroism shown by them, "unsurpassed in any age or land." The polite phrases in regard to the persons at the head of the English Government were probably inserted for diplo-

*Senate Documents. 1863.

†Congressional Globe. February 26, 1863.

**Senate Documents. Third Session, 37th Congress, 1862-63.

matic reasons. It was really the English working class *alone* that merited the gratitude of the Union.

3. Lincoln's Attitude towards the Working Class.

Next to Washington, of all the Presidents, Lincoln ranks highest in the esteem of the American people. It is not only his relation to Negro emancipation and his tragic death that have made him the national hero of this country. Mythical tradition also has so glorified him that he is now celebrated for views which he did not hold.

Mythical tradition has especially transfigured Lincoln's attitude towards the working class. He has been credited with prophetic expressions favoring the inference that he foresaw the dominion of capitalist corporations and entertained the fear that all wealth would become concentrated in a few hands, to the great peril of the Republic. Utterances have been ascribed to him counselling the working class to guard well the political rights which they possess and not to allow such rights to be wrested from them. He is even said to have had the economic wisdom to declare that every government should strive to secure for every workingman, as far as possible, the entire product of his labor. In short, Lincoln was represented as a man who had excogitated for himself a clear view of the economic evolution of society, alike in the present and the future, who distinctly recognized the part which the working class would play in this evolution, whose sympathies were entirely with the working class, and who raised a warning voice

against the "money power."

Lincoln did not possess this knowledge of economic evolution; he had no idea of the historic part the working class is called to play; he had no idea even of the special significance of the labor movement, and his sympathies were not with the workingmen, in so far as they voiced the demands of a separate class. Lincoln has been extolled as a friend of the workingmen, as almost a Socialist, the Socialist press of the United States even joining in the chorus of praise. This praise has been possible only because sentiments have been ascribed to him which he never uttered, and because certain expressions used by him have been distorted or falsified into their direct opposite.*

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*An ingenious fabrication of utterances on labor purporting to be Lincoln's has been printed and circulated by the thousand in every part of the United States. It consists of five paragraphs, the last four of which are more or less genuine, but are distorted out of their meaning. The first paragraph begins, "I see in the near future a crisis approaching that unnerves me." The whole fabrication was analyzed by W. J. Ghent in *Collier's Weekly* for April 1, 1905. Of the first paragraph Mr. Ghent writes:

"[It] is almost certainly a forgery. The style is not Lincoln's, nor in so far as any one can now say, are the sentiments. Nowhere among his authenticated utterances is there to be found anything resembling either the form or the substance of this paragraph. No one has ever been able to show the original in Lincoln's hand, and repeated demands for its production have met only vague assertions of its existence in some other and generally remote place."

Apart from his sentiments in regard to slavery, there are but few among Lincoln's numerous spoken and written utterances which deal with the labor question. In none of these utterances did he declare himself in favor of the working class and its special demands as antagonistic to the other classes of the population. On the contrary, he always avoided recognizing such antagonisms. At Cincinnati, on February 12, 1861, he addressed a meeting of German workingmen. When the chairman declared it as the sense of those present that the working class must be the foundation of all government, Lincoln cautiously remarked:

"I agree with you, Mr. Chairman, that the workingmen are the basis of all government, for the plain reason that they are the more numerous, and as you added, that those were the sentiments of the gentlemen present, representing not only the working class, but citizens of other callings than those of the mechanic, I am happy to concur with you in these sentiments."

Even before this, in March, 1860, Lincoln had expressed himself in regard to the labor movement. The campaign had taken him to New England, where the struggles of the workingmen presented themselves to him more forcibly than elsewhere. In Massachusetts there was in progress a strike of the shoemakers which Senator Douglas had represented as a consequence "of this unfortunate sectional warfare" between the North and the South. In a speech at Hartford, Conn., on March 5, 1860, Lincoln challenged the ridicu-

lous statement of Douglas, saying he "thanked God that we have a system of labor where there can be a strike. Whatever the pressure, there is a point where the workingman may stop." Here, too, Lincoln added cautiously that he did not pretend to be familiar with the subject of the shoe strike. "If you give up your convictions and call slavery right, as they do, you let slavery in upon you—instead of white laborers who can strike, you'll soon have black laborers who can't strike."*

In a speech at New Haven, Conn., on the following day, Lincoln returned to the subject, saying:

"I am glad to see that a system of labor prevails in New England under which laborers can strike when they want to, where they are not obliged to work under all circumstances, and are not tied down and obliged to labor whether you pay them or not. I like the system which lets a man quit when he wants to, and wish it might prevail everywhere. One of the reasons why I am opposed to slavery is just here. What is the true condition of the laborer? I take it that it is the best for all to leave each man free to acquire property as fast as he can. Some will get wealthy. I don't believe in a law to prevent a man from getting rich; it would do more harm than good. So while we do not propose any war upon capital, we do wish to allow the humblest man an equal chance to get

*J. G. Nicolay and J. Hay: *Abraham Lincoln*, I., pp. 615-616.

rich with everybody else. When one starts poor, as most do in the race of life, free society is such that he knows he can better his condition—he knows that there is no fixed condition of labor for his whole life. I am not ashamed to confess that twenty-five years ago I was a hired laborer, mauling rails, at work on a flatboat—just what might happen to any poor man's son. I want every man to have his chance—and I believe a black man is entitled to it—in which he can better his condition—when he may look forward and hope to be a hired laborer this year and the next, work for himself afterward, and finally hire men to work for him. That is the true system."*

One may gather from this speech that Lincoln regarded the strike as a rightful weapon in the struggles of the workingmen, but the cautious reserve with which he discusses the matter leaves uncertain his attitude towards labor organizations and particularly towards trade unions.

The two speeches merely show that Lincoln preferred the system of "free labor" to the system of slave labor. For the rest, it is to be seen from his observations that he had no comprehension of the aims and ends of the labor movement or of the special interests of the working class. The labor movement was to him a phenomenon for which he had no understanding and to which he probably never paid any particular attention.

After his election to the Presidency, Lincoln

*Nicolay and Hay, I., pp. 625-626.

discussed the question of capital and labor more thoroughly in his message to Congress of December, 1861. He took the same position in this document which he had set forth in his speeches in Hartford and New Haven, and even earlier in an address at Milwaukee, and defended it in almost the same language. This message precisely defined Lincoln's position in relation to economic questions, and it must never be left out of consideration if one wishes to form a true view of the opinions of the man in regard to these matters.

Later, in the year preceding his death, Lincoln made special reference to the propositions in this message, as to a sort of programme to be submitted to workingmen for their consideration, thereby making it plain that he never discarded the views there laid down.

In New York, in 1863, a workingmen's organization had been formed under the name of the Republican Workingmen's Association of New York. This association resolved to make President Lincoln an honorary member. A committee was appointed and sent to Washington for the purpose of apprising the President of his election to an honorary membership in the association and of submitting to him an address. Lincoln received this committee on March 21, 1864, and addressed them as follows:

"Gentlemen of the Committee: The honorary membership in your association, as generously tendered, is gratefully accepted.

"You comprehend, as your address shows,

that the existing rebellion means more, and tends to more, than the perpetuation of African slavery—that it is, in fact, a war upon the rights of all working people. Partly to show that this view has not escaped my attention, and partly that I cannot better express myself, I read a passage from the message to Congress in December, 1861:

"'It continues to develop that the insurrection is largely, if not exclusively, a war upon the first principle of popular government—the rights of the people. Conclusive evidence of this is found in the most grave and maturely considered public documents as well as in the general tone of the insurgents. In those documents we find the abridgement of the existing right of suffrage, and the denial to the people of all right to participate in the selection of public officers, except the legislative, boldly advocated, with labored arguments to prove that large control of the people in government is the source of all political evil. Monarchy itself is sometimes hinted at as a possible refuge from the power of the people.

"'In my present position I could scarcely be justified were I to omit raising a warning voice against this approach of returning despotism.

"'It is not needed, nor fitting here, that a general argument should be made in favor of popular institutions; but there is one point, with its connections, not so hackneyed as most others, to which I ask a brief attention. It is the effort, to place *capital* on an equal footing with, if not above, *labor*, in the structure of government. It is assumed that labor is avail-

able only in connection with capital, that nobody labors unless somebody else, owning capital, somehow by the use of it induces him to labor. This assumed, it is next considered whether it is best, that capital shall *hire* laborers and thus induce them to work by their own consent, or *buy* them and drive them to it without their consent. Having proceeded so far, it is naturally concluded that all laborers are either *hired* laborers or what we call slaves, and, further, it is assumed that whoever is once a hired laborer, is fixed in that condition for life.

" 'Now, there is no such relation between capital and labor as assumed; nor is there any such thing as a free man being fixed for life in the condition of a hired laborer. Both these assumptions are false, and all inferences from them are groundless.

" 'Labor is prior to, and independent of, capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor and could never have existed if labor had not first existed. Labor is the superior of capital, and deserves much the higher consideration. Capital has its rights, which are as worthy of protection as any other rights. Nor is it denied that there is, and probably always will be, a relation between capital and labor, producing mutual benefits. The error is in assuming that the whole labor of the community exists within that relation. A few men own capital, and that few avoid labor themselves, and, with their capital, hire or buy another few to labor for them. A large majority belong to neither class—neither work for others, nor have others

working for them. In most of the Southern States a majority of the whole people, of all colors, are neither slaves nor masters; while in the Northern, a large majority are neither hirers nor hired. Men with their families—wives, sons, and daughters—work for themselves, on their farms, in their houses, and in their shops, taking the whole product to themselves, and asking no favors of capital on the one hand, nor of hired laborers or slaves on the other. It is not forgotten that a considerable number of persons mingle their own labor with capital, that is: they labor with their own hands, and also buy or hire others to labor for them, but this is only a mixed and not a distinct class. No principle stated is disturbed by the existence of the mixed class.

" 'Again, as has already been said, there is not, of necessity, any such thing as the free hired laborer being fixed to that condition for life. Many independent men everywhere in those States, a few years back in their lives, were hired laborers. The prudent penniless beginner in the world labors for wages a while, saves a surplus with which to buy tools or land for himself, then labors on his own account another while, and at length hires another new beginner to help him. This is the just and generous and prosperous system, which opens the way to all—gives hope to all and consequent energy and progress and improvement of condition to all. No men living are more worthy to be trusted than those who toil up from poverty—none less inclined to take or touch that which they have not honestly earned.

Let them beware of surrendering a political power which they already possess, and which, if surrendered, will surely be used to close the door of advancement against such as they, and to fix new disabilities and burdens upon them, till all of liberty shall be lost.'

"The views then expressed remain unchanged, nor have I much to add. None are so deeply interested to resist the present rebellion as the working people. Let them beware of prejudice, working division and hostility among themselves. The most notable feature of a disturbance in your city last summer was the hanging of some working people by other working people. It should never be so. The strongest bond of human sympathy, outside of the family relation, should be one uniting all working people, of all nations, and tongues, and kindreds. Nor should this lead to a war upon property, or the owners of property. Property is the fruit of labor; property is desirable; is a positive good in the world. That some should be rich shows that others may become rich, and hence is just encouragement to industry and enterprise. Let not him who is houseless pull down the house of another, but let him work diligently and build one for himself, thus by example assuring that his own shall be safe from violence when built."*

It is evident from this address that Lincoln considered himself as belonging to the lower middle-class (petty bourgeoisie) and that he

*Nicolay and Hay, pp. 501-502.

was imbued by its ideals. Nothing is more natural, considering the state of social evolution in America at that time and Lincoln's individual development. Lincoln denies the existence of an industrial proletariat, "fixed to that condition for life." In the light of his lower middle-class experiences and ideals he still saw for every one the possibility of advancement from wage worker to proprietor. His observations are a glorification of the lower middle-class, the men who are neither capitalists nor wage workers. The former wage worker who advances by his own efforts and then hires another beginner as a wage worker, thus becoming a small employer—such is Lincoln's ideal. That is to him "the just and generous and prosperous system." He warns this stratum of the population, who "toil up from poverty," to beware of surrendering their political rights and their political power. It is not the workingmen whom Lincoln counsels to vigilance over their political rights, but the lower middle-class. And whoever might still entertain the slightest doubt concerning Lincoln's position among the classes constituting society, and the distance by which he was still separated from the Socialist point of view, will be set right by the close of his address to the New York labor committee, by his glorification of property and its owners, and by his warning to workingmen not to "make war upon property." If he was at all aware of Socialist views and had formed an opinion concerning them, it must have been a hostile one. This was quite natural. The labor question

and its implications were foreign to him. He represented the farmer and the lower middle-class with whom his strength lay, and who at that period constituted the most powerful stratum of the population of the Northern States of the Union.

The passage in Lincoln's address to the New York labor committee, "the strongest bond of human sympathy, outside of the family relation, should be one uniting all working people, of all nations and tongues and kindreds" has led some to conclude that its author must have had an understanding of the international solidarity of the working class and of the special class solidarity which is peculiar to the labor movement on a higher plane. It is possible that the heroic attitude in favor of the Union assumed by the working class of England during the war had awakened in him a slight understanding of the class solidarity of workingmen, but it is not probable, and we must consider that beautiful passage as a mere mode of expression without any deeper significance. If one were to draw inferences from a single passage of this kind as to Lincoln's general way of thinking in regard to the labor movement, one would have to concede the right of other classes to derive precisely contrary conclusions from his remarks in the speech at New Haven: "I take it that it is the best for all to leave each man free to acquire property as fast as he can," and "I don't believe in a law to prevent a man from getting rich."

But there is still another document on the strength of which a claim has been made for

Lincoln's approach to Socialism. In 1847 Lincoln had outlined a speech on the protective tariff and free trade which he intended to deliver in Congress. In this outline occur the following statements:

"In the early days of our race the Almighty said to the first of our race, 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,' and since then, if we except the light and the air of heaven, no good thing has been or can be enjoyed by us without having first cost labor. And inasmuch as most good things are produced by labor, it follows that all such things of right belong to those whose labor has produced them. But it has so happened, in all ages of the world, that some have labored, and others have without labor enjoyed a large proportion of the fruits. This is wrong, and should not continue. To secure to each laborer the whole product of his labor, or as nearly as possible, is a worthy object of any good government.

"But when the question arises, how can a government best effect this? In our own country, in its present condition, will the protective principle advance or retard this object? Upon this subject the habits of our whole species fall into three great classes—useful labor, useless labor and idleness. Of these, the first only is meritorious, and to it all the products of labor rightfully belong; but the two latter, while they exist, are heavy pensioners upon the first, robbing it of a large portion of its just rights. The only remedy for this is to, so far as possible, drive useless labor and idleness out of existence. And, first, as to

useless labor. Before making war upon this we must learn to distinguish it from useful. It appears to me that all labor done directly and indirectly in carrying articles to the place of consumption, which could have been produced in sufficient abundance, with as little labor, at the place of consumption as at the place they were carried from, is useless labor."*

On the basis of these considerations Lincoln attempted to demonstrate that it would be useful labor to inaugurate and develop in the South, where cotton is indigenous, the cotton spinning and weaving industry. To this end he demanded the maintenance of the protective tariff.

He writes literally:

"I try to show that the abandonment of the protective policy by the American Government must result in the increase of both useless labor and idleness, and so, in proportion, must produce want and ruin among the people."

Considered out of their context, Lincoln's introductory remarks in this outline might produce the impression that he indeed inclined towards certain Socialist views according to which the product of labor should belong to him who created it. It is even not impossible that Lincoln, at the high tide of the Fourierist movement, at the time when he wrote his outline, had become acquainted with newspapers and pamphlets containing similar propositions

*Nicolay and Hay, I., p. 92 *ff.*

and that he drew his inspiration from these. It is certain that he was a reader of Greely's *Tribune*. But in the connection where we find it, the sentence "to secure to each laborer the whole product of his labor, or as nearly as possible, is a worthy object of any good government," cannot mean that the *wage worker* is to receive the product of his labor. That labor alone produces values was by no means clear to Lincoln. In his view the manufacturer who exploited a number of men was also doing useful work, and he, too, was therefore entitled to the product of his labor. The transport of merchandise he did not consider as useful labor, and the workingmen engaged in the transportation of merchandise were therefore not entitled to a share of the product. Lincoln's Socialist-sounding phrases of 1847 by no means bore a Socialist meaning; they could not bear such a meaning because their author had no conception of the working class as a well-defined stratum of the population, with economic interests of its own and with definite historical aims.

Abraham Linclon was not a Socialist, nor was he particularly friendly to workingmen as the components of a class. The ideas of the modern working-class movement were to him foreign ideas and remained so even in his later years. He stood on the ground of the lower middle-class and the farmer element, to which he himself belonged. He was a man of his age, with whose ideas he was imbued. He was not a man of the future, and he knew nothing of the ideas of the future. And the ideas which

have been developed by the labor movement were to him the ideas of a future time.

LINCOLN'S SPEECHES

GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

November 19, 1863

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field is a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate —we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow— this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us— that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave

the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

FIRST INAUGURAL ADDRESS

March 4, 1861

Fellow-Citizens of the United States: In compliance with a custom as old as the government itself, I appear before you to address you briefly, and to take in your presence the oath prescribed by the Constitution of the United States to be taken by the President "before he enters on the execution of his office."

I do not consider it necessary at present for me to discuss those matters of administration about which there is no special anxiety or excitement.

Apprehension seems to exist among the people of the Southern States that by the accession of a Republican administration their property and their peace and personal security are to be endangered. There has never been any reasonable cause for such apprehension. Indeed, the most ample evidence to the contrary has all the while existed and been open to their inspection. It is found in nearly all the published speeches of him who now addresses you. I do but quote from one of those speeches

when I declare that "I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists. I believe I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so." Those who nominated and elected me did so with full knowledge that I had made this and many similar declarations, and had never recanted them. And, more than this, they placed in the platform for my acceptance, and as a law to themselves and to me, the clear and emphatic resolution which I now read:

"Resolved, That the maintenance inviolate of the rights of the States, and especially the right of each State to order and control its own domestic institutions according to its own judgment exclusively, is essential to that balance of power on which the perfection and endurance of our political fabric depend, and we denounce the lawless invasion by armed force of the soil of any State or Territory, no matter under what pretext, as among the gravest of crimes."

I now reiterate these sentiments; and, in doing so, I only press upon the public attention the most conclusive evidence of which the case is susceptible, that the property, peace, and security of no section are to be in any wise endangered by the now incoming administration. I add, too, that all the protection which, consistently with the Constitution and the laws, can be given, will be cheerfully given to the States when lawfully demanded,

for whatever cause—as cheerfully to one section as to another.

There is much controversy about the delivering up of fugitives from service or labor. The clause I now read is as plainly written in the Constitution as any other of its provisions:

"No person held to service or labor in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall in consequence of any law or regulation therein be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due."

It is scarcely questioned that this provision was intended by those who made it for the reclaiming of what we call fugitive slaves; and the intention of the lawgiver is the law. All members of Congress swear their support to the whole Constitution—to this provision as much as to any other. To the proposition, then, that slaves whose cases come within the terms of this clause "shall be delivered up," their oaths are unanimous. Now, if they would make the effort in good temper, could they not with nearly equal unanimity frame and pass a law by means of which to keep good that unanimous oath?

There is some difference of opinion whether this clause should be enforced by national or by State authority; but surely that difference is not a very material one. If the slave is to be surrendered, it can be of but little consequence to him or to others by which authority

it is done. And should any one in any case be content that his oath shall go unkept on a merely unsubstantial controversy as to how it shall be kept?

Again, in any law upon this subject, ought not all the safeguards of liberty known in civilized and humane jurisprudence to be introduced, so that a free man be not, in any case, surrendered as a slave? And might it not be well at the same time to provide by law for the enforcement of that clause in the Constitution which guarantees that "the citizens of each State shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States?"

I take the official oath today with no mental reservations, and with no purpose to construe the Constitution or laws by any hypercritical rules. And while I do not choose now to specify particular acts of Congress as proper to be enforced, I do suggest that it will be much safer for all, both in official and private stations, to conform to and abide by all those acts which stand unrepealed, than to violate any of them, trusting to find impunity in having them held to be unconstitutional.

It is seventy-two years since the first inauguration of a President under our National Constitution. During that period fifteen different and greatly distinguished citizens have, in succession, administered the executive branch of the government. They have conducted it through many perils, and generally with great success. Yet, with all this scope

of precedent, I now enter upon the task for the brief constitutional term of four years under great and peculiar difficulty. A disruption of the Federal Union, heretofore only menaced, is now formidably attempted.

I hold that, in contemplation of universal law and of the Constitution, the Union of these States is perpetual. Perpetuity is implied, if not expressed, in the fundamental law of all national government. It is safe to assert that no government proper ever had a provision in its organic law for its own termination. Continue to execute all the express provisions of our National Constitution, and the Union will endure forever—it being impossible to destroy it except by some action not provided for in the instrument itself.

Again, if the United States be not a government proper, but an association of States in the nature of contract merely, can it, as a contract be peaceably unmade by less than all the parties who made it? One party to a contract may violate—break it, so to speak; but does it not require all to lawfully rescind it?

Descending from these general principles, we find the proposition that, in legal contemplation the Union is perpetual confirmed by the history of the Union itself. The Union is much older than the Constitution. It was formed, in fact, by the Articles of Association in 1774. It was matured and continued by the Declaration of Independence in 1776. It was further matured, and the faith of all the then

thirteen States expressly plighted and engaged that it should be perpetual, by the Articles of Confederation in 1778. And, finally, in 1787 one of the declared objects for ordaining and establishing the Constitution was "to form a more perfect Union."

But if the destruction of the Union by one or by a part only of the States, be lawfully possible, the Union is less perfect than before the Constitution, having lost the vital element of perpetuity.

It follows from these views that no State upon its own mere motion can lawfully get out of the Union; that resolves and ordinances to that effect are legally void; and that acts of violence, within any State or States, against the authority of the United States, are insurrectionary or revolutionary, according to circumstances.

I therefore consider that, in view of the Constitution and the laws, the Union is unbroken; and to the extent of my ability I shall take care, as the Constitution itself expressly enjoins upon me, that the laws of the Union be faithfully executed in all the States. Doing this I deem to be only a simple duty on my part; and I shall perform it so far as practicable, unless my rightful masters, the American people, shall withhold the requisite means, or in some authoritative manner direct the contrary. I trust this will not be regarded as a menace, but only as the declared purpose of the Union that it will constitutionally de-

fend and maintain itself.

In doing this there needs to be no bloodshed or violence; and there shall be none, unless it be forced upon the national authority. The power confided to me will be used to hold, occupy and possess the property and places belonging to the government, and to collect the duties and imposts; but beyond what may be necessary for these objects, there will be no invasion, no using of force against or among the people anywhere. Where hostility to the United States, in any interior locality, shall be so great and universal as to prevent competent resident citizens from holding the Federal offices, there will be no attempt to force obnoxious strangers among the people for that object. While the strict legal right may exist in the government to enforce the exercise of these offices, the attempt to do so would be so irritating, and so nearly impracticable withal, that I deem it better to forego for the time the uses of such offices.

The mails, unless repelled, will continue to be furnished in all parts of the Union. So far as possible, the people everywhere shall have that sense of perfect security which is most favorable to calm thought and reflection. The course here indicated will be followed unless current events and experience shall show a modification or change to be proper, and in every case and exigency my best discretion will be exercised according to circumstances actually existing, and with a

view and a hope of a perfect solution of the national troubles and the restoration of fraternal sympathies and affections.

That there are persons in one section or another who seek to destroy the Union at all events, and are glad of any pretext to do it, I will neither affirm nor deny; but if there be such, I need address no word to them. To those, however, who really love the Union may I not speak?

Before entering upon so grave a matter as the destruction of our national fabric, with all its benefits, its memories, and its hopes, would it not be wise to ascertain precisely why we do it? Will you hazard so desperate a step while there is any possibility that any portion of the ills you fly from have no real existence? Will you, while the certain ills you fly to are greater than all the real ones you fly from—will you risk the commission of so fearful a mistake?

All profess to be content in the Union if all constitutional rights can be maintained. Is it true, then, that any right, plainly written in the Constitution, has been denied? I think not. Happily the human mind is so constituted that no party can reach to the audacity of doing this. Think, if you can, of a single instance in which a plainly written provision of the Constitution has ever been denied. If by the mere force of numbers a majority should deprive a minority of any clearly written constitutional right, it might, in a

moral point of view, justify revolution—certainly would if such a right were a vital one. But such is not our case. All the vital rights of minorities and of individuals are so plainly assured to them by affirmations and negations, guarantees and prohibitions, in the Constitution, that controversies never arise concerning them. But no organic law can ever be framed with a provision specifically applicable to every question which may occur in practical administration. No foresight can anticipate, nor any document of reasonable length contain, express provisions for all possible questions. Shall fugitives from labor be surrendered by national or by State authority? The Constitution does not expressly say. May Congress prohibit slavery in the Territories? The Constitution does not expressly say. Must Congress protect slavery in the Territories? The Constitution does not expressly say.

From questions of this class spring all our constitutional controversies, and we divide upon them into majorities and minorities. If the minority will not acquiesce, the majority must, or the government must cease. There is no other alternative; for continuing the government is acquiescence on one side or the other.

If a minority in such case will secede rather than acquiesce, they make a precedent which in turn will divide and ruin them; for a minority of their own will secede from them whenever a majority refuses to be controlled

by such minority. For instance, why may not any portion of a new confederacy a year or two hence arbitrarily secede again, precisely as portions of the present Union now claim to secede from it? All who cherish disunion sentiments are now being educated to the exact temper of doing this.

Is there such perfect identity of instincts among the States to compose a new Union, as to produce harmony only, and prevent renewed secession?

Plainly, the central idea of secession is the essence of anarchy. A majority held in restraint by constitutional checks and limitations, and always changing easily with deliberate changes of popular opinions and sentiments, is the only true sovereign of a free people. Whoever rejects it does, of necessity, fly to anarchy or to despotism. Unanimity is impossible; the rule of a minority, as a permanent arrangement, is wholly inadmissible; so that, rejecting the majority principle, anarchy or despotism in some form is all that is left.

I do not forget the position, assumed by some, that constitutional questions are to be decided by the Supreme Court; nor do I deny that such decisions must be binding, in any case, upon the parties to a suit, as to the object of that suit, while they are also entitled to very high respect and consideration in all parallel cases by all other departments of the government. And while it is obviously

possible that such decision may be erroneous in any given case, still the evil effect following it, being limited to that particular case, with the chance that it may be overruled and never become a precedent for other cases, can better be borne than could the evils of a different practice. At the same time, the candid citizen must confess that if the policy of the government, upon vital questions affecting the whole people, is to be irrevocably fixed by decision of the Supreme Court, the instant they are made, in ordinary litigation between parties in personal actions, the people will have ceased to be their own rulers, having to that extent practically resigned their government into the hands of that eminent tribunal. Nor is there in this view any assault upon the court or the judges. It is a duty from which they may not shrink to decide cases properly brought before them, and it is no fault of theirs if others seek to turn their decisions to political purposes.

One section of our country believes slavery is right, and ought to be extended, while the other believes it is wrong, and ought not to be extended. This is the only substantial dispute. The fugitive-slave clause of the Constitution, and the law for the suppression of the foreign slave-trade, are each as well enforced, perhaps, as any law can ever be in a community where moral sense of the people imperfectly supports the law itself. The great body of the people abide by the dry legal obli-

gation in both cases, and a few break over in each. This, I think, cannot be perfectly cured; and it would be worse in both cases after the separation of the sections than before. The foreign slave-trade, now imperfectly suppressed, would be ultimately revived, without restriction, in one section, while fugitive slaves, now only partially surrendered, would not be surrendered at all by the other.

Physically speaking, we cannot separate. We cannot remove our respective sections from each other, nor build an impassable wall between them. A husband and wife may be divorced, and go out of the presence and beyond the reach of each other; but the different parts of our country cannot do this. They cannot but remain face to face, and intercourse, either amicable or hostile, must continue between them. Is it possible, then, to make that intercourse more advantageous or more satisfactory after separation than before? Can aliens make treaties easier than friends can make laws? Can treaties be more faithfully enforced between aliens than laws can among friends? Suppose you go to war, you cannot fight always; and when, after much loss on both sides, and no gain on either, you cease fighting, the identical old questions as to terms of intercourse are again upon you.

This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government, they can exercise their constitutional right of

amending it, or their revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it. I cannot be ignorant of the fact that many worthy and patriotic citizens are desirous of having the National Constitution amended. While I make no recommendation of amendments, I fully recognize the rightful authority of the people over the whole subject, to be exercised in either of the modes prescribed in the instrument itself; and I should, under existing circumstances, favor rather than oppose a fair opportunity being afforded the people to act upon it. I will venture to add that to me the convention mode seems preferable, in that it allows amendments to originate with the people themselves, instead of only permitting them to take or reject propositions originated by others not especially chosen for the purpose, and which might not be precisely such as they would wish to either accept or refuse. I understand a proposed amendment to the Constitution—which amendment, however, I have not seen—has passed Congress, to the effect that the Federal Government shall never interfere with the domestic institutions of the States, including that of persons held to service. To avoid misconstruction of what I have said, I depart from my purpose not to speak of particular amendments so far as to say that, holding such a provision to now be implied constitutional law, I have no objection to its being made express and irrevocable.

The chief magistrate derives all his author-

ity from the people, and they have conferred none upon him to fix terms for the separation of the States. The people themselves can do this also if they choose; but the executive, as such, has nothing to do with it. His duty is to administer the present government, as it came to his hands, and to transmit it, unimpaired by him, to his successor.

Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better or equal hope in the world? In our present differences is either party without faith of being in the right? If the Almighty Ruler of Nations, with his eternal truth and justice, be on your side of the North, or on yours of the South, that truth and justice will surely prevail by the judgment of this great tribunal of the American people.

By the frame of the government under which we live, this same people have wisely given their public servants but little power for mischief; and have, with equal wisdom, provided for the return of that little to their own hands at very short intervals. While the people retain their virtue and vigilance, no administration, by any extreme of wickedness or folly, can very seriously injure the government in the short space of four years.

My countrymen, one and all, think calmly and well upon this whole subject. Nothing valuable can be lost by taking time. If there be an object to hurry any of you in hot haste to a step which you would never take deliber-

ately, that object will be frustrated by taking time; but no good object can be frustrated by it. Such of you as are now dissatisfied, still have the old Constitution unimpaired, and, on the sensitive point, the laws of your own framing under it; while the new administration will have no immediate power, if it would, to change either. If it were admitted that you who are dissatisfied hold the right side in the dispute, there still is no single good reason for precipitate action. Intelligence, patriotism, Christianity, and a firm reliance on Him who has never yet forsaken this favored land, are still competent to adjust in the best way all our present difficulty.

In your hands, my dissatified fellow countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the government, while I shall have the most solemn one to "preserve, protect, and defend it."

I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.

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Yiddish Short Stories

Edited by

Isaac Goldberg

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YIDDISH SHORT STORIES

INTRODUCTION

Of the authors represented in this little collection, Isaac Leib Perez stands foremost in time and in renown. By more than one competent critic he has been found worthy to accupy a distinguished place among the writers of the nineteenth century in any tongue. Mediocre as a dramatist, he rises as a poet and particularly as an artist in prose to moments of unaffected genius. Rarely is his allegory without that humanizing quality which keeps it from degenerating into merely pictorial evasions of thought. If allegory, not even in the hands of a Dante, cannot always be kept free from the adulteration of a wilful symbolism, there are times when it represents so successfully the inner intention of the creator that it becomes in a very true sense a creation. That arch-enemy of allegorical writing, Benedetto Croce, has shown how in many a passage of the great Florentine's *Commedia* it is possible, indeed, esthetically necessary,—to throw all thought of Dante's concealed meanings to the winds and let the picture and the words speak for the human Dante behind them. Before Croce, Federico De Sanctis—who anticipated more than a little of Croce's methods in literary criticism, and to whom Croce is so greatly indebted—demonstrated the same sanative truth. In such simple tales of Perez as "Bontsche the Silent," or the "Three Gifts" here included, the allegorical method is purged of all cryptic

allusions. It becomes essentially human, essentially of the earth, for all its preoccupations with heaven.

Pinski, perhaps the foremost dramatist of his race, first won his reputation for his stories of the rising Yiddish proletariat. He is, indeed, the discoverer of the proletariat in Yiddish fiction, and was himself "discovered" by Perez Pinski is pre-eminently a psychologist. Wheth er one reads his numerous plays* or the book of tales that appeared in English a number of years ago, one divines first of all the prober or human souls and the passions engendered within them. His "Beruriah" is, to me, one of the masterpieces of the short story in modern days, none the less contemporaneous for its origin in a Talmudic setting. "The Tale of a Hungry Man," by which he is here represented, combines in admirable fashion his early proletarian interests with his psychological methods.

Asch is to the Yiddish novel what Pinski is to the drama. He is that rare phenomenon, a spontaneous artist with all the virtues and defects of improvisation. Of his longer novels, "Mottke the Vagabond" and "Uncle Moses," both in English, give an idea of his accomplishments with old-world and new-world settings. In his short fiction he is notable for a poetic realism, a mingling of the so-called romantic and the so-called realistic, that is evident in so outwardly coarse a play as "The God of Vengeance."

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*See the end of the book for Yiddish works procurable in English.

Raisin is, in fiction, the artist of miniatures, of cameos, of impressions. He is hardly concerned with the surprise-ending, the "punch" and other commercial desiderata of our lesser American stories. With the facility of journalistic comparisons he has been called "the Yiddish Chekhov"; who, among the Jewish writers, has not at one time or other been the "Yiddish This-or-That?" Yet there is an element of suggestive virtue in the coupling of the names, and there have been moments when Chekhov and Maupassant signed worse things than "A Game," though often they signed far better.

Shapiro, of the writers here included, is the least widely known. There is something unreal to his visions, yet for all their external unreality they grip the reader with an indubitable power. "The Kiss" is one of his best pogrom tales. If he is scarcely known to outsiders it is because he deserves a far greater recognition from his own people.

Opatoshu (pen name of Joseph Opatovsky) has strengthened a reputation as short-story writer with his added success as a novelist. His fondness for nature, for animals and for Khassidic types provides a rich background for his restless imagination. Of the younger writers—if a writer is still young under forty—he shows as good promise as any of attaining to a lofty place.*

ISAAC GOLDBERG.

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*For permission to include Pinski's *A Tale of a Hungry Man* from the volume of his short stories published by Brentano's under the title *Temptations*, I am indebted to both the author and the publishers.—I. G.

THREE GIFTS

ISAAC LEIB PEREZ

I. THE SCALES OF JUSTICE

Somewhere many and many a year ago, a Jew breathed his last.

No one, of course, may live for ever. The man was dead; the attentions due the dead were paid, and a grave among the folk of his own faith lodged him.

The grave closed over him, the orphaned son recited his Kaddish and the soul flew upward —to Judgment.

On arriving there it found the scale of Justice already swinging in the court chamber. Here the good deeds and the evil were to be weighed. And forthwith the dead man's Advocate enters, the Good Spirit of his former life. A pure, snow-white sack is in his hand and he stands near the right scale of the Balance.

And behold the dead man's Accuser enters—the Evil Spirit of his former life. An unclean sack is in his hands and he stands near the left scale of the Balance. The sack of pure white contains the good deeds. The sack that is begrimed and black—the evil, sinful deeds. And the vindicator of the soul pours out the contents of the white sack on the right scale. The good deeds are of the odor of incense and glow with the radiancy of the stars. The Accuser pours out the contents of the unclean sack on the left scale of the Balance. The evil deeds

—Heaven protect us—are as black as coal, and reek of the very stench of tar and pitch.

And the poor soul stares at it all—and gasps. It never dreamt to behold such a distinction between the "Good" and the "Evil." "There" it had often recognized neither of them and had mistaken the one for the other.

The scales rise gradually. Now the one, now the other moves up and down....and the indicator oscillates now a hair's breadth to the left, now a trifle towards the right. But a hair's breadth variation and that gradually....an ordinary mortal this soul must have been; neither rebellious to the Holy Spirit nor yet dwelling much within it....capable of trivial virtues and trivial vices only. The scales held but little particles, tiny dots of things, at times hardly visible to the eye.

And yet, what a clamor of joy and of gladness from the empyrean when the Balance indicator turns but a trifle towards the right and what racking cries of agony mark every turn to the left. And slowly, ever so slowly the angels empty the sacks. With a zest they show up the tiny particles, just as decent burghers will add one farthing to another in self-exhibition to a seeing world.

However, the deepest well will run dry—and the sacks, too, are soon empty.

"Is that all?" inquires the court-usher. He, too, is an angel among his like. Both the Good and the Evil Spirits turn their sacks inside out. Absolutely nothing more. The court-usher steps forward to the Balance. He examines the indicator to see whether it is in-

clined towards the right or the left; and he stares at it good and long; for he beholds something that none ever saw since first the Heavens and the Earth knew creation....

"Why such hesitancy?" demands the Chief Justice. And the usher mutters:

"But one moment! The index is exactly in the center. The Evil deeds and the Good are exactly of the same weight."

"Is that absolutely so?" queries a voice from about the table.

The usher looks yet again: "Yea even to a hair's breadth."

The Heavenly Tribunal holds its consultation and the decision as to the sentence is thus pronounced: "Since the Evil deeds do not weigh more than the good—the soul, of course, is free from Hell. But, on the other hand, since the Good deeds do not prevail over the Evil—neither can Paradise receive her.* Therefore she is to be neither here, nor there, but a wanderer between the realms of Heaven and Earth, until the Lord have mercy upon her and in His goodness call her unto him."

And the usher of the courts leads the soul away.

She sobs, and bemoans her fate.

"Why art thou weeping?" he asks her. "'Tis true thou wilt not know the joy and the gladness of Eden, but neither will the agonies and pangs of Hell be thine."

But the soul, unconsoled, replies:

"The worst agony is preferable to nothing at all. Nothing is most dreadful...."

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*Soul is feminine in Yiddish. (tr.)

And the heavenly usher pities her and offers her some advice.

"Fly downward little soul, and hover about the living world of men. Gaze not unto heaven. For what canst thou see on the other side, but the little stars. Radiant little people—they certainly are, but alas, very cold. They know no pity. They'll never speak to the Lord about you. Only the pious souls of Paradise will go to such trouble for a poor, exiled soul....but they....hearken unto me....they do love gifts, fair and beautiful gifts."

The usher talked bitterly. "Such are the ways of Paradise, nowadays. Fly downward, then, to the living world and watch life there and its course. And if thou only catchest a glimpse of something that is surpassingly fair or good, seize thou it, and fly up to heaven. Present it as a gift to the pious there. Knock at the little window and in my name, speak to the angel-guard. And when thou wilt have brought three gifts—why then be certain that the gates of Heaven will be unbarred....they will manage to have it so for thee....At the Throne of Honor, the well-born are not loved ....but the well-grown...."

And in this wise, and with compassion, he thrusts her out of Paradise.

II. THE FIRST GIFT

The poor little soul flies downward to the world of the living in search of gifts for the pious people of Heaven. It hovers about, everywhere; about the villages and the towns, about every habitation of man, amid the burning rays

of hottest summer; amid the drops and water spears of rainy autumn; amid the silver web, fantastical, in the last days of summer; amid the snowflakes that fall from above....It gazes about and about till it well-nigh spends its sight.

Wherever and whenever it spies a Jew it runs hastily up to him and looks at him intently—perhaps he is on his way to Prayer—to bless the name of the Lord. Wherever a light breaks through the chink of a shutter—she is there, to peep inside, to see whether the Lord's fragrant flowerets, the secret deeds of good, blossom in that silent house. Alas!.... most of the time it must dart away from the window in agony and dismay....

And thus season follows season, and year follows year. Oft, the soul becomes moody and sullen. Cities turn into graveyards, the graveyards into fields of pasture; forests are felled. The pebbles of the brook become sand; rivers have changed their courses; myriads of stars have fallen and myriads of souls have flown upward; but the gracious Lord has never thought of her; neither has she found aught that was beautiful or good.

And she thinks within herself: "How poor the whole world is. Its people—how mediocre; their souls—how dark and obscure....How can aught good be found here? Alas! I must rove about—an exile, forever."

But suddenly a red flame bursts before her. Out of the dark and gloomy night a red flame leaps forth. She stares about her....'Tis from an upper window of a house that the flame has

shot forth. Robbers are attacking a wealthy man. Masks are on their faces. One holds a burning torch in his hands; another holds a blazing knife at the man's breast and repeats his threat again and again:

"Jew, make but the slightest motion and you are dead. The knife will most assuredly pass through your back, then." The others are all busy, opening chests and drawers. The man looks serenely about him, although the knife is at his breast. The brows above his lucid eyes do not quiver. Not a hair of that gray beard that reaches to the waist moves. All of it seems to be something that is not his concern. "The Lord hath given, the Lord taketh away," he muses, and his pale lips mutter: "Blessed be the name of the Lord."

"One is not born thus and one may not carry it all to his grave." He views them calmly when they are about to clear the last drawer of the last bureau and watches, in absolute silence, the pillage of the gold and the silver, the jewelry and other precious things!

Perhaps he is renouncing it all!

But all at once—as the robbers are about to lay hold upon the last hidden treasure—a little sack, hidden in the most secret nook of all—he forgets himself—trembles all over, his eyes are bloodshot, and he stretches his right hand forward, to the weapon. He would, as it seems, cry out!

"Touch it not!"

But the cry is unuttered. A red, vaporous stream of blood shoots forth, the knife has done its work....It is the heart's blood that be-

sprinkles the little sack. He falls to the ground. The robbers tear the little sack open in a hurry. That will be the best—the most precious gain of all!

But what a grievous error! The blood had been shed in vain—neither silver, nor gold, nor jewels were there. Naught of any value in this world. It was a little measure of sand from the Holy Land, to be strewn on his face at burial. That, the wealthy man had wished to save from the hands and gaze of strangers. That had shed his blood....and the soul seizes a blood-soiled particle of the sand and knocks at the little window of Heaven. Her first gift found ready acceptance.

III. THE SECOND GIFT

"Remember now," said the angel as he barred the window. "Remember—two more offerings."

"The Lord will aid me"—thinks the soul, grown hopeful; and joyously flies down again. However, her gladness lasts but a little while. Again, years follow years and she can find nothing that is surpassingly beautiful. And her melancholy returns to her. "The world has, it seems, forsaken the way of the Lord, and like a spring ever runs out and out. The more the water that flows into the soil, the more sucked in—the more the soil becomes foul and unclean. Fewer are the gifts for heaven then. Men become ever petty and more petty. Their good deeds grow tiny; their evil deeds blacker and blacker dust—their deeds are hardly visible to the eye!...."

And thus speaking to herself she seems to think that should the Lord command all the evil deeds and the good of the world to be weighed in the Balance, that the needle would hardly move, yea, not even tremble. The earth can hardly rise or fall now, she is but a wanderer from the empyrean above to the black abyss of Sheol below. A splendid cause for an eternal disputation between the spirits of good and of evil; just such a one as the eternal dispute between darkness and light, heat and cold, life and death....

The earth rocks to and fro. She can neither ascend nor descend. Thus we ever have weddings and divorces, parties and funerals, love and hate—ever, forever.

Suddenly the blare of trumpets and of horns resounds. The soul looks down—and beholds an ancient German town. All sorts of roofs, narrow and bent surround the courthouse. A motley crowd fills the place. People peer out of the windows; others throng the roofs, and some sit astride the beams at the edge, where they are propped up by the wall.

A table, covered with a green cloth stands at the head of the court-hall. The cloth has golden tassels and fringes. The men of the court are held with golden hooks. They wear sable caps and large feathers stick from the shining buttons to which they are sewed. At the head of the table, the President of the court is seated. An Eagle hovers overhead....

A young Jewess, all bound, stands on one side. Ten slaves hold a white horse firmly near her. The president has risen and with

his eyes towards the market-place, he reads the paper he has in his hand—her sentence.

"This Jewess," he says, "is guilty of a monstrous sin. Even the Lord, in his graciousness and great mercy, could not forgive her that.....

"On our last and most sacred holiday, she slunk out of her ghetto and walked through the clean streets of our town....

"She has sullied the Holy procession. Her eyes have defiled the sacred images that we bore with hymnal song and music through the streets....

"The hymns of our innocent children, or our young, clad in snow-white garments, her ears have sucked in—and the beating of the holy drum likewise....who knows whether the devil, the foul friend, has not transformed himself into this image of the Jewess, of this cursed Rabbi's daughter? Who knows whether thus, he has not touched and polluted a holy treasure of ours?

"What was the fiend up to, in this fair disguise? We need not equivocate. Undoubtedly, she is fair; a devilish beauty is hers—Do but look at the wicked sparkle of her eyes, and the modest and humble pose of her silken eyelashes....

"See you her alabaster face? It has indeed grown paler since her imprisonment, but duller not a whit!....Look at her fingers. How thin and long and how transparent they seem in the sunlight!....

"What could the fiend have wanted but to dissuade a soul from its Holy faith, and that he has done indeed:

"What a beauiful maiden!" exclaimed one of our own Knighthood—a member of one of our best families.....

"It was more than patience could endure. The crowd noticed her and lay hands upon her—The fiend did not even stir for defense—How could she? There were all pure of sin. They had been absolved. He had no power over them.

"Let this then be the sentence of the devil—of the fiend disguised in this form of a Jewish maiden:

"Bind her hair, her fiendishly long hair, to the tail of this savage horse....

"Let the horse fly over the streets and drag her like a 'corpse' across the very streets she has polluted in defiance of our sacred laws.

"May her blood besprinkle them and wash those that her feet have besmirched!"

Savage cries of joy fill the market-place and when the great din is over the convicted woman is asked her last wish.

She answers calmly: "I have one wish. Give me but a few pins."

"Her grief has made her mad!" think the men of the court.

"Not so," she answers serenely and frigidly: "This is my last wish; my last desire."

They gratified her in that.

"Now, bind her!" commands the President of the Court.

The hands of the servants tremble as they bind her long dark braids to the tail of the horse, which is so wild that he can hardly be controlled....

"Make room!" the command is heard. There is a wild rush forward. The crown huddles close to the walls of the buildings. All raise their hands. All are ready to goad the horse along. Some have whips, some have cords, others wiretips. Their breath is stifled for the moment; their faces are aflame, their eyes sparkle and in all this hubbub no one notices how the convicted maiden bends down and pins her skirts at the seam and pushes the pins deep into her body, so that it may be covered absolutely when she is dragged about in the streets. Only the exiled soul notices it all....

"Free the horse," the command is heard again. The slaves have leaped away. The horse bounds forward. A deafening shout fills the air. Whips and cords and wires are whirled about and whistle loudly. The horse, wild with terror, rushes across the market place, across the streets, over the alley and far, far out of the town....

The vagrant soul has drawn a blood-stained pin out of the victim's body and is on her way to heaven with it!

And the angel at the little window soothes her, saying: "But *one* more gift!"

IV. THE THIRD GIFT

And downward again the soul wends her way. But one more gift! And as before, year follows year and melancholy has its grip upon her. The world has grown little indeed. Men are becoming ever more insignificant. Their

deeds too are tiny and more so; the good and the evil alike....

And a new thought occurs to her:

"What if the Lord, Blessed be His name, were to halt the world process this very moment and announce the final Judgment; would not then the Advocate appear on the right side of the Balance and pour out the contents of his white sack, its tiny particles and little grains of sand; would not the Accuser follow and empty his sack on the left scale—his little wee bits and fragments? What a long process that would be! What a multitude of little things!

"And when the emptying of the sack is completed, what then? Of course, the indicator would be pointing right to the center!

"Such insignificant things weigh nothing; no matter what their number. Indeed, what can be the weight of a tiny thread, of a straw or of an empty husk?

"What might the decision of the Lord be then?

"Would he turn the whole into a void again? Certainly not; for the Evil deeds do not weigh more than the good.

"Perhaps he might grant salvation to all. But that, too, is unlikely, for the deeds of Good do not prevail over those of Evil.

"It is hard to see what would follow then.

"Might he not say: 'Pass ye along. Rove ye from the realms of Hell to Heaven amid Love and Hate, in tears of mercy or vaporous blood. ....from cradle unto grave, rove ye farther—even farther.'"

However, Destiny seems to have planned the

deliverance of the Soul from her gloomy reflections. The din of beating drums arouses her....

"Where am I now, and what the time?" She cannot recognize the place. She has no idea of the time.

She beholds the courtyard of a prison. The rays of the sun hover about the little windows and even penetrate the iron bars....They glide along the wall and fall upon a heap of sundry weapons supported there. The soldier-guards have but a moment ago received their whips....

Two long rows of soldiers and only a narrow passage between.

Who is it that must run the gauntlet here? Oh, it is but an insignificant Jew. A torn shirt is on his emaciated body and a skull-cap on his half-shaven head. There he is being led forth.

But what is his crime? What has he stolen? Has he robbed any one,—murdered?....Perhaps it is but a false accusation. Is that not an ancient custom and were not many such before?

The soldiers smile as they ponder: What was the use of having all of us here? Would not half the number have sufficed!

He is thrust into the passage. He steps forward. He walks directly on. The lashes fall upon him. But he curses no one, neither does he falter or fall....

A fit of rage overwhelms the soldiers. He walks on and on!

The whips whistle in the air, fiendishly. They grip and coil around the body as serpents

do. The blood of the emaciated frame gushes forth and does not cease!

Whoop—whack! Whoop—whack! Suddenly a whip falling high, throws the skull-cap down to the ground. The doomed man notices it after a few paces....He stirs and reflects. He turns round again and walks onward, serenely calm though covered with streaming blood. The skull-cap is on his head.* He walks on till he falls....

And when he fell thus, the Soul ran swiftly up to him, and seized the cap that had cost so many innocent lashes, and with it she flew up to the little window of Heaven.

And the third gift also found acceptance! The pious Souls tried their best and spared no trouble: the doors of Eden were now open! And a voice of the "Oracle" was heard:

"These are truly beautiful gifts, of surpassing fairness....They may be of no practical use. They may not even serve for show.... But they are marvelous."

—Translated by Samuel P. Rudens.

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*The head must be covered during all religious services.

THE JUDGMENT

JOSEPH OPATOSHU

Simka, the fisherman, a massive, uncouth man, lived near Pincus, the teacher. Simka's peasant hut, with its straw roof that was black with age, stood at the end of the Joldovka, where the latter descends, stairlike, between towering cliffs and falls roaring into the Vistula. From far it seemed that the hut grew out of the cliffs, that it rocked and washed in the water like a little boat, surrounded by great silver ribbons.

The fisherman and his three sons stood coatless and barefooted with their trousers rolled about their knees, smearing large two-eared pails with cheese; Simka's wife, a strong, ruddy woman with a three-cornered, white shawl on her head, also stood barefooted. The toes of her feet were webbed like those of a goose. She was mending great nets. The men put stones into the pails to prevent the current from carrying them away. When a pail filled with fish, they swiftly lit pieces of thin wood, so that the fish would not see their way out, and pulled the pail to the shore. The quivering fish were dumped into a net, which was fastened to a raft tied to the shore with thick ropes.

Simka's youngest son, Zelik, sat on the raft. He was about ten and had a wart near his ear. He threw pieces of bread into a flask

of water in which a little goldfish swam about.

Zelik grew in the woods like a wild goat. Often he disappeared for days at a time. He would climb into a salt barge and go miles down the river. Nobody ever missed him. Once when he was gone for a week, his mother said something about it, but the rest remained silent. There was a reason. When Zelik was born with the wart, his mother was very frightened and sent for the old witch to exorcise the child. The witch advised her to keep a close watch over the child, lest Wanda, the queen of Vistula, steal him. The fisherman and his sons firmly believed that the stretch of water near which they lived was demanding a human sacrifice, for their catches were diminishing every year. The water must have what belonged to it.

Each time Zelik disappeared, all of them kept still, thinking that the water had at last taken its prey. But each time he came back, as if to spite them.

The Vistula had cast him forth three times. And because of this Simka wished to know nothing of him, and did not want to teach him, and Zelik always walked around in rags and tatters.

"Why are you sitting there doing nothing, you fool?" the mother cried out at Zelik.

"Go over to the 'teacher' and ask him how much fish they want by Saturday."

The boy caught up the flask with the goldfish, and ran into the wood.

Zelik thought that when he grew older he would not fish with pails. He would build himself a raft and catch fish with nets. And when he would grow rich (and he would surely grow rich) he would buy a pair of rubber boots with those long tops that would fasten with a buckle under the stomach, also a leather coat, and he would sail over the water in a real fishing smack, with a large steering wheel. Then he would build himself a house with a glass veranda, exactly like the one Pincus, the teacher, had. And perhaps he would give the goldfish to Rachel. She had been angry at him for the last two days, because he had cut off the tail of her black cat. But then, the cat deserved it. When the fish lay eggs she had no business to eat them. Yes, he would give the fish to Rachel. True, goldfish aren't to be found everyday in the Vistula. But that was nothing. When he grew older he would catch a whale, cut its insides out, and sew a pair of trousers and a coat for himself from the skin, so that only his eyes would show. And then he would swim with his fins all standing straight up, down to the goldfish. He knew that they lived in the deepest whirlpools. But he would tell Rachel to change the water, and to throw in a few bread-crumbs.

Rachel sat on the veranda consoling the black cat that lay with a swollen back on a soft basket.

"My poor little cat. Does it hurt much? Don't cry. Nikoli says it'll heal soon. And Zelik's wart will get so big, so big, see, like this," and she stretched out both hands. "It'll

be ugly," she laughed. "Zelik with a tail on his cheek!"

"Rachel, see, I've got a goldfish. Want it?"

Rachel turned away and pouted.

"I'm mad."

"Why are you mad?"

"Because you're a murderer."

"But my father told me to. I swear. He even told me to put your cat in a sack and throw it straight into the water from the hill."

"And you think you'll be forgiven? God will punish you. Nikolai says your wart must become as big as the tail you cut off."

Zelik lost himself for a moment. He put his hand to his cheek and it seemed to him that the wart was already becoming longer.

"It's a lie. How much will you bet that I won't have it at all by tomorrow? I've got something that'll take it away."

"What have you got?"

"I'll put pigeon blood on it a few times, and it will dry and fall off."

"Why didn't you do it before?"

"Because mama says a wart is lucky. If I take it off before I'm thirteen, my luck will go."

"Are you lucky?"

"Of course, see, the Vistula threw me up three times. And I can swim in the sea, too. My father is a fisherman so long, and he never caught a goldfish. And I know where they live, too. And you don't know."

"Where."

"In the whirlpools."

"Zelik, is it true that a whirlpool must get a man each year?"

"Of course. They live there together with the goldfish. You know, when I grow older, I'll swim down there to the goldfish."

"And if they won't let you go back?"

"Eh, they'll let me go back."

"And what will you do there?"

"All the treasures of the sea are there. I'll fill my pockets with gold and diamonds, and come back."

"And you'll take me, too?"

"You? You're mad at me."

"Of course I'm mad."

"Then I won't take you."

"Don't take me, then."

"Give me back my goldfish."

"The goldfish? Why are you so bad? Why did you take my cat and—"

"I swear I won't cut the tail off again."

"But you've cut it off already."

"Rachel, where are you? The dinner is cold," came the old servant's voice from the house.

"I'm coming," Rachel answered, and arose.

"Come to us tomorrow, Rachel. The storks are here already. You'll come?"

"I'll come." She entered the house.

II

The woods whispered happily. The air was filled with resin.

Zelik, tanned like a gipsy, walked barefoot through the forest. He avoided the common path and trudged over the black, swampy,

moss-covered earth. He was happy to feel the cool, soft earth yield beneath his feet like well kneaded dough. The boy had a key in his mouth, and whistled for all he was worth.

Rachel, happy, with flaming cheeks, with her shoes and stockings in her hands, followed him.

Sunbeams that had been hidden deep in the woods suddenly began to play and weave themselves around Rachel. They stole from the rear, kissed her, sprang back, and all of a sudden sprayed her with such silver light, she half closed her eyes, and shrieked happily.

The birds became happier, springing up suddenly from the deep grass, and flapping their wings. They remained hanging against the flaming sun, trilling their songs.

The woods whispered joyously. They smelled of resin. It seemed that scores of fiddlers were scattered all over the woods. They had grown tired and gradually had ceased their playing. But seeing the barefooted children hand in hand on the soft ground, they began to feel younger, and rubbed their brows rapidly against the yellow resin, and the tall pines trembled like tightly stretched violin strings, and they roared like a far, quiet sea—Youth, O Youth.

When they came out of the wood the two sat down on the bank of the Vistula, and began to bathe their muddy feet in the clear water.

Wide green fields spotted with yellow flow-

ers stretched on the other margin of the Vistula. A white stork with a black tail startled over the field. He lifted his red legs like stilts. He raised proudly his long neck with its red beak, and noisily swallowed small green toads. When the sun appeared from behind a cloud, and began to shine, the stork stood up on one leg, hid its beak and half of its head under its wing, and remained standing in the middle of the field as if it were painted.

"Rachel, you know what would be nice?"

"What?"

"Swear you won't tell anybody."

"I swear."

"Go 'way. I think you will tell."

"I swear I won't, Zelik."

"Remember now." He lifted a finger to his nose. "You know what I've thought of?"

"What?"

"You'll never guess," he laughed.

"Oh, tell me," Rachel begged, taking Zelik's hand and rubbing a little wet foot against his.

"You know, if we could get a goose-egg, it would be so nice."

"Why do you need a goose-egg?"

"I would put it into the stork's nest, and it would hatch out a half-stork, half-goose."

"Will the stork let you do it?"

"I'll put it in before dawn, when both aren't in the nest."

"Zelik, you know what brings babies? Braina says that a stork brings the babies in a little basket. Where do the babies live?"

"In heaven."

"And when it rains?"

"When it rains? I don't know. I suppose they hide when the clouds come down to the Vis'la to drink."

"And the stork that stands over there, can it bring babies, too?"

"Of course," and Zelik stretched his hands. "Such a heap of babies."

"Go 'way, I'd be ashamed of Braina to bring a baby home. A little girl mustn't have babies. You must marry first, no?"

"Well, why did the Forester's Franka have a baby? She never married?"

"But she's not a Jewess."

A second stork, slightly smaller, with chalk white wings, gently descended on the field. The he-stork in the middle of the field, seemed to awake as from sleep, spread his wings, lifted his long neck, yawned, and began to run around and around the she-stork with his head lowered, crying, "Clia-clia." He stopped, lifted his slightly opened, red beak, in which he held a green toad, looked at the she-stork proudly, as if saying, "My wife will never die of hunger," and gave her the toad. And while she scarcely lifted her neck, rolled her eyes and swallowed the toad that was averse to make the journey down her throat, he pecked her lovingly with his beak, put his head under her wing and looked for something. He stood on one leg again, began to slap his wings, flew around the she-stork, ogled her, stretching his long, limber neck, and the erstwhile silent bird began to sing, "Clia-clia-qua, Clia-clia-qua."

Zelik came out of the water.

"Go home, Rachel, and bring an egg. The nest is empty by now. Put on your shoes."

Rachel joyously put on her shoes. She felt more comfortable, and jumped up.

"Well, why don't you go?"

"I'm too lazy to go myself."

"Then I'll go with you. All right?"

The children leaping up and taking each other by the hand, were lost from sight in the woods.

III

Zelik approached the barn where the storks had built their nest. He took the egg from Rachel, held it in his lips, and swiftly like a cat began to climb the straight wall. He grasped a jutting piece of wood, waited a little as if seeking balance, and threw his body on to the roof. The nest was made of an old wooden harrow. In the harrow lay a basket, filled with grass and twigs. The close odor of fish, toads, and chickens, struck Zelik in the face. Three large eggs lay in the nest. He took out one of them, replaced it with the goose-egg, and wanted to descend from the roof, when the two storks suddenly appeared and flew at him with wide-spread wings. Zelik barely had time to get down, but he was so frightened lest the storks attack him that he remained standing with the egg in both hands.

Rachel shrieked loudly.

"Zelik, jump down."

Zelik, crouched, covered his face with both hands, like one expecting a blow, and began to slide down the incline of the roof.

The he-stork, flying swiftly by, stretched his long neck and directed his sharp beak at Zelik's face. Zelik dodged the beak of the stork, caught the blow in his back, and fell from the roof like a stone. The egg broke and covered him with yellow liquid.

Rachel thought that Zelik was surely dead from the blow. She began to pinch herself from fear, fell to her knees before Zelik, embraced him with both hands, and began to kiss him and to cry.

"Zelik, my dear, does it hurt you much, tell me? It's all my fault. Why did I bring the egg?"

When Zelik recovered from the blow, he felt a sharp pain in his back, and remembered that the stork had picked at him. Rachel, when she saw blood on his coat, put her hands to her head.

"O, mama, blood."

She again dropped to her knees before Zelik and began to entreat.

"Zelik, my dear, come to us. Braina will put something on it. She won't tell anybody. You'll see. I beg you, Zelik, come."

She kissed him and began to cry again. "It's all my fault."

Zelik, seeing her cry, became really frightened. He forgot his pain, and stood up.

"Come, Rachel. We'll go down to the water. You'll wash off the blood. All right? Don't cry. It's nothing. I have had bigger holes in my head and they healed."

"Are you mad at me, Zelik?"

"No."

"You want us to be friends forever?"

"Of course."

"See, I love you so much," Rachel said, and bit hard into the flesh of the arm above the elbow. All her teeth left red marks on the skin.

They were silent. They walked over the dry branches that cracked under their feet, in the direction of the River.

Rachel, like a little mother, began to attend on Zelik. She took off his coat, then his shirt, forgetting that a girl must not look on a naked boy. She took her white apron, dipped it into the cold water, and washed Zelik's wound. Zelik lay on his stomach like a little wounded animal. He did not move. He was happy to know that Rachel was busy about him. When she had washed the wound, she removed the stains from the apron, wrung it out, put it on the wound, went with him into the bushes in the shade, and told him to lie down with his face in her lap, so that the wound should dry a little.

Zelik obeyed. He fell asleep almost at once.

At short intervals Rachel lifted the apron, and looked to see if the wound had dried. But the wound still ran blood. Her heart overflowed with sorrow, and she began to weep quietly. And thus, weeping with red, brimming eyes, Rachel nestled her little head among the leaves, and also fell asleep.

IV

The she-stork did not leave her nest the whole morning. She watched how her young pecked their way out of the shells.

The he-stork was upset. He flew about the nest uttering strange cries, every now and then fetching something to his mate, strutting swiftly above the nest with a shrunken neck almost hidden beneath his wings. He resembled a young man whose wife is giving birth to her first child.

The she-bird emitted a strange "Clia-clia." The he-bird sat down, spread his wings, and guarded the nest. For a moment he seemed to be confused and looked at his mate who had lowered her head in shame as if she were saying, "I swear I am not guilty." A little gosling rolled out of a broken egg-shell. The he-stork felt that all in him was trembling, and like a cuckold husband he threw himself at this mate, pecking her feathers with his beak. She lowered her head still more, moved closer to him and like a really guilty one, made no resistance. All in her seemed to say, "Go on beating me."

The he-stork picked the gosling up with his beak, caught it by the head, and threw it down from the barn top. He began to destroy the nest with his beak and legs, looking no longer at his mate. Then he nested awhile, and flew away.

The she-stork smoothed her feathers, and began to sharpen the point of her beak, knowing that she was lost, that "he" had flown to tell the flock about her sin.

She lifted one foot, began to sharpen her beak still harder against the harrow, and wept in her own way. She was sure that it was not her fault, that a misfortune had befallen

her, and she thought she would tell it to the elders of the flock. She would show them the two other children, real little storks, with red feet and red beaks. And she wept again.

Zelik and Rachel sat on the raft.

"You know, Rachel?"

"What?"

"From now on I'll be able to swim just like a duck."

"How?"

"I'll cut into my toes——"

"You mustn't do it, do you hear, Zelik? I swear, I'll always be mad at you, always!"

"Well, let me finish. Listen to me first."

"I won't let you anyway."

"I'll take the skins of some goose-feet, fasten them between my toes, and keep them there till they grow into me, and then——"

"And won't your toes bleed?" Rachel cut him short.

"Of course, they won't. Ofelo taught me to cut a finger with the sharpest knife so that no blood would flow. And her mother is a witch."

"But you are mad with Ofelo."

"Of course, I'm mad with her. You know, Rachel, Ofelo knows of a grass that if you lick it, you sleep a whole day and night. You don't believe me? I swear it."

"She does?"

They were silent for a while.

"Zelik, is it really true that Ofelo's mother walks in shoes made of the veins of men?"

"Of course, you know, Ofelo's mother can

turn into a straw and hide herself in the smallest crack. She is a real witch"

The Vistula rippled. The ripples widened into rings. The rings grew longer, swallowed each other and grew still larger and larger, and the erstwhile quiet Vistula, that had looked like a crystal mirror, grew dark and rigid.

A swallow fluttered by, and seeing other swallows in the water he dropped from on high, dipped his beak into the Vistula. The Vistula rippled again.

Zelik related that below the "black stone," in a glass palace lived Wanda the queen of Vistula. In the summer, during the great heat, when the Vistula grew shallow, Wanda and her sisters gathered on the stone and kidnapped little children. She had attempted to catch him three times but he knew a secret saying, which he uttered and that caused a fiery ring to grow between him and her, and she could not reach him.

"Zelik, why does Wanda need so many children?"

"Why does she need them? She kisses them till their souls leave their bodies, and then she eats their hearts."

The children saw a flock of storks settle on an island in the middle of the Vistula.

"They're going to have a wedding," Zelik said, turning to Rachel. "Come, we'll get there with the boat."

He unbound the boat from the raft. Rachel looked around to see if any of her folks noticed them, and sprang joyously into it.

Rachel saw the little crystal waves leap up,

swallow each other, and blend before her eyes. She became still happier, and gave a strange shriek.

They landed on the island, dragged the boat on to the shore, and lay down in the grass.

The storks sat in a wide semi-circle. Two old storks like two prominent citizens, walked in the center of the ring. The "he-stork" came flying, holding the dead gosling in his beak, and carried it to the old pair. "Here, look."

The old storks looked long at the gosling, smelled it, threw it around with their long necks, made some strange sounds and two storks rose and flew away.

Soon they came back with the "she-stork." The messengers with a "Clia-clia, clia-clia," told of her explanation.

The storks again became noisy and excited. broke their ring, pressed into one heap, and from far it seemed that a broadboned monster, with tens of agile heads stood in the middle of the Vistula, and cried "Clia-clia, clia-clia."

The storks surrounded the "she-stork" The mate approached her, poked her in the head, and then great long necks with open beaks flew at her from all sides, feathers whirled in the air, and the bird was torn to pieces.

It was late. Rachel sat and cried, knowing that she and Zelik were guilty of everything. Zelik lifted her.

"Come, Rachel. Let's go home."

They entered the boat. Heavy clouds suddenly rose from the Vistula, stood up like walls and all became complete darkness. A bolt of lightning lit up the whole river. Rachel be-

came confused. She saw nothing in the blinding light, forgot that she was in a boat, and jumped up. A thunder rolled, as if rocky hills were being sundered. A flood came down from heaven.

Rachel was no longer in the boat. Zelik threw off his coat, and searched for her, diving into the water. But she was not to be seen.

The Vistula stormed.

Black waves, like angry animals with foaming mouths stood up high and threatening, roared, and threw themselves at Zelik. And lightnings like fiery ribbons, blinded his eyes on all sides. The boat was already far from him. It drifted down the river. A wave covered Zelik, and he felt that he was growing lighter. He ceased to struggle, and saw a palace with green lights closing towards him. Wanda, surrounded by whitish lightning, hung in the air above him. She called him to her, showed him Rachel, sent lightning to him, and the flashes like long tongues became thinner and thinner. The lightnings tickled him, kissed him, burned him, and his mother stood over him, squeezed lemons into sugar, and put it into his mouth. And suddenly Wanda spread out her watery tresses. They became longer, enfolded him, and water poured on him from a thousand pipes, extinguishing the lightning flashes. He felt so well, so well. And he swam on.

—Translated by Jacob Robbins.

A TALE OF A HUNGRY MAN

DAVID PINSKI

Itsye had for two days in succession had nothing in his mouth; in other words, he had been hungering. But on the third day, for three brass buttons he wheedled the lunch out of a little Hebrew school pupil that studied in the school of his yard—two little buttered cakes—and swallowed them eagerly. Then he became angry. The cakes were a mere morsel to him, but now he had at least a little strength with which to feel anger, and was seized with an impulse to accomplish evil. His fingers itched with the desire. First of all he launched a wicked kick in the direction of Zhutshke, the little dog which the landlady of his house held dearer than her own children. Zhutshke ran off yelping with pain, but this was not enough for Itsye. He tore up a stone that had been frozen to the earth and with all his strength sent it flying after the dog. It did not strike the animal, however, but landed on the door of Simkin the lawyer's house. It struck with a resounding blow, and Itsye felt satisfied, for he wouldn't have cared had the stone struck Simkin or Simkin's wife on the head.

But with all this his hunger was not appeased in the slightest, nor was his seething heart calmed in the smallest degree. He waxed still angrier, for he felt that these were mere trifles, that he had accomplished nothing with them.

He walked through the gate, glanced up and down the street, and felt that he was an enemy to every passer-by, and especially to every one that rode. He cursed them with bitter oaths and would gladly, with his own hands, have executed all tortures upon them.

Another little pupil approached the gate; he was wrapped in a broad scarf and wore the large shoes of a grown-up person. He held his hands inside the scarf, and whether because he was indifferent or because it was too cold, did not remove them to wipe his nose, from which mucus leaked down to his mouth.

Out of his pocket peeped a crust of bread. Itsye was seized with a longing for it, but the appearance of the poor child restrained him. He sought, however, to convince himself that he was incensed against the child, even as he was against the whole world, and that he ought to give him a hard kick, as he had just done to Zhutshke. He seized the child by the nose, then struck him on the cap and scowled, "Slob, it's running into your mouth!" The child was frightened, brought his elbow up to his nose and ran off. But soon he turned back, looked at his unexpected enemy and began to cry, "Wicked Itsye! Itsye the bad man!" And he disappeared through the gate. Itsye did not even deign to look at him.

He leaned against the gate. Why? He did not himself know. At any rate, he was weary. Angry and exhausted. The two cakes had only excited him. Food, food! He could see before his eyes the piece of bread in the poor boy's torn pocket. That would have come in very

handy. He was sorry that he hadn't taken it away. A whole big piece of bread....

He leaned more heavily against the gate, not knowing why and not knowing what was to come, or what would result from his standing there. The cold grew intense, but Itsye did not feel it, for he was angry and paid no attention to it. Besides, he had no place of refuge. Up there in his garret it was still colder. Moreover, there was nobody there, and he would have none upon whom to vent his wrath.

He stood thinking of nothing. It was impossible for him to think. He no longer knew precisely that he was in a rage; it seemed to him that today he would work a very clever piece of malice. He knew nothing about dynamite; otherwise he would have thought unceasingly of bombs, and would have painted himself pictures of the whole city, the whole country, the world itself, being blown by him into atoms. But he gave no thought to any definite project. He was certain that he would do something malicious enough. He felt it.

Two laborers passed by and were conversing about hunting for a job. It flashed through his head that he would stop looking for work even if the employers starved to death! At the same time he felt that his seeking was all in vain. He would find no work today, any more than yesterday, or the day before, or the day before that, or the whole twenty-seven days in which he had been searching for employment.

In his mind's eye he could see "tomorrow," —a dragging, cloudy day, on which he would

be faint with hunger. But he did not care to think of tomorrow. Only "today"... Today he must accomplish something; then he would know what would come tomorrow, the day after, and all the other days. Wherefore he remained leaning against the gate and looked into the street with a cutting smile upon his pale lips and in his dull, weary eyes, without the trace of a thought in his head. He even ceased scolding and cursing.

All at once he tore himself away from the gate and began to walk. He gave no heed to direction. He lost his bearings, unknown to himself. He strode on, unaware that he was moving. His feet were like logs and he could scarcely lift them. He became soon aware that he was no longer at the gate, and that he was wandering about the street. Then it seemed to him that he had wished and resolved to take a little exercise. His feet must get warm. But he affected not to be troubled about his feet any more than about the cold itself, which pierced him to the very marrow.

He walked along slowly, cautiously, calmly. The street on which he was led at one end to the city-market and at the other to the municipal garden. He had no idea of whither he was headed, but the nearer he approached to the market the shriller and clearer became the noises from that vicinity. Then he realized the direction in which his feet were taking him, and again it seemed to him that this was exactly what he had desired and determined upon. This was the very spot for him to execute his plan of vengeance. He paused on the curb.

The great market-place seethed with shouting, gesticulating persons. The air resounded with the din of thousands of human beings. The clamorous despair of the wretched poor, the grunting indifference of the sated rich, the screeching impudence of the money-hungry,—all mingled here and rose above the heads of the multitude, deafening the ears of the unaccustomed spectator. About Itsye all manner of individuals were walking, hurrying, scampering, with and without bundles. Almost every passer-by touched him, jostled against him, but he stood there calm, motionless. It occurred to him that this in itself was good,—that in this manner alone he was doing harm. Yes, he must continue to stand here and obstruct everybody's passage! His eyes, however, darted about the square, as if seeking there just what form his vindictive ire should assume. They rested upon the bread-shops and the bank-stalls, laden with "Korah's wealth." And he began to contemplate how it would be if he made off with a packet of bank-notes....

A porter with a large case on his shoulders bumped against him, nearly pushing him over. He felt an intense pain in his back and came to himself. He turned red with anger.

"You plague, you! Where are your eyes?"

The porter mumbled something from under his burden and continued on his way with heavy steps.

Itsye, however, felt the pain and rubbed his back.

"I'll bury you together with the case, you piece of carrion-meat!"

The porter craned his neck from under his case and looked back at the shouting man. Itsye's appearance called forth little deference from the toiler; he stopped for a moment and eyed his opponent with scorn.

"Hold your mouth, or I'll stop it for you so that you'll be dumb forever. I'll show you what 'carrion-meat' means, you bloody dog!"

The porter went on his way, grumbling and cursing. Itsye muttered a few imprecations and turned his head in another direction.

"What have you planted yourself here for, in everybody's way?" he heard a surly voice exclaim behind him.

He looked around. Kaplan, the shopkeeper, was standing in the doorway of his shop, eyeing him angrily. He replied coarsely:

"What worry is that of yours?"

Kaplan grew excited.

"I'll soon show you what worry of mine it is!" And he sent the errand-boy after a policeman.

As he ran by Itsye the boy jeered, with mischievous eyes, "Just wait a moment! You'll soon have a good drubbing!"

Itsye spitefully refused to move. To hell with everybody!

Now then,—what was it he had been thinking of before? And his glances began to wander across the square and the faces of the people, as he tried to recall his previous thoughts. When he noticed the boy returning with a policeman he turned his head indifferently aside.

"What are you standing here for? Move on!

Off with you!" commanded the guardian of order.

Itsye slowly faced about.

"Is this spot private property, what?"

"Move on, I tell you!"

Itsye resumed his former position.

"Move on!"

The official was now in an ugly mood and had raised his sabre.

Itsye felt that he must refuse to stir. But something moved his feet. It was the instinct that a policeman must be obeyed.

He went off. Back to his street. Slowly, scarcely moving his legs, without looking back at the official.

He was frozen through and through. It was as if he had no feet. As he approached the gate to his house he felt that it would be pleasant to lie down a while. This he felt against his will. He must remain in the street because he was filled with rage and must vent it in some vindictive deed. But his heavy, frozen limbs drew him to his attic, where it was frightfully cold, where the icy wind moaned and whistled. The wind was not so noisy here below. It seemed that his feet knew he would hunt up all sorts of old rags and wrap them around his frozen members.

So he allowed his feet to carry him along. On the way to the garret they overturned a slop-pail and stumbled across a cat. It was they, too, who opened the door of his room. The door flew back and struck against something soft. The soft object fell, and the feet had to step over a heap of tatters out of which

peered the parchment-yellow, wrinkled, peaked face of an old shrivelled-up woman.

"Wow—wow—wow!" she began to wail, hopelessly enmeshed in her rags. It was the deaf-and-dumb landlady of his lodgings.

He made no reply. The feet were already in bed.

* * *

He slept for a long time. It was already dark when the feet slipped down from the bed. At once he recollected that he was angry, and felt his ire course through him. But he was weary and weak. So weak, in fact, that he decided not to get up, but rather to lie there forever. "A piece of bread!" flitted through his mind. He could behold rows of well-provided houses, countless kitchens, heaps of bread-loaves. But he continued to lie there, because he did not know,—could not begin to know, how to get them.

At last an idea flashed upon him. "From the deaf-and-dumb old witch!"

He arose from the three-legged bed and walked into the landlady's room. The bundle of rags was seated at the table, before a small night-lamp that lacked a chimney, eating from a pot of water containing crumbled bits of hard bread.

He approached the bundle of rags and indicated with his fingers that he was very hungry and wished a piece of bread. She clutched the pot more tightly and began to bark savagely. This meant that she hadn't enough for herself, and that she didn't care to give him anything, anyway, since he had

struck her with the door before, throwing her over, and since he wasn't acting properly, not having paid his rouble and a half rent for the past two months.

He knew very well just what her barking signified, and eyed her as if deliberating what course to pursue. Quite cold-bloodedly he wrenched the pot from her grasp, pulled out a piece of bread and crammed it into his mouth. The tattered form seized him, with a frightful, wailing yelp, and drew the pot toward her. He raised it above her reach and continued to chew. The first bite had excited him. He began to eat faster, swallowing almost without chewing. The old woman barked and howled at the top of her voice, tugging at his arms. He thrust her away. She fell upon her knees, grasped his legs and with a wild gasping and snorting bit into them with her gums, in which stood only two side teeth. He pressed her with his knees to the floor and sat down upon her. She could no longer move.

Now he would eat in peace.

He stuck his fingers into the pot without finding anything. He almost yelled with fury. His heart began to bound wildly; his eyes sparkled. He must do something. He sprang to his feet, and cried out, wildly, "More bread, old witch!"

He shoved her with his foot, emptied the pot of water on her head and began to look for bread. He found nothing; there was nothing to be found. He continued his search, however. He overturned the old chest, scattered the bedclothes, broke the only chair. He be-

came furious, not knowing what he did. The old woman seized him, dragging him toward the door with terrified shrieks. With all his might he thrust her off. The old woman's head struck against the high oven; she groaned uncannily. Her moaning brought him to his senses. He was frightened, and held in his breath. He stepped toward her. Was she still alive? The aged landlady began to get up. He now breathed more freely and dashed out of the room.

He was exhausted, yet excited. He desired to weep,—to weep bitterly. He was thoroughly ashamed of the encounter with the deaf-and-dumb landlady. He had robbed her of her wretched supper and had come near killing her. And his hunger was now greater than ever. "A-a-ah!"

He pressed both his fists to his mouth and began to gnaw at them. The pain grew intense, yet he kept on gnawing. He wished to "feel his heart."

The door opened and the old woman appeared. A narrow shaft of light shone over the dark steps, falling like a grey strip upon Itsye's shoulder. But the old woman did not see him, and she sent after the supposedly vanished fellow several infuriated screams, more cutting than the most devastating curses. Itsye shuddered, stopped chewing his hands and remained motionless, holding in his breath. The landlady returned to her room and locked the door.

"Locked out!" flashed through his mind at once. His head became warm. He tried to

consider what was now to be done, but he saw no prospects before him. He felt an impulse to batter down the door, enter the room, get into bed and lie there. He had already rolled his fists into a ball. But after striking the door a resounding blow, he ran down the stairs. Only when he had reached the bottom did he ask himself, "Why that blow?"

It was snowing and a strong wind was whistling and moaning. The cold went right through Itsye's bones; he began to tremble, and his teeth knocked together. He huddled up in his tattered cotton coat, from which hung patches, strips of lining and wadding. He groaned in despair and stepped back into the entrance of the house. He felt a tug at his heart, and was once more seized with a desire to weep, to weep.

"What will come of this? What?"

He could behold no answer. He would today be frozen to death or die of hunger.

"Oh, for something to eat! Food, food!"

He looked about. He was standing near a cellar, the door to which was protected by a heavy lock. He placed his hand upon the lock, with no thought of robbery. As he felt the cold iron, however, it occurred to him that it would be a good idea to break off the lock and obtain access to the cellar. He pulled at the lock. No. This was beyond his strength. He repeated the attempt, and at length summoned all his force and gave a violent wrench.

The lock merely made a loud noise; nothing else. He was intimidated by the knock.

He looked around and quickly deserted the entrance to the house.

Had he really desired to steal? And if he had succeeded in tearing the lock away, would he really have entered and committed theft? He could not believe this. He had been born into poverty; had been reared as an orphan in misery and ill-treatment, yet his hand had never been raised to another's property. "Scandal-raiser," they used to call him, and "wickedest of the wicked"; for he never was silent when wronged, and all were his enemies because of this vindictiveness. Yet these selfsame persons admitted that you could leave heaps of gold with him in perfect security. And just now he had been on the point of stealing! That morning he had also thought of stealing. What? Would he really have stolen? And perhaps yes. Ah, he was so hungry! "Food, food, food!"

Again he surveyed the neighborhood. He was in the street! He had not even noticed it when he left the yard. What was he going to do in the street? Whither would he go? "Oh, for a bite!" But there was no sense in standing here in the street. He must walk. "Walk wherever my eyes lead me, until I fall —fall, and an end of me!"

Again his wrath returned. Anger against himself and the whole world. At once, however, he saw that he lacked the strength to be angry—that his heart was growing weaker. "Food, food, food!"

He staggered along, casting glances in every direction and knitting his brows so as to see

more clearly through the thickly falling snow. He had no notion of whither he was going, nor was he at all interested. He was moving so as not to remain on the same spot. He peered more intently than ever, although he felt that he would see nothing but large snowflakes. One thing he knew very well—that he wanted and must have something to eat, even if the world came to an end. "Food, food, food!" he groaned within him desperately.

He reached the municipal garden. The pleasure-spot was situated upon a high hill, at the foot of which flowed the broad, deep river. During the winter there was usually skating on the river, and above, in the garden, a crowd of curious onlookers. But now there was not a trace of human beings in the garden. Not even the lamps were visible through the thick snow. They illuminated only the space within a few paces of them. Itsye was at a loss whether to feel vexed or not at the absence of people. He did not look back, and continued on his way. He approached the top of the hill and looked down upon the frozen river. He could see nothing. There came to his ears the shrill blows of heavy iron. Moujiks were opening a hole in the ice. And in his weary thought he beheld a broad, deep hole down there, and he was drawn thither. The suggestion came to him to hurl himself down from the hill into the deep stream. He would raise no outcry; he would not call for help. He would drown himself quite silently. But he recognized that this was merely a thought: the important thing was that he felt

very weak and was ravenously hungry. "Food, food, food!"

He looked about, as if he would have liked to see something eatable in the garden. Before him was only the endlessly falling snow. Snow below him, snow on the bare trees, snow in the air. His legs bent beneath him—now, now he was about to fall. But he did not wish to fall. He desired something to eat, and gathering all his strength he continued his wanderings. Again he moved forward, not knowing whither. He walked along a deserted path, through drifts of snow that fell into his torn shoes—all alone, the only living creature in the dark, forsaken garden. He could neither hear nor see anything. He moved along because he had nowhere to go, and particularly because he wanted something to eat, eat, eat. He thought of nothing, nor could he think if he tried. Something was driving him on, and he continued on his way with the despairing, inner groan, "Food, food, food!"

He reached the square before the theater. The bright gleam of the electric lights brought him to his senses. He stopped. As he did so, he came near falling. He stumbled forward and leaned against the wall of a building. He felt that his shoes were filled with snow. This however, produced no effect whatever upon him. What did vex him was that he could scarcely stand on his feet, that his heart was fearfully weak and his desire for food persisted in growing. He would remain standing there. Whither else should he go? Here, at least, it was light, and soon he would see

people. Many people—rich, happy. And what of it if he *should* see the wealthy, sated crowd? He would beg alms. He would say that he had not eaten for three days.

Ask alms! He shuddered with repulsion at the idea. But he was so terribly hungry! He had been on the point of stealing. Which was better, stealing or begging? He leaned against the wall, threw his head back, looked with a dull glance into the snowy distance, and with his blunted mind, sought a reply.

The night watchman approached him and pushed him away.

"What are you doing here?"

Itsye scarcely moved. He could not raise his feet.

"Do you want to be arrested?"

Itsye nearly fell; he was greatly excited, but he composed himself and gathered all his strength in a desperate effort to walk off. Ouf! He could not feel his legs. Hunks of ice! He began to kick one foot against the other.

"Well! Get a move on! Faster, there!"

Itsye snarled through his clamped teeth.

"Can't you see I can barely move? Why do you chase me away? Better ask whether I'm not hungry!"

He crossed the street. Several stores were still open. Hadn't he better go in and beg alms? He halted before a window. He desired to take counsel with himself.

"I see you! I see you over there!" he heard the watchman shout.

He proceeded further along the street, to

the other end, where it was almost pitch dark. There he paused for a while to kick his feet again. Then he walked along. He made a circle around the theatre and came to a halt before the entrance. There were no policemen in sight. They were inside the lobby seeking shelter from the wind and storm. Itsye remained there, hopping now on one foot, now on the other. Without any definite thoughts, utterly purposeless. He remained there because it was light, because inside sat wealthy sated persons enjoying themselves! And he must stand outside, covered with snow, frozen, hungry, and would be joyful if he found a piece of bread! His anger began to return. And he recollected that in the morning he had desired to do something, to wreak vengeance ....Just what had it been? He wrinkled his forehead. Just what had he meant to do?

"Ah! Much I can think up in there, now!"

He cried this out with an intense self-scorn. He was terrified at the sound of his voice, and glanced at the large glass doors. Nobody was looking at him; then he had not been heard. Whereupon this talking to himself became pleasant. It afforded distraction. So he commenced to speak. Detached phrases—fragments of his weary, confused thoughts.

"I'll think up something, pah!....With a knife....Or set fire....That's what I ought to....That's something!....Let them all roast alive! What am I standing here for?....What am I waiting for?....That wouldn't give me anything!....They'd rather call the police! ....Kaplan—may the fires of hell seize him!"

He did not cease his chatter. And the more he spoke, the angrier he grew. He forgot his hunger, he now "felt" his heart. He cursed with imprecations as bitter as death and felt new life course through his veins. He cast all manner of accusations upon the audience inside, eating and drinking its fill and pursuing all manner of pleasures.

"To steal from those people and murder them is not a bit wrong!" he philosophised. He was now in a mood for anything at all, and would commit in absolute indifference whatever suggested itself. It seemed to him that his strength could cope with any task now—that it was a giant's strength.

The glass doors swung open. The gendarmes appeared, followed immediately by the crowd. Itsye remained calmly in his place. He did not even cease talking to himself. The gendarmes had not yet noticed him. They were busy with the sleighs. Itsye was therefore able to continue his conversation undisturbed.

"Here they are already!" he said. "They've had a good time and plenty to eat and drink, the dogs! In warm fur coats, arm in arm with their wives, or even with prostitutes...."

A few passers-by eyed the snow-covered vagabond.

"Drunk or crazy," remarked one of them. They went on their way. Itsye cried after them:

"You're drunk yourself! I'm not drunk, you curs! I'm hungry, you pimps! I robbed a poor old woman of her supper, you scamps!....I,

drunk! You curs!....I've been hunting work for a month, cholera seize you! Not a bite in my mouth for three days, you dogs!...."

A gendarme heard his voice and approached to discover who was shouting and cursing.

"What are you screaming for? Move!"

The officer gave him a violent push.

"What are you shoving about?" cried Itsye and he raised his hand against the officer. He felt that it would be a treat to deliver a slap,—a fiery slap. He waited for one more push.

The gendarme noticed his gesture.

"Ha, you Jewish 'phiz'!"

Itsye's hand descended. The blow resounded loudly. A crowd gathered. Itsye desired to repeat the act. He was now wild. He wished to strike about him, strangle persons, bite. But he received a hard blow upon the head. He grew dizzy and toppled over. Now he could feel feet upon him. He knew that he was being trampled upon, but he could not open his eyes, nor could he move a limb. Soon he was lifted and dragged somewhere. With blows across the back, the head and the stomach, and with the ugliest oaths. He could not protect himself. He could not even speak. Only rave and groan horribly.

Softer and weaker became the raving and the groaning, and at last he lay quiet, motionless. Dense darkness hovered over him, enveloped him, engulfed him. His eyes were closed, but he felt the darkness. Like a heavy load it pressed down upon him. He knew, in an obscure way, that he had struck somebody and had been beaten up badly in return. And

now he was quiet and peaceful, and he wondered at the peaceful feeling. He began to grope about with his hands, his eyes still closed. He struck against a hard, dusty floor. Where could he be? The question flew through his entire being in a most undistinguishable manner. With a great effort he raised his eyebrows. The dense gloom settled upon his open eyes. He could see nothing and his eyes shut heavily again. Once more he began to scrape about with his hands and opened his eyes. Wider, this time. Something dazzled him. Above, on the ceiling, shone a small gray light. It entered from the single window, which was built in high on the wall. Itsye looked first at the strip of light and then at the little window with the iron bars. He eyed it for a long time. As one who has awaked from a dream and has not yet come to himself.

Suddenly the blood rushed to his head. He sat up quickly. He recognized the bars and now realized that he was in jail. They had given him a good drubbing and had thrown him into a dark hole. He became strangely warm. In a moment's time he foresaw everything that awaited him; the blows that were yet in store, —the trial and the sentence,—prison and convict labor. He groaned in deep despair. Ah! And now he felt that his head pained excruciatingly; his face and his whole body, likewise. He hastened to feel his head and his face. His hat was gone. His hair was moist and sticky. He touched an open wound. With his fingers he followed the sticky trail. Blood everywhere. On his head, all over his face and on his bare chest.

He had a desire to weep at his great misery and boundless despair.

"Father!" he wished to cry, and "Mother, dear!" and "God!" Words that he had rarely used; beings he had never known. His heart contracted bitterly and he lay with his face to the floor; his body shook convulsively with his deep lamentation.

For the first time in his life was he weeping so. His was a bitter nature, and as often as life had brought him tears he had been able always to swallow them. He knew that his tears would soften nobody,—that they would only make him ridiculous. They would mock him as a soft-hearted fool, and that must never be. With teeth clenched together this wretched orphan had gone through life in eternal hostility to all about him. His eyes had been often suffused with blood, but never with tears.

Now, however, he neither could nor desired to hold them back. He wept until the tears refused to come. Then he was overcome by a fainting sensation, and he thought that death was near. It would come to him just as he lay there. He stretched himself out, closed his eyes and waited for death. To lie thus, to fall asleep forever and cease to be. To be liberated once for all from the desolate days behind him and from the misery ahead.

He yearned for death.

"Ah, to die!"

Before his sight there began to float dead bodies that he had seen during his life. Such he desired now to become. Then he beheld before him the hanging form of water-carrier

Kirillo. All at once he sat up. A certain thought had raised him: he, too, would hang himself. This waiting for death would not do. He would not die so soon, if he waited. He peered into the thick darkness and thought. The impression of his whole life rose before him. Not a single day of happiness; not a moment of rest. Years of unceasing care and of constant struggle, of laborious toil and frequent hunger. And the future threatened still worse. As black as the dense gloom about him. Long years of incarceration, in the prisoners' ranks, and then—hunger once more.

He raised his eyes to the iron bars of the window and felt the thick rope by which his trousers were held in place. Then he looked around and cocked his ear. Was anybody there? He heard no sound. He could scarcely lift himself up. His legs barely sustained him and he was so dizzy. He reached out to the wall and leaned for a moment against it. Then, with soft step, he investigated the room, groping about with hands outstretched. Nobody was there. He had frightened some mice and could hear the patter of their retreating paws. He stopped at the window and stretched his arms upward. He could not reach the bars. In one of the corners, however, there was a bench, against which he had stumbled as he groped about the cell. With difficulty he dragged it over to the window. The effort so weakened him that he was forced to sit down. Slowly he untied the rope around his trousers. He began to fashion a noose, lapsing into thought as he did so. Once more he looked

back upon the wretched past and forward into the dark future. Again he could see not a ray of light neither behind nor before. With teeth tightly clamped he made the knot and cursed life, and his heart seethed with bitter hatred for all mankind. With the self-same noose that he was now making, how gladly would he have encircled the necks of every human being and strangled the whole world. So, and so, and so!

The noose had been ready for a long time, yet he still sat meditating. He cursed and berated humanity, calling down upon it all manner of misfortune. Ah, how gladly he would revenge himself upon them!

Gradually one thing became clear to him. His death in itself would be a good vengeance. When day should come, and they would prepare to resume their ill-treatment of him, they would find him dead. Ba-a-a! A plague upon all of them! Good-by, Itsye! No more Itsye! No more Itsye to oppress, to persecute, to abandon to starvation! They would stand before his corpse like whipped curs, crestfallen, and would vent their intense disappointment in a vile oath. Ah, that was a precious thought!

He sprang hastily to his feet, jumped upon the chair, reached to the bars and tied the rope around them. His hands trembled; he shook with fever. He poked his head into the noose and kicked over the bench.

And as the rope tightened he was seized with a desire to laugh. To laugh like a conqueror,

like a master. But his eyes began to bulge out, his tongue protruded, and his face turned a pale blue.

But the protruding tongue still mocked.

"Ba-a! Good-bye, Itsye! No more Itsye!...."

—Translated by Isaac Goldberg.

A STRANGE CLIMATE

SHOLOM ASCH

Dr. Lazarovitch came home from the hospital in the evening, locked himself in his cabinet, as his custom was of late, and remained alone till supper. The servant had already knocked at the door several times, calling him to eat. The doctor gave vent to the usual grunt that meant he would soon come out, and remained locked in his cabinet. But this time he was not let alone as usual. From the next room was heard his wife, Anna Isakovna's, soft, weak voice, saying: "Boris, we are waiting." The voice woke the doctor from his day-dream. He felt as if he heard a strange, unusual sound.

For more than a year, ever since his oldest son, Mikhail, had gone to Moscow, and had been admitted to the faculty of medicine in the university, Dr. Lazarovitch tried to avoid his family. The family consisted, besides his oldest son, of his wife Anna Isakovna, who was always sick (and whom he saw seldom, anyhow), of a daughter, Jeyna, and of a boy, Solomon, who attended the fifth grade of Gymnasium, and whom he loved very much. The doctor avoided his home, trying to be there as little as possible. And when he did come home from the hospital, he always locked himself in his cabinet, as if he were working. But to tell the truth, he did not work. He had not held a book in his hands since he left the University. He thought of his oldest son, who had

gone to Moscow, and had entered the University through the good offices of the doctor's good friend, Vasili Ivanovitch, the president of a District Court. Dr. Lazarovitch knew, as well as the rest of the family, that his son had not been admitted through any good offices. The "good offices" were mentioned only before other people. Mikhail had adopted Christianity. Though no one spoke of it, and the family never mentioned it, yet Dr. Lazarovitch had begun to feel lonely since that time, and used to sit whole nights locked up in his cabinet. And when, after two hours he left his room, he would find the table deserted, and laid for one. His whole family had become very serious, each being occupied with his own concerns, and Ana Isakovna went to bed very early, as was her custom. The doctor would thoughtfully and hurriedly finish his meal, go back to his cabinet, take up an old "Ryech," and bury himself in a year-old speech of a Constitutional Democrat regarding the Budget.

It was his custom to fall asleep over the speech. Sometimes he would not awake until morning. Sometimes the old servant who had been with him many years would come in and wake him. Then he would undress and throw himself on a lounge that stood in the corner, on which he examined patients in the daytime, and above which hung an old magazine reproduction of Rembrandt's "School of Anatomy."

Because of this, the doctor was so much surprised when he heard his wife calling him. He understood that something new must have happened, and he was afraid of this new thing. When he came out of his cabinet he found his

family waiting for him at the table. This was so new to him that he grew glad and thought to himself that it was a very good thing to eat together with his children. But in his heart of hearts he was afraid of the sudden innovation. He was too nervous to wait long, so he asked as soon as he sat down: "What has happened?"

The children looked at each other, and remained silent. Anna Isakovna, who felt better than usually, answered: "Nothing has happened."

At the silence that reigned at the table, the doctor became still more excited. He cried that something must have happened; that they ought not torture him, but tell him at once. Anna Isakovna answered him as if imparting a great sorrow: "Mikhail writes that he is coming home for Passover."

The doctor grew silent. The rest were silent also, as if a dead man were in the house.

That night the doctor did not fall asleep over the "Ryech." He was thinking of himself and his son. Truth to say, he did not understand why Mikhail's apostasy had made such an impression on him. Neither he nor his had ever been religious Jews. He himself remembered very little of his religion. Passover and Yom Kippur were to him merely vague memories of childhood. His father, a storekeeper in a little town, had been a pious Jew. But since he had left the town in his youth going to study in Moscow, he had not seen his father and had lost track of the holidays. Anna Isakovna, with whom he had become acquainted in Moscow, and whom he had married there, also knew

nothing of Jewish holidays. And his children were reared like the children of so many parents in his circumstances, without any traditions. They lived according to customs and holidays of his Gentile neighbors. And naturally, Mikhail grew up ripe for Christianity. He was able, and from the fifth grade on he began to show an exceptional faculty for mathematics. When he began to study in earnest, no one of the family had the slightest doubt that Mikhail, in order to avoid the obstacles that lay between himself and his career, would have to adopt Christianity. The father, the mother, and Mikhail himself, had always thought so, though they never said a word about it. Then, why did it torture him so, now that Mikhail had already done it? What new thing was it that was waking in him, making him a stranger in his own house?

The doctor had thought much about this in the last days, trying to revive the memories of his own lost years to the utmost of his powers. But it was hard. When he began to think of them he would grow tired. His broad-boned body grew heavy and he became sleepy, for in the twenty-three years that he had spent in the provincial town within the Pale, he had forgotten how to think. Once upon a time, like other students of his age, he had been an idealist. He would finish his studies, he then thought, and go to the people. He would establish himself in some out-of-the-way village, there to heal the peasants and their wives and teach the little boys to read and write, for many students talked of that at the time. But when Dr. Lazarovitch was graduated he did not

go to any out-of-the-way village. He fell in love with Anna Isakovna, a daughter of Director Solomon. Solomon, an old, worked-out factory invalid, who had four daughters, was often visited by the Jewish students in Moscow. The girls played the piano, and the Director's home was aristocratic. The lackey, an old Gentile, served at the table in gloves, though there was not much to serve. The gloved lackey and the piano-playing made a deep impression on Dr. Lazarovitch, and to his share fell the weakest and ugliest of the Director's daughters, Anna.

But as soon as he married the aristocrat he forgot all his ideals. He went with his wife, who began to ail shortly after the wedding to a town in the Jewish Pale, where Director Solomon had many relatives and acquaintances. Here he began to build up a practice. This partly meant that even in the Pale one could do much, that ideals are necessary not only in the village, but also in the town. But soon the doctor became acquainted with the intellectuals of the town, with the druggist and the President of the Court, and spent most of his nights at the club, with him, playing cards. He tried to avoid being at home. He did not love his wife over much after she began to ail, but this did not prevent his having five children with her, two of which had been still-born; the other three had grown up almost without his knowledge, till his card-playing had been interrupted by the apostasy of Mikhail.

Dr. Lazarovitch became more and more restless as the time of his son's arrival from Moscow approached. The entire house lapsed into

silence. All seemed afraid of something. The doctor began to feel like a stranger in his own house, and could not find a place for himself anywhere. He ceased to go to the club, and could no longer sit over the "Ryech" in his cabinet. First it seemed to him that he was restless because he was unused to things, and was afraid of the new event in his home life. As soon as he would get used to the fact that his son was a Christian, and the town would know of it, and all would cease to talk of it at last, he too, would become quiet, and his life would resume its natural course. But soon he realized that his restlessness was not due to any *strange* circumstances, but lay much deeper. He was afraid of something, and did not know the cause. He said a thousand times to himself that nothing had happened, that his son's apostasy had changed neither himself nor his son. He himself was not so religious and fanatical as to believe that his son's change of religion should have a deeper meaning, because, in truth, neither he nor his son believed in God. So how could his son's outer metamorphosis change his inner psychological condition? And again, would it pay the able young man to give up his career, his abilities, his future, all for the sake of a religious superstition? Had not Mikhail acted logically when he removed once and for all the obstacles that barricaded the path of his future? But all these explanations could bring the doctor no rest. He felt that something more than a mere outward change had taken place; that a wall stood between him and his son; that it divided one generation from the other; that his son was

not a continuation of himself, but that something ended in his own self, and something new had begun in his son; that they already belonged to two different worlds. And he was afraid and restless when he contemplated the wall that stood between them.

Two days before Passover, Mikhail came home. The doctor could not see him. He was afraid to meet him face to face. He would run about among his patients and come home late at night, and when in the mornings he heard his son's voice in the next room he would tremble. He would look through a crack in the door and try to see how the boy looked. But his son had not changed at all. The same childish face with its familiar childish eyes which always touched the doctor's fathering heart. The doctor wondered that his son had not at all changed after baptism. He still looked exactly the same. But the doctor was afraid of him.

Throughout the time Mikhail was at home the house seemed dead. The usual noise of the children on their arrival from school was heard no longer. The children, who always walked on tiptoe now, could not be heard in the next room. They sat reading, each in a different corner, as if they were ashamed to look at each other. The silence strained the doctor's nerves still more. He wanted to go to the children many times, and play with them, as he used to do when they were small. But as soon as he saw Mikhail through the keyhole, he grew frightened and restrained himself.

And yet the apostate touched his heart more than the others. It seemed to him that the boy

looked weaker and sadder since he had become a Christian, and the doctor began to pity him. He had never felt so near to any of his children before. He was glad and yet sorry that he felt so toward his son. Once he saw him through a window reading in a corner of the room, dressed in the blue uniform that fitted him but poorly. The boy felt strange in the house, and was afraid to talk loud. His face was pale. In his eyes and about his lips lay the shadow of a great grief like that which lingers about a girl who has lost her innocence. The doctor noticed it and a wave of pity swept over him for the child who was inaugurating his career in such a sin. He could not restrain himself, walked into the room, approached the boy, laid his wide, thick hand on the weak, childish shoulders, and looked into Mikhail's eyes.

"Mikhail, how do you feel?"

The boy trembled. At sight of his father he grew pale, and confusedly and involuntarily pressing himself to his father, cried: "Papa." But he soon reminded himself of something, and remained standing, silent and shamefaced. "How did you enter the University?" Dr. Lazarovitch asked roughly, and wiped his thick face with a broad hand.

The boy was silent for a moment. At last he viciously bit his thin pale lips and answered: "I didn't know you would take it like this."

The father was silent.

In a minute the boy again said:

"If you want me to, I will leave the University, and become a Jew again. Do you think I liked to do it?"

"It is unnecessary," the father sternly answered.

"Why?" the boy asked.

The doctor moved closer to the boy, looked straight in his eyes, with a moody, sinister glance, and said: "We aren't talking of religion. You know I am not religious. We are discussing a principle. And you have denied that principle once. What would the good be in your becoming a Jew again? You can't change what you have done. Just like a girl who has lost her honor—she can't regain it. Understand?"

The doctor seized the boy's head and kissed him, perhaps for the first time in his life. Then he left the room.

A few days later the doctor heard another bit of news: Joseph Kalmanovitch, Mikhail's schoolmate, had also turned Christian. It was an open secret that Joseph was in love with Jenya. The town considered them already engaged. The doctor waited till the young man came to his house to see how his daughter would treat him. In a few days the doctor found the young man in his house, and Jenya went out with him as if nothing had happened. Joseph had been treated as usual. The doctor began to wonder and it occurred to him that after all, it was only he who was so reactionary and superstitious that apostasy made too deep an impression on him. Yet the doctor could not understand how his daughter could receive the young man after Mikhail's apostasy, and how Anna Isakovna bore the thing so patiently. He promised himself to talk to his

daughter. She told him clearly that she did not care whether her husband was a Jew or a Christian. She loved the man. If her father objected to a marriage between them, she would live with Joseph anyway. It was only then that his situation grew clear in the doctor's eyes. His children were leaving his house and his religion, and he himself would remain in his old age lost among strange beliefs and perhaps be supported by his children, and bring up strange grandchildren. And maybe his childred would baptize him before death so that he should lie in the graveyard together with them. This woke the doctor from his apathetic condition, and he resolved to take action.

At the same time the doctor persuaded himself that he had become religious, and he would seek out small groups that congregated to pray at certain places and visit them between evening prayers. But he could not deceive himself. The prayers of the common, every-day Jews who ran into the small synagogue to free themselves for an hour from a day's work, and to give God His due, desirous of getting through with their duties as soon as they could, made no impression on him at all. He did not understand the prayers. He did not understand the grimaces they made, and their continued whining and shaking struck him as being wild. Yet he did not lose hope, and was inwardly sure that somewhere there did exist a great, strong Judaism, a Judaism that repaid the burdens borne for its sake, a Judaism that gave Jews strength to bear suffering and still remain Jews—and it was his to seek out

that Judaism which would repay him for the happiness lost in his children.

He tried to observe the Jewish holidays in his home. He himself did not know much about them. He remembered nothing about them, and appeared comical in his own eyes when he went out on the street to buy Kosher meat, or bread, or matzoth and bring it home. Yet the people in the house had taken it all very seriously; on Passover the matzoth were placed on a serving dish, put on the table, and all were afraid even to touch it. They all tried to be as serious about it as was he himself — but he knew that it was a farce. No one in the house knew anything about the holidays. The holidays they kept were the holidays of their neighbors. Where any part of the town celebrated, the doctor's house celebrated with it—Easter with the Russians, Christmas with the Catholics, but of their own holidays they knew nothing. Because of this it was rather comical that he should all of a sudden try to celebrate their "own" holidays.

Mainly he did it for his fourteen-year-old son, Solomon, who caused him more unrest than all the others. He knew that the boy suffered, that he was of a different make-up than the other children. It had been very hard to make it possible for the boy to enter the gymnasium. It was at a time when hate toward Jews was already raging among their Gentile neighbors, and was more than ever in style. The boy was forced to suffer much at the hands of his Gentile schoolmates. Often, when he came home from school, his wet, frightened eyes seemed

to ask the terrible question: "Why?" In the beginning, when he was yet a child, he asked his father: "Why did the Jews do that?" He was tortured so at school, but when the doctor was unable to give him a clear, true answer, he ceased to ask the question. Soon the child knew the full taste of being a Jew; he grew used to it, and bore it like a grown-up, with humility and patience. He asked no more questions, and it was seen that he withdrew further and further into himself. He had grown very much in the few years he spent in the gymnasium. He read serious books, and his forehead was already wrinkled. He was quiet, and a sneering smile towards everything and everybody lingered about his lips—the smile of the suffering Jew towards the rest of the world. The doctor was more ashamed of himself before the boy than before his other children, and felt that he must do something to change the situation. He knew the responsibility he carried in the eyes of the child; that it was his to take care that this boy too did not become an apostate. This drove him to think of some practical remedy. He often wanted to speak to the youngest son about the older one's apostasy, but he could not. He was afraid to hear the truth from him—a thing he had heard from none heretofore—that the fact that Mikhail turned Christian was due more to himself than to Mikhail. He did nothing to prevent his son from changing faith. He already read the answer in the sneering smile that hung on the boy's lips, and even more, in that the boy avoided the house more than he himself did He spent most of his time at a schoolmate's and

was rarely seen in the house. Since the oldest brother had become a Christian he had avoided the house still more.

In this avoidance of the house the doctor saw a personal insult to himself. "The child avoids me," he said to himself. This made him feel still worse and he would think: "Why does he avoid me?" And once when he was told that Solomon had not come home for two nights (those were the first nights after the arrival of the apostate), the doctor sought the boy out at his friend's and spoke to him:

"Why don't you come home? Why do you run from the house?"

"I run from the house? It is you, father, who runs from the house," the boy answered boldly.

In the answer the doctor heard the whole inner truth—that he was lonely and avoided the house which he had built up; in this answer he heard the whole poverty, the whole forlornness of the situation in which he found himself, and he ceased to trouble his son with further questions.

The doctor began to take great interest in what was going on among the Jews. He read Russo-Jewish newspapers, thought much of Jewish interests, and found that a new Jewish life was beginning in Palestine, that Jews were emigrating there, and becoming farmers; that there was hope of a Jewish state being founded, where Judaism could develop freely and frankly to a strong and rich fruition. Palestine awoke in the doctor the memories of his childhood years, of his father, the storekeeper in a little town. He began to remember the Jewish holidays that his mother had always kept;—the

Jewish Sabbath, when she lit candles; the congregation in which he had prayed; the Jewish Passover, when all in the house was so clean, and the family gathered at the Seder. It seemed to him that all this was closely related to Palestine; that it came from Palestine. And there, in the new Palestine this all would show itself stronger and freer, and the greater Judaism would begin to develop. His eyes were suddenly opened and he beheld in Palestine the great Jewish hope, so great, so holy, that repaid Jews for their suffering, that gave Jews the courage and the strength to bear all pain and insult for its sake. Palestine gave compensation for all. He remembered, as in a dream, the Bible and the pictures in the Bible, and his father. The pious storekeeper's life suddenly grew more interesting to him. He saw a certain relationship between his father, the poor, forlorn Jew in his little home town, and the heroes of the Bible. It was Palestine that bound them together. His father, the storekeeper, came from the same land that knew Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. He loved the same life they loved, and had the same duties and customs they had. But here, in exile, where he was oppressed he could not live like the patriarchs, the tillers of the soil, the shepherds. Here he had but the Sabbath and the Passover that the Patriarchs had; but there, in the land of the patriarchs, the Jews lead a patriarchal life; they till the soil themselves; they guard the sheep themselves, and live in godly piety. There Judaism shows itself in its full richness and greatness, only there can one understand what a moral, religious people the Jews are and

how clean and simple is the life they lead—there the Jewish holidays are celebrated in all their holiness. There he would see with the same eyes and feel with the same emotions the Jewish Passover, the Jewish Sabbath, the Jewish holiday, as long ago, when he was a child and lived in the house of his father and mother.

The doctor hid deep in his heart the secret that he had found Palestine as one hides a great treasure. He was afraid to confide it to his family. He became more restful and sure of himself. He no longer sat locked up in his cabinet whole nights long. He went no longer to the club; he began to eat together with his children; he even became very kind to his wife. A sort of hidden joy smiled out of his eyes, and no one knew what it was, just as no one knew the cause of the doctor's sudden change of habits.

He wanted to share his secret with Solomon—the boy would understand the happiness the doctor had found, and he needed it as much as the doctor himself. This would be good for the child, even heal him, the doctor thought—and why not go there with the child after all? He resolved to speak to Solomon about it. And as his custom was not leave anything undone till tomorrow, he wanted to speak at once, and entered the room where the boy sat over a book preparing his lesson. Without much ado, he patted the boy on the shoulder and said to him:

"Solomon, what do you think of Palestine?"

The boy opened wide his eyes and looked at the doctor in wonder.

"What made you think of this, papa?"

"Why not?"

It was soon seen that the boy had been interested in Palestine for a long time. He was organizing a student's Zionist Circle and knew of all that was going on in Palestine, even to the name of all the Jewish colonies. The father was beside himself with joy, and continued to pat the boy's shoulders.

"Would you like to go with me to Palestine?"

The boy looked at him in wonder.

"Do you really mean it, papa?"

"Of course, Solomon, of course. Don't you see that I am being stifled here? What have I got here?"—The doctor wanted to get rid of all that had tortured him of late. He soon restrained himself, however, and ended his words, half-laughingly:

"Of course, of course, Solomon. The Jews there are great, fine—That is the place for Jewish life." The doctor grew excited. "And you will go with me?"

"Of course I will go with you," the child answered.

"Even if mama and the older children remain here?"

"Let them remain if they like this place better," the child replied. "I want to be there where Jews are equal to others; where Jews are free."

"Where Jews are free!" The doctor muttered as if to himself. "Good, good, Solomon. Let them remain, let them remain, if they feel at ease here." The doctor was struggling with something in himself. He swiftly disengaged himself from the boy and left the house, fearing that tears would gush from his eyes,—his

old, weary eyes, which sat in a heavy, sleepy body overgrown with so much fat that it seemed his heart could never be reached,—and yet....

From then on the father and the son found themselves in the strange house. They felt themselves richer and freer than the others, and looked at the mother, the sister, and the apostate, with pity. They would sit till midnight over a map of Palestine. Solomon would show where the Jewish colonies lay and what they were called; they had even begun to study Hebrew. The doctor gave it up after the second lesson—his head was too old to learn anything now. But not Solomon. When Solomon spoke of the new life, when father and son dreamed of Palestine, the old doctor's heart grew glad, his great body became lighter, and he felt that things were as once upon a time, when he lived with his father, the storekeeper—once, in his childhood years....

One fine evening the doctor called together his family, and tried to deliver a long speech. He did not succeed. At the last moment, when all were solemnly assembled, he entered the room, struck the table with his fist and cried in a voice not altogether calm, "Who will go with me to Palestine?" When they looked at him in wonder, he turned to his sick wife whom he almost killed with his loud voice and his swift, unusual movements. "Do you want to go to Palestine with me, or to remain with your Gentile children?" The wife looked at him with fear in her eyes, and stammered: "I don't know what you want of me. Where my children stay, I will stay also."

"Good, good," the doctor roared. "Stay wherever you want to. I will sell my property and separate from you. I and Solomon go to Palestine."

At first they thought that it was a fit of anger on his part,—a thing that had taken place often during the last days,—and that he would quiet down. But they soon realized that he was in earnest. He ceased to occupy himself with his practice, and visited the brokers trying to sell the house. He succeeded in selling it for a very small sum.

Bidding farewell to none but Solomon, he left for Palestine to seek rest for them both in the new home of the Jews.

A few weeks later, on a fine morning. Dr. Lazarovitch came back home. Shamefacedly he stole into his house, ashamed to show himself to his wife and children. They thought that he had come to take Solomon and go away again. But they saw him resume his old practice. He was very quiet and even more reserved than before. They did not ask him where he had been nor what he had done.

He felt the questioning gaze of Solomon directed at him. The boy asked him nothing, but seeing that his father was practising again, he lost heart, and began to avoid the house as he had done after the apostasy of Mikhail. The doctor felt guilty in respect to the boy, and avoided all conversation with him. Each day the boy became paler and more self-centered.

Once the doctor suddenly called him into his cabinet. The boy was ghastly, and one could hear his heart beat. He was ashamed to look his father straight in the eyes.

"I couldn't remain there. You understand, Solomon?" The father began quietly. "It was not what I expected. I thought it altogether different, altogether different. But it was not what I expected."

The boy lifted his eyes, and looked at his father. His look made the doctor nervous. He forgot what he wanted to say to the boy regarding his return, and began talking in a shrill, nervous voice.

"It is too hot there. Not our climate. I couldn't acclimatize myself there. I'm too old. You—perhaps—you are young, you might do it."

The boy lifted his eyes again, and now it seemed to the doctor that he saw a vague smile on the pale, cracked lips of his son, as if an older, experienced man were looking at a boy. The doctor cried still more angrily.

"What are you smiling at? Understand, I could not. Understand? I thought Palestine a Jewish kingdom. I would find there what I had when I was a child. A Sabbath. Holiday. In one word, a Jewish kingdom. With a great Jewish life. Perhaps one is growing there. But I'm too old to grow with it. I needed ripe fruit. Understand? Ripe fruit. And there is none there. Everything is green, poor. I felt like a stranger, a man from another climate. Understand? Another climate. You feel like a strange plant in another climate."

"Papa, it is not the climate that is to blame, but the plant."

"Perhaps the plant. Too old. But there is nothing to laugh at."

The boy pitied the man and said. "But papa, I'm not laughing. Who says I'm laughing?"

"You aren't laughing? Thanks. And I tell you that I gave up my ideal because it is too hot there. And if you want to, go ahead and laugh at it, laugh at a sixty-five-year-old jackass who is your father, who could not acclimatize himself in a strange climate because it was too warm. Laugh at it if you want to," Dr. Lazarovitch yelled.

Two large tears shone in the boy's eyes, and swiftly, without a single word, he left the room.

Since then both father and son avoid each other, and when they meet they are ashamed to look into each other's eyes.

Translated by Jacob Robbins.

A GAME

ABRAHAM RAISIN

Reaction, like a black vulture, had spread its wings over all that had lived and struggled. The best and bravest of the revolutionary spirits lost their courage and many were forced to wander forth, to escape to foreign lands, some with the hope of coming back in better and more tolerant times, others in doubt and despair.

Among the latter was Chayim Grossman, who from his twentieth to his thirtieth year, had worked in the movement. More than one barricade had he thrown up in Warsaw's streets, more than one revolutionists' banner had he waved from its house tops, and not a few times had he exposed himself to the peril of the bullets. But always his courage and his faith in the holy cause had helped him to come forth from the battle, safe in body and undaunted in spirit.

But at last even he lost courage, and as he reviewed his past activities, for which hanging itself were little punishment indeed, he was overcome by terror. Every night in his dreams there would appear hangmen, in red garb, laughing loudly at him through grinning teeth, and they would drag him somewhere up a high scaffold . . . He would be forced to crawl and climb, upward, upward, until he reached the top, which was frightfully high. And now he

would fall over the edge, and on waking would find himself bathed in a cold sweat, while his terror was greater than ever.

Shadow-like, he slunk through the "peaceful" streets, trembling at sight of every officer and beholding in every civilian—a spy . . .

There was only one course left—to escape. But strangely enough, the selfsame Grossman who during his ten years' service in the movement had stolen across the border time and again, now developed a sudden fear at the notion of crossing the boundary-line with the same trustworthy agents as heretofore. And when his more intimate friends, also former fighters for the cause, would ask him, "Chayim, why do you delay your escape?" he would reply dispiritedly, "I tremble at thought of the border. They're watching very closely now."

And of all these friends, once upon a time leaders in the revolution, not one would attempt to give him the courage to cross in the old way. This disheartened Chayim all the more, and like a caged beast he paced back and forth, a solitary shadow in the great city of Warsaw, seeking some avenue of escape from his danger . . .

One day, walking thus engrossed in thought through the Saxon Gardens, where at every turn a gendarme was encountered, Chayim came face to face with Henich, the son of wealthy parents, who had, however, been very active in the days of the revolution and had been very friendly towards Chayim. Henich took him to a secluded spot and whispered to

him, "Chayim, do you want to leave the country in the regular, legal manner?"

"Do you need to ask that?" replied Chayim quickly.

"Well, just listen. My sister Eda is about to leave for Berlin, to meet her husband, Sandrovitch. The passport is made out in the name of both of them, but he left earlier than he expected . . . so that you can travel with the passport, as her husband .. . ."

There flashed upon Chayim's memory the black eyes and the bewitching countenance of Eda, whom he had known well and with whom, in the days of the revolution, he had spoken only of matters connected with the struggle. Now, learning that she was already married, he felt a queer twinge at his heart, and growing pale with emotion, he answered quickly, "Yes, certainly, I'll go as her husband." Then noticing that Henich eyed him suspiciously, he added: "I'll avoid capture."

Henich, being an amiable sort of chap, slapped him on the back, "You—captured. That doesn't worry us at all!" he exclaimed.

Then, after having made arrangements for leaving in about a week, they separated.

That week went by as slowly as a year for Chayim. But not because he was so eager to leave Warsaw and its terrors behind; rather because of his desire to travel as the husband of dear, beautiful Eda. The make-believe relationship began to take on for him a most serious aspect, and as he lay in his room, which was situated in a remote section of the town, he conjured up the pretty face of

Sandrovitch's young wife Eda, who would soon be under his own personal care. A trembling, new-borne longing took possession of his heart . . .

Boruch Sandrovitch—Boruch Sandrovitch. He repeated the other man's name over and over again, so as not to betray himself at the border. And so, muttering the name countless times during the week he began to feel that from now on he was no longer Chayim Grossman, former revolutionist, but Boruch Sandrovitch, a student of Berlin University, a fair-haired fellow of twenty-five, whom the beautiful Eda loved to distraction . . .

"Well, here is your wife!" Eda's father, a tall, broad-boned Jew, with a patriarchal beard, and gold-rimmed spectacles on his aristocratic nose, turned to Chayim, who, at the words, was overcome by a sensation of sweet warmth that suffused his entire being. He stole a bashful glance at the slender Eda, who made a pretty picture as she stood there in her traveling clothes, smiling sweetly at him.

"Take good care of her," added Eda's mother, a woman of some fifty years, with large eyes and dressed in black.

"She'll be as precious as the apple of my eye," blurted Chayim fervently, and of a sudden blushed at the impassioned tones of his promise.

"And be sure not to forget that you're Boruch Sandrovitch," admonished Eda, beaming at him with the same sweet, friendly smile.

"I'll remember that only too well," exploded Chayim, with the same passion as before.

"Here is the passport; I am now in your hands," declared Eda, giving him the book.

Chayim placed it carefully in his pocket, and gazing at Eda most eloquently he managed to exclaim: "This is a most pleasant charge." And immediately he regretted his words.

It was three hours' ride to the border. Chayim sat the whole time at Eda's side, and wishing to become more intimate, he suddenly turned to her and suggested, "I think it would help to avert suspicion on our journey, if I were to use 'thou' in addressing you, and you likewise with me."

Having offered this short, practical suggestion he turned red, and his heart beat wildly, as he waited for her approval.

"I really am in doubt," she hesitated. "In high society man and wife use 'you' in addressing each other."

"But that might arouse suspicion in our case —I mean, that 'thou' would be more to our purpose," urged Chayim.

She finally consented.

Unfortunately, however, Chayim could find no opportunity for using the coveted familiar pronoun. At last the longed-for chanced arrived. He was gazing out of the window. The sun, like a blood-red disc, was setting behind a thick forest, gilding the tree-tops with its dying splendor. Chayim, entranced by the scene, cried out, "Just see, Eda, see thou, how beautiful!"

Eda arose and looked through the window. "Wonderful!" she exclaimed.

Chayim was right beside her, but instead of

looking at the beautiful sunset he sought to penetrate Eda Sandrovitch's face, and he grew sad.

A moment later and the sun had sunk beneath the horizon, as if the black forest had engulfed it.

They sat down and Eda began: "You know——"

"Thou knowest," corrected Chayim. "We might betray ourselves."

"Don't worry on that score," she replied, stubbornly. "You know that we're almost at the border."

"We should be all the more careful for that very reason. So then, what dost thou say, Eda?"

Eda smiled good-naturedly, replying, "If you desire to play the game, by all means, with the greatest of pleasure!" And then, more playfully, she added, "I say, my dear Sandrovitch, we're soon at the border."

"What of that, darling Eda?" He smiled in return, clasping her velvety little hand.

She did not withdraw her hand. This made Chayim bolder. He pressed closer to her, ever so close, and whispered tenderly, "What a sweet, darling child thou art!"

She gazed at him with her large black eyes, in silence.

At last they pulled into Alexandrovna, the border station. The train suddenly became alive with nervous activity. A tall gendarme with forbidding mustache entered, crying out in official tones, "Passports!"

Chayim Grossman pulled out his passport and gave it to the gendarme.

"And you?" asked the latter in Russian, turning to Eda.

"She is my wife," answered Chayim, in the same language.

"Very well," was the response, as if approving the match. Chayim felt distinctly flattered with the approval.

The gendarme collected the passports of the other occupants and then left, locking the door of the coach.

"And now we are in very truth man and wife," whispered Chayim passionately to Eda.

"Yes, of course," Eda nodded.

Her acquiesence made Chayim very happy, and he turned boldly to her, asking tenderly, "Wouldst thou have a bite to eat?"

She smiled, and replied good-humoredly, "Not I, but perhaps you would—that is, thou wouldst, beloved," she hastened to correct herself.

"Yes, I'm really hungry."

He arose, took down her little traveling bag, which contained their lunch, and gave it to her.

She opened it and took out the food that her mother had prepared.

"Long life to my good mother," blessed Eda, between bites, and her large black eyes grew larger and darker . . .

"Eat, Sandrovitch," she urged Chayim.

"Yes, my little dove, I'll eat."

Eda burst into laughter.

"You're a perfect artist," she whispered into his ear.

"Why?" he asked . . .

"Good heavens!" she replied, feigning anger because he did not understand, and resumed her eating.

At this point the gendarme returned, accompanied by an officer, who returned the passports.

"Boruch Sandrovitch!"

"Here," answered Grossman, not without inner misgivings.

The officer examined him closely, gave him his passort and turned to Eda.

"And you?"

"My husband," she replied, pointing to Chayim.

"All right," assented the officer, genially.

And Chayim Grossman, forgetting the revolution, the barricades, and his hatred of the army, felt deep in his heart a warm gratitude towards that young officer; a few moments later, when the gendarme and the official had gone, he remarked, "There are some good fellows among them, at that."

"Devil take them, every one," dissented Eda, much to Chayim's displeasure.

The train began to move.

"We've crossed the border" she exclaimed joyously.

"We're husband and wife just the same . . . Germany is no better than Russia . . . We must continue to say 'thou' to one another."

"As you say," answered Eda indifferently. "Let it be 'thou.'"

At each stop the train discharged a large

number of passengers. Soon Eda and Chayim were the only occupants of their coach.

"We are alone!" cried Chayim, in ecstasy.

Eda could not understand his great joy. She looked upon him coldly, saying, "Now I may address you by your real name. And so, Mr. Grossman, what are your plans in Germany?"

"Germany!" Chayim shuddered at the thought. "Germany?" He was silent.

He was at a loss for reply. He suddenly recalled that the game was over; now he faced the real, hard, sad world of fact, and soon the real Sandrovitch would come to claim this beautiful being as his own, while, he, Chayim, in wretched loneliness, would wander aimlessly through the streets of Berlin. The recollection of all this gripped him, and he was overwhelmed by terror of the long, sinister future.

He gazed out of the window. The night was black. Here and there a light would flash by in the darkness—a far-away gleam—would flash by and melt into the night.

—Translated by Isaac Goldberg.

THE KISS

L. SHAPIRO

Rab' Shachneh's hands and feet trembled, and he felt an awful bitterness in the mouth. It seemed to him, sitting in the chair, that the wild uproar of the street, the howling and the whistling, the cracking and the ringing of the shattering window-panes, were taking place within him, within his own head.

The pogrom had broken out with such fearful suddenness that he found himself forced to fly home without stopping to lock his shop. But on reaching home, he discovered no one there. Sarah and the children had, seemingly, managed to hide themselves somewhere, leaving the house and their few belongings in God's care. He himself, however, did not think of hiding. He did not think of anything, in fact. He was conscious only of the wild noises of the street, and the unbearable bitterness in his mouth.

The noises sounded now nearer, now more distant, like the roar of a neighboring conflagration. But suddenly, it surrounded the house on all sides at once. The window-panes cracked, rocks flew into the room; and the next instant, young peasants with flaming, drunken faces, carrying knives and clubs, came crawling through doors and windows.

It then occurred to Rab' Shachneh that he ought to do something about it. And he lifted himself laboriously from the chair, and began

to crawl under a sofa, right before the eyes of the rioters. The peasants roared with laughter.

"Nah! *There* is a fool for you!" and one of them grabbed him by a leg. "Eh, you! Get up!"

This brought Rab' Shachneh to his senses, and he began to weep like a child.

"Boys," he pleaded, "I will let you have everything—the money, the jewelry—everything. Spare my life! Why should you kill me? I have a wife and children."

But nothing availed him. They took everything, and beat him besides, struck him in the face and chest, kicked him in the abdomen with mad fury. He cried, pleaded, and they kept up their beating.

"Vasily, Vasilinka, you know me! Your father worked for us. Haven't we always paid him well? Vasilinka, save me! Save . . ."

A violent blow on the chest cut short his pleading. Two young peasants sat on him and pressed their knees into his abdomen. Vasilinka, a small spare fellow with a crooked face and grey eyes, spoke up proudly:

"You paid him, did you! Father worked, so you paid. I would have just liked to see you refuse to pay him."

Nevertheless it pleased Vasilinka greatly that Rab' Shachneh should have appealed to him for mercy, and he thereupon turned to the others.

"Now, boys, enough! Let the carcass be. You can see that it's barely gasping."

Reluctantly, one by one, the peasants tore

themselves away from their victim, and began to leave the house, smashing whatever articles had previously escaped their notice.

"Nu, Shachneh," Vasily turned to him, "you have me to thank for being alive yet. The boys would have made short work of you, if it hadn't been for me."

He was on the point of leaving with the others, when something occurred to him that made him halt.

"There!" he said, extending his hand to Rab' Shachneh. "Kiss!"

Rab' Shachneh raised his bloodshot eyes and looked at him bewildered. He did not understand.

Vasily's face darkened.

"Didn't you hear me? Kiss, I tell you!"

Two of the peasants halted in the doorway, watching the scene. Rab' Shachneh looked at Vasily and was silent. Vasily's face turned green.

"Ah, Jew-face that you are!" He gnashed his teeth, and drove his open hand into Rab' Shachneh's face. "You hesitate! Oh, boys! Come back here!"

The two peasants came up closer.

"Ah, nu! Get to work, boys. Since he's such a fine gentleman, he's got to kiss my foot! If he won't . . ."

He sat down upon a chair. The two peasants grabbed hold of Rab' Shachneh, and flung him at Vasily's feet.

"Pull off that boot!" Vasily commanded kicking Rab' Shachneh in the mouth.

Rab' Shachneh slowly pulled the boot off the peasant's foot.

They stood face to face—a red dirty foot smelling strongly of perspiration and a beaten-up face with a long, noble, dark beard. Strangely enough the beard wasn't harmed much. It was torn and plucked in but a few spots, but it retained the dignity of respectability. From above, Vasily's crooked face looked down, glaring with its grey eyes.

"Kiss, I tell you!"

And another kick in the face followed the command.

For a moment all was silent and motionless, then Rab' Shachneh bowed down his head, and Vasily emitted a sharp frightful cry. All of the five toes and part of his foot had disappeared into Rab' Shachneh's mouth. The two rows of teeth sank deep into the dirty, sweaty flesh.

What followed was wild and lurid, like an evil, revolting dream.

The peasants struck Rab' Shachneh with their booted feet. They kicked him with such fury that it resounded loud and hollow like an empty barrel. They pulled out his beard in handfuls. They dug their nails into his eyes and tore them out. They searched out the most sensitive parts of his body and ripped out pieces. His body shivered, trembled, bent and twisted. And the two rows of teeth pressed on convulsively closer and closer, and something cracked inside the mouth, the teeth, the bones, or perhaps both. All this while, Vasilinka raved, shrieked, screeched like a stuck pig.

How long this lasted, the peasants did not know. They had taken no notice of the time. It was only when they saw that Rab' Sachneh's body no longer moved that they stopped at last. A shudder shook them from head to foot when they looked into his face.

His torn out eyes hung loose near the bloody sockets. His face was no longer recognizable; while what was left of his beard hung in blood-congealed strands. The dead teeth, with a piece of the foot still between them, glared like those of a dead wolf.

Vasilinka still wriggled, no longer upon the chair, but upon the floor. His body was twisted like a snake, and from his throat came long-drawn-out, hoarse sounds. His gray eyes grew large, dim and glassy. It was evident that he had lost his mind.

"God help us," the terrified peasants screamed, as they fled from the house.

Out in the street, the pogrom, in all its beastly ferocity, was still raging, and amidst the many noises, no one heard the broken cries of the living man who was slowly expiring within the jaws of the dead man.

Translated by Israel Solon.

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Author of: "Modern Psychical Phenomena"; "The Problems of Psychical Research"; "Personal Experiences in Spiritualism," etc., etc.

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YOGA PHILOSOPHY

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YOGA PHILOSOPHY

CHAPTER I.

YOGA PHILOSOPHY—*What It Means.*

The Orient has always been regarded as the cradle of all that is mysterious, magical and occult. Tales of extraordinary happenings have issued from India for centuries—of the miracles which are there performed, before your very eyes; of the extraordinary feats which one sees—the snake charming, burial alive, long trances, wondering fakirs, and the self-inflicted tortures which the holy men impose upon themselves; also of the extraordinary power of will which these men often manifest—in holding up one arm, for instance, until it withers, and can no longer be moved or brought down to its normal position again,—remaining upright, stark and still, like a mummified arm, for the remainder of the ascetic's life.

Many of these are based upon fact; others are not. For example, the ordinary fakirs are merely more or less clever magicians, traveling about the country, performing their tricks for anyone who will pay them enough to warrant an exhibition. These tricks are now pretty thoroughly understood by magicians—

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*"Yoga" is the Yoga Philosophy. "Yogi" is a person practising Yoga.

the mango-tree trick, the basket trick, the dry sands trick, etc.; and I have described these various trick-methods in my little booklet entitled *Hindu Magic* (reprinted in "The Boy's Book of Magic"). The famous rope-climbing exploit, again of which so much is heard, is never actually seen, *as described;* it is based upon a performance which is actually given, but this is totally different from the stories which are narrated. If ever true, some form of "collective hallucination" is the only explanation. But it is doubtful whether the feat has ever been performed, as it is often described. There is no good, first-hand evidence that it has.

Aside from these *fakirs*, however, there are the genuine *Yogis*—men who live secluded in the mountains, and who can rarely be encountered. It is of them this little book deals—their philosophy and their methods.

Yoga Philosophy is one of the six systems of philosophy which exist in India. It is best known in countries of the Eastern civilization, because it contains in it an element of mystery and miracle. But mystery and miracle appeal to all humanity.

There are, of course, more than six systems of Hindu philosophy. There are agnostic and materialistic systems,—corresponding with those of the West. There is the doctrine of Buddhism and Sufiism, which somewhat resembles Vendanta, and other doctrines; but the six systems above referred to are those which claim the greatest number of followers throughout India and the Orient.

There are various forms of Yoga, which is extremely systematic in its development, and begins with the doctrine of the body, and proceeds through the active powers of the mind up to the higher principles of spirit. Thus, Hatha Yoga deals with the body and its perfection, through specific methods of training, etc.

Raja Yoga deals with the training of the mind and psychic powers.

Karma Yoga deals with the freedom of the soul by means of *work*—largely work for others.

Bhakti Yoga is a system of Yoga aiming at perfection through devotion. It is a doctrine of *love.*

Finally, in Jnana Yoga we have a system which endeavors to obtain union with God, or the universal consciousness, by means of *wisdom.*

All these, of course, to some extent interrelate. In Hatha Yoga we deal with such subjects as diet, sleep, rest, hyprotherapy and general hygienic measures, in addition to certain physiological discipline, which trains the body and develops the ascetic from that side. The effect of this is to render the body completely subservient to the spirit so that it may have complete control of it.

The object of Yoga philosophy is to merge into the Supreme Spirit. The Hindus, however, mean a different thing by the word God than we do. It does not mean an *anthropomorphic* deity; it is a kind of all-pervading universal spirit, of which we form an integral part. Their aim is to become *one* with that, to form

part of it, to emerge into it, and at the same time to absorb it. Extracting powers from it, they thus build themselves up mentally and spiritually to the point where they also become omniscient and omnipotent.

The aim of the Hindus is to eliminate the sense of personality, because they believe this to be an illusion (*maya*). Everything is part of the one Spirit; everything *is* God,—everything animate and inanimate,—and for this reason the Eastern and Western doctrines are fundamentally opposed in this respect.

There are two kinds of Yoga practised, the *practical* and the *superior*. It is necessary to do the practical to rise to the superior.

The Sacred Books of India prescribe eight stages to attain perfection. The whole course may well be likened to an educational curriculum. Thus the "Fourfold Path" is the school course, when the man is prepared to do his part well here and taught to apply his learning to everyday life. The last four stages of the "Eightfold Path" are the college course, when the student dips more deeply into the mysteries of being; when he has risen above the ordinary theories and experiments, and knows more than he can teach. Degrees are of no more value to him, and the deepest theories propounded in books and by men are but incipient wisdom,—finger directions to the truth of which he has caught a glimpse. Bearing this in mind, we shall see how good and rational is the "Eightfold Path," and we shall be able to understand it better. Let us take

each stage and grade and extract all the meaning we can out of it.

The *first* grade is called *Yama*. The Fourfold Path has taught man to live as a man of the world,—working, doing, enjoying all the good things of earth and experiencing the passions, emotions and vicissitudes that are a part of the worldly life. Now he must rise higher. He must learn to avoid the deceits and illusory pleasures of life. Life among men is full of petty lies. He must speak nothing but the strictest truth,—the absolute Truth. Not only must he cease to ask for anything, but he cannot receive gifts, so that the desire to possess may die, and he may be under obligation to no one. Theft, even in the most far-fetched application, may not be committed. For instance, no food may be taken, no fruit broken from a garden without permission, even to satisfy the last stages of starvation. Nothing that belongs to another must be touched. Chastity in its broadest sense must be practised. Above all, self-control is the lesson of this school-room. This lesson is gathered by the acquirement of indifference. Indifference is much discussed and not infrequently ridiculed in the Occident, and among occidental races. I venture to say it is because the West has not understood the full import of this word, as used by the Oriental, because of its ignorance of the ideals of the East.

The real and inner meaning of indifference in this case is "intensity and rapidity of thought and calm,"—a calm perhaps tinged with fatalism. Everything that comes to the

mind is instantly felt and entirely grasped; and when that is done it is put aside and the mind is ready to receive new impressions in the same swift and complete manner. Thus all unnecessary agitation is avoided, for when the real nature of a thing or deed is understood, the mind becomes calm. It also kills desire, for the mind wants nothing illusory. All is illusory except One, *i. e.*, God. Thus it does not want what it understands as the illusions of the senses. It only wishes to know, to experience; not to possess. This indifference is meant to develop equally in every direction—strongly. Therefore, it must not be undervalued or considered unnatural.

The exterior must be the physical demonstration of the inward thought, and waste detracts from the mental force and purity of the Inner-Self, also,—for the loss of force must be accompanied by a lessening of purity, because the ability to resist the undesirable is weakened. Such a useless expenditure reduces the acuteness and vitality of concentration, which further reduces the force and power of the Will. Life is made up of many interests, and if an undue amount of energy be expended on one object, the others suffer and no good results are gained. Such indifference must be cultivated, to gain control,—or how can we work, especially such strenuous work as the Yogi has to perform?

Everything requires just so much force and no more,—the rest is superfluous. Further, what is gained in one direction is counteracted in another. for in Nature all things have a just

equipoise,—that is, compensation. So if too much be spent on the material side, the abstract will lose. Nor is this indifference to be acquired by killing, *i. e.*, avoiding passion, but by the subjugation of it, and by satiety, aided by comprehension. We do not cease to feel, but cease to show and care, *i. e.*, we control and master by understanding. Christ himself instances this indifference in all the recorded events and crises of his life. Moses once lost command over himself, and he was not allowed to enter the Land of Canaan. To sum up, indifference teaches:

1) To think inwardly, by oneself, without outward expression. This means bodily youth,—for our body is destroyed, and our countenance lined, wrinkled and rendered ugly by the expression of the thought on the body. Therefore the faces of people who have beautiful thoughts *are* beautiful.

2) The thought is intensified by the reservation or the proper direction of energy.

3) To understand the real nature of things readily, and to dismiss the thought when understood.

The benefits of the system are:

1) One is able to think of many more things; therefore the interest becomes wider, *i.e.*, the mind develops in many more directions, and so more equally. It is a well-known fact that Yogis can work continually for a long time, and are extremely versatile in their knowledge and interests.

2) Man is enabled to master thought instead of thought mastering him, *i.e.*, the will is strengthened.

3) Man is given power over man, for silent thought and feeling is domineering. Silence is greater than verbiage.

These are only a few of the advantages gained. From the above exposition one can see that

Yama, the first grade, is meant to develop man's mental equipment to something higher, by developing him fully. So we shall find, on closer inspection, that each grade deals with a new development, and lifts the student rung by rung higher on the ladder to perfection.

The second grade is called *Niyama*. Now the neophyte has been taught to regulate his behaviour to his fellow men. His ethical education is complete. He must now withdraw himself more completely from the outer world, and turn his mind within himself,—directing his thoughts Godward. This is done by conscientiously performing his religious observances, by sacrifice and worship,—like Catholic priests, who have daily to say Mass and read their Breviary. All impure thoughts are resolutely put aside; the mind must be as pure as the body. Contentment in all things must be cultivated, as discontentment robs the mind of peace, and good, kind thoughts. Simplicity in all things is one of the lessons of this classroom. Vedic verses are continually muttered and thought over, so that their inner meaning may enlighten the soul. One more lesson is learnt in this grade, namely, trust in God. The thought of the morrow is banished from the mind. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Absolute and unwavering trust in the Lord! The mystic syllable Aum (Om) is used in this stage.

The *third* Stage is Asana or Posture. A period has now been reached when the pupil is required to undertake work of a very strenuous character,—so much so that it appears almost

a superhuman labour. The sages of old discovered that so long as the mind is in the body it requires the help of the brain to do its thinking, therefore the body must not be neglected.

No great work can be done without Strength and Health.

They had also noticed, as doctors and men of science are now beginning to recognize, that certain thoughts develop themselves best in certain postures of the body,— just as diet very often regulates the current of thought. Therefore, after careful observation and experiment, they discovered those positions which aided their lines of thought most. There are eighty-four (84) such positions which the Yogi has to practice. Those postures will *not* all be described here. Many English books do not provide a detailed description of these postures, because they say they are vulgar and disgusting. "To the pure all things are pure." Besides, what part of the human body can be disgusting or impure? Nothing that God has made is unclean. It is false modesty, caused by an imperfect social and ethical standard. The Indian philosophers are not hindered in their search after Truth and Life by such petty considerations, which have no value. Those who have practised them have found bodily health and strength and mental vigour. It is as unjust as it is unfair to condemn anything without due trial. Those who seek for the Truth cannot afford to be narrow or prejudiced. Suffice it to say that these bodily

postures are necessary both for the body and the mind.

The *fourth* grade still attends to the body. Deep breathing and the regulation of breath are taught. (This is known as Pranayama.) The process of breathing is in three parts,—inhalation, retention and exhalation. The time taken to perform each action is proportionate. The Yogis have discovered the proportion, and its apprentices are taught to breathe accordingly. Gradually the aim is retention, *i.e.*, suspension of breath. Any one who will try the experiment will find that the brain works with dizzy celerity when the breath is held in the body. This, then, is the object. Another object it has —namely, by suspending the breath, life—it is said—may be prolonged indefinitely. How well Yogis have succeeded in this wonderful art may be gathered from various accounts which narrate the interment of Yogis in sealed, air-tight coffins for periods varying from seven to forty days. The experiment was tried on a Yogi, with his consent, by some well known British officers, who testified to the incident on their word of honor, and also signed a paper giving an account of the whole experiment in all its details.

Nowadays it seems hardly necessary to tell of the effects of deep breathing. It is known to everybody that deep breathing makes the blood pure, the eyes bright, the complexion clear and clean, the skin smooth, and that it fills the body with the exhilaration of health; but few know that it makes the body glow—actually *glow*. For many decades the occidental scien-

tists laughed at the idea that the human body glowed and gave forth light; but lately, within the last two years, a series of experiments on chemicals and other substances sensitive to light, undertaken by French and also American scientists, have proved clearly that the human body *does* emit a form of light. Youth radiates more light than the aged, and the so-called "beauty of youth" is said to be largely due to this glow. Deep breathing produces more glow than most ordinary youths have,—and brings new life, youth and beauty to age. It is a most noticeable and remarkable fact that Yogis, however old they may be,—and some of them are said to live three and four times the span of seventy years, or an ordinary man's life,—always look young, some positively handsome; all have brilliant eyes, and all are strong and healthy.

Together with the above-mentioned exercises, there are, in the third and fourth stages, others whose purpose it is to strengthen and cleanse the body, such as cleaning the nasal organs, by drawing water through the nostrils, passing water right through the body, regulating the heart-beats, sharpening the five senses, and other exercises for the control of every limb and muscle of the body. I refrain from detailing the practices,—however interesting may be their results,—in deference to the false ideas of propriety now current in our present-day social life. Suffice it to say that, after a man has submitted himself to the above discipline, he is perfect master of every little action of his body.

Now stands before one a man who is as complete as the world can expect him to be. He is correct in his relations with men; his piety is of a high order, but still conventional. He is master of his body and to a certain extent of his senses, *i.e.*, of his *five inward* senses; but as yet he is not immune from the action of the *outward* sense on him,—though he began their control with the practice of Indifference in the very first stage, and carried the process in modified forms through the succeeding stages. But now, in the fifth stage, he must devote himself wholly and solely to the subjugation of the effects of the senses of sight, hearing, touch, smell and taste.

This *fifth* state is called *Pratyahara*. In this grade the practice is to withdraw the attention from all objects and to accommodate the thought to the nature of the mind. He is rising on the mental plane, and can control his own thoughts: "I do not want you; I want another! You have come unbidden,—go at my command!" But yet he is not in a position to say, "*All* thoughts go away; I wish to rest my mind." Now, to attain this complete mastery is the aim of the neophyte in the *sixth* stage. The fifth grade is more a preparatory to the sixth than a grade distinct by itself.

The exercises grow difficult in the *sixth* grade, called Dharana. Its object is two-fold, *viz.*, (1) to gain mental composure, (2) to steady the mind. The first is gained by holding the mind perfectly blank, allowing no thought to enter into the consciousness, and permitting the senses to perform none of their

functions. This is a most difficult object to attain, for the mind must not be even conscious of its prohibition to itself. It must be maintained perfectly blank. When this difficult task is learned, the mind is taught to fix its attention without swerving on some object or point. Very often the tip of the nose is selected. This is called steadying the mind.

Dhyana is the *seventh* grade. Material objects are discarded, and thought is fixed on knowledge, the Supreme Being, or some other abstract idea, to the exclusion of all other thought. Unification is attained.

In the *eighth* stage, called Samadhi, the last grade is reached. It is one of profound contemplation; the thought is trained on the Supreme Being *only* and there held. The soul becomes enlightened, the man divine, and all powers of heaven and earth are said to belong to the Yogi. His condition thereafter is ecstatic. Cold and heat do not touch him, prosperity and adversity have no influence; joy and sorrow are not for him; he is above all earthly states, —He is one with the Supreme Being. It is after this state has been attained that the Yogi is able to perform "miracles."

This, in brief, is the object of the Yogi,—to attain a state of universal consciousness and become one with the Absolute; but in the course of this development, and as it were as an offshoot or resultant from it, certain psychic powers are automatically developed by certain practices which the Yogis adopt. The prime object of the Yogi is not to attain these psychic powers—and hence they differ from our

psychics and "mediums" here in the West, who desire phenomena above all else. The Hindus believe, however, that these psychic faculties will come of themselves when a certain state of inner development has been reached; and their object is to attain this development not by passive sitting for phenomena, but rather by intense inner development and activity, coupled with certain exercises or practices devoted to the purpose of arousing certain secret energies within the system, and when this end has been accomplished these psychic powers come of their own accord.

As the student proceeds, he will see that the Hindus have a whole system of physiology, of which we in the West know nothing, and which the average physician would wholly deny. Thus, they speak of certain *nadis* or infinitely small vessels which traverse the body, and of these there are more than seven hundred million! They also tell us of certain inner, psychic centers which they call *chakras*, but which would not be discoverable by the dissection of the human body; and of a hidden, latent and sacred energy, known as *Kundalini*, which is said to reside at the base of the spine, and which, when aroused, vivifies these various *chakras*,—thereby rousing them into activity, and stimulating the psychic powers of the Yogi.

All this, however, we will explain in detail in the chapters which follow. For the present, this brief outline of Yoga will suffice to give the reader an idea of the philosophical system in which the Hindus believe, and of their methods of attainment, by means of certain scientific

mental and physical practices which are, we might say, modes of development of the inner psychic powers, and the attainment of Cosmic Consciousness.

In the next chapter we shall begin a concrete study of the methods of development, by which these powers are to be stimulated into activity.

CHAPTER II.

ASANA—(*Bodily Posture*).

Yoga, then, is a system of graduated ascetic practices, which the Hindus have developed to a very finished degree,—as the result of many years of experimentation. Yoga is very closely allied to the Vendanta, which is a religious philosophy. Yoga is the practical side of it, as it were,—in the same way that ceremonial "magic" is the practical part of "occult science." Occultism has a perfectly definite scheme of the universe, and magic is devoted to the psychical or practical work,—very much in the same way that Yoga is the practical work, which travels along the lines of psychic development.

Bear in mind very clearly that this whole conception of the Hindus is that our individual consciousness, the ego, the self, is not an isolated "thing," which is tied up in our own brain, as we think in the West, but is a fragmentary part of the Universal Consciousness. It is all part of one Being,—in the same way that a drop of water is a portion of the bucket of water; you can lift it out and pour it back again. It is separate and it is universal. That is one of the great points; while we *appear* separate, here in this life, we are all part of the Great Scheme, and we desire to get in touch with that Universal Consciousness. The Hindus think they can draw upon it. Just as there

has been an extraordinary power,—electricity,—all through this world, in the atmosphere,—but humanity had not reached the point where it could employ it,—*so* the Hindus say, "We have this extraordinary amount of energy which is going to waste; let us harness it and utilize it!" And in addition to this, there is a certain metaphysical or religious training which accompanies it.

A curious thing about the thinking processes is that bodily posture has a great deal to do with them. You will find that when you begin to meditate. If you close your eyes, the stream of consciousness is broken into by all kinds of stimuli or sensations,—chief among which are *physical* sensations,—coming from the body. So, the Hindus said, the first thing to do is to put the body into such a state that it will not keep interrupting consciousness. In other words, if you put your body in *any* ordinary position, you are, after a time, uncomfortable. The Hindus said, "There must be *some* positions that won't keep interrupting consciousness,—so that we can think without these breaks in consciousness, during meditation." And there are such physical postures which you can assume. They may be painful at first, difficult to assume,—but if you once "get" them, you will find yourself in a peculiar position, which the body can assume and maintain, and you will find that you are then free from these "breaks." So the Hindus studied and worked on it for hundreds of years, and finally they settled on 84 different postures,—many of which, unfortunately, it will be impossible for me to illustrate.

The definite object in Asana is to place the body in such a state that it will be free from interruptions.

You must first of all learn *relaxation.* The first thing to do is to relax the "solar plexus," —to feel it "open,"—because that is the beginning, essentially, of right breathing.

One of the best practical exercises is the following: A low pillow is necessary,—or, better still, none at all. With eyes closed, *think* of the back of the neck. Just let the pillow hold the weight of your skull. Think separately of the right arm, the left arm, right leg, left leg, and the structure of the body. Go over it again eight or ten times,—dwelling about eight or ten seconds on each member. Breathe deeply, relax, and control yourself so that you can absolutely relax every muscle of the body; and you will find you will go to sleep. The second point is that you will be as refreshed in ten minutes of this simple method of relaxation as you would be by hours of sleep.

Before going into the Asana positions, one thing you must learn, viz., *balance,*—the balancing of the body.

1) Lift up the right foot with the left hand, standing on the left foot; balance the body, keeping the *back straight* and the *knee down;* try to get the foot as far up as possible, until you begin to feel a pain in the knees. The idea is to keep the balance with the back *straight.* Do that once slowly; then, without using the hands, do it rapidly, alternating. Kick as high as you possibly can. Use a chair to balance yourself, if you absolutely have to.

2) Another exercise: The Hindus can do what we Europeans cannot do very well. If you squat down, you will find that you squat on your

toes, which is easy,—but if you look at the Hindu, you find that he is sitting on his *heels*, balancing, —extremely difficult because our bodies are not properly balanced.

3) The next position is to insert the insteps into the bend of the knee-joints of the opposite legs. Bring the right foot up through the hole made by the left leg.

4) The next position is, sitting flat on the floor with the knees straight out, toes out, keeping the spine straight, holding the toes, keeping the knees rigid.

5) The second part of this position is the same, while bending the head down, touching the knees with the forehead.

6) Holding the same position (and holding the toes), pull one foot up to the ear, like an arrow in a bow,—holding the other toe in the other hand.

7) Sitting on the hands balancing, lift the feet up in the air (feet outside hands).

8) Right foot under body; the other foot out straight; hands flat on thighs, spine erect and chin back.

9) Vary the last by bringing up the other foot instead. In this position you do your breathing exercises.

10) Lying flat on the floor (like a corpse).

11) This position is called "THE GOD," and it is nothing but sitting in a chair, with feet and knees together, spine and head straight, hands on the knees.

12) The IBIS. Bring up the right foot as in the balancing experiments, only this time hold the right foot with the right hand, and with the left hand on the lips with a straight forefinger. Knees together. Then stand on the other foot.

13) The DRAGON. Kneeling on the toes and knees, hands flat on thighs; spine straight, head erect.

14) The THUNDERBOLT. Sit on the left leg, with the right foot straight out, hands on the knees, spine straight; the third finger and the thumb of each hand together, on the two knees. It is believed that a magnetic current is established in the body by those fingers, held in this manner.

Asana positions are difficult, but if you can do them at all, you finally get to the point where you can hold them for hours without getting tired,—in fact you sink into them with the same sense of relief as you would into a warm bath. In these positions the mind is free from physical interruptions.

We must get the body subjected first; otherwise, as you shut your eyes, you will be conscious of your body. As to the relaxing exercises, when lying flat on the back place a book on your abdomen, over the "solar plexus." While breathing, cause the book to rise and fall. Learn to *relax;* get some sort of balance to the body; and then try any position which you find is comfortable, and can be retained for some time without constantly annoying you. Practice this every day for at least ten minutes, so that you can get into a condition in which you are not conscious of the body, when you are sitting in this position, with the eyes closed. Then gradually work into a suitable *Asana* position, and hold *that* every day until it becomes easy and comfortable for you. Once you have acquired this, you have taken the first definite forward step towards psychic unfoldment, according to the Yoga teachings.

CHAPTER III.

PRANAYAMA—(*Breathing Exercises*).

We now take up the question of energy or *prana* distribution,—mainly through certain breathing exercises.

A great deal of the material contained in the last chapter may have appeared quite irrelevant, at the time; but it was not so, because you have got to learn balancing and relaxation, and these positions of the body, before you can progress to the mental exercises later on.

The chief thing to do, first of all, is to place the body in a restful and relaxed state, so that it will not keep intruding itself into the conscious mind; and that you must learn to do by means of these Asana positions. Seat yourself in a comfortable chair, with the spine *straight.* That is really quite essential, because of certain exercises to be given later on, in connection with the spine—that is psychic practices. The spine must be fairly straight, and the muscles must not be too relaxed. They must be relaxed in a way, but yet there must be a certain tension there, as though you are ready to spring. You must feel you are *not* going to get up, you are *not* straining to get up, but preparing to get ready to get up! *That* you must practise,—that attitude you must try to have and hold,—while keeping the head fairly loose, the spine straight, and the hands open. Placing

the thumb and third fingers together has certain mystical meanings; it represents the circulation of the "magnetic" currents; the marriage of the sun and moon; male and female; and various other things,—more especially if they are resting on the knees. You must be "at home" while holding these positions for some considerable time.

Do not lean the body too far forward or backward; and do not, above all, get any "kink" in the spine either way! It must be relatively straight, up-and-down. The reason for this is that when you come later on to the psychic, internal practices, in connection with breathing, you will find that there are certain internal currents which travel up and down the spine; and these would be interfered with immediately by any cleavage or bend.

The first thing to do then, is to practise these positions, and also relaxation,—particularly relaxation in and around the neck and the "solar plexus." It is very essential to *feel* the relaxation there, so that you can consciously feel that it "opens," like a flower,—just below the spot where the ribs divide. If that be tense, it will stop your development until you can relax it. The thing to do is to concentrate and get enough "control," so that you can feel it, and then you can relax. The plexus itself is like a great octopus; it is the biggest nerve-center in the body, aside from the brain, and is the ruler of the "sympathetic system," the stomach and other vegetative functions; so, for that reason, the stomach should not be full when these Yoga exercises are undertaken, because

it would press against the plexus and against the heart. That is one of the reasons why it is very important that the stomach should be empty, and the food very light.

We now come to *breathing*,—which is, in one sense, the most important keystone of the whole Yoga system. There are two ways of considering it, the exoteric and the esoteric,—the outer and the inner. Our exoteric or Western doctrine is, of course, propounded in books on physiology. The blood flows through the lungs; it is at the beginning dark; it then comes into contact with the oxygen in the lungs, and is rendered by that contact scarlet, arterial blood, and in that way is changed. If it circulates two or three times through the lungs and they are imperfectly filled with oxygen, it does not meet enough oxygen, and it is only partially transformed into scarlet blood, and goes on its way semi-loaded with impurities; but if there be plenty of oxygen in the lungs, it is, of course, changed completely.*

From any point of view, deep breathing is very efficacious. But another thing! We find that breathing has a tremendous effect on the mind, the character, the flow of thought and the whole stream of consciousness. If you feel depressed, just take a few of these exercises, with loose clothing, and the feeling will pass away,—showing that it is largely due to the circulation.

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*For a full and interesting discussion of the physiological side of breathing, see Dr. J. S. Haldane's *Organism and Environment; as Illustrated by the Physiology of Breathing* (1918).

Here is an interesting physiological fact, very little known,—in fact I have rarely spoken to a doctor who knew it,—though it seems to bear out very strikingly the Eastern philosophies. If you put your hand on the wrist, you can feel the pulsation,—or in the upper arm, or in the ankle or wherever there is a pulse. It simply shows the rate of the heart-beat. The pulse varies from seventy to eighty to the minute, or more, according to the degree of excitement, exercise, and so forth. That pulse-rate is the same all over the body,—into the neck, the head, even the coverings of the brain. But the circulation *in the brain itself* is synchronous with—or correspondent to—*not* the heart pulsation but to the *breathing rate*,—that is twelve or fourteen to the minute! This is a very striking fact and it seems to show us that there is,—in the circulation of the brain itself,—a pulsation which is synchronous with, or correspondent to, the breathing-rate.

This has been demonstrated by a series of very fine anatomical experiments made by an English surgeon, and certainly seems to bear out the Hindu contention that there is a definite connection between consciousness and the breathing rhythm.

If you take painting lessons from a Japanese artist, he will begin with breathing exercises,—to obtain, first of all, the "Rhythm of Nature."

In addition to our Western knowledge of breathing, therefore—which physiologists possess,—there is an inner or esoteric doctrine,—which says that, in addition to taking in oxygen from the air into the lungs, you at the same

time take in a vital *something*,—a "principle" or "essence," which is known as *Prana;* and this *Prana* is the supporter of vitality,—that it is the creator of vitality; and it exists in a sort of fluidic form in the atmosphere,—so that, as we breathe in the air, we also take in this *Prana.* By certain mystical exercises, we can raise the degree of circulation of this *Prana* in the organs of the body. The *Prana* circulates through the nerves and through the blood-vessels; so that we can *force* the circulation of *Prana*,—once we get it inside ourselves,—throughout the body, *i. e.*, through the nerve-centers.

The Hindus have a whole mythical system of physiology, which we will come to a little later on in more detail. They claim that there are certain nerve-centers or *Nadis*, as they call them. There are 72,000 of these, and each of them has innumerable ramifications. If you take a scalpel or a knife, and dissect the human body, you do not find these centers. But the Hindus say, "Ah! they are not composed of *physical* matter, but of *astral* matter; therefore, not having any astral senses, you cannot see them." These nerve-centers are the storage-centers and chief means of circulating the *Prana.*

Now, the first thing to learn, in breathing exercises is: *Nose vs. Mouth Breathing.* Every doctor will tell you to breathe through the nose, but very few people know how to do that properly. You ought to breathe as though you were smelling a flower, and taking the scent right down, into the lungs. But you must do it in

this way: instead of the air striking between the eyes, so to say, you must try to relax the nose and the passages all around, so that the air goes right down to the throat. You must feel the cold in the throat, instead of in the nose or between the eyes. Different sounds are made in the different kinds of breathing.

A good way to obtain a large volume of air without opening the mouth is this: hold the *teeth open* (just enough to get a finger in between them), and *close* the *lips*. They call this position the "rabbit throat," because it makes one look like a rabbit! When you have done this, you must draw down the lower or under part of the throat and mouth. Normally that is very soft; when you press down it makes it tense and hard. Do this as you hold the teeth apart and the lips closed. This opens all the passages and gives you an enormous passage of air.*

Now you have passed the air into the throat. In doing this,—when you analyse your sensations—you will find that you tend to keep the back straight and the chest high. Now, by muscular effort, without breathing at all, you must lift the chest up *at the top*. That is the position which you must hold during all the breathing, and all the expansion must come practically from the sides and bottom of the

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*There are theoretically *two breaths* which flow through the right and left nostrils. *Ida* is the nerve current on the left side of the spinal cord; the left nostril. *Pingala* is the nerve current on the right side of the spinal cord; the right nostril. They are also known as the Sun and Moon Breaths: but all this we shall come to later on in this Book.

chest. You must relax thoroughly. There must be no strain at all, but perfect relaxation. This breathing must become so natural that you do not know you *are* breathing!

There are three kinds of breathing,—upper, middle and lower; in other words diaphragmic, side-breathing and top-of-chest breathing. You should be able to fill any one of those three parts *separately*.

The full breath of the Yogi is from the abdomen up. Bend slightly forward, in practice, and breathe out thoroughly first. Now inhale until you have a full breath; retain it. The chest must be kept elevated more or less all the time. Now, when you get to this point, you must begin certain exercises; and the first and the most simple of these is to *hold* the breath for a definite period and then exhale. That establishes the *rhythm*. If you breathe-in five seconds, hold it five, and breathe-out five.

The great desire of the body is to eliminate poisons. There is a poison residuum which always gets left in the body; and if that is allowed to remain, the body will try to rid itself of that before taking in any more air. This rhythmic breathing is very important. You should practise it morning and evening, for some time, beginning with six or seven seconds, and raising it up to ten,—which is a fair medium; twelve or fifteen is pretty good. Get the cycle even; close the eyes and empty the mind; think of nothing *but* this cycle; and after three or four times the body seems to get into a rhythm by itself, when the breathing

seems to go on mechanically. That is what you want it to do.

Later on, when we came to mantras or chants, —rhythmic syllabic words which are pronounced,—you will find that they should be performed in the same manner. In fact, these mantras are very intimately connected with the breathing exercises, and you can often attain rhythmic breathing exercises by saying the mantras.

A friend of mine who was working at Yoga, and was very far advanced, told me that for *thirty-six hours* he said a mantrum without stopping, and he finally fell asleep and woke up again and was still saying it! The body had got into such an absolute rhythm that it went on by itself,—even though sleeping. And this is what you want to attain,—this complete rhythm, unconsciously. William James once said that all our civilization is based upon making as many acts as possible unconscious. The baby who learns to walk has first of all to make a tremendous conscious effort; but as he learns it becomes totally unconscious so that grown people can walk along the street, reading, breathing and able to see and hear,—all these things going on mechanically at the same time. And you should do whatever you can mechanically; for instance, buttoning your coat. In other words, it is just like delegating work to other people; the more you can delegate to them the less you do yourself. That is important for two reasons. In the first place, we have found that only those parts of the body and the nervous system get fatigued upon which con-

sciousness works, but that all the vegetative functions of the body,—the heart, and so forth,—go on mechanically during sleep. The parts which tire are the parts which consciousness uses. So that the thing to do is to get as many parts to function unconsciously as possible.

The second point to observe is that it leaves your mind free for other things,—the labours of life, or anything you want to do,—particularly exercises of this kind, meditation, and so forth.

There are two things you may cultivate, as aids to breathing. One is breathing through a straw. The other is, closing a single nostril, breathing in through one and out through the other, which cleanses all the passages and at the same time improves the lungs and adds to the strength, by pulling and pushing the muscles of the abdomen.

We now come to various specific or particular *kinds* of breathing. First of all there is what the Yogis call the cleansing breath. This is very important, and one that is used after many other breathing exercises are mastered. Inhale a full breath, fill the lungs with air; then, when you are holding the breath, put the lips into the form of a sort of whistle, and breathe out very quickly; then hold; then out again in little gasps, as it were. It is very stimulating. Laughing, and all exercises which stimulate the diaphragm, are very beneficial. The "cleansing breath" is used after many of the Yoga exercises. You cannot think if the muscles are in tension anywhere in the body. Persons will sometimes say that they cannot remember

things. Now, that is because they are tense! When they relax they will find they *can* remember clearly. You will find an intimate connection between memory and all the functions of physical and nervous and muscular relaxation.

Here is a very good exercise,—it is not altogether a Yoga exercise but is a good one to practise: with the shoulders slightly stooped, arms forward, begin breathing in and at the same time, extend the arms limply upward in front of you. Now, when you get to this point (arms horizontal), then the hands should be clenched and brought back to the shoulders,—tighter and tighter,—holding the breath all the time. Then hold this position, still tense, arms out; then relax and exhale at the same time. Throw the arms out with a jerk *before* you let-out the breath,—which you do as they fall to the sides. That is called the nerve vitalizing breath, and is very useful.

Now, the vocal breath. Take in the breath, retain, and then force out the whole breath through the open mouth *suddenly*. It must be done from the diaphragm.

Prana gathering exercises should be done on a flat, hard bed or something of that kind. You must lie down for them, so as to get the relaxation and breath to the solar plexus; and then, when you have taken in your complete breath and held it for a moment—(now begins the psychic breathing)—imagine that you are, at the same time, breathing in *Prana*, psychic energy. Imagine or conceive that there is an enormous field of energy or force all around you, which you only have to "tap"; that this is

vitalizing, and that you are drawing it into you at the same time that you are breathing. As you inhale this, and retain the breath, you then begin to *will* that the *Prana* shall circulate through the entire system in the same way that the blood circulates.

Now, in this prana gathering and distribution, hold the breath and at the same time feel, be conscious,—if you can,—of every part of the body, and follow that Prana-current as it circulates. After it has made a complete circuit of the body, you can exhale. Usually you should begin at the heart,—then go down, and up the left arm, over the head, down and up the right arm; and so forth. Outline the body. *Will* it down the centre of the leg,—not on the side,—on the inside of the foot, as it were, and so on. You follow the central nervous system, in other words; from the heart up to the shoulder, down and up the left arm, and so forth. When you get back to the mouth exhale.

This teaches you, for one thing, to be *conscious* of every part of the body, and to *feel* with every part of the body; and that has a very interesting analogy with certain psychic phenomena. Lombroso has cited a case in which a medium illustrated or displayed what we call "transposition of the senses,"—which is quite frequently known. That is to say, she "saw" with the lobe of the ear, apparently; but mediums sometimes "see" with the "solar plexus." We bandage the eyes, in these tests, and then hold an open book in front of the body,—and the subject reads. It is as though the sense of sight had been transferred to the ear

or to the "solar plexus," or to some other part of the body.

This "transposition of faculties" is something which results, in some unknown way, from the ability to be conscious of, or to feel with, every part of the body. Every part of the body should be conscious, and controlled. The Hindus can move the heart and control all the actions of the internal organs by complete conscious mastery.

This rhythmic breathing is also the basis of many other psychic phenomena. Telepathy between the Hindus is practised while they are breathing rhythmically; and we ought to practise or experiment in this manner. Two people who are breathing in perfect synchronism should try experiments in telepathy. So far as I know, this has never been tried systematically; but we *ought* to try it. For instance, it was known in India, long before the telegraph was in operation, that the natives at the bazaars always knew events a long time before the Europeans. It seemed to be "in the air." The natives knew all about it; and perhaps six or twelve hours later, the news that such-and-such an event had taken place would arrive,—which was already common knowledge among the natives. *How* they got it no one knows, but we suppose it was by some species of clairvoyant or telepathic power which they possessed.

During Prana-gathering and Prana-distribution,—you should be able to charge-up the "aura" of the body. It has been said that "obsession" is due to the fact that our aura is very permeable and very loose and flabby; and we should seek to strengthen it. These "vital

rays," which come from the body, instead of being rigid are, in such states, relaxed; and the object of these experiments is to strengthen these rays, and make them stand-out all over the body; and when you do that, you are said to be impervious to disease and to obsession, and so on.

There are two experiments that will show you the existence and reality of this aura,—of this vital fluid. One is to take a glass of water, and hold your fingers over it, and *will* intently that the energy shall pass from your fingers into the glass of water. Quite a few people can so "charge" the water that it has a perceptible taste, like carbonic. In fact, you can take ten glasses on the table, and "charge" one, and a sensitive person will pick out the glass that has been so "charged." When the subject who does the selecting is in a hypnotic trance, the right glass is nearly always picked out.

Another experiment (this may be tried in the dark or in a dim light): Hang up a piece of black cloth, and then hold the fingers together (finger-ends touching). Hold them against the black cloth in such a way that the light does not shine directly on the hands; *i.e.*, they remain in the shadow. Now, when the body-shadow is thrown on the hands, hold them together for about thirty to fifty seconds, and then gradually move the hands apart. You will see streams of "vapour" coming from the fingers. Every one can see this, practically. And as you move the hands apart, and up and down, you can see these filaments or threads become more and more tenuous and thin, and finally

break off. You can really see these threads moving with the hands,—against the dark background. This shows us that there is a magnetic current or fluid established, and in circulation in the body,—and that when the hands are separated, this fluidic, cobwebby, spidery material is seen. It is, I think, probable that this is the first, faint beginning of materialization, —this fluidic substance which is thrown-off the body; and this energy is closely related to the Prana of the Hindus.

To return, however, to *Pranayama.* Up to this point we have had purely physiological breathing, you might say. But the Hindus have developed two offshoots from this—the "Psychic" and the "Spiritual" breathing. Psychic breathing is practised in connection with mental exercises; and they have a saying, "Blessed is he who can breathe through his bones." That means that you can apparently absorb this Prana not only through the lungs but through every pore of the body, like a sponge, and particularly through the long bones of the legs.

We must also learn to *force* this Prana through all our cells and even through our very bones. And what you should do, to develop this power, is to lie perfectly flat,—relax, and breathe rhythmically. Maintain a perfect rhythm,—we will say 10 in, 10 hold, 10 out,— 10, 10, 10, over and over again; and when you have done this, *will* that this Prana shall be absorbed through the legs,—the bones of the legs and the body,—and you will feel a perceptible current established through the body in this way. I think that many people can get

the first faint tinges of this,—a sort of "prickly" sensation,—very soon. It is hardly necessary to say that these exercises should be undertaken *cautiously* and *gradually*.

Yogi Ramacharaka, in his *Science of Breath*, thus describes the "Grand Psychic Breath":

1. Lie in a relaxed position, at perfect ease.

2. Breathe rhythmically,—until the rhythm is perfectly established.

3. Then, inhaling and exhaling, form the mental image of the breath being drawn up through the bones of the legs, and then forced out through them; then through the bones of the arms; then through the top of the skull; then through the stomach; then through the reproductive region; then as if it were travelling upwards and downwards along the spinal column; and then as if the breath were being inhaled and exhaled through every pore of the skin, the whole body being filled with prana and life.

4. Then (breathing rhythmically) send the current of prana to the Seven Vital Centres, in turn, as follows,—using the mental picture, as in the previous exercises:

(a) To the forehead.
(b) To the back of the head.
(c) To the base of the brain.
(d) To the solar plexus.
(e) To the sacral region (lower part of the spine).
(f) To the centre of the stomach (navel).
(g) To the reproductive region.

Finish by sweeping the current of prana, to and fro, from head to feet several times.

5. Finish with cleansing breath.

I should not advise the student to attempt these exercises, however, until later,—when we have entered more fully into the question of these Seven Vital Centres, and seen how to

arouse them properly, and in the right order. For the present, the simpler exercises alone had best be attempted.

In this connection, it is interesting to note that Flagg, in his work on *Yoga, or Transformation*, says:

> In performing these (the breaths) there will be felt a peculiar tensive fulness of the whole body, reaching to the nails of the fingers and toes, and even the roots of the teeth. Says Chung Tzu, in his only allusion to the breathings: "*Pure men draw breath from their heels. . . .*"

The question naturally arises: why do not ten breaths a minute let in as much or more of the vital force (*prana*) as one long drawn breath, retained for a whole minute? The ordinary breathing, short and frequent, certainly suffices to supply the blood with oxygen. Why not also to supply the organism with whatever else it wants,—that comes in with that oxygen? But there is a difference between ten quick taps and one slow pressure,—between ten short vibrations and one long one,—difference enough to make of one thing quite another thing, both as to action and effect. Whoever tries them will know that the Yoga breaths *do* in fact produce effects which ordinary ones do not, and be apt to presume that this is because the long ones give more time than the short ones do for the inflowing force to act,—as imparting, and the organism, as receiver, to appropriate,—the beneficial effects of the breathings, and there is no *a priori* reason why they should not be what they seem. . ."

As you practise these breathing exercises, in

connection with concentration, you will probably pass through four stages: (1) the body breaks out into a perspiration; (2) everything appears to go black before you. That passes off, and then you experience the sensation of (3) hopping about like a frog. If you are sitting cross-legged,—this is a curious feeling. Physically, people do not move, although apparently in some cases they *do;* and the theory is that you only hop about like this because the body is not properly balanced. If, they say, it were properly balanced, then, instead of hopping about, you would go straight up into the air,—which is (4) levitation. That is what the Hindus aim to attain,—this equilibrium of force; and that is the chief thing which this breathing does, viz., to establish equilibrium.

You must establish this rhythm between yourself and the rhythm of nature; and when you have done that, you adjust yourself to your environment in this way, and then these curious things happen!

In connection with these currents within the body, we will come later on to the so-called *Kundalini*, which is the great secret spring of life, or sacred "serpent"; it is very closely connected with these breathing exercises, and with the passages or tubes in the body,—particularly with the two nostrils and the mythical "hole" in the spine, up which this current passes; and it is because of this that the spine must be held *erect* in all these breathing exercises.

Besides the psychic breathing, which we have

just studied, the Hindus practise what they call spiritual breathing. The object of this is, again, largely to meditate upon some ideal,—that is, some spiritual conception, usually an abstract conception,—such as the Infinite, or Cosmic Consciousness, or Abstract Good, or something of that sort. It may be some more concrete thing, but usually it is some abstract idea, in connection with spiritual breathing. While the breathing is going on, these ideas are retained in the mind. We shall consider this more fully in the chapters devoted to the awakening of the *Kundalini*.

This is all I have to say at present about breathing. The rest is merely a question of practise. Keep constantly in mind the idea of relaxation during the period of breathing,—relaxation of the body, and the *Asana* positions, with the spine straight; and deep breathing, in this sort of rythm. Get a metronome or a watch or clock; set it going, so that you have an *exact* measurement. There must be perfect rhythm established. . . .

I cannot conclude this chapter better, perhaps, than by quoting the following fine lines from Don Marquis,—intended to symbolize and portray the power of rhythmic Breath:

BREATH

We are the shaken slaves of Breath:
For logic leaves the race unstirred;
But Cadence, and the vibrant word,
Are lords of life, are lords of death.

Not facts nor reasons absolute
May touch the crowd's composite soul,
But rhythm, and the drum's long roll,
The orator. the arrowy flute.

The gods mixed music with our clay. . . .
Rune-giving Odin, Krishna, Pan,
More in the running blood of man,
His tidal moods they mete and sway.

We soar to heaven on a tone,
Or shod with magic syllables
Glide on like shades through shadowy hells. . . .
Breath more endures than steel or stone!

CHAPTER IV.

MANTRAYOGA (*Chants*) AND PRATYAHARA (*Meditation*).

We must now take up for consideration three different topics. The first is an extension, really, of Pranayama or breathing—in fact, it is very intimately connected with it. I refer to so-called Mantra Yoga or Yoga through mantras,—a series of words uttered rhythmically. These are certain formulae, which have been worked-out by the Hindus, mostly in the Sanskrit, but later in the Pali dialect; and the effect of these words on the body is to produce a certain result,—which has been proved by actual experiment. The power of these words seems to create a sort of rhythm in the body,—which is quite remarkable.

Before we proceed to the actual Mantras, I may perhaps make a few general remarks as to the effect or power of *words*. The actual production of words, of course,—physically, exoterically,—consists simply in the production of certain air-vibrations, which are carried by the air to the ear of the listening individual, causing the ear-drum to vibrate. This is connected, by an indirect mechanism, with the nerves of hearing, and conveyed to the auditory centres in the brain,—where, by some mysterious process, which no one understands, it is

then translated into *sound*. Strictly speaking, there is no "sound" in the universe;—only vibrations which are themselves soundless! If the elevated railroad structure were to be smashed to bits, and an elevated train were to fall off and break to pieces, it would be an enormous crash to us; but if there were no living being in the universe, there would be no "sound,"— because there would be no ear to translate those vibrations into sound. All sound exists in the human brain. Between that crash and the ear that hears it, there would be nothing but air vibrations—(not ether vibrations, which are the conductors of *light*)—but noiseless, silent vibrations, traveling in the air.

Suppose you see a man on the stage playing a violin. Between that violin string and your ear-drum there is no sound,—just vibrations in the air, themselves soundless; and it is only when they enter the brain that they are translated into sound. In the same way, there is no such thing as "sight." We will come to this more particularly when we take up the question of concentration upon objects, and so forth. Between the given object and the eye there are only invisible ethereal vibrations. You see from this that everything is vibration, either in the ether or in the air, and it is all a matter of degree. There are vibrations from about 32 to 32,000 per second which are registered as the various degrees of *sound*. Then you go up to hundreds and thousands or millions or trillions of vibrations, until you get to a point where the eye is capable of register-

ing them,—from about 450 to 750 trillion per second.

Everything is in vibration, and everything in the universe is interconnected—one thing with another. You cannot displace any body—without having an effect upon the most distant star,—a *slight* effect, proportionate to the weight and mass of the star and the movement of the body. Every time a horse jumps on the earth in the opposite direction to its revolution, the same thing occurs;—everything in the universe acts and reacts, and a movement of my arm and the jump of the horse carry ether vibrations which are transmitted for ever onwards into space. Everything in the universe is interrelated. Therefore any disturbance in the air theoretically acts and reacts for ever thereafter.

Have you ever read Edgar Allen Poe's essay on "The Power of Words"? If not, I advise you to read it! He imagines two ethereal beings travelling through space; they see certain fiery worlds and certain cold worlds; they talk about them, and finally one of them says, "This earth which you see, this fiery earth, was a word that I uttered, and this cold world was another word that I uttered." That is the upshot of the story, that they actually *created* something,—the words did. Of course that is fantastic, but the idea is that every word you ever utter, every action you ever make, is recorded for ever on the air or the ether of space. In this connection, we must also remember that "In the beginning, the Word was with God, and the Word *was* God." This di-

vine Creative Word, the *Logos*, might be treated at length; but for our present purposes, a reference to this matter is all we need make.

One other point, before we pass on to the Mantras themselves; and that is the symbolism of communication between minds,—one with another.

I do not know if you have ever thought that when two people correspond with one other, or get into touch with one other,—*i. e.*, when they *know* one another's minds,—that it is entirely through a species of symbolism,—sounds made or actions performed or marks on paper. Apart from telepathy and other supernormal methods of communication, these are the only ways in which we can communicate,—by signs or by sounds or by writing. These are all symbolic sounds or marks which are re-interpreted. Shut your eyes for a moment. Now, as you think of it, you will find that you live inside a dark chamber called the skull, and that you are apparently inside, and that there is no means of getting out. Everything that comes must come to *you*. When you look with your eyes you apparently get outside your head and project yourself to a distance, as it were, but all the other senses are obviously receptive —things must come to you. Now, living inside this dark skull, how are you going to get in touch with somebody else? How do two minds "know" each other? They must do so in a roundabout or symbolic way; and that is by creating certain vibrations in the air, which strike this person's ear drum, causing it to vibrate, and it is retranslated into sound. But all

that is a long way from the other individual! You never come into contact with another human consciousness *directly*. You never see a human being. There is an old saying that "No man hath seen God"; but it is equally true that "No man has seen man." You see the clothes he wears; and you see the hair and the expression and the features and the face, and so forth,—but that is all a mask. You can cut off the features and disfigure the face, but the individual consciousness would still be behind, which you can never see directly. Consciousness resides within.

I am leaving out of account, for the time being, all supernormal methods of communication—such as telepathy, and so forth—and speaking only of the senses. Now, inasmuch as this is true, these sounds made in the air are re-translated into symbolic meaning—they have a certain vibratory action on the air and on other people and on ourselves. And, in Yoga, we wish to study particularly the vibrations of certain sounds or certain words on the human being.

We will begin with the study of the simplest word, aum, which is very well known today. It is usually written om, but the correct formula is aum. We must give it the right sound. It has a peculiar vibratory action on the spot between the eyes.

The folowing paragraph is from O Hashnu Hara's little book on *Practical Yoga*:

TO PRONOUNCE AUM: To correctly pronounce AUM, the sacred word, the student should utter it in such a manner that he dwells upon the final

M, making it *hum* or vibrate in the throat like the hum of a bee, prolonging the sound as long as he is able to do so on the one inhalation.

It takes a little time to get used to this, but once the slight difficulty experienced is overcome the effect will be found instantaneous and little short of magical; but in view of the extraordinary power of this mantra students should avoid carrying the practice to excess. . . . It is principally the student himself in whom this effect is keenest. The vibration arouses every atom in the body, setting the entire system ajingle until the polarization of the body is entirely altered and reconstructed, and, of course, purification from an occult standpoint is achieved. The vibrations aroused are so powerful that they shut out all self influences, attracting the finer, purer influences, sounds and vibrations of the higher planes and awakening all the occult forces possessed by the student, making him a new and infinitely more powerful being, for one of the results occurring from the practice of this mantra is the acquirement of *power*, the power to attract good from all things and to see good in all things.

What the pronunciation of the sacred word will accomplish is already well known, but what students seek is how to pronounce it. . . .

It is very injurious to one who possesses an impure mind or pursues evil connections, therefore when you attempt to pronounce the sacred word be sure your thoughts are pure and your desires are holy. I warn you that otherwise the results to yourself will be dire; whereas in a proper spirit the charm of mantra is very powerful and good for success. Whoever attains instruction in this art from the *Guru* (that is, teacher) will surely become great and powerful, succeeding in Yoga and attaining divine and supernatural power. . . .

The three letters of the sacred word AUM signify the principles of the creation: A—preservation; U—destruction; M—regeneration,—or, in oriental phraseology, BRAHMA, VISHNU, SHIVA, the three gods,—that is the symbolism. In the same way the three syllables represent the threefold elements throughout nature, from the great unseen forces upon which the greatest scientists can only

theorize, to the simplest powers with which the simplest person is acquainted.

(I might say here that you must annihilate everything you create, in occultism.)

The word AUM in its entire sense is simply a symbol to express the divinity, the supreme being. AUM also stands for the three substances, OBJECTIVE, SUBJECTIVE and ETERNAL. The objective substance, or matter, is symbolized by the letter "A" and its vibrations. The subjective substance, or mind, is the unseen link connecting matter with the eternal. It is represented by the vibrations of the middle letter "U," and the eternal substance, or God, represented by the final "M." . . .

The word stands, as I have already said, for the three realms of life in its manifestation throughout the infinite. Thus we have the "natural" world, which we can see, the objective,—the subjective world, or that sphere which our senses cannot receive until they are opened to the impressions of divine things,—and finally the eternal world,—that is, the life of all.*

The word as used by the student is held to represent three states of consciousness. Spirit and thought and perfect concentration rise from the objective, the material, through subjective or eternal spirit, and as the vibrations of the world speed faster the student is carried in spirit to the divine centre of his being. The power of the vibration pierces the material nature of man, and by transition through his psychic or subjective mind reaches the eternal principle within his heart, and awakens it to life."

In pronouncing this word, the "a" should start in the throat, and the "u" should be at the top of the palate, and the "m" at the lips—

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*There are also many other symbolic interpretations of the word AUM: for example the mystical "Bird" or swan *Kala Hansa;* for we read in the *Rig Veda*: "The syllable A is considered to be its (the bird Hansa's) right wing; U, its left; M, its tail, and the *Ardha-matra* (half-metre) is said to be its head."

and, if you notice, that is the natural way of producing it; so that you start at the back and bring it up to the lips. If you slightly close the lips it will produce that sound. So we ought to begin by pronouncing it.

That is the basis of all mantras. It is the sacred word, the unity, the divine presence of God. Practically all of them have that word in them. I will not give you many of these mantras, because they are not useful or intelligible.

There is another very well-known mantra, used a great deal, and that is simply a repetition of the word aum with tat sat—"aum tat sat aum," repeating it in a sort of rhythm which you want to get; and it means "O thou existent one." It represents a sort of aspiration after reality, a craving. Probably the most famous of all these mantras, and best known, is "aum mani padme hum"; which means, "O, the jewel in the lotus"—"Amen," if you like.

Now, when you say these mantras, you usually sit on the floor crosslegged, and rock to and fro; the body being held erect, is rocked forward and backward; and, as one relaxes the mantra, another takes it up, so that you get a constant cadence and rhythm.

The translations of the mantras do not mean anything particularly. They are just combinations of letters producing a sound, and that sound has a certain rhythmic vibration which is reflected in the body. There are certain English words that are more or less like them,

but the Hindus have worked out the open, fluent, beautiful speech which has this effect. The Greeks and Romans also knew of the power of words in this respect. Thus the famous line, "Atque rotis summas levibus perlabitur undas" represents the very sound of the lapping of waves on the bow of the vessel. And in Greek:

Daimoni | e a | ei men o | ieai on | de se | letho

Δαιμονίη αεἰ μὲν ὀιὲαι οὐδέ σε λήθω

—a line consisting almost entirely of vowels, very well represents the snarling voice of the enraged Zeus.

These mantras should be kept up for hours and hours and hours, until, as I said before, you can fall asleep saying them and wake up saying them. You will not get the later developments unless you get the former ones! For instance, you cannot do trigonometry without having first learned plus and subtraction—arithmetic and algebra. So that really you ought to practise these mantras and follow them up for quite some time. All nations have such mantras; the Mohammedans have several; one being: "*Ishhad la Ollah illa 'llah*"—"There is no god but Alla"—and so on, by the hour. By its rhythm it will set up certain vibrations in the organism, and set the whole being into activity.

Let us take "aum mani padme hum." Try to say it with cadence, music, with a small group of friends, so that, as some drop down, others pick it up, and it rises and falls and

swells again. It is like a little circle or mass of word-energy.

In "telling the beads"—*i. e.*, in prayers said by priests, ascetics etc,.—the object is rhythmic prayer, and that prayer should be said a great number of times over and over; and there must be a means of marking-off the number of times your consciousness wanders; and that "means" must be so automatic that it does not check the flow of thought which goes with the prayer. Hence, if you count, for instance, by pressing finger and thumb together, that is automatic; it does not obstruct the consciousness, then you have something which registers the number of times our mind wanders. That is the real object of "telling the beads." Then you know that you have got through so many thousand mantras in the course of a week or a day, or whatever it is. These you ought to practise —these mantras and the breathing—because they are really important.

We will now leave this subject, and pass on, briefly, to consider the question of *incense.* The question of perfumes is most interesting. Incense is a perfume. The whole question of the psychology of perfumes has been very much neglected; the only book that gives anything like a description or analysis of it is a work in French entitled *Les Parfumes Magiques.* It is very physiological, and parts of it would have to be omitted in English translations; but it is also very occult, and when you go deeply into the subject, you will find that, in all magical ceremonies, there always are scents and perfumes. The Delphic Oracle used to prophesy

over the vapour arising from a cleft in the rock. That was probably some semi-asphyxiating gas, which produced the trance-state into which the clairvoyant fell. In the temples in Greece and Rome, they used these magical perfumes to produce ecstatic states of consciousness.

Scents *do* have a psychological effect—a tremendous emotional effect. Some will excite, some will depress, or arouse the emotions in one sense or another. A scent, a perfume, is of course an emanation from an object; it is inhaled through the nostrils, and again translated into the sense of "smell" by the brain. It is all in the brain! The sense of smell constitutes practically all tastes. We only have four fundamental tastes—sweet, salt, sour and bitter. These are the only things which the tongue tastes. Everything else depends upon the sense of smell. You find that out when you have a severe cold and you cannot breathe freely—the sense of smell is gone, and the taste of food is also gone.

The senses are interrelated one with another in a very curious way. I have referred to some cases given by Lombroso where, apparently, the sense of sight was transferred to the ear—"transposition of senses"; and the French have studied quite exhaustively the connection between sounds and colours—in which certain sounds call up certain colours, etc. If you strike a note on the piano, it seems red to one, to another purple, etc. These are the so-called "synaesthesias." There are various theories to account for these curious facts—either the

connections in the brain—the association-fibres—between the visual and auditory centres are better than they are in other people—or perhaps the explanation is purely psychological. In other people, there are these connections between the senses of smell and vision; between sound and sight, and even the sense of *taste* and the sensation of colour!*

This is a subject which has never been properly worked out. The thing that the Hindus and the Orientals *do* know is that certain incense and certain scents, produce emotional and physical and mental effects upon the subject, and have the effect of arousing the clairvoyant faculties. So, mantras should be performed with incense burning.

We have now discussed the initial or preparatory training for Yoga; first of all, the asana positions of the body. These disposed of your body; it is supposed to be quiet after that. Then you have pranayama exercises—breathing, which stills the breath and produces rhythm; and that is aided by mantras—and by incense, which affects the sense of

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*See *The Sense of Taste*, p. 154: "Taste . . . is one of the senses in connection with which "synœsthesias" most often occur. Salt, for instance, is described by one observer as dull red, bitter as brownish, sweet as clear bright red, and sour as green or greenish-blue. To another observer the taste of meats seems red or brown, the taste of graham bread is rich red in color, while all ice-creams (except chocolate and coffee) taste blue. To still another reporter the sound of the word 'intelligence' tastes like fresh sliced tomatoes, while the sound of the word 'interest' tasted like stewed tomatoes. . . ."

smell and produces a certain emotional or ecstatic state.

. . . . . .

Now we come to the next stage in the training, which is called pratyahara, and we begin *mental* work.

Pratyahara means introspection or meditation—not meditation upon an object, but turning the mind inwards upon itself, and observing what goes on in the mind. It is a good plan to take about three minutes, close the eyes, and write down everything that comes into the mind. Then you will get the whys and wherefores of what follows more readily. Every vision, every thought, every association, every idea that comes into the mind, every sensation of the body, must be put down on paper—everything that comes in the mind. . . .

The point is that when you turn your attention to your own body, in the relaxation exercises and in the positions, you find that the body is like a turbulent sea, in constant turmoil; and when you turn your attention to the mind, you find it is more turbulent still—like a choppy sea breaking on the rocks. Every little sound, sensation, impression from the senses, disturbs consciousness. You should observe the action of the mind. You will see how the mind is absolutely a slave to the senses, in the ordinary way that the mind runs along. The object of Yoga is to enable the mind to do away with all these thoughts which you do not want—to pick and choose what you do want, and ultimately to hold only the

one that you want for an hour or a day without a break.

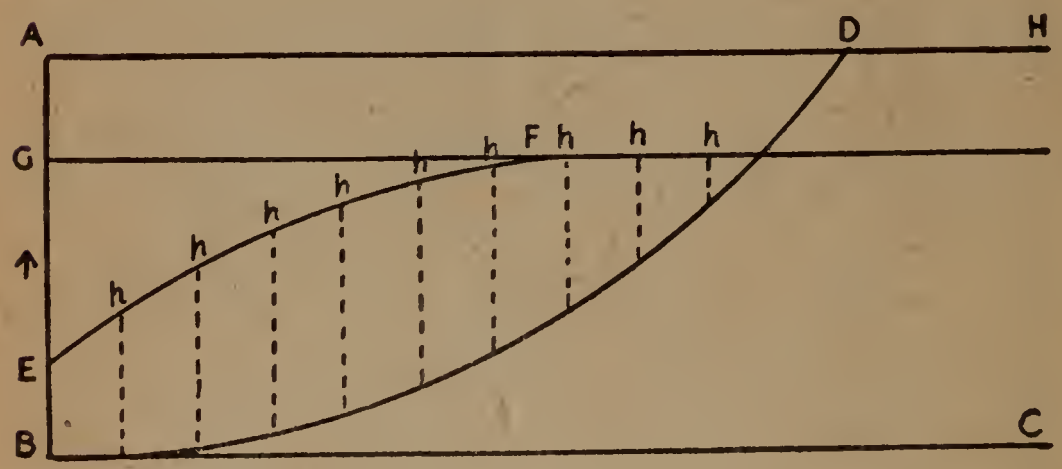
There are said to be two forms of Meditation—"with" and "without seed." When the mind is fixed or centred upon the final object of thought—the last link in the reasoning—this is called "meditation with seed." When this object has been allowed to pass, to go out of the mind, so that it is left blank—this is "meditation without seed"—that is, meditation without object, or "seed of thought." Yogis are careful to distinguish, however, between meditations without seed, and mere empty-mindedness. The latter is a purely negative condition; while in the former, the mind is kept—active or alert, ready to spring, as it were, upon the next higher spiritual state of development reached.

The point is that we are all slaves to the five senses; and the object of pratyahara is to prove that and by meditation and to overcome it. The convulsions of the mind are like an enormous sea serpent, all the time twisting and squirming about, and you have got to pour "oil on the troubled waters," by this introspective method—metaphorically pouring oil on the mind. All kinds of stimuli come from within and without—associations, images, thoughts, ideas, scents, visions, physical disturbances, pains in the body—everything that interferes with the flow of consciousness is an interruption or what we call a "break"—a break of consciousness.

Later on, we will take up "breaks" in considerable detail, and show in what they con-

sist and how to do away with them. Our thoughts, if we let them run along in this way, unchecked and uncontrolled by consciousness bear a very striking resemblance to dreams—to day dreams. In fact, that is precisely what they *are*.

Here is a diagram which may help you:



Our starting point of experience is b-c. A-h is the attainment of perfection, and the distance between these two lines is the distance we have to travel—in the upward direction of the arrow—through, to perfection, by training the mind. "G" is about the average level of development that you will obtain. "B-d" shows the degree of the control of the mind. It begins quite slowly and rises more rapidly as you go along, until, at the top, you have perfect control of the mind. The line "e-f" shows the degree of observation of the contents of

the mind—the degree of control in seeing what is going on within it. You arrive at the point "f," where you can practically see what the mind is doing within itself. The lines (h,h,h,h) represent the percentage of dissatisfaction with your own development which you have—or should have—as you go along. So that at the beginning you think you are making very good progress, but after a little time you find that extraordinary difficulties come up, of a sort of which you had never dreamed. You then gain some control over the contents of the mind, and it gets better rapidly as you go along. The chart simply shows the activity of the mind and the degree of its introspective power, or the degree of your ability to perceive what is going on within the mind.

The first thing to do, then, in practising meditation, is to let the mind run on for a little time. You should just observe how the mind "works," because only in that way can you realize the difficulties. Notice the extraordinarily confused state of the consciousness of an ordinary human being, under ordinary conditions—how it is just like a choppy sea. Note, then try to "squash" these disturbances as they come up. Any thought that rises to the surface you should metaphorically "hit on the head." Say, "No, I don't want you. Go away!" —of course aiming all the time to reach the point where you can say to *all* thoughts, "Go away!" That is a long way off yet!

If any picture comes up into the mind, or any vision, it should not immediately be sent

away or put out of the mind, because it will keep recurring. If a picture or vision—a persistent picture like a shipwreck—comes into the mind, do not try simply to banish it, because it will return. Hold it there for a moment, and endow it with objectivity; think about it until you get to the right point—*then* banish it! It is like running away from a spectre of evil or anything else which chases you. If you face it, you can get rid of it; but the more you "put it out of" the mind the more you put it *into* it. If you put it out of the conscious mind, you put it into the subconscious; and it is like putting it into a dark cellar and slamming the lid down—what is in the cellar causes the trouble. The thing to do is to throw it out of the window! If you want absolutely to "banish" anything, make it real first, by holding it in the mind, and *then* get rid of it.

All I wish to say in conclusion is that, only by practising these exercises persistently can you gradually acquire the mastery of the senses, to the extent that you can, to some degree, shut off the outside world and live or dwell inside your head sufficiently to begin concentration, which is the next stage, dharana; and the thing to do in pratyahara—meditation—is to arrive at the point where the mind becomes more or less a tranquil blank—so that we can put into it some object of thought with the idea of holding it there. But if you try to write your name in water it is obliterated, or if you try to write it in shifting

sand; but if the sand be perfectly tranquil the name remains written.

So with the mind. You desire it to become tranquil, and then what you put in it "stays." That is the object of pratyahara.

CHAPTER V.

DHARANA—(*Concentration*).

IN the last chapter we dealt with three topics. The first was *Mantra Yoga*, or the power of mantras or words, giving samples of them; then with *incense* and *perfumes*—their emotional effects upon the body; and, thirdly, with what is called *Pratyahara*, which simply means meditation; and the object of that is to wipe the mind clean, like a blackboard or a slate, so that the impressions during concentration can be impressed or written on it later, when concentration begins.

So that we come to dharana, which is the Hindu equivalent for concentration. After the mind has been left blank, we begin to do something with it. When you come to practice concentration, you will find that all the things that you have done heretofore will be useful. Apparently useless at the time, their influence will now begin to be felt—that is to say, the several positions, breathing and relaxation exercises, the chanting, and the meditation or emptying of the mind—because any impingement on the mind, during concentration, will be an infringement on the unity of the thought.

Concentration is simply fixing the mind upon one thing, one thought; and that may be a physical thing or a mental or a spiritual thing, according to the object of concentration, as we shall see later.

Now, the Hindus have a definite theory of mind, and I must speak of that first. There is a theory held among psychologists which is called the mind-stuff theory; it corresponds very closely to the Hindus' conception of chitta, which is "mind-stuff"; and the idea of mind-stuff is simply this: that, attached to each particle of matter, as it were, there is a little particle of mind—in much the same way that the fog out of doors is caused by a little moisture attaching itself to each of the dust particles in the air. . . . In the same way, they say, a little particle of mind-stuff is attached to every atom in the universe, so that every atom has its own particular atom-consciousness; and when these atoms are bound together in the form, we will say, of a star-fish, then you will have a star-fish consciousness—or if bound together in the form of a jelly-fish, you will have a jelly-fish consciousness; or in the form of a man, you will have a man-consciousness; or in the form of a woman, you will have a woman-consciousness; and so forth. So this is a sort of monistic theory, which says that every particle of matter is *alive*, and that it is only due to the peculiar "combinations" of matter which form the different "combinations" of consciousness.

This theory has been criticized by a number of our psychologists—William James and others. William James, for instance, has said that it is impossible to conceive these mental units being bound together unless there is something to bind them *on*. In the same way that you cannot weave something unless there is some

background on which you can weave it, as it were—so if you take the crude material of thought, little thought-particles, they won't stick together—there is no "gum"—as it were—and they will not adhere. But the Hindus think that the theory *will* work, and this is their theory of mind-stuff—that these particles are agglomerated or stuck together—forming different units of consciousness.

Now then, in the human mind, these flow along; and concentration consists in getting more of these particles into one place—this chitta, this mind-stuff; and if you can condense them at a point, as it were, then you will have absolute unity of consciousness at that point—because you have concentrated the material of the mind—these units—and, just as the burning-glass will focus the sun's rays at a point, so these mind-bits are bound together at a point. Then you have absolute concentration. That is their theory.

Let us consider the practical part of the subject first. To *concentrate*, you must first of all relax thoroughly. The next thing to do is to close the eyes. Then feel that the body is at rest—that is, relaxed muscularly. Now, shut off the senses as far as you can. The senses of smell and of taste and sight are now inactive; there is only the sense of hearing, and the sense of touch. Touch is very important, but if you are seated in the asana position, you should be unconscious of the body.

The next thing to do is to breathe regularly, slowly. When you begin breathing you will find that you have a tendency to become tense

—when you must catch yourself and relax; sink back into the position which you occupy most comfortably—as though into a warm bath, as I have said before.

Now then, we come to the *mental* factor—the beginning of mental construction. Try to feel the forces, the mental powers of the head, gathered together at a point between the eyes, in the forehead.

To cultivate the power—not the actual power of concentration, but the power of concentration in daily life—there are certain exercises which you can undertake, which are very useful. I will mention a few of these.

One of them which I personally have found very useful, is to take the page of a book which one does not quite understand—philosophy or metaphysics or science, and read that page, and re-read it and re-read it and re-read it until you *do;* and that intense concentration, with the determination which is necessary to get the sense of each sentence and each word, is extremely beneficial.

Then, there is drawing or writing with the left hand—which is very valuable for several reasons. In the first place, we now know that there are two speech-centers in the brain, and only one of them is ever used. Curiously, with right-handed people it is the left-handed speech-centre, and with left-handed people it is the right-handed centre which is employed. That is understandable, because the nerve-fibres cross at the back of the neck, and the use of the right arm, when you are a baby, develops the left hemisphere of the brain, and the use

of the left arm develops the right hemisphere of the brain.

If an injury occurs to the left hemisphere of the right-handed child's brain, he becomes *dumb*. If you train children in ambidexterity, when very young, both hands and both sides of the brain are developed, and this danger is prevented; and it is very important that all children *should* be so taught.

In drawing outlines of objects, look at the object for some considerable time without wavering. Then you can also look into the glass for some considerable time without the object becoming blurred—the object in this case being yourself.

There are certain relaxing and balancing exercises which are beneficial, which the Hindus have adopted as part of their training; one is to have a glass or a bowl of water, perfectly full to the top, which is held in the hand, without spilling any of it. Or, they place it on their heads—where it is balanced for a long time without spilling a drop.

There is one thing more, which is a good exercise for the will, that is, observing the second-hand on a watch without becoming impatient. It is extremely difficult!

All our thoughts are either positive or negative, and the positive are constructive thoughts and the negative thoughts are destructive; and the only way to get rid of the negative or destructive thoughts is to annihilate them, and supplant them by the positive ones—replace them by positive thoughts; but you cannot do that by simply ignoring the former. I think we

have touched upon that point before, viz., that you have definitely to deal with your adversary and to recognize him as a real being—and combat him and get rid of him; and after that destructive, pulling-down work has been done, then you can fill the mind with other, positive thoughts.

We now come to objects of concentration—or things to concentrate *upon*. Take a pencil in your hands, for instance. Now, if you look at that pencil, and take (say) thirty seconds to concentrate upon it, I think you will find that it is almost impossible to prevent the thoughts from wandering away to other things—and thinking about the size of the pencil, or its blackness, or the fact that it is in your hand—wandering away in a thousand directions. If you think of your finger, of course that determines the flow of blood to the part. This is one of the famous "hypnotic suggestion" experiments. Suggest to the subject to think of his finger or part of the hand—and the blood will be determined to the part. Any physical thing can be concentrated upon in this way; but to illustrate what I mean, let us take another object.

Let us take, as a mental picture, a *white cross*. I think you will find, when you begin to hold it in your mind, that this white cross does the most curious things! Take a pencil and paper: every time, during the minute you concentrate upon the cross, your thoughts wander from it, make a little mark, a little stroke. You will see, at the end of the minute, how many strokes you have! You will find that it

is almost inconceivable—the contortions which that cross undergoes!

Every break of consciousness means that the mind has wandered. This shows you, as I have said, that the mind is just like a seething, boiling sea. The object of Yoga is to get the mind into that plastic condition where you can do with it what you will—"manipulate" it; and the first thing is to be able to hold an image—such as the white cross, or a rose, or a winged globe, or any object you like—firmly in mind, without "wobbling."

Here are two very interesting experiments which you can try for about a minute each. Do not forget to breathe deeply during these exercises, and do not forget to relax, when you close the eyes. Think of a straight wooden ladder. Imagine that it is erected in the open, going right into the sky, like "Jack and the Beanstalk"; and begin climbing rung by rung! Go up this ladder as high as you can; your object is to keep going up without falling off, for sixty seconds.

That is one exercise. Another is descending a well; a third is flying. When you come to analyze the flow of these internal, mental states, I think you will find that they very closely resemble *dreams*. In fact, they *are* "day dreams." As soon as the control of the conscious mind is removed, the mind tends to "run along" by itself, in this haphazard, unchecked, visional sort of way; and it shows us how inco-ordinated and how uncontrolled the mind is, as soon as the will and attention are removed from their sphere of control.

Now, all these breaks or interruptions of consciousness are technically called "breaks"; these are the things you must watch; and, as I have said, every time the thought wanders, it must be checked by a little mark on the paper, or by some automatic action which does not distract the attention—such as pulling over a bead. (That, of course, is the object of "telling the beads"; every time the thought wanders away from the prayer or the object of contemplation, the bead is pulled over.)

Here is a classification of breaks which I think you will find useful; and you will notice that, as you begin to concentrate, they fall into about this order:

First: Physical sensations,—the body.

Second: The senses,—impressions through the senses.

Noises. Touch sensations from the positions of the body; and so forth.

Third: Events which occurred just preceding the period of concentration,—or which happened during the day.

(The latter are very strong and insidious—and as soon as you begin to concentrate you will find that these pictures and events begin to come up into the mind, as they do in dreams. About sixty to eighty per cent. of the dream-material is composed of the events of the day, and frequently from thoughts which came up just before falling to sleep. With these "day dreams," the events just preceding concentration, or the events of the day, are

those which first tend to crowd into consciousness—like bubbles coming up through the water and bursting on the surface.)

Fourth: Reveries or day dreams, strictly speaking. Very insistent, and very insidious.

Fifth: You will find, I think, if you introspect and try to follow intimately and minutely your own train of thought, through concentration, that the *thought itself* is active; and it will come into some such expression as this: "How well I am doing this" or "How badly I am doing it,"—an expression of itself, as it were.

Sixth: There are thoughts which are "breaks," but which nevertheless never rise into consciousness. The tendency of these thoughts is to make you forget everything, including the object that you are concentrating upon! That is to say, they annihilate everything, including themselves.

Seventh: The seventh species of break is a semi-hallucination,—in that scraps of sentences that are heard will come up to the consciousness; or scraps of visions will come before the mind.

We know that this is true in wireless telegraphy. We have what we call "atmospherics"—that is, chance currents which are picked up and sometimes interpreted as symbols or signals. In the same way, these "breaks" are, you might say, "atmospherics" of consciousness—cross-currents which have got tangled over the wires, as when talking over the telephone.

A last *break* that I have been able to trace is a sort of nervous storm, which breaks with[illegible] us, and may be one of two things; an abnor[illegible] condition which restores you to conscious[illegible], with a sense of exhaustion; or it may be [illegible] na itself, which is the desired goal. Of course, this "storm" will only come after you

have been concentrating at least an hour on an object without cessation.

After you have gone through this period of concentration, you finally come to the point where you can hold the object for a long time in thought. You have held it there, and it does not waver—does not flicker.

In the next chapter we shall find that, being able to hold the object in consciousness, you can then outpour the mind upon the object, and become, as it were, *one* with it—*i. e.*, hold it in the mind, and identify yourself with it; and that state is dhyana.

CHAPTER VI.

DHYANA (*Unification*) AND SAMADHI (*Cosmic Consciousness*).

DHYANA consists essentially in a unification or an outpouring of the mind on the object held in view. If the object be a mental or a physical thing, you reach the stage of dhyana. If it be an abstract or a spiritual thing you ultimately attain the final stage, which is samadhi—which is the goal of attainment of the Hindus. Then you have attained the ultimate goal along this particular line of development. It does not finish the Yoga training; but along this branch of the tree, or avenue, you have "attained."

You will thus see that the last three stages in this process—dharana, dhyana and samadhi—are all bound up together, in a sense; they are part and parcel of one thing, a gradual process of development; and these three stages together are called samyama. When you begin to introspect, you will find this difficulty in quieting the mind, and soothing it. You first have the effort of quelling waves, of soothing the great internal motions, and then peace and "bliss" are attained.

Before we go further, however, I think we ought to have an object-lesson in perception—how we "see" things. Let us take a crystal

ball as an object for sense perception. Before we can understand the theory of union of the mind with the object held within it—we must understand, first of all, how we "see" objects at all; and that science of perception is known as epistemology—it is the theory of sensation or perception.

Strictly speaking, there is no such thing as *colour*. *Apparently* there is, of course, but there is no "colour" really.

What we see or perceive *as* colour consists simply in the varying vibrations reflected from an object. In a dark room, if the light be turned out, you would see nothing, because there would be no light. That brings us to the point, why we "see" anything.

Well, we only "see" a thing because the eyes and the optic nerves are stimulated by light-rays, and either the object itself reflects light, or it must be luminous—such as a candle-flame or a lamp or a phosphorescent body, such as a firefly. When you "see" it, if it is not luminous itself, it is only because it reflects light.

There are fifty-four octaves of vibrations known to us—that science has absolutely measured by instruments—and of these only one-seventh are perceived—seven of these being sound and only one of them sight. Thus we see what a very small little crack or opening, as it were, the sense of sight gives us into the world. It is just as though there were a perfectly solid wall of vibrations, and only a little crack through which we could see the material world around us. That is all we ever "see." All the rest is for ever darkness and unknown

to the sense of sight; so that for all we know —for all we can prove by the sense of sight—there might be perfectly solid, substantial beings in this room—human beings like ourselves —who vibrate to different rhythms—and hence be absolutely invisible to us! If they did not happen to come within the particular octaves of our sense-perceptions, we could not see them.

When we look at an object, such as a crystal ball, we perceive that it has a certain colour; or a green book—we perceive it has a colour, green; or the red letters on another book appear to be red. Really the red is not *on* the book or *on* the letters, or *in* the crystal ball, but in the *mind;* and the reason the object *appears* coloured is that its substance is so constructed that it absorbs certain of the rays of light reaching it and reflects others. One substance absorbs other rays of light and reflects others. Another absorbs other rays of the spectrum and reflects others; and it is according to the particular vibrations that are reflected that we sense certain things and attribute to them certain "colours."

Yet we only see anything by its colour! If it had no colour at all, it would immediately become invisible to us. Then you would say, "How do I know that the book is there?" The only thing to do would be to test it by one of the other senses. Suppose that the sense of sound, the sense of taste and the sense of smell were cut off. There would only be the sense of touch left—if your sight were taken away. "But," you would say, "although I can't see the book I can still touch it." But if you were to

cut the nerves of the arm, which lead from the hand to the brain, you could not *feel* the book any more; consequently, *for you*, that book would vanish and become non existent! It is only by vibrations, traveling from the object to the brain, that we get into touch with anything in the outer world; and if those vibrations are stopped, the object immediately becomes invisible and imperceptible to us.

We now come to another point. I am looking (say) at a crystal-ball. Between that ball and my eyes the only connection is certain ether vibrations which are reflected from the ball. They are not material things. You feel mentally that you could take a pair of scissors, as it were, and cut them off in the middle and separate the object. Now, as I look at the ball, I close my eyes, and immediately *for me* that ball is annihilated; it is non existent. Then what is it that I see when my eyes are open? It is not the ball itself, because we have found out that the colour and the other *qualities* which that ball is said to possess are not *in* or *on* the thing itself, but are, as it were, put *onto* that thing by our minds. We construct, similarly, within our own minds, every object that we see. In other words, *we create a mental world which is a duplicate of the outside physical world;* we construct the world we see or hear or touch or sense within our own brains—a duplicate, mental world which is supposed to correspond to the external world.

Now, think what a different world this inner world must be from the outer one? The physiological process of sight must be somewhat as

follows: light vibrations coming from the object strike the eye, traverse the eye, the optic nerve, to the centre of sight in the brain. There, by some mysterious process, they are transformed into the "sensation" of sight. Accompanying this sensation of sight are certain nervous changes in the brain substance. But these nervous changes in the brain are surely as different from the external object as anything could well be!

We will suppose that there is a nervous change—some slight cell change—in the brain which corresponds to the sensation "crystal." Associated with that there is the sensation of "seeing" the crystal; but that nervous change in the brain is surely as different from your crystal ball as anything that you can well imagine! One is infinitely small, is a nervous, molecular change of some sort—chemical, electrical, whatever it may be; the other is an outstanding, hard, crystal sphere—yet they correspond one to another! There is this equivalence, this correspondence; so that what I see when my eyes are open is *something* with which my idea of a crystal ball corresponds.

Now, the point of all this is that everything we see is created within our own minds; it is a mental, duplicate world, as I have said before, corresponding with the outer world. We have constructed within ourselves a mental world which corresponds to the outer world.

Well, how do we know that it corresponds? Of course, it is chiefly through the agreement of everybody who is normal and sound and sane. One looking at this object says "I see a

crystal ball," and another says the same thing, and another says the same thing, and so forth; there is this agreement. Unless you are colour-blind or have hallucinations or are insane, every one agrees on this point.

But when you come to other questions, it is much more difficult to agree. For instance, there is the old question "What is truth?" which Pilate asked. Now, the definition of truth is said to be "The perception of reality." But what is "reality," and what is "perception"? We have just seen some of the difficulties of perceiving an ordinary physical thing to which we are accustomed in everyday life; how much more difficult is it to perceive some abstract thing—such as a reality of some sort! What is that reality? There is where the philosophical schools split, on the theory of truth!

I do not know whether I have made all this clear, but if I have not it is extremely essential that we should realize that, as we look at any object, we never see the object as it really *is*. A table is apparently oblong and brown and solid, etc., but when we come to analyze it metaphysically, we find it is *not* brown, and it has *not* these qualities which we attach to it; we place those qualities *onto* the table, and if we take them away the table disappears for us—it is no longer visible, no longer tangible, and so forth. Therefore what remains behind? The only thing we can say is, either one of two things—either nothing, or an "x" of some kind that we do not know, but which is certainly entirely different from the table that we

think we see. This table is made up of a bundle of phenomena or outward expressions, which are all we ever come into contact with in even a material object; but the inner thing behind it, the *noumenon*, as it is called, which gives rise to those sensations, is certainly entirely different from the thing that we think we see.

Now, this is all important in bearing on the question of perceiving other things in the mind, such as mental images or visions or spiritual experiences of different kinds. It comes to the question "How do I know whether these things which I see are true?" If I pass into a peculiar psychic state and I have a vision, people will say, "Oh, well, you had a hallucination!" I say, "Oh, no! What I saw was true. I really perceived it." They would say, "Oh, no—hallucination!" How do you know that what you saw was true? Only by *experience* can you tell that—in these higher psychic states which, through Yoga, you attain. *If they are not true, nothing is;* because you have just as great a warrant for believing in their reality as you have for believing in the reality of this table.

A mental fact is just as much a fact as a granite mountain. True—it is not a material thing; but it is a *fact* in the universe—which you have to take into account.

Let us now consider the following extract from St. Theresa's experiences. It is a little orthodox and religious in tone, but you must construe very widely her meaning of these words, because, like every one else, she la-

boured under difficulties of expression; she had to do the best she could!

In describing her own ecstatic or mystical state, St. Theresa said:

For uniting oneself to God there are four degrees of prayer, which are comprised by four methods, each easier than the preceding; the first by drawing water from a well by strength of arm, which is severe labour. The second, by drawing it up with a hydraulic machine, in which way there is poured with less fatigue a greater quantity of water. The third, by conducting the water from a river or brook. The fourth, and incomparably the best, is an abundant rain, God himself undertaking the watering without the slightest fatigue on our part. In the first two degrees there are attainments in ecstasy which He sends to all persons. Thus, sometimes while reading I was constantly conscious of a feeling of the presence of God. It was utterly impossible for me to doubt that He was within me and that I was wholly lost in Him. This is not a vision. It suspends the soul in such wise that it seems to be utterly beside itself. The will roves; memory appears to be almost gone; the understanding does not act. Nevertheless it does not lose itself. In a higher degree, which is neither a rapture nor a spiritual sleep, the will alone acts, and without knowing how it becomes captive it simply gives to God its consent that he may imprison it,—as it were, falling into the fetters of Him whom it loves.

In the third degree we come to the ecstasy. This state is a sleep of the powers, faculties, wherein —without being, entirely lost in God,—they nevertheless do not understand how they operate.

(The Fourth Degree is the completion of the operation, which is too long for quotation here.)

These experiences of St. Theresa are comparable to and agree remarkably with the Yoga teachings and the teachings of the mystics—

the object in all cases being to attain a state of mind or being which is superior to ordinary consciousness, and which enables one to get into touch with some higher mind or power than one's own.

We have just seen the difficulties of perceiving an object such as a crystal ball; and when you consider it, you will find there are certain difficulties in the way of accepting the reality of any object or thing perceived by the mind. The object of the Hindus is to hold the object in the mind, and then unify the mind with it, by an effort of will.

We have already referred to the fatal duality of mind, the quality of doubleness of the mind; the only way to transcend which is to acquire a higher state of mental super-vision by which you obtain a unity—that is, you look down and "see" that these two states of mind—self and object, seer and seen—are delusory, and that they all ultimately merge into *one*. You want to acquire that state of Oneness, and when you have done so—you gain a true and spiritual light, as it were. You come back to the world with intense conviction and sense of reality; and it is because of this experience (which the great spiritual leaders in the world, such as Christ and Buddha and Mohammed and others had) that they taught with the conviction they did; they felt that they *knew*. They did not theorize, but, with the conviction of knowing, they came back and were willing to suffer death, if need be—because they felt they had the Truth.

One more extract—regarding this question of

cosmic consciousness—to give you an idea of how it feels, when it comes upon one. This extract is taken from Dr. Bucke's interesting work entitled, *Cosmic Consciousness*—wherein he gives an account of his attainment of this state—how it came about. He enumerates many other cases of famous spiritual teachers or literary or poetical or artistic persons who had consciously or unconsciously attained this state of cosmic consciousness.

Dr. Bucke says:

I have in the past three years collected twenty-five cases of this so-called cosmic consciousness. In each case, the onset or incoming of the new faculty is always sudden, instantaneous. Among the unusual feelings the mind experiences is a sudden sense of being immersed in a flame or a brilliant light. This occurs entirely without worrying or outward cause, it may happen at noonday or in the middle of the night, and the person at first feels that he is becoming insane. Along with these feelings comes a sense of immortality,—not merely a feeling of certainty that there is a future life,—that would be a small matter,—but a pronounced consciousness that the life now being lived is eternal, death being seen as a trivial incident which does not affect its continuity.

(In other words, man does not "have" a soul or "attain" immortality—he *is* a soul and *is now* immortal.)

Further, there is annihilation of the sense of sin, and an intellectual competency,—not simply surpassing the old plane but on an entirely new and higher plane. The cosmically conscious race will not be the race that exists today any more than the present is the same race that existed prior to the evolution of self consciousness. A new race is being born that will, in the near future, compass the earth.

Regarding his own particular experience of illumination, Dr. Bucke writes as follows:

I had spent the evening in a quiet city with some friends, reading and discussing poetry and philosophy. We had regaled ourselves with Wordsworth, Schelley, Browning, and especially Whitman. We parted at midnight. I had a long drive in a hansom to my lodgings. My mind travelled under the influence of the ideas, images and emotions called up by the reading and talking. I was in a state of mind of most peaceful enjoyment, not actually thinking but letting images, ideas and emotions, fleet of themselves, and spread throughout my mind. All at once, without warning of any kind, I found myself wrapped in a flame-coloured cloud. For an instant I thought of fire, an immense conflagration somewhere close by, in that great city. The next moment I knew that the fire was within myself.

This is very illuminating—because the idea of *light* always plays a big part in psychic development and psychic phenomena. Christ said, "If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be *full of light*"; and it is a curious fact that all spirits talk of mediums as being "*lights*"; and of one being "the light of the world," and so forth.

Regarding the question of the eye being single, we will come to that later. It deals with the "third eye,"—the Eye of Shiva. But the point now is that *light* is the important psychic factor; and it is a very curious thing that, in the case of material or physiological sight—any activity of the nervous system is connected with phosphorescence, or phosphorous—which is a very high constituent of the nerves—and of course phosphorescence is a phenomenon ac-

companied by light; and there are many psychic factors which could be collected, bearing upon this question of light.

This internal light which comes to one who has experienced Cosmic Consciousness is one of the very striking phenomena connected with it; and it is a tangible mark that you have attained a certain stage of development.

Let us now apply this to our Yoga practices. The object of these exercises (dhyana), is to attempt to unify the mind with an object—to induce unification with the object and the annihilation of the ego Holding the object clearly in mind, it must be concentrated upon; and then an attempt made to unify that thing with the mind, so that, as I have said before, a sort of "click" takes place in the mind; an extraordinary experience is undergone; and the "thing" joins itself to "you" by a curious internal phenomenon—you are *one with it;* the sense of duality has vanished, and you have this sense of unification.

This all relates to an attempted unity with a physical thing, or with a mental image; but when you try to contemplate a spiritual thing or an abstract idea, and when you seek to become one with *that*, or unify yourself with it—then you attain that state that the Yogi tries to reach—samadhi. This is a greater unity than the previous dhyana. It is one with the Supreme Mind—that is, Cosmic Consciousness is attained, and the ultimate attainment of the Yogi is thus reached along that particular line.

We come to a final question. This state which is attained in samadhi—many people feel

they would not want to acquire! They say, "No, I have built up my personal consciousness as the result of work and effort, and if this is all going to be annihilated or swept off into the 'ocean of consciousness,' I don't want it; I would rather stay where I am!" Well, that is very reasonable in one sense. We certainly do work hard to get what we now have, and we ought to keep it. But the Hindus teach this also, which is not really appreciated by the Westerners, viz.—at the time this unification takes place, you also keep your own consciousness *in a sense.* You are lost, but you are there. I think I mentioned before that during those moments in which we experience a very great intellectual climax, or experience a very keen emotion of any kind, we are really swallowed up in that emotion; we do not feel "*I* am existent," "*I* live," "*I* feel so and so"; but simply feel the emotion itself. You are lost *in* that emotion, *in* that state.* And that is what the Hindus mean; when you become *one* with the Universal Consciousness, you *are* the Universal Consciousness—with all its powers, all its potentialities, all its qualities; but at the

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*See Edward L. Thorndike: *The Elements of Psychology*, p. 108:—"Think, for instance, how one feels when half dozing in the summer sunshine or when swimming lazily, or when in the agony of whooping-cough, or asthma, or when beside oneself with rage, or when absorbed in the smell of the woods. One is then swallowed up in the sensation, is lost in the feeling, for the time being *is* it, one does not 'think' or have 'ideas' or notice 'things.' One simply feels the warmth, the water and the sky and one's bodily movements, the pain, the rage, the odorous air."

same time you exist as a separate factor. Dr. Bucke stated that fact, and dwelt upon it particularly in his statement of his brief experience of "cosmic consciousness." The gist of it was that, while he experienced this sensation and lost himself in the higher state of consciousness—Cosmic Consciousness—he was also aware of himself at the same time.

In the same way that, in observing an exciting event, you become lost in the excitement and in the event, and in a certain sense *lose self*, yet in another sense you do *not* lose the sense of self. So, in the same way, in Samadhi—in cosmic consciousness—you experience this mystical state—become one with the Superconsciousness—but at the same time you retain your own consciousness—experiencing the one without losing the other. This is hard to explain, but theoretically there should be a merging into the higher consciousness while retaining the "self" as a background—without the *feeling* of self.

. . . . . .

In arriving at this point of attainment, the Yogis have also independently developed certain psychic powers, by certain methods; and the next chapter will deal with these psychic powers and how they are gained, during the process of attainment. They are "offshoots," as it were—like the branches of a tree. We have been following the main trunk—up to the top, where the bird perches; but, branching from this "tree" are big and little branches—

and these psychic powers are developed by the awakening of the *Kundalini*, and by other methods which we will discuss in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VII.

The Kundalini (*Secret Energy*) and How It Is Aroused.

The last chapter dealt with the attainment of the ultimate stages of consciousness desired by the Yogi—the attainment of samadhi through dhyana—the unification of the mind with the Absolute.

Every one is, however, interested in *phenomena*. I have always noticed that in a lecture, accompanied by demonstrations, most people tolerate the lecture for the sake of the demonstrations! And I suppose it is the same with Yoga—although, as a matter of fact, all through these practices—which one undertakes in Yoga—one obtains all kinds of phenomena of an interesting psychological character—not spiritistic and not supernormal invariably—but interesting psychological, inner experiences which are *real*. We now come to an offshoot of these experiments, so to say—in which we shall delve more particularly into the direct experimental production of phenomena, by means of the Yoga methods.

Before doing so, it will be necessary to say a few words regarding the constitution of man, according to the Hindu conceptions.

The ordinary Western view of man is that he has a physical body, and that somewhere

inside this is concealed a "spirit" or "mind" or "soul," or something—a very vague idea—and that this mind works, and thinks, and constitutes the real man; and that, beyond this, there is some spirit or vapour or shadow or wraith, which he calls a "soul," which somehow inherits the "Kingdom of Heaven"; but what the connections between mind, spirit and soul are have always been very vague in our Western minds.

Now, the Hindu idea is that man is made up much more complexly than this. To begin with, man has seven bodies, and the lowest of these is the physical body—the "gross" body, they call it; that above this there is the "ethereal" body (this is also, of course, the Theosophical doctrine, which is borrowed from the Hindoos) and above that there is the "astral" body, and then the "mental" body, and so on, through the higher planes above the mental. Each of these bodies acts as a sort of link or intermediary between the one above and the one below. For instance, the etheric constitutes the link or connection between the astral and the physical; and the astral constitutes the link between the mental and the etheric; and so on.

These bodies, then, all function on their own particular *planes*, and there are as many planes as there are bodies—or, rather, there are as many bodies as there are planes—each functioning in its own plane; the physical body functions on the physical plane, the mental body on the mental plane, the etheric body on the etheric plane, and so on.

Now, the Hindus have an idea that energy, as it were, plays down on matter from above—which I also believe to be fundamentally true—although matter in a sense is alive, in the sense that it is in constant motion, rapid motion; also that it has a sort of innate consciousness of its own. There is also another consciousness which is added to it when that becomes organized or bound together, and that this is due to the fact that there is a playing-upon that material substratum of this energy from, as it were, *above*.

The Hindus have worked out a very elaborate theory of evolution on this principle, the "outpouring of the divine breath," and other things which we cannot go into now. At any rate, this fact that we can draw on an inexhaustible supply—a source of mental and physical energy—seems experimentally demonstrated to us by our practical daily lives and by common experience.

For instance, a woman of my acquaintance took some morphine for a minor operation, and under the influence of this morphine, read through in one day three books of a heavy character, and remembered practically every word of those three books.

Take another drug (cocaine), and you experience extraordinary happiness. But the happiness you experience is not *in* the cocaine—it does not exist *in* that little white powder—it is *in* the human being, and the drug simply brings it up to the surface. So that you evidently have these extraordinary latent capacities for happiness, of memory—for all these

extraordinary powers within yourself, and they have to be brought to the surface, by some artificial means, in order for you to acquire them.

Hypnotism does this; it brushes away the obstacles of thought, and all body suppressions—all those factors within ourselves which keep repressing us all the time—and it allows these inner inexhaustible stores and possibilities to come to the surface.

William James has an essay entitled "The Energies of Men," and he shows in this very illuminating essay that we use only a small fraction of the energies within ourselves. There is also this curious physiological fact which very few people know, *viz.*, that the baby, even before it is born, possesses as many brain cells as it ever will! We do not *add* brain cells; we merely develop them, or bring them into useful activity, layer on layer, as we go through life; and, no matter how far we may develop our minds or our brains, we never get to the point where we use *all* those cells—so that you need never be afraid of exhausting your own powers; we always have a reserve, physiologically.*

These extraordinary mental heights, these mental powers, these latent energies, this happiness and joy and "bliss" (as the Hindus are always saying), expressing combinations of

*"It would take a model as large as St. Paul's Cathedral to make all the neurones in the brain visible—a man counting at the rate of 50 a minute, working 12 hours a day, would take probably over 700 years to count all the nerve-cells in one man!" (E. B. Thorndyke, *Elements of Psychology*, p. 151.) There are well over ten thousand million of them in the body.

emotions and feelings and thoughts—can thus be attained artificially, through drugs, or by experimental methods such as hypnosis; and can also be attained by a species of mental work within oneself—in these Yoga practices; and when you attain this state of samadhi, you arrive at that state in which you experience this "bliss." Then you unlock automatically all these energies and powers within yourself, and you attain them at the moment of attaining cosmic consciousness.

The spirit of man is divided by the Hindus into five categories; and symbolically they always use elements to express them, in much the same way that the alchemists did.

There is the Pure Spirit of Atma. Then they say there is the "air," which is manas—*i. e.*, the mind or thought faculty; Fire, which is buddhi—the discriminating faculty; "water," which is chitta, or thought-stuff; and "earth," which is ahankara, or "egoity"—you might say.

There are, you will see, certain qualities of spirit—believed in by the Hindus—which are very similar—namely, manas and chitta—that is, thought and thought-stuff. How do they differ? The Hindus say they differ in the same way that water differs from the motion of water. One is a quiescent state; the other is the same thing in motion. Incidentally, I may say here that, in the West, there is great controversy as to whether a "thing" is the same "thing" at rest as it is in motion. For instance, the human mind, the consciousness—is it a *thing* or a *go?* Is it an entity, or is it something which only exists while it is moving, in

action? And when that action stops, does the thing itself go out of existence? Another school says, "Anything that moves must be something—something *to* move." And so on.

To return, however: This internal instrument of the mind has five sheaths or kosas—namely, the Body of Bliss, the Thought-Sheath, the Consciousness-Sheath, the Fire-Sheath, and the Body-of-Nourishment. This last is supposed to feed, or draw nutriment, from the five tattvas or ethers. (In addition to these there are also the three lower bodies—the Causal Body, the Subtle Body and the Gross Body.)

The Hindus write a great deal about these tattvas or ethers; but before going into them, I must say a word regarding our Western conception of ether. Most of us think of the ether as a vague, tenuous, vaporous thing, which is *so* thin and *so* tenuous that no instrument has ever registered it—which is a fact. Some people even doubt its existence. On the contrary, Sir Oliver Lodge believes that it is so enormously dense and solid that platinum and gold are as nothing to it. In his book, *The Ether of Space*, he defends this view. The sun and the earth, he says, or the earth and the moon, by the force of gravity, exert an enormous pull on each other; there must be *something* which transmits this pull. "What is that something?" "It must be the ether." And he has calculated, for instance, that the pull of the earth on the moon is something like five million million pillars of steel, each a square foot thick—which would be equivalent to the force which the ether transmits between these two bodies.

On the contrary, Haeckel, in his *Riddle of the Universe*, thought that the ether was the traditional gas, so to say, and calculated that a globe or sphere of ether the size of the earth would weigh about two hundred and fifty pounds! So there is a great difference of opinion; and, as I have said, some physicists are even inclined to believe that the ether does not exist at all! This is the new school of relativists—who hold the doctrine of relativity.

Now, this ether, according to modern science —Western science—is thought to be one thing, one ether (whatever it is), which conveys light-rays; and this is why it has been called "luminiferous" ether—because "lumen" means light. Sound, however, is thought to be conveyed through the *air;* and, whereas sound travels, at ordinary temperatures and pressures, only about 1,100 *feet* a second, light travels at the rate of electricity—186,000 *miles* a second!

The Hindus believe that there are numbers of ethers, and that there is an ether for each of the senses. They have these names: Luminous ether, conveying light; sonoriferous ether, for conveying sound; tangiferous ether, for conveying the sense of touch; gustiferous ether, for the sense of taste, and odoriferous ether, for the sense of smell.

We know that in a vacuum, where there is no air, sound is not conveyed and heat is not conveyed, and so we think that air is the medium for conveying heat and sound, and that no ethers at all are connected with touch or with taste; but the Hindus *do*, and they account for these things by various subtle theo-

ries which we cannot go into here. (Incidentally I may say that our taste depends almost entirely upon smell. We only have four distinct tastes—sweet, salt, sour and bitter; all the rest is smell; and when you have a cold and cannot smell you lose practically all taste for food; and that is why the food has no "taste" for you—and therefore you should fast at that time and not eat anything until you are well again!) However, these tattvas or ethers are thought to be modifications of the "Great Breath," which is a sort of fundamental, primal Energy which the Hindus believe in; and this acts upon the Prakriti. The Great Breath flows in five streams—the different Tattvas. These tattvas or ethers have different *shapes*. Some of them are in the form of triangles, some in squares, some in loops, some are like scallops, and some take other shapes. They also have different movements.

Now, the Prana, which we discussed in our chapter on Pranayama, is the energy of *our universe;* this is the state of tattvic or etheric matter in which our universe dwells. There are currents of this running north and south, and east and west, throughout the universe, and there are also currents of this Prana in the body. These currents are inhaled and exhaled and circulated throughout the body in our breathing exercises when we practise the Pranayama; and we must learn to absorb this Prana, retain it, and send it through the body—and particularly to certain centres in the body where we wish to utilize this energy for vivifying purposes.

This is a very important point, which the Hindus have dealt with and dwelt upon; and it is the *crux* of their whole experimental system—this direction of the prana or energy to certain centres. The seat of the prana is said to be the heart or chest—as it were, pervading the whole chest from the heart, and thence it spreads all over the body.

There seems to be a sort of uncertainty, or vagueness about the Hindu teachings, as to whether this prana is spread by the nerves or the blood-vessels; but, in any case, they call these prana-carriers the Nadis; and later we will come to something which is called the Voice of the Nada—which is very mysterious!

Here is a quotation from a Sanskrit writer, showing the doctrine regarding these Nadis:

> From the heart ramify the Nadis. Of these there are 101 principal ones. Each of these branches into 100, and each of these again into 72,000. Thus there are 10,000 branch Nadis and 727,200,000 of the smaller ones. Altogether, taking into account other main Nadis, which we will come to, there are 727,210,201.

If you take a knife and dissect a human body, you do not find these "Nadis"; you do not find all the various centres we will come to later on; but it must be remembered here that the Hindus were always supposed to be a psychic nation—were supposed to possess psychic sight—a certain amount of clairvoyance—and they say: "No. This matter which is talked about, these psychic centres, these ramifying nadis, are *astral* matter—not physi-

cal matter; therefore you won't find them by the aid of a knife; yet they exist; they are part of the body."

So we come, now, to the heart and root of the whole Eastern doctrine of the development of psychic powers. It depends upon a very secret and ancient doctrine which has been given only in the Sanskrit, and never written out in detail, but always passed on by word of mouth from master to pupil; it is the most secret of all the teachings of the Hindu school; it is the doctrine of the Kundalini, or secret energy, upon which all these powers depend.*

In order to understand how this operates, we must understand still further the inner constitution of the body. Up the interior of the spine; in the marrow, as it were—there is said to exist a tube—a hollow tube, which is called the Sushumna; and it is up this sushumna that the Kundalini passes. The Kundalini itself is symbolized by a snake, having three and a half coils. From this you will now see the importance of keeping the spine *straight* —as we so often insisted, in speaking of *Asana* —bodily posture.

The object, of course, is to awaken this Kundalini—this serpent of fire, of life, and to send

*Writing of the Kundalini, Mme. Blavatsky says (*The Voice of Silence*, p. 12), "*Kundalini* is called the 'Serpentine' or the *annular* power on account of its spiral-like working or progress in the body of the ascetic developing the power in himself. It is an electric fiery occult or *Fohatic* power, the great pristine force, which underlies all organic and inorganic matter."

it, direct it—(the energy, that is)—through certain centres of the body—one after the other, in turn. These centres in the body are called Chakras or Lotuses. The Hindus are very fond of the lotus, and they say that these Chakras look like lotus-flowers, having a certain number of petals; and, in the ordinary human being, these psychic centres are stationary—that is, immovable. They are also colorless.

With their awakening or vivification, however, you acquire *clairvoyance* and *clairaudience*, and numbers of other psychic powers to be enumerated later. When they are awakened, they will begin to glow with a certain color or colors, and also to spin, like a spinning-wheel. These Chakras have a certain number of petals, and are as follows:

The *first* is the Muladhara Chakra, which is situated at the base of the spine. This lotus has four petals, and it is here that the Kundalini sleeps, in three and a half coils, curled up. Its tail is in its mouth—a sacred symbol—and it remains at rest at the entrance of the *Sushumna*, but it does not penetrate it or arise through it until awakened. When it does, it passes up the Sushumna, or the spine, and thence out, to vivify the various Chakras.

Now, on either side of this Sushumna, or tube, are two other tubes, known as Ida and Pingala—which lie, as I have said, on either side of the Sushumna tube.

A great deal has been said and written to prove that the mystical Tree of Life, spoken of

in the book of Genesis, is connected with this Kundalini—because, when it is awakened, you then have psychic powers—and it was in this wrong awakening of the power of life—this extraordinary energy, and the knowledge that it brings—which was wrongly awakened by some being called Adam.

That accounts for the legend of the Serpent which is this serpent-fire—Kundalini. The whole Genesis legend, according to the Oriental view, is merely a way of symbolizing the awakening of the Kundalini force.

Now, this energy—this extraordinary fundamental energy in the body—is very closely connected with the creative energies, the sex-energies of the body; the body is vivified by this energy, and it is utilized for certain purposes. The doctrine of our Western church is based largely on Asceticism, but I think it has become twisted-up by a perverted view of the older teachings. Scholars went to the East, and they saw certain holy men who performed remarkable feats. They also saw that these men were Ascetics; and they said, "Ah! He is an ascetic! He can do these wonderful things. He is a holy man. Therefore asceticism is the *cause* of this." And they taught it. But they did not perceive or know that this energy was utilized or directed into certain channels—psychic channels—and that unless this *is* done the whole point of asceticism is lost.

You must either use up the sex-energies of the body in healthful exercises and activities, *or* in their normal channels of expression:

or through these psychic avenues; and if you do *not* expend them in any one of those three ways, then you have curious mental and physical troubles, perversions and abnormalities, and so forth. The mediaeval ascetics had a twisted view of the whole subject.

To come back to the Muladhara lotus or chakra, at the base of the spine—the first of the seven:—in Muladhara is also said to dwell a sun between four petals, which exudes a poison; and this is said to be the sun-fluid of mortality, or death; and this flows upwards, and ultimately arrives at the right nostril, where it mingles with the moon-fluid of immortality—which goes to the left nostril or Pingala; and we have the sun and moon there united in a form of symbolism which we shall come to presently—in discussing another of the chakras.

The *second* chakra is called the Svadisthana Chakra. It is situated at the base of the sexual organ; it consists of six petals, and is blood red.

The *third* chakra is the Manipura, and is located in the centre of the body; just below the solar plexus; is of a golden color; has ten petals—or sometimes twelve (according to the different authorities), and is called the City of Gems. When this centre is awakened you become clairvoyant.

Fourth, we have the Anahata Chakra, which is situated in the heart. It is blood red, has twelve petals, and is the seat of the Prana. The Hindus have a saying that "He who has awakened this chakra can walk in the air"—

that is, he experiences levitation. The mystics are supposed to have aroused this centre, hence their ability to "levitate."

The *fifth* chakra is the Vishuddha Chakra. This is situated in the throat, just below the larynx; is of a golden color, has sixteen petals, and is the seat of the Akasa Tattva.

The *sixth* chakra is Ajna, which is situated between the eyebrows. This has a connection with the pineal gland—which subject we will go into later. It has two petals, and is supposed to possess three mystical principles.

The *seventh* chakra, which is the Sahasrara Chakra, is the sacred thousand-and-one petalled lotus. There is some difference of opinion among Hindu students as to where this is located; but it is usually said to reside about the head, outside the body altogether; and this shows you how independent of the physical body, in a sense, their physiology is. It is connected with the "aura." Some authors have placed it at the root of the palate. In the centre of this chakra is a Yoni, with face looking downward. In the centre of this Yoni is a mystical moon—continually exuding an elixir or "dew." It is the moon fluid of immortality, and flows through Ida.*

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*Sarkar (*Hindu Achievements in Exact Science*, p. 60) has suggested that the six lower chakras correspond to the six vital sympathetic plexuses in the body; and that "yoga or contemplation means control over the functions of these plexuses." Also, according to Hindu physiology "the soul has its seat within the *Brahmarandhra* above the foramen of Monro and the middle commissure, but traverses the whole cerebro-spinal axis, up and down, along the sushumna."

Now, after the Kundalini is awakened, it flows up the Sushumna, darts and turns through all these various centres or chakras—animating them, causing them to glow, causing them to spin—and if the operation has been performed successfully, you see a star before the eyes, which is the sign that it has been awakened properly.

The Hindus, however, say one or two things may happen wrongly. In the first place, you may awaken these chakras in the *wrong* order; then you have trouble! Or it may take a downward turn and animate three lower chakras or centres, which are known only to black magicians; or you may lose it altogether—that is, it goes beyond your control and flies away; and then you have a man practically without a soul, who has lost all possibility of immortality! One of these dreadful things may happen if the operation is not performed properly! Therefore, the Hindus dwell on the essential need of having a teacher or *Guru*.

The Kundalini, after it rises to the throat, passes down through what is called the hole of Brahman; and this plays a very important part in Yoga functions or practices. The Kundalini passes up through this, to the right side of the ajna lotus, then to the left nostril, where it is called the Ganges,—the swift flowing Ganges, or Ida. By a modification in the opposite direction, it goes to the left side of Ajna, and then to the right nostril,—crossing over there,—where it is called Pingala; and the space between these two is called Benares,—the Sacred City.

Probably you all know the great import that the Hindus attach to the river Ganges and to Benares, the sacred city situated on its bank; and you had thought this just a curious custom,—a sacred city built on a sacred river. But it is more than that! It is bound-up with this doctrine, known only to the Hindus, and not to the ignorant missionaries who go there. It is all a purely occult doctrine,—this sacred Benares which is the great center of attainment, symbolized in their city; and the Ganges, —this river,—which is the secret, sacred energy which has been finally aroused, and is flowing through them like a river of fire,—a river of energy.

Of course, as a matter-of-fact, the real Ganges is a filthy, dirty, germ-infected river,—in which natives with all kinds of diseases bathe, and later on drink, and thus spread plague and other diseases all over India. That is the fact; but the point is that, symbolically, it is bound up with this occult doctrine; and to the Hindus, of course, it is a very sacred river because of that.

If this Kundalini be lost, then your life is lost! You grow old rapidly and die. On the contrary, if you retain it, you remain young almost for ever,—and Yogis attribute to themselves phenomenal ages,—seven or eight hundred years or more,—and say that they remain young, defeat disease and do almost anything they want to! They make the most extravagant claims, which of course are not true. But they do have extraordinary staying-power, like all Orientals,—attributable doubtless to their

very abstemious lives, their simple diet, and their calm mental lives. Nothing disturbs them. Then, of course, in the East, they do not live as long as we do here. An old man there is phenomenal.

In order to save this precious energy, then, which is thus generated within the system, the Yogis endeavour to prevent the constant dripping away of this fluid,—this "dew,"—which drips down through the Hole of Brahman. What they endeavour to do is to stop up this hole in the back with the tongue; and their great object is to train the tongue so that they can bend it back and insert it there; and if they do this, and plug up this entrance, then they think they have gained immortal life. And the Yogis perform all kinds of curious practices in order to lengthen the tongue and make it more pliable,—even cutting the thread underneath, and rubbing it with salt every day, and pulling it out with the fingers,—all kinds of curious practices to make it long, so that they can bend it back and tuck it up this "Hole of Brahman"; and thus prevent the dripping away of this sacred energy, this "dew." This is utilized in the body, and directed to the awakening of the psychic centers.

These sacred energies, which are thus preserved, are called ojas, and are supposed to be the most sacred of all energies.

Now, for awakening the Kundalini, and getting it to "perform" properly, you have to begin with certain mudras, as they are called,—which are a combination of the various exercises, that is, Asana and Pranayama, coupled

with all the mental exercises. And there are various mudras. They are called the yoni mudra, the maha mudra, the maha bandha, the maha vedha, the mula mudra, the khechari, the vajroli mudra (which last is said to be the most secret and the most sacred of all) and many others.

These mudras consist of a combination of certain physical postures,—in which the legs and feet and hands and arms and head and all parts of the body are in a certain position,—with breathing exercises, coupled frequently with mantras or chants, and of course intense meditation and concentration, on those points where the centers are located. The breathing intakes the psychic energy or prana. The attitude facilities the sending of it to certain points in the body; and then, by will, this prana is directed to a certain spot or point,—one of the chakras,—until it is vivified and aroused,—when it begins to glow, it begins to spin, and you have that chakra aroused by the action of the Kundalini power or force.

It is upon this doctrine that certain books have been written in America, such as Karezza, Solar Biology, etc.,—which depend upon this doctrine and its application to physiological (sex) life.

Just an example of one or two of these mudras. (I) Fix the gaze on Ajna, between the eyes, with the tongue tucked up in the epiglottis. Then contract the throat and press the chin onto the breast. (II) Sit on the left ankle; stretch on the right leg, and take hold of the toes with the hand. Contract the throat,

and press the chin firmly against the breast. Now, draw the breath through the Sushumna. After holding the breath as long as possible, it should be exhaled very slowly (so as not to expend the Prana). There are other mudras, —many of which are awkward to discuss, but they can be found described in certain books, —mostly in the Sanskrit.

These Mudras, then, if practised, arouse the Kundalini, awaken the chakras, and as they are awakened and aroused, certain psychic powers result, such as:

Anima, which is the power of assimilating oneself with an atom. Or—

Mahima, which is the power of expanding oneself in space; or—

Laghima, which is the power of reducing gravitation, or "levitating"; or—

Gurima, which is the power of increasing one's weight,—apparently adding to gravitation; or—

Prapti, which is the power of instantaneous travelling,—that is, "astral projection," as we here say; or—

Prakamya, which is the power of instantaneous realization; or—

Ishita, which is the power of creating by thought; or—

Vashita, which is the power of commanding and being obeyed by beings, by animals and by matter,—so that one can move objects without contact.

All these, of course, depend upon the awakening of the Kundalini; these powers are mere offshoots of that.

Now, this Kundalini force, as it exists at the base of the spine, is supposed to inhabit a three-dimensional world,—that is, a world like that in which we live; but when it enters the Sushumna, although it enters a definite "space," as we know it, it is supposed to enter a fourth dimensional space. This is a very curious contradiction, apparently; but there is an odd biological analogy which seems to bear some relation to this point; and it is this. One of the great "miracles" of science is the nutrition of the body,—how it is that a potato or a chicken, which is running around,—or a carrot, or a slice of bread,—can be little Mary Jones tomorrow,—can somehow be turned into little Mary Jones,—a part of her living body. The miracle of it is how? We know that this process of metabolism, or food-growth and cell-growth, goes on all the time in the body. What happens to make this matter, supplied to the body in the form of food, become alive,—part of the living body! We do not know, but we do know this: that if you examine the center of a cell with a high-powered microscope, there seems to be a double flow of material from the outside of the cell to the center, and then out again, in the form of an ellipse; it starts from the outside of the cell, —this matter,—as pabulum or food; that it reaches the center, and at that center some change takes place whereby it becomes living. As it travels back, it becomes body In this "center," there seems to be a well of energy, —welling up from nowhere, constant, like a fountain, which comes from no discernible

source, and yet is always present; and it is this energy which vivifies matter. It is "in" space, —and yet it seems to be spaceless. It comes from "nowhere."

You see, then, there is this analogy between an interesting biological phenomenon and the Kundalini force, which, while in three dimensions, is said to enter four, as it passes into the Sushumna.

Just here we encounter the doctrine, on the one hand, of the fourth dimension; and, on the other hand, of more practical ways of awakening the Kundalini. The Kundalini power, then, when it passes into the Sushumna, is said to enter a "mental' world,—this fourth dimensional world; and although it is existent in the three-dimensional world, in one sense (inasmuch as it is definitely connected with a three-dimensional body) its activities are supersensate, superphysical, or fourth-dimensional; and of course, certain chakras are, as I said before, composed of astral matter.

CHAPTER VIII.

(THE KUNDALINI—*Continued*).

The Kundalini power, after passing up the Sushumna, and awakening the various chakras or psychic centers in turn, is said to create or generate or beget a New Universe of activity, in the sense that it calls it into being. It brings into play, into activity, a new world, which has not existed up to then; this is in a sense a "creation" of a universe by the mating or union of matter and spirit,—and this is what has symbolically been called the Celestial Marriage; it is the arousing of the Kundalini and its action on our material world.

Regarding the awakening of the Kundalini, Swami Vivekananda, in his Raja Yoga, says:
ing violently at that last plexus, the basic lotus,

After practising this first breathing for a few days, you take up a higher one. Slowly fill the lungs with breath through the *Ida*, the left nostril, and at the same time concentrate the mind on the nerve current. You are, as it were, sending the nerve current down the spinal column, and strikwhich is triangular in form, the seat of the Kundalini. Then hold the current there for some time. Imagine that you are slowly drawing that nerve current with the breath through the other side, then slowly throw it out through the right nostril. This you will find a little difficult to practise. The easiest way is to stop the right nostril with the thumb, and then slowly draw in the breath through the left; then close both nostrils with thumb and forefinger, and imagine that you are sending that current down, and striking the base of the *sus-*

humna; then take the thumb off, and let the breath out through the right nostril. Next, inhale slowly through that nostril, keeping the other closed by the forefinger; then close both, as before . . . It is well to begin with four seconds, and slowly increase. Draw in four seconds, hold in sixteen seconds, then throw out in eight seconds. This makes one *Pranayama.* At the same time think of the triangle; concentrate the mind on that centre. The imagination can help you a great deal . . . The next breathing is slowly drawing the breath in, and then immediately throwing it out slowly, and then stopping the breath out, using the same numbers. The only difference is that in the first case, the breath was held in, and in the second held out. The last is the easier one. The breathing in which you hold the breath in the lungs must not be practised too much. . . . One day, if you practise hard, the Kundalini will be aroused.

Now, as you are practising *Pranayama,* and the necessary concentration to awaken the Kundalini, certain forces will begin to develop, —certain phenomena will begin to be observed. One of them is the peculiar internal sound which you will notice; this is called the *Voice of the Nada.* The Hindus claim that this sacred "Voice of the Nada" is heard internally; that it is the "'Voice of the Silence," or the "'Soundless Sound,"—of which so much has been written, and so much mystery has been made. It is this voice, or this sound, which is soundless to an outsider, but which is distinctly heard by the person himself.

Says H. B. Blavatsky (in *The Voice of the Silence*):

He who would hear the Voice of Nada, "the Soundless Sound," and comprehend it, has to learn the nature of *Dharana* . . . When to himself his form appears unreal, as do on waking all the forms we see in dreams; when he has ceased to hear the

many, he may discern the *one*—the inner sound which kills the outer . . . For then the soul will hear, and will remember . . . And then to the inner ear will speak the VOICE OF THE SILENCE . . . And now thy *Self* is lost in SELF,—*thyself* unto THYSELF, merged in that SELF from which thou first didst radiate . . . Behold! thou hast become the Light, thou hast become the Sound, thou art thy Master and thy God. Thou art THYSELF the object of thy search; the VOICE unbroken, that resounds throughout eternities,—exempt from change, from sin exempt, the seven sounds in one, the VOICE OF THE SILENCE. *Om Tat Sat . . .*

These sounds or phenomenal acoustic manifestations have been classified.

Madame Blavatsky, again, in *The Voice of the Silence* (pp. 10-11), lists them as follows:

First: a nightingale.

Second: the sound of a cymbal.

Third: the ocean spirit in a shell; sound of rushing waters.

Fourth: the Chant of Vena,—(an Indian stringed instrument like a lute).

Fifth: a bamboo flute.

Sixth: a trumpet blast.

Seventh: dull thunder rumbling.

Eighth: you pass through all those and you attain *Silence,* which is the silence you wish to attain, the "Pearl of Great Price," which has been obtained after passing through these ordeals, in order to obtain these phenomena. Then you arrive at this supreme attainment.

Other writers have said that you hear buzzing sounds, the sounds of a lute, of a harp, of a bell, the sound of waves, of thunder, the hum of the bee, of a metal drum, and finally *Silence.* This drum-sound is generally heard in the Ajna chakra, between the eyes.

Now, if you were frankly to ask me what degree of objectivity I should attach to these sounds,—what they signify,—I should be inclined to think that they have a physiological basis, and they are due to two causes. One is the pressure of the blood, which, as we know, will produce singing in the ears and other sounds; and the second and more important is the fact that by the intense practice of *Pranayama*, tiny air-bubbles find their way into the blood, and, travelling through the circulation, produce these extraordinary sounds. Of course, I think that, *associated* with these sounds occur, very often, extraordinary psychic phenomena; but personally I should be inclined to think that these sound-phenomena have not any particular spiritual significance, but rather are the result of certain physiological phenomena going on in the body.

To return to the point: How to arouse the Kundalini power: Swami Vivekananda, in his *Raja Yoga*, has a paragraph on this, and, in fact, he has been criticized quite extensively for giving so much information,—because, some said, it would cause harm! I have always felt that many people are great cowards, when it comes to matters psychic; for in the same way that you never make any definite advance in physics or chemistry or any other science without *experimenting* and trying things out, in the same way you do not make any advance in psychics—unless you experiment.

When I was working in Yoga systematically, people would say to me, "Oh, it's all right; you'll become insane! You'll have trouble with

your lungs and your mind by following these Pranayama exercises; you'll become insane eventually!" And I would reply, "All right; I *will* become insane. But I am going to do these exercises!" And I *did* do them, and I don't think I am insane. At least, I hope not!

The point is, I think there is very little danger in giving these exercises to people, because practically no one has the persistence to follow them out! It requires great practise and concentration, for months and months, to obtain enough results to be detrimental to anybody, and by that time you have had enough experience to do them properly.*

Vivekananda says:—

Prana means the vital forces in one's own body. *Yama* means controlling them. There are three sorts of Pranayama,—the very simple, the middle and the very high. The whole of Pranayama is divided into two parts. One is called filling; the other is called emptying the lungs. When you begin with 12 seconds in the lowest Pranayama, when you begin with 24 seconds in the middle Pranayama, that Pranayama is the best which begins with 36 seconds. That Pranayama in which there is first perspiration, then vibration of the body, then rising from the seat and joining of the man's soul with great bliss,—is the highest Pranayama. Fixing the mind on the lotus of the heart, or on the centre of the head,—this is called DHARANA.

(As a matter of fact, Dharana is not limited to that. You can concentrate on other things.)

Dhyana is spoken of, and a few examples given of what to meditate upon. Sit straight, and look

*"Every man is either a fool or his own physician at Forty." (Proverb.)

at the tip of your nose. Later on, we will come to know how that concentrates the mind, how, by controlling the two optic nerves, one advances a long way towards the control of the arc of reaction and so to the control of the will. These are a few specimens of meditation. Imagine a lotus upon the top of the head, several inches up, and virtue as its centre, the stalk as knowledge. The eight petals of the lotus are the eight powers of the Yogi. Inside, the stamens and pistils are renunciation. If the Yogi refuses the external powers, he will come to salvation. So the eight petals of the lotus are the eight powers, but the internal stamens and pistils are the extreme renunciation, the renunciation of all these. Inside of that Lotus, think of the Golden One, the Almighty, the Intangible. He whose name is OM, the inexpressible, surrounded with effulgent light. Meditate on that. Another meditation is given. Think of a space in your heart, and in the midst of that space think that a flame is burning. Think of that flame as your own soul, and inside that flame is another space, effulgent, and that is the soul of your soul, God. Meditate upon that in the heart . . .

Of the two great sources of information concerning these inner, mystic practices of the Yogis, the *Shiva Sanhita* is strangely silent. It gives almost no information of value regarding the awakening of the Kundalini. The *Hatha Yoga Pradipika*, however, is more precise. Here we read:

As Ananta, the Lord of Serpents, supports this whole Universe with his mountains and forests, so Kundalini is the main support of all the Yoga practices. When Kundalini is sleeping, it is aroused by the favour of the *Guru*, and then all the lotuses and Granthis (knots) are pierced. Then Prana goes through the royal road, Sushumna. Then the mind remains suspended, and then the Yogi cheats death . . . He who, with upturned face and tongue closing the hole in the palate, contemplates upon Kundalini, and drinks the clear waves of the stream of nectar, flowing from the moon in the head into

the sixteen petalled lotus (in the throat), through the control over prana, during the Hatha Yoga practice,—this Yogi is freed from all diseases and lives long with a body soft and beautiful as the fibres of a lotus stem. . . .The Kundalini is described as being coiled like a serpent. He who causes that *shakti* to move is freed, without doubt . . . . You should awaken the sleeping serpent Kundalini by taking hold of his tail. Between the Ganges and the Jumuna there sits a young widow inspiring pity. He should despoil her forcibly, for it leads one to the supreme seat of Vishnu. Ida is the sacred Ganges and Pingala the Jumuna. Between Ida and Pingala there sits the young widow Kundalini. . . . Seated in the *Vajrasana* posture, firmly take hold of the feet near the ankles and slowly beat with them the *Kanda*. Assuming the *Vajrasana* posture, the Yogi should cause the Kundalini to move; he should then perform the *Bhastrika Kumbhaka*. Thus he will soon awaken the Kundalini. He should then contract the sun (near the navel) and cause the Kundalini to move. Even though he be in the mouth of death, he need not fear it. (Contracting the stomach contracts the "sun.") By moving the Kundalini fearlessly, for about an hour and a half, she is drawn upwards a little through the Sushumna. By this process Kundalini certainly leaves open the mouth, and the Prana goes naturally through it. . . . Only a Yogi leading the life of a celibate and observing a moderate and nutritious diet, obtains perfection in the manipulation of Kundalini, within forty-five days. Having set the Kundalini in motion, he should practise the Bhastrika Kumbhaka constantly. The person perfected in Yama, and practising this, need never fear death. . . .

The whole sum and substance of the *mudras*, as a matter of fact, is simply this: That one must, while sitting in *Asana* and practising the *Pranayama*, concentrate on the chakras, in turn, beginning with the lowest and meditating on that, and then on the next, and then on the next above, and so on,—until the seven

have been passed through. The first stage is to endeavor to *feel* the position of the lotuses in the body,—to become as sensitive and receptive as possible, and then to feel, if possible, *where* that center *is*. Then to push or direct all the pranic energy and consciousness in the body to that particular point,—and not only try to feel it, but to imagine yourself,—your conscious self,—*in* that point,—as though you were looking at the universe *from that spot*,—not from the head or out from the eyes, but from the solar plexus or from the heart, or wherever the chakra is situated. In other words, transfer your consciousness to that point, and be there consciously for the time being. As the centre of consciousness is shifted, you begin to fel a stirring. You should then hold it there. meditate on that spot, and then *will* that that centre shall be aroused, by this psychic energy which is being directed to that particular centre.

The point is, you should not try to develop purely telepathy, purely clairvoyance, purely astral projection, purely physical phenomena,—but rather to arouse the Kundalini by certain methods of life,—mental and physical, psychic and spiritual; and when *that* is awakened, automatically all these psychic powers will come to you. As proper progress is made in awakening this power, these other psychic phenomena will come of themselves,—of their own accord; then it is said that you are able to levitate yourself, or project the astral body, to read other people's minds, to control ani-

mals, or to become invisible, or any of the numerous things which you have read about.

There are many people who, when you mention "Samadhi" or "Cosmic Consciousness" will say: "Oh, that is all hallucination! You are in a morbid, abnormal state, through these concentrations, breathing exercises, and so forth! You get into a sort of semi-anesthetic condition, where anything appears real to you —in which state you deceive yourself—as in dreams." But the Hindu says, "No, it is a true state; it is as real as anything in the world, and if you do not believe it, *experience* it yourself; and then you will believe it." The psychologist says, "No! I cannot experience this. I want an objective, outside proof." And the Hindu says, "You can't have that objective, outside proof. *Experience* it. Then you will know."

So there is this irreconcilable conflict between the two schools—the objective and the subjective. One says, "You must know from inner experience"; and the other says, "I must know from outside experience"; and you cannot settle this argument unless you have enough of the inner experience to know that what the Hindu says is true.

Of course the Hindus, like all Orientals, are flowery in their language. They are bombastic. They claim a great deal, and they say many things which appear to us rubbish—and a great many things which doubtless *are* rubbish—such as living forever, and "He who does this is im-

mune from all disease," and so on. Nevertheless, they possess great knowledge and know great truths.....

Their metaphysical systems are among the most remarkable in the world, and, considering that they were largely composed several hundreds of years B.C. (two or three thousand according to some authorities) remain one of the most extraordinary achievements of the human mind. This knowledge was entirely acquired "from within,"—by introspection.—and it is a remarkable fact that so much wisdom could have been attained in this manner, and that so many of their scientific claims should have been verified by modern physical science.

Yoga Philosophy has this great advantage: it can be tried by anybody, and nearly anybody can get certain results, if he will only follow the instructions given.

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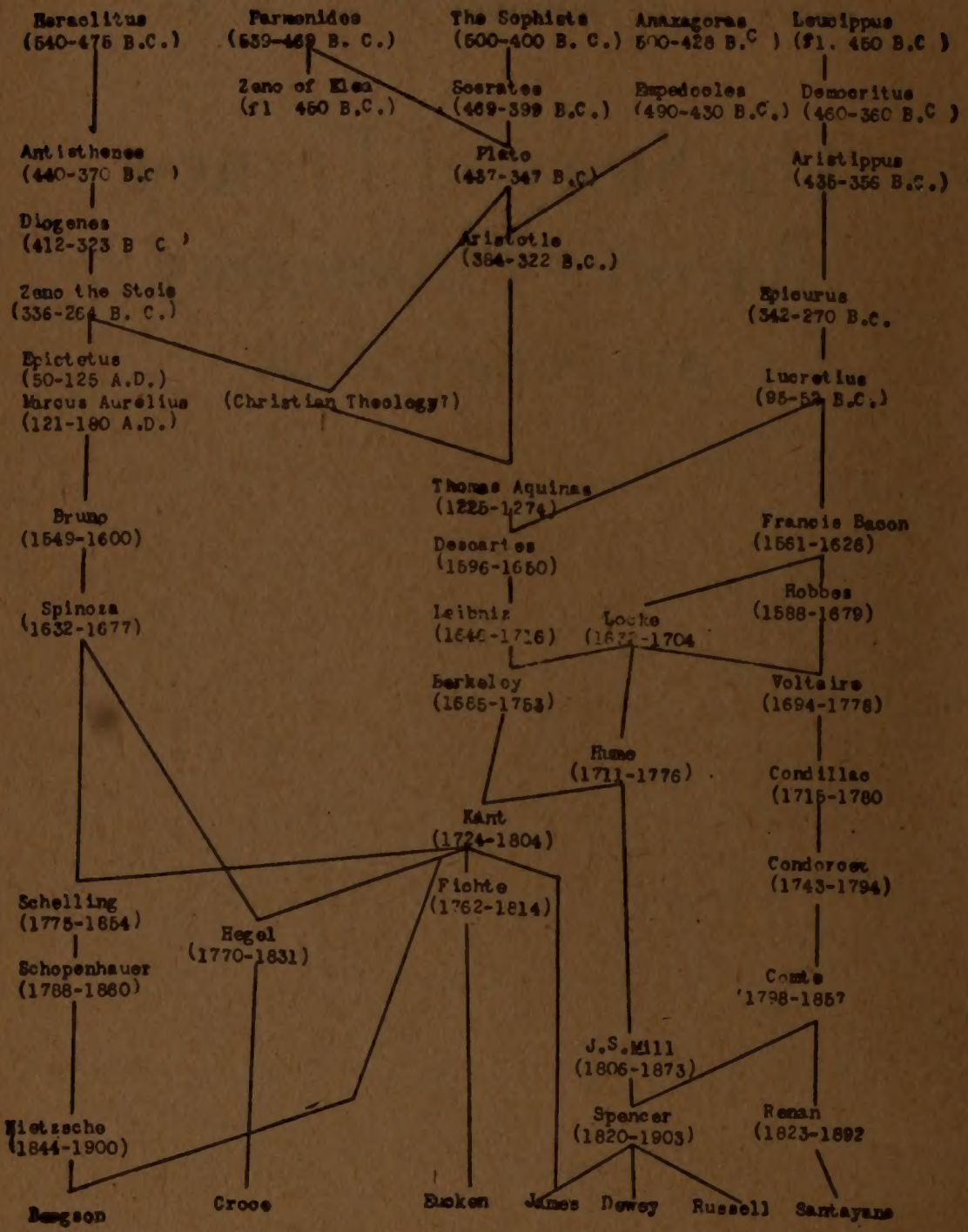

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THE STORY OF FRANCIS BACON'S PHILOSOPHY

I. FROM ARISTOTLE TO THE RENAISSANCE

When Sparta blockaded and defeated Athens towards the close of the fifth century B. C., political supremacy passed from the mother of Greek philosophy and art, and the vigor and independence of the Athenian mind decayed. When, in 399 B. C., Socrates was put to death, the soul of Athens died with him, lingering only in his proud pupil, Plato. And when Philip of Macedon defeated the Athenians at Chaeronea in 338 B. C., and Alexander burnt the great city of Thebes to the ground three years later, even the ostentatious sparing of Pindar's home could not cover up the fact that Athenian independence, in government and thought, was irrevocably destroyed. The domination of Greek philosophy by the Macedonian Aristotle mirrored the political subjection of Greece by the virile and younger peoples of the north.

The death of Alexander (323 B. C.) quickened this process of decay. The boy-emperor, barbarian though he remained after all of Aristotle's tutoring, had yet learned to revere the rich culture of Greece, and had dreamed of spreading that culture through the Orient in the wake of his victorious armies. The development of Greek commerce, and the multiplication of Greek trading posts, throughout Asia Minor had provided an economic basis for the unification of this region as part of an Hellenic empire; and Alexander hoped that from these busy stations Greek thought, as well as Greek goods, would radiate and conquer. But he had underrated the inertia and

resistance of the Oriental mind, and the mass and depth of Oriental culture. It was only a youthful fancy, after all, to suppose that so immature and unstable a civilization as that of Greece could be imposed upon a civilization immeasurably more widespread, and rooted in the most venerable traditions. The quantity of Asia proved too much for the quality of Greece. Alexander himself, in the hour of his triumph was conquered by the soul of the East; he married (among several ladies) the daughter of Darius; he adopted the Persian diadem and robe of state; he introduced into Europe the Oriental notion of the divine right of kings; and at last he astonished a skeptic Greece by announcing, in magnificent Eastern style, that he was a god. Greece laughed; and Alexander drank himself to death.

This subtle infusion of an Asiatic soul into the wearied body of the master Greek was followed rapidly by the pouring of Oriental cults and faiths into Greece along those very lines of communication which the young conqueror had opened up; the broken dykes let in the ocean of Eastern thought upon the lowlands of the still adolescent European mind. The mystic and superstitious faiths which had taken root among the poorer people of Hellas were reinforced and spread about; and the Oriental spirit of apathy and resignation found a ready soil in decadent and despondent Greece. The introduction of the Stoic philosophy into Athens by the Phoenician merchant Zeno (about 310 B. C.) was but one of a multitude of Oriental infiltrations. Both Stoicism and Epicureanism—the apathetic acceptance of defeat, and the effort to forget defeat in the arms of pleasure—were theories as to how one might yet be happy though subjugated or en-

slaved; precisely as the pessimistic Oriental stoicism of Schopenhauer and the despondent Epicureanism of Renan were in the nineteenth century the symbols of a shattered Revolution and a broken France.

Not that these natural antitheses of ethical theory were quite new to Greece. One finds them in the gloomy Heraclitus and the "laughing philosopher" Democritus; and one sees the pupils of Socrates dividing into Cynics and Cyrenaics under the lead of Antisthenes and Aristippus, and extolling, the one school apathy, the other happiness. Yet these were even then almost exotic modes of thought; imperial Athens did not take to them. But when Greece had seen Chaeronea in blood and Thebes in ashes, it listened to Diogenes; and when the glory had departed from Athens she was ripe for Zeno and Epicurus.[1]

Zeno built his philosophy of apathy on a determinism which a later Stoic, Chrysippus, found it hard to distinguish from Oriental fatalism. When Zeno, who did not believe in slavery, was beating his slave for some offense, the slave pleaded, in mitigation, that by his master's philosophy he had been destined from all eternity to commit this fault; to which Zeno replied, with the calm of a sage, that on the same philosophy he, Zeno, had been destined to beat him for it. As Schopenhauer deemed it useless for the individual will to fight the universal will, so the Stoic argued that philosophic difference was the only reasonable attitude to a life in which the struggle for existence is so unfairly doomed to inevitable defeat. If victory is quite impossible it should

[1]The table on page two indicates approximately the main lines of philosophical development in Europe and America.

be scorned. The secret of peace is not to make our achievements equal to our desires, but to lower our desires to the level of our achievements. "If what you have seems insufficient to you," said the Roman Stoic Seneca (d. 65 A. D.), "then, though you possess the world, you will yet be miserable."

Such a principle cried out to heaven for its opposite, and Epicurus, though himself as Stoic in life as Zeno, supplied it. Epicurus, says Fenelon,[2] "bought a fair garden, which he tilled himself. There it was he set up his school, and there he lived a gentle and agreeable life with his disciples, whom he taught as he walked and worked....He was gentle and affable to all men....he held there was nothing nobler than to apply oneself to philosophy." His starting point is a conviction that apathy is impossible, and that pleasure—though not necessarily sensual pleasure—is the only conceivable, and quite legitimate, end of life and action. "Nature leads every organism to prefer its own good to every other good";—even the Stoic finds a subtle pleasure in renunciation. "We must not avoid pleasures, but we must select them." Epicurus, then, is no epicurean; he exalts the joys of intellect rather than those of sense; he warns against pleasures that excite and disturb the soul which they should rather quiet and appease; he recognizes, with Socrates, that the happiness of the sensualist who passes feverishly and unsatisfied from one pleasure to another, is "the happiness of one who itches that he may scratch, and scratches that he may itch."[3] In the end he proposes to seek not pelasure

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[2]Quoted as motto on the title-page of Anatole France's *Garden of Epicurus.*

[3]Gorgias § 492.

in its usual sense, but *ataraxia*—tranquillity, equanimity, repose of mind; all of which trembles on the verge of "apathy."

The Romans, coming to despoil Hellas in 146 B. C., found these rival schools dividing the philosophic field; and having neither leisure nor subtlety for speculation themselves, brought back these philosophies with their other spoils to Rome. Great organizers, as much as inevitable slaves, tend to stoic moods: it is difficult to be either master or servant if one is sensitive. So such philosophy as Rome had was mostly of Zeno's school, whether in Marcus Aurelius the emperor or in Epictetus the slave; and even Lucretius talked epicureanism stoically (like Heine's Englishman taking his pleasures sadly), and concluded his stern gospel of pleasure by committing suicide. His noble epic "On the Nature of Things,"[4] follows Epicurus in damning pleasure with faint praise. Almost contemporary with Caesar and Pompey, he lived in the midst of turmoil and alarms; his nervous pen is forever inditing prayers to tranquillity and peace. One pictures him as a timid soul whose youth had been darkened with religious fears; for he never tires of telling his readers that there is no hell, except here, and that there are no gods except gentlemanly ones who live in a garden of Epicurus in the clouds, and never intrude in the affairs of men. To the rising cult of heaven and hell among the people of Rome he opposes a ruthless materialism. Soul and mind are evolved with the body, grow with its growth, ail with its ailments, and die with its death. Nothing exists but atoms,

[4]Professor Shotwell (*Introduction to the History of History*) calls it "the most marvelous performance in all antique literature."

space, and law; and the law of laws is that of evolution and dissolution everywhere.

No single thing abides, but all things flow.
Fragment to fragment clings; the things thus grow
  Until we know and name them. By degrees
They melt, and are no more the things we know.

Globed from the atoms falling slow or swift
I see the suns, I see the systems lift
  Their forms; and even the systems and their suns
Shall go back slowly to the eternal drift.

Thou too, O Earth—thine empires, lands and seas—
Least, with thy stars, of all the galaxies,
  Globed from the drift like these, like these thou too
Shalt go. Thou art going, hour by hour, like these.

Nothing abides. Thy seas in delicate haze
Go off; those mooned sands forsake their place;
  And where they are shall other seas in turn
Mow with their scythes of whiteness other bays.[5]

To astronomical evolution and dissolution add the origin and elimination of species

Many monsters too the earth of old tried to produce, things of strange face and limbs; . . . some without feet, some without hands, some without mouth, some without eyes. . . . Every other monster . . . of this kind the earth would produce, but in vain; for nature set a ban on their increase, they could not reach the coveted flower of age, nor find food, nor be united in marriage. . . . and many races of living things must then have died out and been unable to beget and continue their breed. For in the case of all things which you see breathing the breath of life, either craft or courage or speed has from the beginning of its existence protected and preserved each particular race. . . . Those to whom nature has granted none of these qualities would lie exposed as a prey

[5]Paraphrase by Mallock: *Lucretius on Life and Death*, pp. 15-16.

and booty to others until nature brought their kind to extinction.[6]

Nations, too, like individuals, slowly grow and surely die: "some nations wax, others wane, and in a brief space the races of living things are changed, and like runners hand over the lamp of life." In the face of warfare and inevitable death, there is no wisdom but in ataraxia,—"to look on all things with a mind at peace." Here, clearly, the old pagan joy of life is gone, and an almost exotic spirit touches a broken lyre. History, which is nothing if not humorous, was never so facetious as when she gave to this abstemious and epic pessimist the name of Epicurean.

And if this is the spirit of the follower of Epicurus, imagine the exhilarating optimism of explicit Stoics like Aurelius or Epictetus. Nothing in all literature is so depressing as the "Dissertations" of the slave, unless it be the "Meditations" of the emperor. "Seek not to have things happen as you choose them. but rather choose that they should happen as they do; and you shall live prosperously."[7] No doubt one can in this manner dictate the future, and play royal highness to the universe. Story has it that Epictetus' master, who treated him with consistent cruelty, one day took to twisting Epictetus' leg to pass the time away. "If you go on," said Epictetus calmly, "you will break my leg." The master went on, and the leg was broken. "Did I not tell you," Epictetus observed mildly, "that you would break my leg?"[8] Yet there is a certain mystic nobility in this philosophy, as in

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[6] V., 830f. translation by Munro.

[7] *Encheiridion and Dissertations of Epictetus;* ed. Rolleston; p. 81.

[8] *Ibid.*, xxxvi.

the quiet courage of some Dostoievskian pacifist. "Never in any case say, I have lost such a thing; but, I have returned it. Is thy child dead?—it is returned. Is thy wife dead?—she is returned. Art thou deprived of thy estate?—is not this also returned?"[9] In such passages we feel the proximity of Christianity and its dauntless martyrs; indeed were not the Christian ethic of self-denial, the Christian political ideal of an almost communistic brotherhood of man, and the Christian eschatology of the final conflagration of all the world, fragments of Stoic doctrine floating on the stream of thought? In Epictetus the Greco-Roman soul has lost its paganism, and is ready for a new faith. His book had the distinction of being adopted as a religious manual by the early Christian Church. From these "Dissertations" and Aurelius' "Meditations" there is but a step to "The Imitation of Christ."

Meanwhile the historical background was melting into newer scenes. There is a remarkable passage in Lucretius[10] which describes the decay of agriculture in the Roman state, and attributes it to the exhaustion of the soil. Whatever the cause, the wealth of Rome passed into poverty, the organization into disintegration, the power and pride into decadence and apathy. Cities faded back into the undistinguished hinterland; the roads fell into disrepair and no longer hummed with trade; the small families of the educated Romans were outbred by the vigorous and untutored German stocks that crept, year after year, across the frontier; pagan culture yielded to Oriental cults; and

[9] *Encheiridion*, etc., 86.

[10] II, 1170. This oldest is also the latest theory of the decline of Rome; cf. Simkhovitch: *Toward the Understanding of Jesus;* New York, 1921.

almost imperceptibly the Empire passed into the Papacy.

The Church, supported in its earlier centuries by the emperors whose powers it gradually absorbed, grew rapidly in numbers, wealth, and range of influence. By the thirteenth century it owned one-third of the soil of Europe,[11] and its coffers bulged with donations of rich and poor. For a thousand years it united, with the magic of an unvarying creed, most of the peoples of a continent; never before or since was organization so widespread or so pacific. But this unity demanded, as the Church thought, a common faith exalted by supernatural sanctions beyond the changes and corrosions of time; therefore dogma, definite and defined, was cast like a shell over the adolescent mind of medieval Europe. It was within this shell that Scholastic philosophy moved narrowly from faith to reason and back again, in a baffling circuit of uncriticized assumptions and pre-ordained conclusions. In the thirteenth century all Christendom was startled and stimulated by Arabic and Jewish translations of Aristotle; but the power of the Church was still adequate to secure, through Thomas Aquinas and others, the transmogrification of Aristotle into a medieval theologian. The result was subtlety, but not wisdom. "The wit and mind of man," as Bacon put it, "if it work upon the matter worketh according to the stuff, and is limited thereby; but if it work upon itself, as the spider worketh his web, then it is endless, and bringeth forth indeed cobwebs of learning, admirable for the fineness of thread and work, but of no substance or profit." Sooner or later the intellect of Europe would burst out of this shell.

After a thousand years of tillage, the soil

[11] Robinson and Beard: *Outlines of European History* · Boston, 1914, i, 443.

bloomed again; goods were multiplied into a surplus that compelled trade; and trade at its cross-roads built again great cities wherein men might co-operate to nourish culture and rebuild civilization.[12] The Crusades opened the routes to the East, and let in a stream of luxuries and heresies that doomed asceticism and dogma. Paper now came cheaply from Egypt, replacing the costly parchment that had made learning the monopoly of priests; printing, which had long awaited an inexpensive medium, broke out like a liberated explosive, and spread its destructive and clarifying influence everywhere. Brave mariners, armed now with compasses, ventured out into the wilderness of the sea, and conquered man's ignorance of the earth; patient observers, armed with telescopes, ventured out beyond the confines of dogma, and conquered man's ignorance of the sky. Here and there, in universities and monasteries and hidden retreats, men ceased to dispute and began to search; deviously, out of the effort to change baser metal into gold, alchemy was transmuted into chemistry; out of astrology men groped their way with timid boldness to astronomy; and out of the fables of speaking animals came the science of zoology. The awakening began with Roger Bacon (d. 1294); it grew with the limitless Leonardo (1452-1519); it reached its fulness in the astronomy of Copernicus (1473-1543) and Galileo (1564-1642), in the researches of Gilbert (1544-1603) in magnetism and electricity, of Vesalius (1514-1564) in anatomy, and of Harvey (1578-1657) on the circulation of the blood. As

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[12]The reader probably knows that *city*, *civility*, *culture*, and *civilization* have all one identical Latin root; just as one Greek root gives us *polity*, *politeness*, and *polish* (but alas, also *policemen* and *politics*).

knowledge grew, fear decreased; men thought less of worshiping the unknown, and more of overcoming it. Every vital spirit was lifted up with a new confidence; barriers were broken down; there was no bound now to what man might do. "But that little vessels, like the celestial bodies, should sail round the whole globe, is the happiness of our age. These times may justly use *plus ultra*"—more beyond—"where the ancients used *non plus ultra*."[13] It was an age of achievement, hope and vigor; of new beginnings and enterprises in every field. It was an age that waited for a voice, some synthetic soul to sum up its spirit and resolve. It was Francis Bacon, "the most powerful mind of modern times,"[14] who "rang the bell that called the wits together," and announced that Europe had come of age.

II. THE POLITICAL CAREER OF FRANCIS BACON

Bacon was born on January 22, 1561, at York House, London, the residence of his father, Sir Nicholas Bacon, who for the first twenty years of Elizabeth's reign had been Keeper of the Great Seal. "The fame of the father," says Macaulay, "has been thrown into the shade by that of the son. But Sir Nicholas was no ordinary man."[15] It is as one might have suspected; for genius is an apex, to which a family builds itself through talent, and through talent in the genius's offspring subsides again

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[13]Bacon: *The Advancement of Learning;* bk. ii, ch. 10. A medieval motto showed a ship turning back at Gibraltar into the Mediterranean, with the inscription, *Non plus ultra*—go no farther.

[14]E. J. Payne in *The Cambridge Modern History,* i, 65.

[15]*Essays;* New York, 1860; iii, 342.

towards the mediocrity of man. Bacon's mother was Lady Anne Cooke, sister-in-law of Sir William Cecil, Lord Burghley, who was Elizabeth's Lord Treasurer, and one of the most powerful men in England. Her father had been chief tutor of King Edward VI; she herself was a linguist and a theologian, and thought nothing of corresponding in Greek with bishops. She made herself instructress of her son, and spared no pains in his education.

But the real nurse of Bacon's greatness was Elizabethan England, the greatest age of the most powerful of modern nations. The discovery of America had diverted trade from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic, and had raised the Atlantic nations—Spain and France and Holland and England—to that commercial and financial supremacy which had been Italy's when half of Europe had made her its port of entry and exit in the Eastern trade; and with this change the Renaissance had passed from Florence and Rome and Milan and Venice to Madrid and Paris and Amsterdam and London. After the destruction of the Spanish naval power in 1588, the commerce of England spread over every sea, her towns throve with domestic industry, her captains navigated the globe and won America. Her literature blossomed into Spenser's poetry and Sidney's prose; her stage throbbed with the dramas of Shakespeare and Marlowe and Ben Jonson and a hundred vigorous pens. No man could fail to flourish in such a time and country, if there was seed in him at all.

In his twelfth year Bacon was sent to Trinity College, Cambridge. He stayed there three years, and left it with a strong dislike of its texts and methods, a confirmed hostility to the cult of Aristotle, and a resolve to set philosophy into a more fertile path, to turn it

from scholastic disputation to the illumination and increase of human good. Though still a lad of sixteen, he was offered an appointment to the staff of the English ambassador in France; and after careful casting up of *pros* and *cons*, he accepted. In the Proem to *The Interpretation of Nature*, he discusses this fateful decision that turned him from philosophy to politics. It is an indispensable passage:

Whereas, I believed myself born for the service of mankind, and reckoned the care of the common weal to be among those duties that are of public right, open to all alike, even as the waters and the air, I therefore asked myself what could most advantage mankind, and for the performance of what tasks I seemed to be shaped by nature. But when I searched, I found no work so meritorious as the discovery and development of the arts and inventions that tend to civilize the life of man.... Above all, if any man could succeed—not merely in bringing to light some one particular invention, however useful—but in kindling in nature a luminary which would, at its first rising, shed some light on the present limits and borders of human discoveries, and which afterwards, as it rose still higher, would reveal and bring into clear view every nook and cranny of darkness, it seemed to me that such a discoverer would deserve to be called the true Extender of the Kingdom of Man over the universe, the Champion of human liberty, and the Exterminator of the necessities that now keep men in bondage. Moreover, I found in my own nature a special adaptation for the contemplation of truth. For I had a mind at once versatile enough for that most important object—I mean the recognition of similitudes—and at the same time sufficiently steady and concentrated for the observation of subtle shades of difference. I possessed a passion for research, a power of suspending judgment with patience, of meditating with pleasure, of assenting with caution, of correcting false impressions with readiness, and of arranging my thoughts with scrupulous pains. I had no hankering after novelty, no blind admiration for

antiquity. Imposture in every shape I utterly detested. For all these reasons I considered that my nature and disposition had, as it were, a kind of kinship and connection with truth.

But my birth, my rearing and education, had all pointed, not toward philosophy, but toward politics: I had been, as it were, imbued in politics from childhood. And as is not unfrequently the case with young men, I was sometimes shaken in my mind by opinions. I also thought that my duty towards my country had special claims upon me, such as could not be urged by other duties of life. Lastly, I conceived the hope that, if I held some honorable office in the state, I might have secured helps and supports to aid my labors, with a view to the accomplishment of my destined task. With these motives I applied myself to politics.[16]

Sir Nicholas Bacon died suddenly in 1579. He had intended to provide Francis with an estate; but death overreached his plans, and the young diplomat, called hurriedly to London, found himself, at the age of eighteen, fatherless and almost penniless. He had become accustomed to most of the luxuries of the age, and he found it hard to reconcile himself now to a hard simplicity of life. He took up the practice of law (1582), while he importuned his influential relatives to advance him to some political office which would liberate him from economic worry. His almost begging letters had small result, considering the grace and vigor of their style, and the proved ability of their author. Perhaps it was because Bacon did not underrate this ability, and looked upon position as his due, that Burghley failed to make the desired response; and perhaps, also these letters protested too much the past, present and future loyalty of the writer to the honorable Lord: in politics,

[16]Translation by Abbott: *Francis Bacon;* London, 1885; p. 37.

as in love and war, it does not do to give oneself wholly; one should at all times give, but at no time all. Gratitude must be nourished with expectation.

Eventually, Bacon climbed without being lifted from above; but every step cost him many years. In 1583 he was elected to Parliament for Taunton; and his constituents liked him so well that they returned him to his seat in election after election. He had a terse and vivid eloquence in debate, and was an orator without oratory. "No man," said Ben Jonson, "evr spoke more neatly, more [com]pressedly, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness in what he uttered. No member of his speech but consisted of its own graces. His hearers could not cough or look aside from him without loss. He commended where he spoke....No man had their affections more in his power. The fear of every man that heard him was lest that he should make an end."[17]

One powerful friend was generous to him—that handsome Earl of Essex whom Elizabeth loved unsuccessfully, and so learned to hate. In 1905 Essex, to atone for his failure in securing a political post for Bacon, presented him with a pretty estate at Twickenham. It was a magnificent gift, which one might presume would bind Bacon to Essex for life; but it did not. A few years later Essex organized a conspiracy to imprison Elizabeth and select her successor to the throne. Bacon wrote letter after letter to his benefactor, protesting against this treason; and when Essex persisted, Bacon warned him that he would put loyalty to his Queen above even gratitude to his

[17]Nichol: *Francis Bacon;* Edinburgh, 1907; i, 37.

friend. Essex made his effort, failed, and was arrested. Bacon pled with the Queen in his behalf so incessantly that at last she bade him "speak of any other subject." When Essex, temporarily freed, gathered armed forces about him, marched into London, and tried to rouse its populace to revolution, Bacon turned angrily against him. Meanwhile Bacon had been given a place in the prosecuting office of the realm; and when Essex, again arrested, was tried for treason, Bacon took active part in the prosecution of the man who had been his unstinting friend.[18]

Essex was found guilty, and was put to death. Bacon's part in the trial made him for a while unpopular; and from this time on he lived in the midst of enemies watching for a chance to destroy him. His insatiable ambition left him no rest; he was ever discontent, and always a year or so ahead of his income. He was lavish in his expenditures; display was to him a part of policy. When, at the age of forty-five, he married, the pompous and costly ceremony made a great gap in the dowry which had constituted one of the lad's attractions. In 1598 he was arrested for debt. Nevertheless, he continued to advance. His varied

[18]Hundreds of volumes have been written on this aspect of Bacon's career. The case against Bacon, as "the wisest and meanest of mankind" (as Pope called him), will be found in Macaulay's essay, and more circumstantially in Abbott's *Francis Bacon*: these would apply to him his own words: "Wisdom for a man's self is the wisdom of rats, that will be sure to leave a house somewhat before it falls" (Essay "Of Wisdom for a Man's Self"). The case for Bacon is given in Spedding's *Life and Times of Francis Bacon*, and in his *Evenings with a Reviewer* (a detailed reply to Macaulay). *In medio veritas.*

ability and almost endless knowledge made him a valuable member of every important committee; gradually higher offices were opened to him: in 1606 he was made Solicitor-General; in 1613 he became Attorney-General; in 1618, at the age of fifty-seven, he was at last Lord Chancellor.

III. THE ESSAYS[19]

His elevation seemed to realize Plato's dreams of a philosopher-king. For, step by step with his climb to political power, Bacon had been mounting the summits of philosophy. It is almost incredible that the vast learning and literary achievements of this man were but the incidents and diversions of a turbulent political career. It was his motto that one lived best by the widest life—*bene vixit qui bene latuit.* He could not quite make up his mind whether he liked more the contemplative or the active life. His hope was to be philosopher and statesman, too, like Seneca; though he suspected that this double direction of his life would shorten his reach and lessen his attainment. "It is hard to say," he writes,[20] "whether mixture of contemplations with an active life, or retiring wholly to contemplations, do disable or hinder the mind more." He felt that studies could not be either end or wisdom in themselves, and that knowledge unapplied in action was a pale academic vanity. "To spend too much time in studies is sloth;

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[19]The author has thought it better, throughout this essay, to make no attempt to concentrate further the already compact thought of Bacon, and to put the philosopher's wisdom in his own incomparable English rather than to take probably greater space to say the same things with less clarity, beauty, and force.

[20]*Valerius Terminus, ad fin.*

to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humor of a scholar.... Crafty men condemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation."[21] Here is a new note, which marks the end of scholasticism—the divorce of knowledge from use and observation—and places that emphasis on experience and results which distinguishes English philosophy, and culminates in pragmatism. Not that Bacon for a moment ceased to love books and meditation; in words reminiscent of Socrates he writes, "without philosophy I care not to live";[22] and he describes himself as after all "a man naturally fitted rather for literature than for anything else, and borne by some destiny, against the inclination of his genius" (i. e., character) "into active life."[23] Almost his first publication was called "The Praise of Knowledge" (1592); its enthusiasm for philosophy compels quotation:

My praise shall be dedicate to the mind itself. The mind is the man, and knowledge mind; a man is but what he knoweth. . . . Are not the pleasures of the senses, and are not the pleasures of the intellect greater than the pleasures of the affections? Is not that only a true and natural pleasure whereof there is no satiety? Is not that knowledge alone that doth clear the mind of all perturbations? How many things be there which we imagine are not? How many things do we esteem and value more than they are? These vain imaginations, these ill-proportioned estimations, these be the clouds of error that turn into the storms of perturbations. Is there then any such happiness as for a man's mind to be raised above the confusion of things, where he may have a respect of

[21] "Of Studies."
[22] Dedication of *Wisdom of the Ancients.*
[23] *De Augmentis*, viii, 3.

the order of nature and the error of men? Is there but a view only of delight and not of discovery? Of contentment and not of benefit? Shall we not discern as well the riches of nature's warehouse as the beauty of her shop? Is truth barren? Shall we not thereby be able to produce worthy effects, and to endow the life of man with infinite commodities?

His finest literary product, the *Essays* (1597-1623), show him still torn between these two loves, for politics and for philosophy. In the "Essay of Honor and Reputation" he gives all the degrees of honor to political and military achievements, none to the literary or the philosophical. But in the essay "Of Truth" he writes: "The inquiry of truth, which is the love-making or wooing of it; the knowledge of truth, which is the praise of it; and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it, is the sovereign good of human natures." In books "we converse with the wise, as in action with fools." That is, if we know how to select our books. "Some books are to be tasted," reads a famous passage, "others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested"; all these groups forming, no doubt, an infinitesimal portion of the oceans and cataracts of ink in which the world is daily bathed and poisoned and drowned.

Surely the *Essays* must be numbered among the few books that deserve to be chewed and digested. Rarely shall you find so much meat in so small a dish, or so admirably dressed and flavored. Bacon abhors padding, and disdains to waste a word; he offers us infinite riches in a little phrase; each of these essays gives in a page or two the distilled subtlety of a master mind on a major issue of life. It is difficult to say whether the matter or the manner more excels; for here is language as supreme in prose as Shakespeare's is in verse.

It is a style like sturdy Tacitus, compact yet polished; and indeed some of its conciseness is due to the skillful adaptation of Latin idiom and phrase. But its wealth of metaphor is characteristically Elizabethan, and reflects the exuberance of the Renaissance; no man in English literature is so fertile in pregnant and pithy comparisons. Their lavish array is the one defect of Bacon's style: the endless metaphors and allegories and allusions fall like whips upon our nerves and tire us out at last. The *Essays* are like rich and heavy food, which cannot be digested in large quantities at once; but taken four or five at a time they are the finest intellectual nourishment in English.[24]

What shall we extract from this extracted wisdom? Perhaps the best starting point, and the most arresting deviation from the fashions of medieval philosophy, is Bacon's frank acceptance of the Epicurean ethic. "That philosophical progression, 'Use not that you may not wish, wish not that you may not fear,' seems an indication of a weak, diffident and timorous mind. And indeed most doctrines of the philosophers appear to be too distrustful, and to take more care of mankind than the nature of the thing requires. Thus they increase the fears of death by the remedies they bring against it; for whilst they make the life of man little more than a preparation and discipline for death, it is impossible but the enemy must appear terrible when there is no end of the defense to be made against him."[25] Nothing could be so injurious to health as the Stoic repression of desire; what is the use of

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[24]The author's preference is for Essays 2, 7, 8, 11, 12, 16, 18, 20, 27, 29, 38, 39, 42, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54.

[25]Adv. of L., vii, 2. Certain passages from this book are brought in here, to avoid a retracing of the line of exposition under each work.

prolonging a life which apathy has turned into premature death? And besides, it is an impossible philosophy; for instinct will out. "Nature is often hidden; sometimes overcome; seldom extinguished. Force maketh nature more violent in the return; doctrine and discourse maketh nature less importune; but custom only doth alter or subdue nature. . . . But let not a man trust his victory over his nature too far; for nature will lie buried a great time, and yet revive upon the occasion or temptation. Like as it was with Aesop's damsel, turned from a cat to a woman, who sat very demurely at the board's end, till a mouse ran before her. Therefore let a man either avoid the occasion altogether, or put himself often to it, that he may be little moved with it."[26] Indeed Bacon thinks the body should be inured to excesses as well as to restraint; else even a moment of unrestraint may ruin it. (So one accustomed to the purest and most digestible foods is easily upset when forgetfulness or necessity diverts him from perfection.) Yet "variety of delights rather than surfeit of them"; for "strength of nature in youth passeth over many excesses which are owing a man till his age";[27] a man's maturity pays the price of his youth. One royal road to health is a garden; Bacon agrees with the author of *Genesis* that "God Almighty first planted a garden"; and with Voltaire that "one must cultivate one's garden."

The moral philosophy of the *Essays* smacks rather of Machiavelli than of the Christianity to which Bacon made so many astute obeisances. "We are beholden to Machiavel, and writers of that kind, who openly and unmasked declare what men do in fact, and not what they ought to do; for it is impossible to join the

[26] "Of Nature in Men."
[27] "Of Regiment of Health."

wisdom of the serpent and the innocence of the dove, without a previous knowledge of the nature of evil; as, without this, virtue lies exposed and ungarded."[28] The Italians have an ungracious proverb, *Tanto buon che val niente*," —so good that he is good for nothing.[29] Bacon accords his preaching with his practice, and advises a judicious mixture of dissimulation with honesty, like an alloy that will make the purer but softer metal capable of longer life. He wants a full and varied career, giving acquaintance with everything that can broaden, deepen, strengthen or sharpen the mind. He does not admire the merely contemplative life; like Goethe he scorns knowledge that does not lead to action: "men ought to know that in the theater of human life it is only for Gods and angels to be spectators."[30]

His religion is patriotically like the King's. Though he was more than once accused of atheism, and the whole trend of his philosophy is secular and rationalistic, he makes an eloquent, and apparently sincere disclaimer of unbelief. "I had rather believe all the fables in the Legend, and the Talmud, and the Alcoran, than that this universal frame is without a mind....A little philosophy inclineth a man's mind to atheism; but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion. For while the mind of man looketh upon second causes scattered, it may sometimes rest in them and go no further; but when it beholdeth the chain of them, confederate and linked together, it must needs fly to Providence and Deity."[31] Religious (like political) indifference is due to a multiplicity of factions.

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[28]Adv. of L., xii, 2.
[29]"Of Goodness."
[30]Adv. of L., vii, 1.
[31]"Of Atheism."

"The causes of atheism are, divisions in religion, if they be many; for any one division added zeal to both sides; but many divisions introduce atheism....And lastly, learned times, especially with peace and prosperity; for troubles and adversities do more bow men's minds to religion."[32]

But Bacon's value lies less in theology and ethics than in psychology. He is an undeceivable analyst of human nature, and sends his shaft into every heart. On the oldest subject in the world he is refreshingly original. "A married man is seven years older in his thoughts the first day."[33] "It is often seen that bad husbands have good wives." (Bacon was an exception.) "A single life doth well with churchmen, for charity will hardly water the ground where it must first fill a pool.... He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune; for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief."[34] Bacon seems to have worked too hard to have had time for love, and perhaps he never quite felt it to its depth. "It is a strange thing to note the excess of this passion....There was never proud man thought so absurdly well of himself as the lover doth of the person beloved....You may observe that amongst all the great and worthy persons (whereof the memory remaineth either ancient or recent), there is not one that hath been transported to the mad degree of love; which shows that great spirits and great business do keep out this weak passion."[35]

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[32]"Of Atheism."

[33]Letter to Lord Burghley, 1606.

[34]"Of Marriage and Single Life." Contrast the more pleasing phrase of Shakespeare, that "Love gives to every power a double power."

[35]"Of Love."

He values friendship more than love, though of friendship too he can be skeptical. "There is little friendship in the world, and least of all between equals, which was wont to be magnified. That that is is between superior and inferior, whose fortunes may comprehend the one the other....A principal fruit of friendship is the ease and discharge of the fullness and swellings of the heart, which passions of all kinds do cause and induce." A friend is an ear. "Those that want friends to open themselves unto are cannibals of their own hearts ....Whoever hath his mind fraught with many thoughts, his wits and understanding do clarify and break up in the communicating and discoursing with another; he tosseth his thoughts more easily; he marshaleth them more orderly; he seeth how they look when they are turned into words; finally; he waxeth wiser than himself; and that more by one hour's discourse than by a day's meditation."[36]

In the essay "Of Youth and Age" he puts a book into a paragraph. "Young men are fitter to invent than to judge, fitter for execution than for counsel, and fitter for new projects than for settled business; for the experience of age in things that fall within the compass of it, directeth them; but in new things abuseth them....Young men, in the conduct and management of actions, embrace more than they can hold, stir more than they can quiet; fly to the end without consideration of the means and degrees; pursue absurdly some few principles which they have chanced upon; care not to" (i. e., how they) "innovate, which draws unknown inconveniences....Men of age object too much, consult too long, adventure too little, repent too soon, and seldom drive business

[36] "Of Followers and Friends"; "Of Friendship."

home to the full period, but content themselves with a mediocrity of success. Certainly it is good to compel employments of both.... because the virtues of either may correct the defects of both." He thinks, nevertheless, that youth and childhood may get too great liberty, and so grow disordered and lax. "Let parents choose betimes the vocations and courses they mean their children should take, for then they are most flexible; and let them not too much apply themselves to the disposition of their children, as thinking they will take best to that which they have most mind to. It is true that, if the affections or aptness of the children be extraordinary, then it is good not to cross it; but generally the precept" of the Pythagoreans "is good, *Optimum lege, suave et facile illud faciet consuetudo*,"—choose the best; custom will make it pleasant and easy.[37] For "custom is the principal magistrate of man's life."[38]

The politics of the Essays preach a conservatism natural in one who aspired to rule. Bacon wants a strong central power. Monarchy is the best form of government; and usually the efficiency of a state varies with the concentration of power. "There be three points of business" in government: "the preparation; the debate or examination; and the perfection" (or execution). "Whereof, if you look for dispatch, let the middle only be the work of many, and the last the work of a few."[39] He is an outspoken militarist; he deplores the growth of industry as unfitting men for war, and bewails long peace as lulling the warrior in man. (He did not see that some day factories, and not armies, would win wars.) Nevertheless, he recognizes

[37] "Of Parents and Children."
[38] "Of Custom." [39] "Of Dispatch."

the importance of raw materials: "Solon said well to Croesus [when in ostentation Croesus showed him his gold], 'Sir, if any other come that hath better iron than you, he will be master of all this gold.'"[40] Like Aristotle, he has some advice on avoiding revolutions. "The surest way to prevent seditions . . . is to take away the matter of them; for if there be fuel prepared, it is hard to tell whence the spark shall come that shall set it on fire. . . . Neither doth it follow that the suppressing of flames" (i. e., discussion) "with too much severity should be a remedy of troubles; for the despising of them many times checks them best, and the going about to stop them but makes a wonder longlived. . . . The matter of sedition is of two kinds: much poverty and much discontentment. . . . The causes and motives of seditions are, innovation in religion; taxes; alteration of laws and customs; breaking of privileges; general oppression; advancement of unworthy persons, strangers; dearths; disbanded soldiers, factions grown desperate; and whatsoever in offending a people joineth them in a common cause." The cue of every leader, of course, is to divide his enemies and to unite his friends. "Generally, the dividing and breaking of all factions . . . . that are adverse to the state, and setting them at a distance, or at least distrust, among themselves, is not one of the worst remedies; for it is a desperate case, if those that hold with the proceeding of the state be full of discord and faction, and those that are against it be entire and united."[41] A better recipe for the avoidance of revolutions is an equitable distribution of wealth: "Money is like muck, not good unless it be spread."[42] But this

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[40] "Of the True Greatness of Kingdoms."
[41] "Of Seditions and Troubles."
[42] *Ibid.*

does not mean socialism, or even democracy; Bacon distrusts the people, who were in his day quite without access to education; "the lowest of all flatteries is the flattery of the common people";[43] and "Phocion took it right, who, being applauded by the multitude, asked, What had he done amiss?"[44] What Bacon wants is first a yeomanry of owning farmers; then an aristocracy for administration; and above all a philosopher king. "It is almost without instance that any government was unprosperous under learned governors."[45] He mentions Seneca, Antoninus, Pius and Aurelius; it was his hope that posterity would add his name to theirs.

IV. THE GREAT RECONSTRUCTION

Unconsciously, in the midst of his triumphs, his heart was with philosophy. It had been his nurse in youth, it was his companion in office, it was to be his consolation in prison and disgrace. He lamented the ill-repute into which, he thought, philosophy had fallen, and blamed an arid scholasticism. "People are very apt to contemn truth, on account of the controversies raised about it, and to think those all in a wrong way who never meet."[46] "The sciences....stand almost at a stay, without receiving any augmentations worthy of the human race;....and all the tradition and succession of schools is still a succession of masters and scholars, not of inventors....In what is now done in the matter of science there is only a whirling about, and perpetual agitation, ending where it began."[47] All

[43]In Nichol, ii, 149.
[44]Adv. of L., vi, 3.
[45]Adv. of L., i.
[46]*Ibid.*
[47]Preface to *Magna Instauratio.*

through the years of his rise and exaltation he brooded over the restoration or reconstruction of philosophy; *"Meditor Instaurationem philosophiae."*[48]

He planned to center all his studies around this task. First of all, he tells us in his "Plan of the Work," he would write some *Introductory Treatises*, attributing the stagnation of philosophy to the posthumous persistence of old methods, and outlining his proposals for a new beginning. Secondly, he would attempt a new *Classification of the Sciences*, allocating their material to them, and listing the unsolved problems in each field. Thirdly, he would describe his new method for the *Interpretation of Nature*. Fourthly, he would try his busy hand at actual natural science, and investigate the *Phenomena of Nature*. Fifthly, he would show the *Ladder of the Intellect*, by which the writers of the past had mounted towards the truths that were now taking form out of the background of medieval verbiage. Sixthly, he would attempt certain *Anticipations* of the scientific results which he was confident would come from the use of his method. And lastly, as *Second* (or *Applied*) *Philosophy*, he would picture the utopia which would flower out of all this budding science of which he hoped to be the prophet. The whole would constitute the *Magna Instauratio*, the Great Reconstruction of Philosophy.[49]

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[48] *Redargutio Philosophiarum.*

[49] Bacon's actual works under the foregoing heads are chiefly these:

I. *De Interpretatione Naturae Proemium* (Introduction to the Interpretation of Nature, 1603); *Redargutio Philosophiarum* (A Criticism of Philosophies, 1609).

II. The Advancement of Learning (1603-5; translated as *De Augmentis Scientiarum*, 1622).

It was a magnificent enterprise, and—except for Aristotle—without precedent in the history of thought. It would differ from every other philosophy in aiming at practice rather than at theory, at specific concrete goods rather than at speculative symmetry. Knowledge is power, not mere argument or ornament; "it is not an opinion to be held...but a work to be done; and I...am laboring to lay the foundation not of any sect or doctrine, but of utility and power."[50] Here, for the first time, is the voice and tone of modern science.

1. THE ADVANCEMENT OF LEARNING

To produce works, one must have knowledge. "Nature cannot be commanded except by being obeyed."[51] Let us learn the laws of nature, and we shall be her masters, as we are now, in ignorance, her thralls; science is the road to utopia. But in what condition this road is—tortuous, unlit, turning back upon itself, losing itself in useless by-paths, and leading not to light but to chaos. Let us then begin by making a survey of

III. *Cogitata et Visa* (Things Thought and Seen, 1607); *Filum Labyrinthi* (Thread of the Labyrinth, 1606); *Novum Organum* (The New Organon, 1608-20).
IV. *Historia Naturalis* (Natural History, 1622); *Descriptio Globi Intellectualis* (Description of the Intellectual Globe, 1612).
V. *Sylva Sylvarum* (Forest of Forests, 1624).
VI. *De Principiis* (On Origins, 1621).
VII. The New Atlantis (1624).

Note.—All of the above but *The New Atlantis* and *The Advancement of Learning* were written in Latin; and the latter was translated into Latin by Bacon and his aides, to win for it a European audience. Since historians and critics always use the Latin titles in their references, these are here given for the convenience of the student.

[50]Preface to *Magna Instauratio.*
[51]Plan of the Work.

the state of the sciences, and marking out for them their proper and distinctive fields; let us "seat the sciences each in its proper place";[52] examine their defects, their needs, and their possibilities; indicate the new problems that await their light; and in general "open and stir the earth a little about the roots" of them.[53]

This is the task which Bacon set himself in *The Advancement of Learning*. "It is my intention," he writes, like a king entering his realm, "to make the circuit of knowledge, noticing what parts lie waste and uncultivated, and abandoned by the industry of man; with a view to engage, by a faithful mapping out of the deserted tracts, the energies of public and private persons in their improvement."[54] He would be the royal surveyor of the weed-grown fields, making straight the road, and dividing the lots among the laborers. It was a plan audacious to the edge of immodesty; but Bacon was still young enough (forty-two is young in a philosopher) to plan great voyages. "I have taken all knowledge to be my province," he had written to Burghley in 1592; not meaning that he would make himself a premature edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, but implying merely that his work would bring him into every field, as the critic and co-ordinator of every science in the task of social reconstruction. The very magnitude of his purpose gives a stately magnificence to his style, and brings him at times to the height of English prose.

So he ranges over the vast battleground in which human research struggles with natural hindrance and human ignorance; and in every field he sheds illumination. He attaches great importance to physiology and medicine; he

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[52]Adv. of L., viii.
[53]*Ibid.*, vi, 3.
[54]*Ibid.*, ii, 1.

exalts the latter as regulating "a musical instrument of much and exquisite workmanship easily put out of tune."[55] But he objects to the lax empiricism of contemporary doctors, and their facile tendency to treat all ailments with the same prescription—usually physic. "Our physicians are like bishops, that have the keys of binding and loosing, but no more."[56] They rely too much on mere haphazard, unco-ordinated individual experience; let them experiment more widely, let them illuminate human with comparative anatomy, let them dissect and if necessary vivisect; and above all, let them construct an easily accessible and intelligible record of experiments and results. Bacon believes that the medical profession should be permitted to ease and quicken death (euthanasy) where the end would be otherwise only delayed for a few days and at the cost of great pain; but he urges the physicians to give more study to the art of prolonging life. "This is a new part" of medicine, "and deficient, though the most noble of all; for if it may be supplied, medicine will not then be wholly versed in sordid cures, nor physicians be honored only for necessity, but as dispensers of the greatest earthly happiness that could well be conferred on mortals."[57] One can hear some sour Schopenhauerian protesting, at this point, against the assumption that longer life would be a boon, and urging, on the contrary, that the speed with which some physicians put an *end* to our illnesses is a consummation devoutly to be praised. But Bacon, worried and married and harassed though he was, never doubted that life was a very fine thing after all.

In psychology he is almost a "behaviorist":

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[55] *De Aug.* iv. .
[56] Adv. of L., iv, 2.
[57] *Ibid.*

he demands a strict study of cause and effect in human action, and wishes to eliminate the word *chance* from the vocabulary of science. "*Chance* is the name of a thing that does not exist."[58] And "what chance is in the universe, so will is in man."[59] Here is a world of meaning, and a challenge of war, all in a little line: the Scholastic doctrine of free will is pushed aside as beneath discussion; and the universal assumption of a "will" distinct from the "intellect" is discarded. These are leads which Bacon does not follow up;[60] it is not the only case in which he puts a book into a phrase and then passes blithely on.

Again, in a few words, Bacon invents a new science—social psychology. "Philosophers should diligently inquire into the powers and energy of custom, exercise, habit, education, example, imitation, emulation, company, friendship, praise, reproof, exhortation, reputation, laws, books, studies, etc.; for these are the things that reign in men's morals by these agents the mind is formed and subdued."[61] So closely has this outline been followed by the new science that it reads almost like a table of contents for the works of Tarde, Le Bon, Ross, Wallas, and Durkheim.

Nothing is beneath science, nor above it. Sorceries, dreams, predictions, telepathic communications, "psychical phenomena" in general must be subjected to scientific examination; "for it is not known in what cases, and how far, effects attributed to superstitition participate of natural causes."[62] Despite his strong naturalistic

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[58]*Novum Organum*, i, 60.
[59]*De Interpretatione Naturae*, in Nichol, ii, 118.
[60]They are developed in Spinoza's *Ethics*, Appendix to Book I.
[61]Adv. of L., vii, 3.
[62]*De Aug.*, ix, in Nichol, ii, 129.

bent he feels the fascination of these problems; nothing human is alien to him. Who knows what unsuspected truth, what new science, indeed, may grow out of these investigations, as chemistry budded out from alchemy? "Alchemy may be compared to the man who told his sons he had left them gold buried somewhere in his vineyard; where they, by digging, found no gold, but by turning up the mould about the roots of the vines, procured a plentiful vintage. So the search and endeavors to make gold have brought many useful inventions and instructive experiments to light."[63]

Still another science grows to form in Book VIII: the science of success in life. Not yet having fallen from power, Bacon offers some preliminary hints on how to rise in the world. The first requisite is knowledge: of ourselves and of others. *Gnothe seauton* is but half; know thyself is valuable chiefly as a means of knowing others. We must diligently

> inform ourselves of the particular persons we have to deal with—their tempers, desires, views, customs, habies; the assistances, helps and assurances whereon they principally rely, and when they received their power, their defects and weaknesses, whereat they chiefly lie open and are accessible; their friends, factions, patrons, dependents, enemies, enviers, rivals; their times and manners of access . . . But the surest key for unlocking the minds of others turns upon searching and shifting either their tempers and natures, or their ends and designs; and the more weak and simple are best judged by their temper, but the more prudent and close by their designs. . . But the shortest way to this whole inquiry rests upon three particulars: viz.—1. In procuring numerous friendships. . . . 2. In observing a prudent mean and moderation between freedom of discourse and silence. . . .

[63]Adv. of L., i.

But above all, nothing conduces more to the well-representing a man's self, and securing his own right, than not to disarm oneself by too much sweetness and good-nature, which exposes a man to injuries and reproaches; but rather . . . at times to dart out some sparks of a free and generous mind, that have no less of the sting than the honey.[64]

Friends are to Bacon chiefly means to power; he shares with Machiavelli a point of view which one is at first inclined to attribute to the Renaissance, till one thinks of the fine and uncalculating friendships of Michelangelo and Cavalieri, Montaigne and La Boetie, Sir Philip Sidney and Hubert Languet.[65] Perhaps this very practical assessment of friendship helps to explain Bacon's fall from power, as similar views help to explain Napoleon's; for a man's friends will seldom practice a higher philosophy in their relations with him than that which he professes in his treatment of them. Bacon goes on to quote Bias, one of the Seven Wise Men of ancient Greece: "Love your friend as if he were to become your enemy, and your enemy as if he were to become your friend."[66] Do not betray even to your friend too much of your real purposes and thoughts; in conversation, ask questions oftener than you express opinions; and when you speak, offer data and information rather than beliefs and judgments.[67] Manifest pride is a help to advancement; and "ostentation is a fault in ethics rather than in politics."[68] Here again one is reminded of Napoleon; Bacon, like the little Corsican, was a

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[64]Adv. of L., viii, 2.
[65]Cf. Edward Carpenter's delightful *Iolaus*.
[66]Adv. of L., viii, 2.
[67]Essays "Of Dissimulation" and "Of Discourse."
[68]Adv. of L., viii, 2.

simple man enough within his walls, but outside them he affected a ceremony and display which he thought indispensable to public repute.

So Bacon runs from field to field, pouring the seed of his thought into every science. At the end of his survey he comes to the conclusion that science by itself is not enough: there must be a force and discipline outside the sciences to co-ordinate them and point them to a goal. "There is another great and powerful cause why the sciences have made but little progress, which is this. It is not possible to run a course aright when the goal itself has not been rightly placed."[69] What science needs is philosophy—the analysis of scientific method, and the co-ordination of scientific purpose; without this, any science must be superficial. "For as no perfect view of a country can be taken from a flat; so it is impossible to discover the remote and deep parts of any science by standing upon the level of the same science, or without ascending to a higher."[70] He condemns the habit of looking at isolated facts out of their context, without considering the unity of nature; as if, he says, one should carry a small candle about the corners of a room radiant with a central light.

Philosophy, rather than science, is in the long run Bacon's love; it is only philosophy which can give even to a life of turmoil and grief the stately peace that comes of understanding. "Learning conquers or mitigates the fear of death and adverse fortune." He quotes Vergil's great lines:

> Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,
> Quique metus omnes, et inexorabile fatum,
> Subject pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari:

"happy the man who has learned the causes of

[69] Adv. of L., i, 81.
[70] *Ibid.*, i.

things, and has put under his feet all fears, and inexorable fate, and the noisy strife of the hell of greed." It is perhaps the best lesson of philosophy that through it we unlearn the lesson of endless acquisition which an industrial environment so insistently repeats. "Philosophy directs us first to seek the goods of the mind, and the rest will either be supplied, or not much wanted."[71] A bit of wisdom is a joy forever.

Government suffers, precisely like science, for lack of philosophy. Philosophy bears to science the same relationship which statesmanship bears to politics: movement guided by total knowledge and perspective, as against aimless and individual seeking. Just as the pursuit of knowledge becomes scholasticism when divorced from the actual needs of men and life, so the pursuit of politics becomes a destructive bedlam when divorced from science and philosophy. "It is wrong to trust the natural body to empirics, who commonly have a few receipts whereon they rely, but who know neither the cause of the disease, nor the constitution of patients, nor the danger of accidents, nor the true methods of cure. And so it must needs be dangerous to have the civil body of states managed by empirical statesmen, unless well mixed with others who are grounded in learning.... Though he might be thought partial to his profession who said, 'States would then be happy, when either kings were philosophers or philosophers kings,' yet so much is verified by experience, that the best times have happened under wise and learned princes."[72] And he refers again to the great emperors who ruled Rome after Domitian and before Commodus.

So Bacon, like Plato and us all, exalted his

[71] Adv. of L., viii, 2.
[72] *Ibid.*, i.

hobby, and offered it as the salvation of man. But he recognized, much more clearly than Plato (and the distinction announces the modern age), the necessity of specialist science, and of soldiers and armies of specialist research. No one mind, not even Bacon's, could cover the whole field, though he should look from Pisgah's top itself. He knew he needed help, and keenly felt his loneliness in the mountain-air of his unaided enterprise. "What comrades have you in your work?" he asks a friend. "As for me, I am in the completest solitude."[73] He dreams of scientists co-ordinated in specialization by constant communion and co-operation, and by some great organization holding them together to a goal. "Consider what may be expected from men abounding in leisure, and from association of labors, and from successions of ages; the rather because it is not a way over which only one man can pass at a time (as is the case with that of reasoning), but within which the labors and industries of men (especially as regards the collecting of experience) may with the best effort be collected and distributed, and then combined. For then only will men begin to know their strength when, instead of great numbers doing all the same things, one shall take charge of one thing, and another of another."[74] Science, which is the organization of knowledge, must itself be organized.

And this organization must be international; let it pass freely over the frontiers, and it may make Europe intellectually one. "The next want I discover is the little sympathy and correspondence which exists between colleges and universities, as well throughout Europe as in the same

[73]In Nichol, ii, 4.
[74]*Nov. Org.*, i, 113.

state and kingdom."[75] Let all these universities allot subjects and problems among themselves, and co-operate both in research and in publication. So organized and correlated, the universities might be deemed worthy of such royal support as would make them what they shall be in Utopia—centers of impartial learning ruling the world. Bacon notes "the mean salaries apportioned to public lectureships, whether in the sciences or the arts";[76] and he feels that this will continue till governments take over the great tasks of education. "The wisdom of the ancientest and best times always complained that states were too busy with laws, and too remiss in point of education."[77] His great dream is the socialization of science for the conquest of nature and the enlargement of the power of man.

And so he appeals to James I, showering upon him the flattery which he knew his Royal Highness loved to sip. James was a scholar as well as a monarch, prouder of his pen than of his scepter or his sword; something might be expected of so literary and erudite a king. Bacon tells James that the plans he has sketched are "indeed *opera basilica*,"—kingly works—"towards which the endeavors of one man can be but as an image on a cross-road, which points out the way but cannot tread it." Certainly these royal undertakings will involve expense; but "as the secretaries and spies of princes and states bring in bills for intelligence, so you must allow the spies and intelligencers of nature to bring in their bills if you would not be ignorant of many things worthy to be known. And if Alexander placed so large a treasure at Aristotle's command for the support of hunters,

[75] *Nov. Org.*, i, 113.
[76] Adv. of L., ii, 1.
[77] Adv. of L., i.

fowlers, fishers, and the like, in much more need do they stand of this beneficence who unfold the labyrinths of nature."[78] With such royal aid the Great Reconstruction can be completed in a few years; without it the task will require generations.

What is refreshingly new in Bacon is the magnificent assurance with which he predicts the conquest of nature by man: "I stake all on the victory of art over nature in the race." That which men have done is "but an earnest of the things they shall do." But why this great hope? Had not men been seeking truth, and exploring the paths of science, these two thousand years? Why should one hope now for such great success where so long a time had given so modest a result?—Yes, Bacon answers; but what if the methods men have used have been wrong and useless? What if the road has been lost, and research has gone into by-paths ending in the air? We need a ruthless revolution in our methods of research and thought, in our system of science and logic; we need a new Organon,[79] better than Aristotle's, fit for this larger world.

And so Bacon offers us his supreme book.

2. THE NEW ORGANON

"Bacon's greatest performance," says his bitterest critic, "is the first book of the *Novum Organum*."[80] Never did a man put more life into logic, making induction an epic adventure and a conquest. If one must study logic, let him begin with this book. "This part of human philosophy which regards logic is disagreeable

[78] Adv. of L., ii, 1.

[79] Referring to the "Organon," or collected logical works of Aristotle.

[80] Macaulay, *op. cit.*, p. 92.

to the taste of many, as appearing to them no other than a net, and a snare of thorny subtlety. ...But if we would rate things according to their real worth, the rational sciences are the keys to all the rest."[81]

Philosophy has been barren so long, says Bacon, because she needed a new method to make her fertile. The great mistake of the Greek philosophers was that they spent so much time in theory, so little in observation. But thought should be the aide of observation, not its substitute. "Man," says the first aphorism of the *Novum Organum*, as if flinging a challenge to all metaphysics,—"Man, as the minister and interpreter of nature, does and understands as much as his observations on the order of nature ...permits him; and neither knows nor is capable of more." The predecessors of Socrates were in this matter sounder than his followers; Democritus, in particular, had a nose for facts, rather than an eye for the clouds. No wonder that philosophy has advanced so little since Aristotle's day; it has been using Aristotle's methods. "To go beyond Aristotle by the light of Aristotle is to think that a borrowed light can increase the original light from which it is taken."[82] Now, after two thousand years of logic-chopping with the machinery invented by Aristotle, philosophy has fallen so low that none will do her reverence. All these medieval theories, theorems and disputations must be cast out and forgotten; to renew herself philosophy must begin again with a clean slate and with a cleansed mind.

The first step, therefore, is the Expurgation of the Intellect. We must become as little children, innocent of isms and abstractions, washed

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[81]Adv. of L., v, 1.
[82]*Valerius Terminus.*

clear of prejudices and preconceptions. We must destroy the Idols of the mind.

An idol, as Bacon uses the word (reflecting perhaps the Protestant rejection of image-worship), is a picture taken for a reality, a thought mistaken for a thing. All errors come under this head; and the first problem of logic is to trace and dam the sources of these errors. Bacon proceeds now to a justly famous analysis of fallacies; "no man," said Condillac, "has better known than Bacon the causes of human error."

These errors are, first, *Idols of the Tribe*,—fallacies natural to humanity in general. "For man's sense is falsely asserted" (by Protagoras' "Man is the measure of all things") "to be the standard of things: on the contrary, all the perceptions, both of the senses and the mind, bear reference to man and not to the universe; and the human mind resembles those uneven mirrors which impart their own properties to different objects . . . and distort and disfigure them."[83] Our thoughts are pictures rather of ourselves than of their objects. For example, "the human understanding, from its peculiar nature, easily supposes a greater degree of order and regularity in things than it really finds. . . . Hence the fiction that all celestial bodies move in perfect circles."[84] Again, the human understanding, when any proposition has been once laid down (either from general admission and belief, or from the pleasure it affords), forces everything else to add fresh support and confirmation: and although most cogent and abundant instances may exist to the contrary, yet either does not observe, or despises them, or gets rid of and rejects

[83] *Nov. Org.*, i, 41.
[84] *Ibid.*, i, 45.

them by some distinction, with violent and injurious prejudice, rather than sacrifice the authority of its first conclusions. It was well answered by him who was shown in a temple the votive tablets suspended by such as had escaped the peril of shipwreck, and was pressed as to whether he would then recognize the power of the gods. . . . 'But where are the portraits of those that have perished in spite of their vows?' All superstition is much the same, whether it be that of astrology, dreams, omens, retributive judgment, or the like, in all of which the deluded believers observe events which are fulfilled, but neglect and pass over their failure, though it be much more common."[85]

"Having first determined the question according to his will, he *then* resorts to experience; and bending her into conformity with his placets, leads her about like a captive in a procession."[86] In short, "the human understanding is no dry light, but receives an infusion from the will and affections, whence proceed sciences which may be called 'sciences as one would.' . . . For what a man had rather were true, he more readily believes."[87] Is it not so?

Bacon gives at this point a word of golden counsel. "In general let every student of nature take this as a rule—that whatever his mind seizes and dwells upon with peculiar satisfaction, is to be held in suspicion; and that so much the more care is to be taken, in dealing with such questions, to keep the understanding even and clear."[88] "The understanding must not be allowed to jump and fly from

[85] *Nov. Org.*, i, 46.
[86] *Ibid.*, i, 63.
[87] *Ibid.*, i, 49.
[88] *Ibid.*, i, 58.

particulars to remote axioms and of almost the highest generality; . . . it must not be supplied with wings, but rather hung with weights to keep it from leaping and flying."[89] The imagination may be the greatest enemy of the intellect, whereas it should be only its tentative and experiment.

A second class of errors Bacon calls *Idols of the Cave*—errors peculiar to the individual man. "For everyone . . . has a cave or den of his own, which refracts and discolors the light of nature"; this is his character as formed by nature and nurture, and by his mood or condition of body and mind. Some minds, e. g., are constitutionally analytic, and see differences everywhere; others are constitutionally synthetic, and see resemblances; so we have the scientist and the painter on the one hand, and on the other hand the poet and the philosopher. Again, "some dispositions evince an unbounded admiration for antiquity, others eagerly embrace novelty; only a few can preserve the just medium, and neither tear up what the ancients have correctly established, nor despise the just innovations of the moderns."[90] Truth knows no parties.

Thirdly, *Idols of the Market-place*, arising "from the commerce and association of men with one another. For men converse by means of language; but words are imposed according to the understanding of the crowd; and there arises from a bad and inapt formation of words, a wonderful obstruction to the mind."[91] Philosophers deal out infinites with the careless assurance of grammarians handling infinitives; and yet does any man know what this

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[89] *Nov. Org.*, i, 104.
[90] *Ibid.*, i, 56.
[91] *Ibid*, i, 43.

"infinite" is, or whether it has even taken the precaution of existing? Philosophers talk about "first cause uncaused," or "first mover unmoved"; but are not these again fig-leaf phrases used to cover naked ignorance, and perhaps indicative of a guilty conscience in the user? Every honest and clear head knows that no cause can be causeless, nor any mover unmoved. Perhaps the greatest reconstruction in philosophy would be simply this—that we should stop lying to ourselves.

"Lastly, there are idols which have migrated into men's minds from the various dogmas of philosophers, and also from wrong laws of demonstration. These I call *Idols of the Theater*, because in my judgment all the received systems of philosophy are but so many stage-plays, representing worlds of their own creation after an unreal and scenic fashion....And in the plays of this philosophic theater you may observe the same thing which is found in the theater of the poets,—that stories invented for the stage are more compact and elegant, and more as we would wish them to be, than true stories out of history."[92] The world as Plato describes it is merely a world constructed by Plato, and pictures Plato rather than the world.

We shall never get far along towards the truth if these idols are still to trip us up, even the best of us, at every turn. We need new modes of reasoning, new tools for the understanding. "And as the immense regions of the West Indies had never been discovered, if the use of the compass had not first been known, it is no wonder that the discovery and advancement of arts hath made no greater

[92] *Nov. Org.*, i, 44.

progress, when the art of inventing and discovering of the sciences remains hitherto unknown."[93] "And surely it would be disgraceful if, while the regions of the material globe . . . have been in our times laid widely open and revealed, the intellectual globe should remain shut up within the narrow limits of old discoveries."[94]

Ultimately, our troubles are due to dogma and deduction; we find no new truth because we take some venerable but questionable proposition as an indubitable starting-point, and never think of putting this assumption itself to the test of observation or experiment. But "if a man will begin with certainties, he shall end in doubts; but if he will be content to begin in doubts he shall end in certainties" (alas, it is not quite inevitable). Here is a note common in the youth of modern philosophy, part of its declaration of independence; Descartes too would presently talk of the necessity of "methodic doubt" as the cobweb-clearing pre-requisite of honest thought.

Bacon proceeds to give an admirable description of the scientific method of inquiry. "There remains *simple experience;* which, if taken as it comes, is called accident" ("empirical"), "if sought for, experiment. . . . The true method of experience first lights the candle" (hypothesis), "and then by means of the candle shows the way" (arranges and delimits the experiment); "commencing as it does with experience duly ordered and digested, not bungling nor erratic, and from it educing axioms, and from established axioms

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[93]Adv. of L., v, 2.

[94]*Nov. Org.*, i, 84.

again new experiments."[95] (We have here—as again in a later passage[96] which speaks of the results of initial experiments as a "first vintage" to guide further research—an explicit, though perhaps inadequate, recognition of that need for hypothesis, experiment and deduction which some of Bacon's critics suppose him to have entirely overlooked.) We must go to nature instead of to books and traditions and authorities; we must "put nature on the rack and compel her to bear witness" even against herself, so that we may control her to our ends. We must gather together from every quarter a "natural history" of the world, built by the united research of Europe's scientists. We must have induction.

But induction does not mean "simple enumeration" of all the data; conceivably, this might be endless, and useless; no mass of material can by itself make science. This would be like "chasing a quarry over an open country"; we must narrow and enclose our field in order to capture our prey. The method of induction must include a technique for the classification of data and the elimination of hypotheses; so that by the progressive canceling of possible explanations one only shall at last remain. Perhaps the most useful item in this technique is the "table of more or less," which lists instances in which two qualities or conditions increase or decrease together, and so reveals, presumably, a causal relation between the simultaneously varying phenomena. So Bacon, asking, What is heat?—seeks for some factor that increases with the increase of heat, and decreases with its decrease; he finds, after

[95] *Nov. Org.*, i. 82.
[96] *Ibid.*, ii, 20.

long analysis, an exact correlation between heat and motion; and his conclusion that heat is a form of motion constitutes one of his few specific contributions to natural science.

By this insistent accumulation and analysis of data we come, in Bacon's phrase, to the *form* of the phenomenon which we study,—to its secret nature and its inner essence. The theory of forms in Bacon is very much like the theory of ideas in Plato: a metaphysics of science. "When we speak of forms we mean nothing else than those laws and regulations of simple action which arrange and constitute any simple nature....The form of heat or the form of light, therefore, means no more than the law of heat or the law of light."[97] (In a similar strain Spinoza was to say that the law of the circle is its *substance.* "For although nothing exists in nature except individual bodies exhibiting clear individual effects according to particular laws; yet, in each branch of learning, those very laws—their investigation, discovery and development—are the foundation both of theory and of practice."[98] Of theory and of practice; one without the other is useless and perilous; knowledge that does not generate achievement is a pale and bloodless thing, unworthy of mankind. We strive to learn the forms of things not for the sake of the forms but because by knowing the forms, the laws, we may remake things in the image of our desire. So we study mathematics in order to reckon quantities and build bridges; we study psychology in order to find our way in the jungle of society. When science has sufficiently ferreted out the forms of things, the world

[97] *Nov. Org.*, ii, 13, 17.

[98] *Nov. Org.*, ii, 2.

will be merely the raw material of whatever utopia man may decide to make.

3. THE UTOPIA OF SCIENCE

To perfect science so, and then to perfect social order by putting science in control, would itself be utopia enough. Such is the world described for us in Bacon's brief fragment and last work, *The New Atlantis*, published two years before his death. Wells thinks it Bacon's "greatest service to science"[99] to have drawn for us, even so sketchily, the picture of a world in which at last science has its proper place as the master of things; it was a royal act of imagination by which for three centuries one goal has been held in view by the great army of warriors in the battle of knowledge and invention against poverty and ignorance. Here in these few pages we have the essence and the "form" of Francis Bacon, the law of his being and his life, the secret and continuous aspiration of his soul.

Plato in the *Timaeus*[100] has told of the old legend of Atlantis, the sunken continent in the Western seas. Bacon and others identified the new America of Columbus and Cabot with this old Atlantis; the great continent had not sunk after all, but only men's courage to migrate the sea. Since this old Atlantis was now known, and seemed inhabited by a race vigorous enough, but not quite like the brilliant Utopians of Bacon's fancy, he conceived of a new Atlantis, an isle in that distant Pacific which only Drake and Magellan had traversed, an isle distant enough from Europe and from knowledge to give generous scope to the Utopian imagination.

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[99] *Outline of History*, ch. xxxv, sect. 6.
[100] Sect. 25.

The story begins in the most artfully artless way, like the great tales of Defoe and Swift. "We sailed from Peru (where we had continued for the space of one whole year), for China and Japan by the South Sea." Came a great calm, in which the ships for weeks lay quietly on the boundless ocean like a speck upon a mirror, while the provisions of the adventurers ebbed away. And then resistless winds that drove the vessel pitilessly north and north and north, out of the island-dotted south into an endless wilderness of sea. The rations were reduced, and reduced again, and again reduced; and disease took hold of the crew. At last, when they had resigned themselves to death, they saw, almost unbelieving, a fair island looming up under the sky. On the shore, as their vessel neared it, they saw not savages, but men simply and yet beautifully clothed, clean, and manifestly of developed intelligence. They were permitted to land, but were told that the island government allowed no strangers to remain. But because some of the crew were sick, they might all stay till these should be well again.

During the weeks of convalescence the wanderers unraveled, day by day, the mystery of the New Atlantis. "There reigned in this island about nineteen hundred years ago," one of the inhabitants tells them, "a King whose memory above all others we most adore. . . . His name was Solamona, and we esteem him as the Law-giver of our nation. This King had a large heart . . . and was wholly bent to make his kingdom and people happy."[101] Among the excellent acts of this King one above all hath the pre-eminence. It was the creation and

[101] *The New Atlantis*, Cambridge University Press, 1900; p. 20.

institution of the Order, or Society, which is called Solomon's House; the noblest foundation, as we think, that was ever upon the earth; and the lantherne of this kingdom.[102]

There follows a description of Solomon's House, too complicated for a quoted abstract, but eloquent enough to draw from the hostile Macaulay the judgment that "there is not to be found in any human composition a passage more eminently distinguished by profound and serene wisdom."[103] Solomon's House takes the place, in the New Atlantis, of the Houses of Parliament in London; it is the home of the island government. But there are no politicians here, no insolent "elected persons," no "national palaver," as Carlyle would say; no parties, caucuses, primaries, conventions, campaigns, buttons, lithographs, editorials, speeches, lies, and elections; the idea of filling public office by such dramatic methods seems never to have entered the heads of these Atlantans. But the road to the heights of scientific repute is open to all, and only those who have traveled the road sit in the councils of the state. It is a government of the people and for the people by the selected best of the people; a government by technicians, architects, astronomers, geologists, biologists, physicians, chemists, economists, sociologists, psychologists and philosophers. Complicated enough; but think of a government without politicians!

Indeed there is very little government in the New Atlantis; these governors are engaged rather in controlling nature than in ruling man. "The End of Our Foundation is the Knowledge of Causes and secret motions of things; and the enlarging of the bounds of human em-

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[102] *New Atlantis*, p. 22.
[103] *Ibid.*, p. xxv.

pire, to the effecting of all things possible."[104] This is the key-sentence of the book, and of Francis Bacon. We find the governors engaged in such undignified tasks as studying the stars, arranging to utilize for industry the power of falling water, developing gases for the cure of various ailments,[105] experimenting on animals for surgical knowledge, growing new varieties of plants and animals by cross-breeding, etc. "We imitate the flights of birds; we have some degree of flying in the air. We have ships and boats for going under water." There is foreign trade, but of an unusual sort; the island produces what it consumes, and consumes what it produces; it does not go to war for foreign markets. "We maintain a trade, not of gold, silver, or jewels, nor for silks, nor for spices, nor for any other commodity or matter; but only for God's first creature, which was light; to have light of the growth of all parts of the world."[106] These "Merchants of Light" are members of Solomon's House who are sent abroad every twelve years to live among foreign peoples of every quarter of the civilized globe; to learn their language and study their sciences and industries and literatures; and to return, at the end of the twelve years, to report their findings to the leaders of Solomon's House; while their places abroad are taken by a new group of scientific explorers. In this way the best of all the world comes soon to the New Atlantis.

Brief as the picture is, we see in it again the

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[104] *New Atlantis*, p. 34.

[105] Cf. The New York Times of May 2, 1923, for a report of War Department chemists on the use of war gases to cure diseases.

[106] *New Atlantis*, p. 24.

outline of every philosopher's utopia—a people guided in peace and modest plenty by their wisest men. The dream of every thinker is to replace the politician by the scientist; why does it remain only a dream after so many incarnations? Is it because the thinker is too dreamily intellectual to go out into the arena of affairs and build his concept into reality? Is it because the hard ambition of the narrowly acquisitive soul is forever destined to overcome the gentle and scrupulous aspirations of philosophers and saints? Or is it that science is not yet grown to maturity and conscious power?—that only in our day do physicians and chemists and technicians begin to see that the rising role of science in industry and war gives them a pivotal position in social strategy, and points to the day when their organized strength will persuade the world to call them to leadership? Perhaps science has not yet merited the mastery of the world; and perhaps in a little while it will.

V. CRITICISM

And now how shall we appraise this philosophy of Francis Bacon's?

Is there anything new in it? Macaulay thinks that induction as described by Bacon is a very old-fashioned affair, over which there is no need of raising any commotion, much less a monument. "Induction has been practiced from morning till night by every human being since the world began. The man who infers that mince pies disagreed with him because he was ill when he ate them, well when he ate them not, most ill when he ate most and least ill when he ate least, has employed, unconsciously but sufficiently, all the tables of the *Novum Organum*."[107] But John Smith hardly handles

[107] *Op. cit.*, p. 471.

his "table of more or less" so accurately, and more probably will continue his mince-pies despite the seismic disturbances of his lower strata. And even were John Smith so wise, it would not shear Bacon of his merit; for what does logic do but formulate the experience and methods of the wise?—what does any discipline do but try by rules to turn the art of a few into a science teachable to all?

But is the formulation Bacon's own? Is not the Socratic method inductive? Is not Aristotle's biology inductive? Did not Roger Bacon practice as well as preach the inductive method which Francis Bacon merely preached? Did not Galileo formulate better the procedure that science has actually used? True of Roger Bacon, less true of Galileo, less true yet of Aristotle, least true of Socrates. Galileo formulated the aim rather than the method of science, holding up before its followers the goal of mathematical and quantitative formulation of all experience and relationships; Aristotle practiced induction when there was nothing else for him to do, and where the material did not lend itself to his penchant for the deduction of specific conclusions from magnificently general assumptions; and Socrates did not so much practice induction—the gathering of data—as analysis—the definition and discrimination of words and ideas.

Bacon makes no claim to parthenogentic originality; like Shakespeare he takes with a lordly hand, and with the same excuse, that he adorns whatever he touches. Every man has his sources, as every organism has its food; what is his is the way in which he digests them and turns them into flesh and blood. As Rawley puts it, Bacon "contemned no man's observations but would light his torch at every man's

candle."[108] But Bacon acknowledges these debts: he refers to "that useful method of Hippocrates,"[109]—so sending us at once to the real source of inductive logic among the Greeks; and "Plato," he writes (where less accurately we write "Socrates"), "giveth good example of inquiry by induction and view of particulars; though in such a wandering manner as is of no force or fruit."[110] He would have disdained to dispute his obligations to these predecessors; and we should disdain to exaggerate them.

But then again, is the Baconian method correct? Is it the method most fruitfully used in modern science? No: generally, science has used, with best result, not the accumulation of data ("natural history") and their manipulation by the complicated tables of the *Novum Organum;* its method has been the simpler one of hypothesis, deduction and experiment. So Darwin, reading Malthus' *Essay on Population*, conceived the idea of applying to all organisms the Malthusian hypothesis that population tends to increase faster than the means of subsistence; deducted from this hypothesis the probable conclusion that the pressure of population on the food-supply results in a struggle for existence in which the fittest survive, and by which in each generation every species is changed into closer adaptation to its environment; and finally (having by hypothesis and deduction limited his problem and his field of observation) turned to "the unwithered face of nature" and made for twenty years a patient inductive examination of the facts. Again, Einstein conceived, or took from Newton, the hypothesis that light travels in curved, not

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[108] Quoted by J. M. Robertson, Introduction to *The Philosophical Works of Francis Bacon;* p. 7.
[109] Adv. of L., iv, 2.
[110] *Fil. Lab., ad fin.*

straight lines; deduced from it the conclusion that a star appearing to be (on the straight-line theory) in a certain position in the heavens is really a little to one side of that position; and he invited experiment and observation to test the conclusion. Obviously the function of hypothesis and imagination is greater than Bacon supposed; and the procedure of science is more direct and circumscribed than in the Baconian scheme. Bacon himself anticipated the superannuation of his method; the actual practice of science would discover better modes of investigation than could be worked out in the interludes of statesmanship. "These things require some ages for the ripening of them."

Even a lover of the Baconian spirit must concede, too, that the great Chancellor, while laying down the law for science, failed to keep abreast of the science of his time. He rejected Copernicus and ignored Kepler and Tycho Brache; he depreciated Gilbert and seemed unaware of Harvey. In truth, he loved discourse better than research; or perhaps he had no time for toilsome investigations. Such work as he did in philosophy and science was left in fragments and chaos at his death; full of repetitions, contradictions, aspirations, and introductions. *Ars longa, vita brevis*—art is long and time is fleeting: this is the tragedy of every great soul.

To assign to so overworked a man, whose reconstruction of philosophy had to be crowded into the crevices of a harassed and a burdened political career, the vast and complicated creations of Shakespeare, is to waste the time of students with the parlor controversies of idle theorists. Shakespeare lacks just that which distinguishes the lordly Chancellor—erudition and philosophy. Shakespeare has an impressive smattering of many sciences, and a mastery of none; in all of them he speaks with the

eloquence of an amateur. He accepts astrology: "This huge state . . . whereon the stars in secret influence comment."[111] He is forever making mistakes which the learned Bacon could not possibly have made: his Hector quotes Aristotle and his Coriolanus alludes to Cato; he gives to Bohemia a sea-coast which is never enjoyed; he supposes the Lupercalia to be a hill; and he understands Caesar almost as profoundly as Caesar is understood by H. G. Wells. He makes countless references to his early life and his matrimonial tribulations. He perpetrates vulgarities, obscenities and puns natural enough in the gentle roisterer who could not quite outlive the Stratford rioter and the butcher's son, but hardly to be expected in the cold and calm philosopher. Carlyle calls Shakespeare the greatest of intellects; but he was rather the greatest of imaginations, and the keenest eye. He is an inescapable psychologist, but he is not a philosopher: he has no structure of thought co-ordinated by a purpose for his own life and for mankind. He is immersed in love and its problems, and thinks of philosophy, through Montaigne's phrases, only when his heart is broken. Otherwise he accepts the world blithely enough; he is not consumed with the reconstructive vision that ennobled Plato, or Nietzsche, or Bacon.

Now the greatness and the weakness of Bacon lay precisely in his passion for unity, his desire to spread the wings of his co-ordinating genius over a hundred sciences. He aspired to be like Plato, "a man of sublime genius, who took a view of everything as from a lofty rock. He broke down under the weight of the tasks he had laid upon himself; he failed forgivably because he undertook so much. He

[111] Sonnet xv.

could not enter the promised land of science, but as Cowley's epitaph expressed it, he could at least stand upon its border and point out its fair features in the distance.

His achievement was not the less great because it was indirect. His philosophical works, though little read now, "moved the intellects which moved the world."[112] He made himself the eloquent voice of the optimism and resolution of the Renaissance. Never was any man so great a stimulus to other thinkers. King James, it is true, refused to accept his suggestion for the support of science, and said of the *Novum Organum* that "it was like the peace of God, which passeth all understanding." But better men, in 1662, founding that Royal Society which was to become the greatest association of scientists in the world, named Bacon as their model and inspiration; they hoped that this organization of English research would lead the way toward that Europe-wide association which the *Advancement of Learning* had taught them to desire. And when the great minds of the French Enlightenment undertook that masterpiece of intellectual enterprise, the *Encyclopedie*, they dedicated it to Francis Bacon. "If," said Diderot in the Prospectus, "we have come of it successfully, we shall owe most to the Chancellor Bacon, who threw out the plan of an universal dictionary of sciences and arts, at a time when, so to say, neither arts nor sciences existed. That extraordinary genius, when it was impossible to write a history of what was known, wrote one of what it was necessary to learn." D'Alembert called Bacon "the greatest, the most universal, and the most eloquent of philosophers." The Convention pub-

[112]Macaulay, p. 941.

lished the works of Bacon at the expense of the state.[113] The whole tenor and career of British thought have followed the philosophy of Bacon. His tendency to conceive the world in Democritean mechanical terms gave to his secretary, Hobbes, the starting-point for a thorough-going materialism; his inductive method gave to Locke the idea of an empirical psychology, bound by observation and freed from theology and metaphysics; and his emphasis on "commodities" and "fruits" found formulation in Bentham's identification of the useful and the good.

Wherever the spirit of control has overcome the spirit of resignation, Bacon's influence has been felt. He is the voice of all those Europeans who have changed a continent from a forest into a treasure-land of art and science, and have made their little peninsula the center of the world. "Men are not animals erect," said Bacon, "but immortal gods." "The Creator has given us souls equal to all the world, and yet satiable not even with a world." Everything is possible to man. Time is young; "the antiquity of time is the youth of the world"; give us some little centuries, and we shall control and remake all things. We shall perhaps at last learn the noblest lesson of all, that man must not fight man, but must make war only on the obstacles that nature offers to the triumph of man. "It will not be amiss," writes Bacon, in one of his finest passages, "to distinguish the three kinds, and as it were grades, of ambition in mankind. The first is of those who desire to extend their power in their native country; which kind is vulgar and degenerate. The second is of those who labor to

[113]Nichol, ii, 235.

extend the power of their country and its dominion among men; this certainly has more dignity, but not less covetousness. But if a man endeavor to establish and extend the power and dominion of the human race itself over the universe, his ambition is without doubt both a more wholesome thing and a nobler than the other two."[114] It was Bacon's fate to be torn to pieces by these hostile ambitions struggling for his soul.

VI. EPILOGUE

"Men in great place are thrice servants; servants to the sovereign or state, servants of fame, and servants of business; so as they have no freedom, neither in their persons nor in their action, nor in their time. . . . The rising unto place is laborious, and by pains men come to greater pains; and it is sometimes base, and by indignities men come to dignities. The standing is slippery, and the regress is either a downfall or at least an eclipse."[115] What a wistful summary of Bacon's epilogue!

"A man's shortcomings," said Goethe, "are taken from his epoch; his virtues and greatness belong to himself." This seems a little unfair to the *Zeitgeist*, but it is exceptionally just in the case of Bacon. Abbott,[116] after a painstaking study of the morals prevalent at Elizabeth's court, concludes that all the leading figures, male and female, were disciples of Machiavelli. Roger Ascham described in doggerel the four cardinal virtues in demand at the court of the Queen:

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[114] *Nov. Org.*, i, 129.
[115] Essay, "Of Great Place."
[116] *Francis Bacon*, ch. i.

Cog, lie, flatter and face,
Four ways in Court to win men grace.
If thou be thrall to none of these,
Away, good Piers! Home, John Cheese!

It was one of the customs of those lively days for judges to take "presents" from persons trying cases in their courts. Bacon was not above the age in this matter; and his tendency to keep his expenditure several years in advance of his income forbade him the luxury of scruples. It might have passed unnoticed, except that he had made enemies in Essex's case and by his readiness to sabre foes with his speech. A friend had warned him that "it is too common in every man's mouth in Court that . . . as your tongue hath been a razor to some, so shall theirs be to you."[117] But he left the warnings unnoticed. He seemed to be in good favor with the King; he had been made Baron Verulam of Verulam in 1618, and Viscount St. Albans in 1621; and for three years he had been Chancellor.

Then suddenly the blow came. In 1621 a disappointed suitor charged him with taking money for the despatch of a suit; it was no unusual manner, but Bacon knew at once that if his enemies wished to press it they could force his fall. He retired to his home, and awaited developments. When he learned that all his foes were clamoring for his dismissal, he sent in his "confession and humble submission" to the King. James, yielding to pressure from the now victorious Parliament against which Bacon had too persistently defended him, sent him to the Tower. But Bacon was released after two days; and the heavy fine which had been laid

[117] *Francis Bacon*, p. 13 note.

upon him was remitted by the King. His pride was not quite broken. "I was the justest judge that was in England these fifty years," he said; "but it was the justest judgment that was in Parliament these two hundred years."

He spent the five years that remained to him in the obscurity and peace of his home, harassed by an unwonted poverty, but solaced by the active pursuit of philosophy. In these five years he wrote his greatest Latin work, *De Augmentis Scientiarum*, published an enlarged edition of the Essays, a fragment called *Sylva Sylvarum* and a *History of Henry VII.* He mourned that he had not sooner abandoned politics and given all his time to literature and science. To the very last moment he was occupied with work, and died, so to speak, on the field of battle. In his essay "Of Death" he had voiced a wish to die "in an earnest pursuit, which is like one wounded in hot blood, who for the time scarce feels the hurt." Like Caesar, he was granted his choice.

In March, 1626, while riding from London to Highgate, and turning over in his mind the question how far flesh might be preserved from putrefaction by being covered with snow, he resolved to put the matter to a test at once. Stopping off at a cottage, he bought a fowl, killed it, and stuffed it with snow. While he was doing this he was seized with chills and weakness; and finding himself too ill to ride back to town, he gave directions that he should be taken to the nearby home of Lord Arundel, where he took to bed. He did not yet resign life; he wrote cheerfully that "the experiment . . . succeeded excellently well." But it was his last. The fitful fever of his varied life had quite consumed him; he was all burnt out now,

too weak to fight the disease that crept up slowly to his heart. He died on the ninth of April, 1626, aged sixty-five.

He had written in his will these proud and characteristic words: "I bequeath my soul to God. . . . My body to be buried obscurely. My name to the next ages and to foreign nations." The ages and the nations have accepted him.

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Realism in Literature and Art

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REALISM IN LITERATURE AND ART

Man is nature's last and most perfect work, but, however high his development or great his achievements, he is yet a child of the earth and the rude forces that have formed all the life that exists thereon. He cannot separate himself from the environment that gave him birth, and a thousand ties of nature bind him back to the long forgotten past and prove his kinship to all the lower forms of life that have sprung from that great universal mother, Earth.

As there is a common law of being, which controls all living things, from the aimless motions of the mollusk in the sea to the most perfect conduct of the best developed man, so all the activities of human life, from the movements of the savage digging roots, to the work of the greatest artist with his brush, are controlled by universal law, and are good or bad, perfect or imperfect, as they conform to the highest condition nature has imposed.

The early savage dwelt in caves and cliffs and spent his life in seeking food and providing a rude shelter from the cold. He looked upon the earth, the sun, the sea, the sky, the mountain peak, the forest and the plain, and all he saw and heard formed an impression on his brain and aided in his growth. Like a child he marveled at the storm and flood; he stood in awe as he looked upon disease and

death; and to explain the things he could not understand, he peopled earth and air and sea with gods and demons, and a thousand other weird creations of his brain. All these mysterious creatures were made in the image of the natural objects that came within his view. The gods were men grown large and endowed with marvelous powers, while tree and bird and beast alike were used as models for a being far greater than any nature ever formed.

An angry god it was that made the rivers overrun their banks and leave destruction in their path; an offended god it was that hurled his thunderbolts upon a wicked world, or sent disease and famine to the sinning children of the earth: and to coax these rulers to be merciful to man, the weak and trembling children of the ancient world turned their minds to sacrifice and prayer. And the first clouded thoughts of these rude men that were transcribed on monument and stone, or carved in wood, or painted with the colors borrowed from the sun and earth and sky; in short, the first rude art was born to sing the praise, and tell the fame, and paint the greatness of the gods. But all of this was natural to the time and place; the graven images, the chiseled hieroglyphics and all this rude beginning of literature and art were formed upon what men saw and heard and felt, enlarged and magnified to fit the stature of the gods.

As the world grew older art was used to celebrate the greatness and achievements of kings and rulers as well as gods, and their tombs were ornamented with such decorations

as these early ages could create; and yet all literature and art were only for the gods and rulers of the world. Then, even more than now, wealth and power brought intellect to do its will, and all its force was spent to sing the praises of the rulers of the earth and air. The basis of all this art of pen and brush was the reality of the world, but this was so magnified and distorted for the base use of kings and priests that realism, in the true sense, could not exist. It would not do to paint a picture of a king resembling a man of flesh and blood, and of course a god must be far greater than a king. It would not do to write a tale in which kings and princes, lords and ladies, should act like men and women, else what difference between the ruler and the ruled? The marvelous powers that romance and myth had given to gods and angels were transferred to those of royal blood. The wonderful achievements of these kings and princes could be equaled only by the gods, and the poor dependents of the world, who lived for the glory of the great, were fed with legends and with tales that sung the praises of the strong.

Literature, sculpture, painting, music, and architecture, indeed all forms of art, were the exclusive property of the great, and the artist then, like most of those today, was retained to serve the strong and maintain the status of the weak. No one dreamed that there was any beauty in a common human life or any romance in a fact. The greatest of the earth had not yet learned to know that every life is a mystery and every death a tragedy; that the spark

of the infinite, which alone transforms clay to life, animates alike the breast of the peasant and the soul of the prince. The world had not yet learned that the ant-hill is as great as Mont Blanc, and the blade of grass as mysterious as the oak. It is only now that the world is growing so delicate and refined that it can see the beauty of a fact; that it is developing a taste so rare as to distinguish between the false and true; that it can be moved by the gentle breeze as well as by the winter's gale; that it can see greater beauty in a statement true to life, than in the inflated tales which children read.

Most of the art and literature the world has known has been untrue. The pictures of the past have been painted from the distorted minds of visionists, and the pliant brains of tools. They have represented impossible gods and unthinkable saints; angels and cherubs and demons; everything but men and women. Saints may be all right in their place, but a saint with a halo round his head was born of myth and not of art. Angels may be well enough, but all rational men prefer an angel with arms to an angel with wings. When these artists were not drawing saints and madonnas, they were spending their time in painting kings and royal knaves; and the pictures of the rulers were as unlike the men and women that they were said to represent as the servile spirit of the painter was unlike that of the true artist today. Of course an artist would not paint the poor; they had no clothes that would adorn a work of art, and no money nor favors that

could remunerate the toil. An ancient artist could no more afford to serve the poor than a modern lawyer could defend the weak.

After literature had so far advanced as to concern other beings than gods and kings, the authors of these ancient days told of wondrous characters endowed with marvelous powers; knights with giant strength and magic swords; princes with wondrous palaces and heaps of gold; travelers that met marvelous beasts and slew them in extraordinary ways; giants with forms like mountains, and strength like oxen, who could vanquish all but little dwarfs. Railroads were not invented in those early days, but travel was facilitated by the use of seven league boots. Balloons and telescopes were not yet known, but this did not keep favored heroes from peering at the stars or looking down from on high upon the earth; they had but to plant a magic bean before they went to bed at night, and in the morning it had grown so tall that it reached up to the sky; and the hero, although not skilled in climbing, needed simply to grasp the stalk and say, "Hitchety, hatchety, up I go. Hitchety, hatchety, up I go," and by this means soon vanish in the clouds. Tales of this sort used once to delight the world, and the readers half believed them true. We give them to children now, and the best of these view them with a half contempt.

The modern man does not enjoy these myths. He relishes a lie, but it must not be too big; it must be so small that, although he knows in his inmost soul that it is not true, he can yet half make himself believe it is not false. Most

of us have cherished a pleasing, waking dream, and have fondly clung to the sweet delusion while we really knew it was not life. The modern literary stomach is becoming so healthy that it wants a story at least half true; should the falsehood be too strong, it acts as an emetic instead of food. These old fairy tales have lost their power to charm, as the stories of the gods and kings went down before. They have lost their charm, for as we read them now, they wake no answering chord born of the experiences that make up what we know of human life.

When the beauty of realism shall be truly known, we shall read the book, or look upon the work of art, and in the light of all we know of life, shall ask our beings whether the picture that the author or the painter creates for us is like the image that is born of the consciousness that moves our soul, and the experiences that have made us know.

Realism worships at the shrine of nature; it does not say that there may not be a sphere in which beings higher than man can live, or that some time an eye may not rest upon a fairer sunset than was ever born behind the clouds and sea, but it knows that through countless ages nature has slowly fitted the brain and eye of man to the earth on which we live and the objects that we see: and the perfect earthly eye must harmonize with the perfect earthly scene.

To say that realism is coarse and vulgar is to declare against nature and her works, and to assert that the man she made may dream

of things higher and grander than nature could unfold. The eye of the great sculptor reveals to him the lines that make the most perfect human form, and he chisels out the marble block until it resembles this image so completely that it almost seems to live. Nature, through ages of experiment and development, has made this almost faultless form. It is perfect because every part is best fitted for the separate work it has to do. The artist knows that he could not improve a single organ if he would, for all the rest of nature must be adjusted to the change. He has the skill to reproduce this shape in lasting stone, and the human brain could not conceive a form more beautiful and fair. Here is a perfect image of the highest work that countless centuries of nature's toil has made, and yet some would seek to beautify and sanctify this work by dressing it in the garb that shifting fashion and changing fancy makes for man.

Only the vulgar superstition of the past ever suggested that the reproduction of human forms in stone was an unholy work. Through long dark centuries religion taught that the flesh was vile and bad, and that the soul of man was imprisoned in a charnel house, unfit for human sight. The early Christians wounded, bruised, and maimed their house of clay; they covered it with skins, which under no circumstances could be removed, and many ancient saints lived and died without ever having looked upon the bodies nature gave. The images of saints and martyrs, which in the name of religion were scattered through Eu-

rope, were covered with paint and clothes, and were nearly as hideous as the monks that placed them there. When the condition of Europe and its religious thought are clearly understood, it is not difficult to imagine the reception that greeted the first dawn of modern realistic art. Sculpture and painting defied the material. They told of beauty in the human form which hundreds of years of religious fanaticism had taught was bad and vile. If the flesh was beautiful, what of the monks and priests, who had hidden it from sight, who had kept it covered night and day through all their foolish lives, who maimed and bruised, cut and lacerated, for the glory of the spirit, which they thought was chained within. The church had taught that the death of the flesh was the birth of the soul, and they therefore believed that the artist's resurrection of the flesh was the death of the soul.

This old religious prejudice, born of a misty, superstitious past, has slowly faded from the minds of men, but we find its traces even yet. The origin of the feeling against realistic art has well nigh been forgot, but much of the feeling still remains. No one would now pretend to say that all the body was unholy or unfit for sight, and yet years of custom and inherited belief have made us think that a part is good and the rest is bad: that nature, in her work of building up the human form, has made one part sacred and another vile. It is easy to mistake custom for nature, and inherited prejudice for morality. There is scarcely a single portion of the human body but that some peo-

ple have thought it holy, and scarcely a single portion but that some have believed it vile. It was not shame that made clothing, but clothing that made shame. If we would eradicate from our beliefs all that inheritance and environment have given, it would be hard for us to guess how much should still remain. Custom has made most things good and most things bad, according to the whim of time and place. To find solid ground we must turn to nature and ask her what it is that conduces to the highest happiness and the longest life.

The realistic artist cannot accept the popular belief, whatever that may be, as to just where the dead line on the human body should be drawn that separates the sacred and profane. There are realists that look at all the beauty and loveliness of the world, and all its maladjustments too, and do not seek to answer the old, old question whether back of this is any all-controlling and designing power; they do not answer, for they cannot know; but they strive to touch the subtle chord that makes their individual lives vibrate in harmony with the great heart of that nature, which they love; and they cannot think but that all parts of life are good, and that while men may differ, nature must know best.

Other realists there are that believe they see in nature the work of a divine maker, who created man in his own image as the last and highest triumph of his skill; that the minutest portion of the universe exists because he wished it thus. To the realist that accepts this all-controlling power, any imputation against a

portion of his master's work must reach back to the author that designed it all.

We need not say that the human body might not be better than it is; we need only know that it is the best that man can have, and that its wondrous mechanism has been constructed with infinitely more than human skill; that every portion is adapted for its work, and through the harmony of every part the highest good is reached; and that all is beautiful, for it makes the being best adapted to the earth. Those who denounce realistic art deny that knowledge is power and that wisdom only can make harmony, and they insist instead that there are some things vital to life and happiness that we should not know, but that if we must know these things, we should at all events pretend that we do not. One day the world will learn that all things are good or bad according to the service they perform. One day it ought to learn that the power to create immortality, through infinite succeeding links of human life, is the finest and most terrible that nature ever gave to man, and that to ignore this power or call it bad, or fail to realize the great responsibility of this tremendous fact, is to cry out against the power that gave us life, and commit the greatest human sin, for it may be one that never dies.

The true artist does not find all beauty in the human face or form. He looks upon the sunset, painting all the clouds with rosy hue, and his highest wish is to create another scene like this. He never dreams that he could paint a sunset fairer than the one which lights

the fading world. A fairer sunset would be something else. He sees beauty in the quiet lake, the grassy field, and running brook; he sees majesty in the cataract and mountain peak. He knows that he can paint no streams and mountain peaks more perfect than the ones that nature made.

The growth of letters has been like the growth of art from the marvelous and mythical to the natural and true. The tales and legends of the ancient past were not of common men and common scenes. These could not impress the undeveloped intellect of long ago. A man of letters could not deify a serf, or tell the simple story of the poor. He must write to maintain the status of the world, and please the prince that gave him food; so he told of kings and queens, of knights and ladies, of strife and conquest; and the coloring he used was human blood.

The world has grown accustomed to those ancient tales, to scenes of blood and war, and novels that would thrill the soul and cause the hair to stand on end. It has read these tales so long that the true seems commonplace, and unfit to fill the pages of a book. But all the time we forget the fact that the story could not charm unless we half believed it true. The men and women in the tale we learn to love and hate; we take an interest in their lives; we hope they may succeed or fail; we must not be told at every page that the people of the book are men of straw, that no such beings ever lived upon the earth. We could take no interest in men and women that are myths

conjured up to play their parts, and remind us in every word they speak that, regardless of the happiness or anguish the author makes them feel, they are but myths and can know neither joy nor pain.

It may be that the realistic tale is commonplace, but so is life, and the realistic tale is true. Among the countless millions of the earth it is only here and there, and now and then, that some soul is born from out the mighty deep that does not soon return to the great sea and leave no ripple on the waves.

In the play of life each actor seems important to himself; the world he knows revolves around him as the central figure of the scene; his friends rejoice in all the fortune he attains and weep with him in all his grief. To him the world is bounded by the faces that he knows, and the scenes in which he lives. He forgets the great surging world outside, and cannot think how small a space he fills in that infinity which bounds his life. He dies, and a few sorrowing friends mourn him for a day and the world does not know he ever lived or ever died. In the ordinary life nearly all events are commonplace; but a few important days are thinly sprinkled in amongst all of those that intervene between the cradle and the grave. We eat and drink, we work and sleep, and here and there a great joy or sorrow creeps in upon our lives, and leaves a day that stands out against the monotony of all the rest; like the pyramids upon the level plains; but these events are very few and are important only to ourselves, and for the rest we walk

with steady pace and slow along the short and narrow path of life, and rely upon the common things alone to occupy our minds and hide from view the marble stone that here and there gleams through the over-hanging trees just where the road leaves off.

The old novel which we used to read and to which the world so fondly clings, had no idea of relation or perspective. It had a hero and a heroine, and sometimes more than one. The revolutions of the planets were less important than their love. War, shipwreck, and conflagration, all conspired to produce the climax of the scene, and the whole world stood still until the lovers' hearts and hands were joined. Wide oceans, burning deserts, arctic seas, impassable jungles, irate fathers, and even designing mothers, were helpless against the decree that fate had made, and when all the barriers were passed and love had triumphed over impossibilities, the tale was done; through the rest of life nothing of interest could occur. Sometimes in the progress of the story, if the complications were too great, a thunderbolt or an earthquake was introduced to destroy the villain and help on the match. Earthquakes sometimes happen, and the realistic novelist might write a tale of a scene like this, but then the love affair would be an incident of the earthquake, and not the earthquake an incident of the love affair.

In real life the affections have played an important part and sometimes great things have been done and suffered in the name of love, but most of the affairs of the human

heart, have been as natural as the other events of life.

The true love story is generally a simple thing. "Beside a country road, on a sloping hill, lives a farmer, in the house his father owned before. He has a daughter, who skims the milk, and makes the beds, and goes to singing school at night. There are other members of the household, but our tale is no concern of theirs. In the meadow back of the house a woodchuck has dug its hole, and reared a family in its humble home. Across the valley only a mile away, another farmer lives. He has a son, who plows the fields and does the chores and goes to singing school at night. He cannot sing, but attends the school as regularly as if he could. Of course he does not let the girl go home alone, and in the spring, when singing school is out, he visits her on Sunday eve without excuse. If the girl had not lived so near, the boy would have fancied another girl about the same age, who also went to singing school. Back of the second farmer's house is another woodchuck hole and woodchuck home. After a year or two of courtship the boy and girl are married as their parents were before, and they choose a pretty spot beside the road, and build another house near by, and settle down to common life: and so the world moves on. And a woodchuck on one farm meets a woodchuck on the other, and they choose a quiet place beside a stump, in no one's way, where they think they have a right to be, and dig another hole and make another home." For after all, men and animals are much alike and

nature loves them both and loves them all, and sends them forth to drive the loneliness from off the earth, and then takes them back into her loving breast to sleep.

It may be that there are few great incidents in the realistic take, but each event appeals to life and cannot fail to wake our memories and make us live the past again. The great authors of the natural school—Tolstoi, Hardy, Howells, Daudet, Ibsen, Flaubert, Zola and their kind, have made us think and live. Their words have burnished up our minds and revealed a thousand pictures that hang upon the walls of memory, covered with dust of years, and hidden from our sight. Sometimes of course we cry with pain at the picture that is thrown before our view, but life consists of emotions, and we cannot truly live unless the depths are stirred. These great masters, it is true, may sometimes shock the over-sensitive with the tales they tell of life, but if the tale is true, why hide it from our sight?

There is nothing more common than the protest against the wicked stories of the realistic school, filled with tales of passion and of sin; but he that denies passion denies all the life that exists upon the earth, and cries out against the mother that gave him birth. And he that ignores this truth passes with contempt the greatest fact that nature has impressed upon the world. Those who condemn as sensual the tales of Tolstoi and Daudet still defend the love stories of which our literature is full. Those weak and silly tales that make women fit only to be the playthings of the world, and

deny to them a single thought or right except to serve their master, man. These objectors do not contend that tales dealing with the feelings and affections shall not be told, they approve these tales; they simply insist that they shall be false instead of true. The old novel filled the mind of the school girl with a thousand thoughts that had no place in life—with ten thousand pictures she could never see. It taught that some time she should meet a prince in disguise to whom she would freely give her hand and heart. So she went out upon the road to find this prince, and the more disguised he was, the more certain did she feel that he was the prince for whom she sought. The realist paints the passions and affections as they are. Both man and woman can see their beauty and their terror, their true position, and the relation that they bear to all the rest of life. He would not beguile the girl into the belief that her identity should be destroyed and merged for the sake of this feeling, which not once in ten thousand times could realize the promises the novel made; but he would leave her as an individual to make the most she can, and all she can, of life, with all the hope and chance of conquest, which men have taken for themselves. Neither would the realist cry out blindly against these deep passions, which have moved men and women in the past, and which must continue fierce and strong as long as life exists. He is taught by the scientist that the fiercest heat may be transformed to light, and is taught by life that from the strongest passions are sometimes born the sweetest and the purest souls.

In these days of creeds and theories, of preachers in the pulpit and of preachers out, we are told that all novels should have a moral and be written to serve some end. So we have novels on religion, war, marriage, divorce, socialism, theosophy, woman's rights, and other topics without end. It is not enough that the preachers and lecturers shall tell us how to think and act; the novelist must try his hand at preaching too. He starts out with a theory, and every scene and incident must be bent to make it plain that the author believes certain things. The doings of the men and women in the book are secondary to the views the author holds. The theories may be true, but the poor characters that must adjust their lives to these ideal states are sadly warped and twisted out of shape. The realist would teach a lesson, too, but he would not violate a single fact for all the theories in the world—for a theory could not be true if it did violence to life. He paints his picture so true and perfect that all men who look upon it know it is a likeness of the world that they have seen; they know that these are men and women and little children that they meet upon the streets; they see the conditions of their lives, and the moral of the picture sinks deep into their minds.

There are so-called scientists that make a theory and then gather facts to prove their theory true; the real scientist patiently and impartially gathers facts, and then forms a theory to explain and harmonize these facts. All life bears a moral, and the true artist must teach a lesson with his every fact. Some con-

tend that the moral teacher must not tell the truth; the realist holds that there can be no moral teaching like the truth. The world has grown tired of preachers and sermons; today it asks for facts. It has grown tired of fairies and angels, and asks for flesh and blood. It looks on life as it exists, both its beauty and its horror, its joy and its sorrow; it wishes to see it all; not the prince and the millionaire alone, but the laborer and the beggar, the master and the slave. We see the beautiful and the ugly, and with it know what the world is and what it ought to be; and the true picture, which the author saw and painted, stirs the heart to holier feelings and to grander thoughts.

It is from the realities of life that the highest idealities are born. The philosopher may reason with unerring logic, and show us where the world is wrong. The economist may tell us of the progress and poverty that go hand in hand; but these are theories, and the abstract cannot suffer pain. Dickens went out into the streets of the great city and found poor little Jo sweeping the crossing with his broom. All around was the luxury and the elegance, which the rich have ever appropriated to themselves; great mansions, fine carriages, beautiful dresses; but in all the great city of houses and homes poor little Jo could find no place to lay his head. His home was in the street, and every time he halted for a moment in the throng, the policeman touched him with his club and bade him "move on." At last, ragged, wretched, almost dead with "moving on," he sank down upon the cold stone steps of a magnificent build

ing erected for "The Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts." As we think of wretched, ragged Jo in the midst of all this luxury and wealth, we see the tens of thousands of other waifs in the great cities of the world, and we condemn the so-called civilization of the earth that builds the mansions of the rich and great upon the rags and miseries of the poor.

The true realist cannot worship at the shrine of power, nor prostitute his gifts for gold. With an artist's eye he sees the world exactly as it is, and tells the story faithful unto life. He feels for every heart that beats, else he could not paint them as he does. It takes the soul to warm a statue into life and make living flesh and coursing blood, and each true picture that he paints or draws makes the world a better place in which to live.

The artists of the realistic school have a sense so fine that they cannot help catching the inspiration that is filling all the world's best minds with the hope of greater injustice and more equal social life. With the vision of the seer they feel the coming dawn when true equality shall reign upon the earth; the time when democracy shall no more be confined to constitutions and to laws, but will be a part of human life. The greatest artists of the world today are telling facts and painting scenes that cause humanity to stop, and think, and ask why one should be a master and another be a serf; why a portion of the world should toil and spin, should wear away its strength and life, that the rest should live in idleness and ease.

The old-time artists thought they served humanity by painting saints and madonnas and angels from the myths they conjured in their brains. They painted war with long lines of soldiers dressed in uniforms, and looking plump and gay; and a battle scene was always drawn from the side of the victorious camp, with the ensign proudly planting his bright colors on the rampart of the foe. One or two were dying, but always in their comrades' arms, and listening to shouts of victory that filled the air, and thinking of the righteous cause for which they fought and died. In the last moments they dreamed of pleasant burial yards at home, and of graves kept green by loving, grateful friends; and a smile of joy shone on their wasted faces that was so sweet, that it seemed a hardship not to die in war. They painted peace as a white-winged dove settling down upon a cold and fading earth. Between the two it was plain which choice a boy would make, and thus art served the state and king.

But Verestchagin painted war; he painted war so true to life that as we look upon the scene, we long for peace. He painted war as war has ever been, and as war will ever be—a horrible and ghastly scene, where men, drunk with blind frenzy which rulers say is patriotic pride, and made mad by drums and fifes and smoke and shot and shell and flowing blood, seek to maim and wound and kill, because a ruler gives the word. He paints a battlefield, a field of life and death; a field of carnage and of blood; and who are these that fight like fiends and devils driven to despair? What

cause is this that makes these men forget that they are men, and vie with beasts to show their cruel thirst for blood? They shout of home and native land, but they have no homes, and the owners of their native land exist upon their toil and blood. The nobles and princes, for whom this fight is waged, are far away upon a hill, beyond the reach of shot and shell, and from this spot they watch their slaves pour out their blood to satisfy their rulers' pride and lust of power. What is the enemy they fight? Men like themselves; who blindly go to death at another king's command, slaves, who have no land, who freely give their toil or blood, whichever one their rulers may demand. These fighting soldiers have no cause for strife, but their rulers live by kindling in their hearts a love of native land, a love that makes them hate their brother laborers of other lands, and dumbly march to death to satisfy a king's caprice. But let us look once more after the battle has been fought. Here we see the wreck and ruin of the strife; the field is silent now, given to the dead, the beast of prey and night. A young soldier lies upon the ground; the snow is falling fast around his form; the lonely mountain peaks rise up on every side; the wreck of war is all about. His uniform is soiled and stained, a spot of red is seen upon his breast. It is not the color that his country wove upon his coat to catch his eye and bait him to his death; it is hard and jagged and cold. It is his life's blood, which leaked out through a hole that followed the point of a saber to his heart. His form is stiff and cold, for he is

dead. The cruel wound and icy air have done their work. The government that took his life taught this poor boy to love his native land; as a child he dreamed of scenes of glory and of power, and the great wide world just waiting to fall captive to his magic strength. He dreamed of war and strife, of victory and fame; if he should die, kind hands would smooth his brow, and loving friends would keep his grave and memory green, because he died in war. But no human eye is there at last, as the mist of night and mist of death shut out the lonely mountains from his sight. The snow is all around, and the air above is gray with falling flakes, which soon will hide him from the world; and when the summer time shall come again, no one can tell his bleaching bones from all the rest. The only life upon the scene is the buzzard slowly circling in the air above his head, waiting to make sure that death has come. The bird looks down upon the boy, into the eyes through which he first looked out upon the great, wide world, and which his mother fondly kissed; upon these eyes the buzzard will commence his meal.

Not all the world is beautiful, and not all of life is good. The true artist has no right to choose the lovely spots alone and make us think that this is life. He must bring the world before our eyes and make us read and learn. As he loves the true and noble, he must show the false and bad. As he yearns for true equality, he must paint the master and the slave. He must tell the truth, and tell it all, must tell it o'er and o'er again, till the deafest ear

will listen and the dullest mind will think. He must not swerve to please the world by painting only pleasant sights and telling only lovely tales. He must think, and paint, and write, and work, until the world shall learn so much and grow so good, that the true will all be beautiful and all the real be ideal.

ROBERT BURNS

It is difficult to account for a genius like Robert Burns. His life and work seem to defy the laws of heredity and environment alike. The beasts of the field were scarcely bound closer to the soil than were the ancestors from which he sprang; and from his early infancy he was forced to follow the stony path his father trod before. As a mere child, he learned how hard it is to sustain life in the face of an unfriendly nature and a cruel, bitter world. He was early bred to toil; not the work that gives strength and health, but the hard, constant, manual labor that degrades and embitters, deforms and twists and stunts the body and the soul alike. Burns was denied even the brief years of childhood—those few short years upon which most of us look back from our disappointments and cares as the one bright spot in a gray and level plain.

It is not alone by the works he has left us that Robert Burns is to be truly judged. Fortune endowed him with a wondrous brain and a still rarer and greater gift—a tender, loving, universal heart; but as if she grudged him these and sought to destroy or stunt their power, she cast his lot in a social and religious environment as hard and forbidding as the cold and sterile soil of his native land; and from these surroundings alone he was obliged to draw the warmth and color and sunshine that should have come from loving hearts, generous

bounties, and bright, blue southern skies. In measuring the power and character of Robert Burns, we must remember the hard and cruel conditions of his life, and judge of his great achievements in the light of these.

The ways of destiny have ever been beyond the ken of man; now and then, at rare, long intervals, she descends upon the earth, and in her arms she bears disguised a precious gift, which she lavished upon a blind, unwilling world. She passes by the gorgeous palaces and beautiful abodes of men, and drops the treasure in a manger or a hut; she comes again to take it back from a world that knew it not and cast it out; and again, she seeks it not among the strong and great, but in the hovel of the poor, the prison pen, or perhaps upon the scaffold or the block.

Measured by the standards of our day and generation, the life of Robert Burns was a failure and mistake. He went back to the great common Mother as naked of all the gilded trappings and baubles, which men call wealth, as when she first placed the struggling infant on its mother's breast.

Robert Burns was not a "business man"; he was not one of Dumfries' "first citizens"—in the measure of that day and this; he was one of its last if not its worst. He had no stock in a corporation and no interest in a syndicate or trust. He had neither a bank nor bank account. He never endowed a library, a museum, or a university. He was a singer of songs,—a dreamer of dreams. He was poor, improvident, intemperate, and according to the

Scottish creed, immoral and irreligious. In spite of his great intellect he was doubted, neglected and despised. He died in destitution and despair; but the great light of his genius, which his neighbors could not see or comprehend, has grown brighter and clearer as the years have rolled away. A beautiful mausoleum now holds his once neglected ashes; monuments have been reared to his memory wherever worth is known and fame preserved; while millions of men and women, the greatest and the humblest of the world alike, have felt their own heartstrings moved and stirred in unison with the music of this immortal bard, whose song was the breath of Nature,—the sweetest, tenderest melody that ever came from that rarest instrument—the devoted poet's soul.

The great masterpieces of his genius were not created in the pleasant study of a home of refinement, luxury, and ease, but were born in the fields, the farm yard, the stable; while the "monarch peasant" was bending above the humblest tasks that men pursue for bread. Only the most ordinary education was within the reach of this child of toil, and the world's great storehouses of learning, literature, and art were sealed forever from his sight; and yet, with only the rude peasants, with whom his life was spent, the narrow setting of bleak fields and gray hills, which was the small stage on which he moved, and the sterile Scotch dialect with which to paint, he stirred the hearts of men with the sweetest, highest, purest melody that has ever moved the human soul.

Olive Schreiner tells of an artist whose pic-

tures shone with the richest, brightest glow. His admirers gazed upon the canvas and wondered where he found the colors—so much rarer than any they had ever seen before. Other artists searched the earth but could find no tints like his; he died with the secret in his breast. And when they undressed him to put his grave-clothes on, they found an old wound, hard and jagged above his heart; and still they wondered where he found the coloring for his work. Robert Burns, perhaps more than any other man who ever lived, taught the great truth that poets are not made but born; that the richest literature, the brightest gems of art, even the most pleasing earthly prospects are less than one spark of the divine fire, which alone can kindle the true light. Robert Burns like all great artists, taught the world that the beauty of the landscape, and the grandeur and pathos of life depend, not upon the external objects that nature has chanced to place before our view, but upon the soul of the artist, which alone can really see and interpret the manifold works of the great author, beside which all human effort is so poor and weak.

Millet looked at the French peasants standing in their wooden shoes, digging potatoes from the earth and pausing to bow reverently at the sounding of the Angelus, and saw in this simple life, so close to Nature's heart, more beauty and pathos and poetry than all the glittering courts of Europe could produce. And Robert Burns, whose broad mind and sympathetic soul made him kin to all living things, had no need to see the splendor and gaiety of wealth and

power, to visit foreign shores and unknown lands; but the flowers, the heather, the daisies, the bleak fields, the pelting rains, the singing birds, the lowing cattle, and above all, the simple country folk seen through his eyes, and felt by his soul, and held in his all-embracing heart, were covered with a beauty and a glory that all the artificial world could not create, and that his genius has endowed with immortal life. Robert Burns did not borrow his philosophy from the books, his humanity from the church, or his poetry from the schools. Luckily for us he escaped all these, and unfettered and untaught, went straight to the soul of Nature to learn from the great source, the harmony and beauty and unity that pervades the whole; and he painted these with colors drawn from his great human heart. His universal sympathy gave him an insight into life that students of science and philosophy can never reach. Contemplating Nature, and seeing her generous bounties lavished alike on all her children, he could not but contrast this with the selfishness and inhumanity of man, which crushes out the weak and helpless and builds up the great and strong. Burns was a natural leveler, and while men still believed in the "divine right of kings," he preached that "man was the divine King of rights." None knew better than he the injustice of the social life in which he lived, and in which we live today. Burns knew, as all men of intelligence understand, that worldly goods are not, and never have been given as a reward of either brains or merit.

It's hardly in a body's power
To keep at times, frae being sour,
To see how things are shared;
How best o' chiels are whiles in want
While coofs on countless thousands rant
And ken na how to wair't.

The immortal singer of songs, and all his descendants, received infinitely less for all the works of his genius than an ordinary gambler often gets for one sale of something that he never owned, or one purchase of something that he never bought; and it is doubtful if all the masterpieces of the world in art, in literature, and in science, ever brought as much cash to those whose great, patient brains have carefully and honestly wrought that the earth might be richer and better and brighter, as has been often "made" by one inferior speculator upon a single issue of watered stock.

Living in the midst of aristocracy and privilege and caste, Burns was a democrat that believed in the equality of man. It required no books or professors, or theories to teach him the injustice of the social conditions under which the world has ever lived. Here, as elsewhere, he looked to the heart—a teacher infinitely more honest and reliable than the brain.

If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave,
By Nature's law design'd;
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind?

If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty, or scorn?
Or why has man the will and pow'r
To make his fellow mourn?

Preachers and authors and teachers, judges and professors and lawyers, have been employed for ages to teach the justice of slavery and the folly and crime of equal rights; but through all quibbles and evasions, this question of Burns, straight from the heart, as well as the head, shows that all these excuses are but snares and cheats. The voice of the French Revolution could not fail to move a soul like that of Robert Burns. This great struggle for human liberty came upon the world with almost the suddenness of an earthquake, and with much of its terrors, too. Here the poor and the oppressed felt the first substantial hope for freedom that had pierced the long, dark centuries since history told the acts of men. To the oppressors and the powerful, who hated liberty then as they ever have, before and since, it was a wild, dread threat of destruction and ruin to their precious "rights." When the struggle commenced, Burns was enjoying the munificent salary of fifty pounds a year as a whisky gauger in the village of Dumfries. He had already spent a winter in Edinburgh, and had been feted and dined by the aristocracy and culture of Scotland's capital without losing his head, although at no small risk. An acquaintance and entertainer of the nobility and an incumbent of a lucrative office, there was but one thing for Burns to do; this was to condemn the Revolution and lend his trenchant pen to the oppressor's cause; but this course he flatly refused to take. He openly espoused the side of the people, and wrote the "Trèe of

Liberty," one of his most stirring songs, in its defense.

Upon this tree there grows sic fruit,
  Its virtues a'can tell man;
It raises man aboon the brute,

  It mak's him ken himsel' man.
Gif ance the peasant taste a bit,
  He's greater than a lord man.

King Louis thought to cut it down
  When it was unco sma' man;
For this the watchman cracked his crown,
  Cut aff his head an' a' man.

Even these words are not strong enough to express his love for natural liberty and his distrust of those forms and institutions which over and over again have crushed the priceless gem they pretend to protect.

A fig for those by law protected!
  Liberty's a glorious feast!
Courts for cowards were erected,
  Churches built to please the priest.

Even higher and broader was Burns' view of equality and right. He stood on a serene height, where he looked upon all the strife and contention of individuals and states, and dreamed of a perfect harmony and universal order, where men and Nations alike should be at peace, and the world united in one grand common brotherhood, where the fondest wish of each should be the highest good of all. These beautiful, prophetic lines seem to speak of a day as distant now as when Burns wrote them down a hundred years ago. But still, all men

that love the human race will ever hope, and work, and say with him:

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth
May bear the gree, and a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

It is perhaps as a singer of songs that the literary fame of Burns will longest be preserved. No other poet has ever breathed such music from his soul. His melodies are as sweet and pure as the bubbling spring; and as natural and spontaneous as ever came from the throat of the nightingale or lark. These songs could not be made. The feeling and passion that left his soul bore this music as naturally as the zephyr that has fanned the strings of the Aeolian harp. The meter of these songs was not learned by scanning Latin verse, or studying the dry rules that govern literary art, but it was born of the regular pulse beats, which in the heart of Nature's poets are as smooth and unstudied as the rippling laughter of her purling brooks.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snow;
But blessing on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We climb the hill tegither,

And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep tegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

Although a plow boy and surrounded by the grime and dirt that comes from contact with the soil, still even here Burns found material for music and poetry that will live as long as human hearts endure; for, though the sky may be warmer and bluer on the Mediterranean shore than where it domes the Scottish hills and crags, still the same heaven bends above them both, and the same infinite mysteries are hidden in their unfathomed depths. The tragedy of death is alike, whether defying the power of a Prince, or entering the home of the humblest peasant to bring the first moments of relief and rest. The miracle of life, whether wrought by Nature on the rich couch of the Queen or the unwatched pallet of the peasant, is the same mystery, ever new, ever old, appealing ever to the heart of man. The affections and passions,—those profound feelings that Nature planted deep in the being of all sentient things, and on whose strength all life depends,—these are the deepest and purest as we leave the conventions and trappings of the artificial world, and draw nearer to the heart of the great Universal power. With the sky above, the fields around, and all Nature throbbing and teeming with pulsing life, but one thing more was needed to make harmony and music, and that was Robert Burns.

The old story of human love was sung by

him a thousand times and in a thousand varying moods, as never love was sung before. It mattered not that his melodies breathed of rustic scenes, of country maids, and of plain untutored hearts that beat as Nature made them feel, unfettered by the restraints and cords of an artificial life. Transport his Mary to a gorgeous palace, and deck her fair form with the richest treasures of the earth and bring to her side the proudest noble that ever paid homage to a princess, and no singer,—not even Burns himself,—could make a melody like the matchless music that he sung to Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
  How rich the hawthorn's blossom;
As underneath their fragrant shade,
  I clasp'd her to my bosom!

The golden hours, on angel wings,
  Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life
  Was my sweet Highland Mary.

All the conventions and baubles and spangles which fashion and custom use to adorn the fair could only have cheapened and made vulgar the rustic maiden that moved Burns' soul to song.

These sweet lines could never have been written of any but a simple country lass, whose natural charms had moved a susceptible human heart:

I see her in the dewy flowers,
  I see her sweet and fair;
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
  I hear her charm the air;

There's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green,
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

Who was this Burns that sang these sweet songs and whose musical soul was stirred by every breeze and moved to poetry by every lovely face and form that came within his view? Biographers and critics and admirers have praised the genius and begged excuses for the man. Without asking charity for this illustrious singer, let us view him in the light of justice, exactly as he was. It is not difficult to understand the character of Robert Burns. His heart was generous and warm and kind; his mind was open as the day, and his soul was sensitive to every breath that stirred the air. These qualities have made the poet loved in every land on earth, and brought more pilgrims to his grave than were ever drawn to the tomb of any other poet or author that has ever lived and died. And yet the short-sighted, carping, moralizing world, with solemn voice and wisdom ill-assumed, has ever told how much better and holier he could have been and should have been. Poor, silly, idle world, can you never learn that the qualities that make us strong must also make us weak; that the heart that melts at suffering and pain is made of clay so sensitive and fine as to be moved and swayed by all the emotions of the soul? Would you serve the weak, the suffering and the poor—would you calm their fears and dry their eyes and feel with them the cruel woes of life—you must wear your heart upon

your sleeve, and then of course the daws will peck it into bits. Would you keep it safely hidden from the daws, you must hide it in a breast of stone or ice and keep it only for yourself. Perhaps we may admire the man that walks with steady step along a straight and narrow path, unmoved by all the world outside. He never feels and never errs. But we cannot ask of either man the virtues that belong to both, and when our choice is made we must take the strength and weakness too.

We look at the mountain top, lifting its snow-crowned head high into the everlasting blue, and are moved with wonder and with awe. Above is the endless sky; below, the world with all its bickering and strife, the clouds, the lightning and the storm, but the mountain, cold, impassive, changeless, unmoved by all the world, looks ever upward to the eternal heavens above. Again we gaze on the peaceful, fertile lowlands, rich with their generous harvests yet unborn—beautiful with their winding streams and grassy fields, ever ready to bestow bounteously on all that ask, demanding little and lavishly returning all; and we love the quiet, rustic, generous beauty of the scene. The mountain is majestic and sublime, and the yielding, generous lowlands are beautiful and pleasing too. We love them both, but we cannot have them both at once and both in one.

Robert Burns, and all men like him that ever lived, were always giving from their generous souls. In the cold judgment of the world, Burns wasted many a gem upon the thought-

less, worthless crowd, who consumed a life he should have spent for nobler things. But the flower that never wastes its fragrance has no perfume to give out. If it is truly sweet, its strength is borne away on every idle wind that blows. Robert Burns with lavish bounty shed his life and fragrance on every soul he met. He loved them all and loved them well: his sensitive, harmonious soul vibrated to every touch, and moved in perfect harmony with every heart that came within his reach. The lives of men like him are one long harmony; but as they pass along the stage of life, they leave a trail of disappointed hopes, and broken hearts, and vain regrets. But of all the tragedies great and small that mark their path, the greatest far and most pathetic is the sad and hopeless wreck that ever surely falls upon the exhausted artist's life.

The life of Burns was filled with wrecks—with promises made and broken, with hopes aroused, and then dashed to earth again. It was filled with these because one man cannot give himself personally to all the world. The vices of Robert Burns perhaps like those of all the rest that ever lived, were virtues carried to excess. Of course, the world could not understand it then, and cannot understand it now, and perhaps it never will, for slander and malice and envy, like death, always love a shining mark. The life of Burns and the life of each is the old Greek fable told again. Achilles' mother would make him invulnerable by dipping him in the river Styx. She held him by the heel, which remained unwashed

and vulnerable, and finally brought him to his death. To whatever dizzy height we climb, and however invulnerable we seek to be, there still remains with all the untouched heel that binds us to the earth. And after all, this weak and human spot, is the truest bond of kinship that unites the world.

I look back at Robert Burns, at the poor human life that went out a hundred years ago, and study its works to know the man. I care not what his neighbors thought; I care not for the idle gossip of an idle hour. I know that his immortal songs were not born of his wondrous brain alone, but of the gentlest, truest, tenderest heart that ever felt another's pain. I know full well that the love songs of Robert Burns could have come from no one else than Robert Burns. I know that even the Infinite could not have changed the man and left the songs. Burns, like all true poets, told us what he felt and saw, and it is not for me to ask excuses for this or that; but rather reverently to bow my head in the presence of this great memory, and thank the infinite source of life for blessing us with Robert Burns exactly as he was.

It is difficult to understand our own being; it is impossible to know our fellow man's, but I have faith to think that all life is but a portion of one great inclusive power, and that all is good and none is bad. The true standard for judging Burns and all other men is given by Carlyle, and I cannot refrain from borrowing and adopting what he says:

"The world is habitually unjust in its judg-

ments of such men; unjust on many grounds, of which this one may be stated as the substance: It decides, like a court of law, by dead statutes; and not positively but negatively, less on what is done right than on what is or is not done wrong. Not the few inches of deflection from the mathematical orbit, which are so easily measured, but the ratio of these to the whole diameter, constitutes the real aberration. This orbit may be a planet's, its diameter the breadth of the solar system; or it may be a city hippodrome; nay, the circle of a gin-horse, its diameter a score of feet or paces. But the inches of deflection only are measured; and it is assumed that the diameter of the gin-horse and that of the planet will yield the same ratio when compared with them! Here lies the root of many a blind, cruel condemnation of Burns, Swift, Rousseau, which one never listens to with approval. Granted, the ship comes into harbor with shrouds and tackle damaged; the pilot is blameworthy; he has not been all-wise and all-powerful; but to know how blameworthy; tell us first whether his voyage has been around the Globe, or only to Ramsgate and the Isle of Dogs."

Robert Burns has been dust for a hundred years, and yet the world knows him better now than the neighbors that lived beside his door. I look back upon the little village of Dumfries,—not the first or the last town that entertained angels unawares. I see poor Robert Burns passing down the street, and the pharisees and self-righteous walking on the other side. The bill of indictment brought

against him by the Dumfries community was long and black; he was intemperate, immoral, irreligious, and disloyal to the things that were. The first two would doubtless have been forgiven, but the others could not be condoned. And so this illustrious man walked an outcast through the town that to-day makes its proudest boast that it holds the ashes of the mighty dead, who in life was surrounded by such a halo of glory that his neighbors could not see his face.

A hundred years ago Scotland was held tightly in the grasp of the Presbyterian faith. Calvinism is not very attractive even now, especially to us that live and expect to die outside its fold, but even Calvinism has softened and changed in a hundred years. Burns was too religious to believe in the Presbyterian faith, and to the Scotch Covenanter there was no religion outside the Calvinistic creed. How any man can read the poetry of Robert Burns and not feel the deep religious spirit that animates its lines is more than I can see. True, he ridicules the dogmas and the creeds that held the humanity and intellect of Scotland in their paralyzing grasp; but creeds and dogmas are the work of man; they come and go; are born and die; serve their time and pass away; but the love of humanity, the instincts of charity and tenderness, the deep reverence felt in the presence of the infinite mystery and power that pervade the universe, these, the basis of all the religions of the earth, remain forever, while creeds and dogmas crumble to the dust.

Scotland of a hundred years ago measured Burns' religion by "Holy Willie's Prayer," "The Holy Fair," and kindred songs. The world a hundred years from now will not make these the only test. Dumfries and all the Unco' Guid of Scotland could not forgive Burns for writing:

O Thou wha in the heavens dost dwell,
Wha, as it pleases best thysel',
Sends ane to heaven and ten to hell,
A' for thy glory,
And no for ony guid or ill
They've done afore thee!

I bless and praise thy matchless might,
When thousands thou hast left in night,
That I am here afore thy sight,
For gifts an' grace,
A burnin, and a shinin' light,
To a' this place.

Lord, hear my earnest cry an' pray'r,
Against that presbt'ry o' Ayr;
Thy strong right hand, Lord make it bare
Upo' their heads!
Lord, weigh it down, an' dinna spare,
For their misdeeds.

But, Lord, remember me and mine
Wi' mercies temp'ral and divine,
That I for gear and grace may shine,
Excell'd by name;
And a' the glory shall be thine,
Amen, Amen.

It was not enough that Robert Burns taught a religion as pure and gentle and loving as that proclaimed by the Nazarene himself. Its meaning and beauty and charity were lost on those who would not see. Long ago it was written down that, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren,

ye have done it unto me." If this is any test of a religious life, then few men will stand as high in the great beyond as Robert Burns. This poor poet has melted more hearts to pity and moved more souls to mercy, and inclined more lives to charity than any other poet that ever dreamed and sung. Not men and women and children alone were the objects of his bounteous love and tender heart, but he felt the pain of the bird, the hare, the mouse, and even the daisy whose roots were upturned to the biting blast. Hear him sing of the poor bird for whom he shudders at the winter's cold:

Ilka hopping bird, wee helpless thing
That in the merry month o' spring
Delighted me to hear thee sing,
  What comes o' thee!
Where wilt thou cow'r thy chilling wing
  And close thy ee?

Few men that ever lived would stop and lament with Burns, as he shattered the poor clay home of the field mouse with his plow. No matter what he did; no matter what he said; no matter what his creed; the man that wrote these lines deserves a place with the best and purest of this world or any other that the Universe may hold.

Wee, sleekit, cow'rin, tim'rous beastie!
O, what a panic's in thy breastie
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
  Wi' bickerin' brattle;
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
  Wi' murd'ring prattle?

In a world which still enjoys the brutal chase, where even clergymen find pleasure in inflicting pain with the inhuman gun and rod, these

lines written a hundred years ago, on seeing a wounded hare limp by, should place Burns amongst the blessed of the earth:

> Inhuman man! curse on thy barb'rous art,
> And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye;
> May never pity sooth thee with a sight,
> Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart!
> * * * * * * *
> Oft, as by winding Nith I musing wait
> The sober eve, or hail the cheerful dawn,
> I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,
> And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy
> hapless fate.

This was Robert Burns,—and yet Dumfries, which held this gentle soul within its walls, and the Protestant world of a hundred years ago, looked at John Calvin piling the faggots around Servetus' form, and knelt before him as a patron, religious saint, while they cast into outer darkness poor Robert Burns with his heart bowed down at the suffering of a wounded hare.

Will the world ever learn what true religion is? Will it ever learn that mercy and pity and charity are more in the sight of the Infinite than all the creeds and dogmas of the earth? Will it ever learn to believe this beautiful verse of Robert Burns:

> But deep this truth impressed my mind,
> Through all his works abroad;
> The heart benevolent and kind,
> The most resembles God.

Will the world ever learn when it prays, to pray with Robert Burns, as man has seldom spoken to the Infinite, in whose unknown hands, we are as bubbles on the sea; to the

great power, which sends us forth into the darkness to stagger through a tangled maze for a little time and then calls us back to sleep within its all-embracing heart.

O thou, unknown, Almighty Cause
Of all my hope and fear!
In whose dread presence, ere an hour,
Perhaps I must appear!

If I have wandered in those paths
Of life I ought to shun;—
As something loudly in my breast
Remonstrates I have done;—

Thou know'st that Thou hast formed me
With passion wild and strong;
And list'ning to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong.

Where human weakness has come short,
Or frailty step aside,
Do thou, All Good?—for such thou art
In shades of darkness hide.

Where with intention I have err'd,
No other plea I have
But, Thou art good! and goodness still
Delighteth to forgive!

Dear Robert Burns, to place one flower upon your grave, or add one garland to your fame is a privilege indeed. A noble man you were, knighted not by King or Queen, but titled by the Infinite Maker of us all. You loved the world; you loved all life; you were gentle, kind and true. Your works, your words, your deeds, will live and shine to teach the brotherhood of man, the kinship of all breathing things, and make the world a brighter, gentler, kindlier place because you lived and loved and sung.

GEORGE BURMAN FOSTER

[A Memorial Address by CLARENCE DARROW
Garrick Theater, Chicago, Sunday, Jan. 12, 1919]

It is hard to realize that George Burman Foster is dead. Even now, on this platform, where I have so often met him in debate, I feel that he will rise and speak; that I will see his tall frame and his Jove-like head—a beautiful head which shone as the light played around it and within it. He had the head of a god and the heart of a child.

Here we discussed the problems of life and death—and whether there was a purpose in it all. He said there was. But the answer is that George Burman Foster is dead and that his brain, today, is less potent than the puny babe's; that all that was stored within during a long and useful life, is dead.

Nature has found no way of passing the genius or character or learning of one generation to another. Every child, whether sired by a philosopher or an idiot, comes into the world without a scrap of knowledge and with a brain of clay. It must learn the whole lesson of life anew, the same as the first child that was ever born.

He and I debated the meaning of life. I remember hearing him say on this platform, in almost a burst of frenzy: "I am the captain of my soul!" But, George Burman Foster is dead! No man is captain of his soul; he is not even

a deck hand on a rudderless ship; he is a bubble cast up for an instant on an angry sea, then lost in the air and waves, to be seen no more.

I would not pretend to give his religious faith. He was puzzling; sometimes changeable, almost chimerical in his views; here and there perhaps not daring to follow his farthest thoughts as to faith and life and death.

I was at his memorial services some days ago in church. Theological gentlemen said that Foster was a religious man. I would not say that he was not. Whether he was, depends on the definition of religion. If religion means creeds and dogmas, he was not a religious man. If it means specific belief in a supreme being, he was not. If it means a firm conviction of immortal life, he still was not; but if it means infinite love, gentleness, charity and kindness to all living things, George Burman Foster was the most religious man I ever knew!

He sometimes seemed to me to hold fast to things of which his judgment did not approve. I have often heard him say from this platform—that the function of faith began where reason ended; that because you could not prove a thing, was the real reason for faith and he tried to cling fast to faith where reason could not aid. To me, this statement is without foundation in philosophy or fact. If faith could be bought like a suit of clothes, we might choose our faith. But it comes from some conviction; and to me, at least, it cannot be an act of will.

Of course, he believed in no personal god. But, if there is no personal god, there is no

god; and if there is no personal immortality, there is no immortality.

No man could quarrel with him as to his convictions. He was so tender and kindly, even to those with whom he disagreed, that often he left you with a belief that he felt and thought as you felt and thought. He was the fairest man in his attitude of mind that I ever knew. I seldom met him in debate that I did not afterwards apologize for something that I had said wherein I thought the lawyer had overcome the man. But, I can never remember the time where I thought any apology was due from him for any statement that was not absolutely fair and just. In fact, I used to think that he ought never to debate. His mind was so fair, so free that he knew there was no theory that could be proven true.

He knew that reason was as feeble as religion; and he knew that truth has many sides and many angles. He could state his opponent's side as fairly as he could his own, and when he had stated the question for debate, he had put my side as well or better than I could have stated it myself. A philosopher cannot be a partisan, and, of course, a partisan cannot be a philosopher. A Catholic, a Methodist, a Christian Scientist, a Socialist, or a Single Taxer, cannot be a philosopher. If he could be, he would understand the uncertainty of truth, the relationship of all things, the differences that all men give to values, the many-sidedness of the human mind and human things, and he never could content himself with one corner of the universe or one small creed.

George Burman Foster above all other things was an intellectual man and a philosopher; he could neither take sides with the religionist nor the rationalist, because he knew that religion furnished no means for getting at the truth. He likewise knew that the human intellect had left man just as he was born, with no chance to get at the eternal things of life. But, he did believe that the human feelings, emotions and intuitions of man are truer guides than religious systems or mental conclusions.

He was the wisest man that it was ever my fortune to know intimately. And in many ways, I never had a friend whom I will miss as much. When I talked with him on philosophy, I was always sure of a free, open discussion, and I always knew when he had finished that he had said the last word that could be spoken; that he said it openly, fairly, freely and with no bias of any sort. I never knew a man who could do this as Foster did.

I remember the last discussion I had with him. It was not a dispute, but one of those talks that men at our time of life have with each other, which we withhold more or less from the public. It was on the old time riddle: "If a man die, shall he live again?" As to what death meant and its deep importance to the world and the human race; how in every religion, the joy of life was overshadowed by the fear of death. On this he had no conviction. He had hope and he never gave it up. I am glad for him that he never gave it up, for life is hard to all; if there is any hope or dream or illusion, true or false to which man can cling, he

should cherish that hope or dream or illusion while he can. Death is the ever-present thing, and the thoughtful man with all his longings cannot blot it out.

For me I cannot go beyond the facts; and the lines of the "Shropshire Lad" tell how I feel:

"With rue my heart is laden
For golden friends I had,
For many a rose-lipt maiden
And many a lightfoot lad.
By brooks too broad for leaping
The lightfoot boys are laid;
The rose-lipt girls are sleeping
In fields where roses fade."

At a time like this, the mortality of things is brought home to all and there is no chance to close our eyes. When one so near and dear is gone, the calamity has a personal tinge. It is as though you were standing by one in the trenches and a bullet, meant for you, had taken him.

George Burman Foster was one of the rarest men I ever knew. He was tolerant to all who lived. He was as broad as the human mind, and, what is better, as the human sympathies could make him. He had no use for any of the creeds that bind, and fetter man. He believed in freedom. He believed that the greatest thing was to be an individual and to live your own life unafraid. He was impatient of all those reformers who tell men what they must do and what they must not do. He did not believe in reforming by fear. He aroused the ire of the Prohibitionists because he said that a man should not be sent to jail for choosing what he should eat or drink. He would rather

a man lived free and wrong, than to be bound to the right. He knew that no man could be good unless he had a chance to be evil. And that without the actions of men at least seeming to be free, there could be no good conduct and no bad. He believed that men should make their own mistakes and blunders, and that their bodies and souls should be left unchained.

Few men who were ever born lived so bravely, thought so fearlessly, were so tolerant and kind and charitable to all, as our dead friend. As a philosopher, I never knew his equal. He had an intimate acquaintance with the works of all the great thinkers of the world. If he had never studied any books, he would have been a philosopher just the same. He had the habit of going to the bottom of every kind of teaching. He had a way of balancing one thing against another and trying to find out which after all was best and how far the mind could go before it reached the end of human knowledge.

There were things that he hated. You cannot love without hating, and he was not a colorless man; he had opinions on almost everything, but did not always offend you by stating them, nor did he always please you by giving them. I remember hearing him talk about a Prohibition procession that went down Michigan Avenue. He read the sign, "Down with Rum" on a banner and remarked: "Why is it in this Christian world, that you could not get a procession and have a banner that would say: 'Down with Anger,' or 'Down with Back-biting', or 'Down with Bearing False Witness

Against Your Neighbor', or 'Down with Nagging', or 'Down with Unkindness and Up with Charity or Love.' You could not get a dozen people in Chicago to march behind banners like that!" And, you could not.

Our friend taught us many lessons. He has given us the example of his great life. He was a joy to us while he lived and his memory will abide with most of us until the end. Yet he is dead, and I cannot reconcile it with any belief in the purpose of the universe. Talk of Omnipotence and the goodness of God, and I must answer: George Burman Foster is dead!

I have seen much of life and death. When useless men are saved and priceless ones like him lost to the world, I am not in harmony with the idea of eternal justice and a benign power. Life and death are facts and that is all. No mummery or ceremony can make death anything but death.

"There sun nor star shall waken,
  Nor any change of light;
Nor sound of water shaken,
  Nor any sound or sight.

Nor wintry leaves nor vernal
  Nor days nor things diurnal,
Only the sleep eternal,
    In an eternal night."

Is there any real hope in it all? I see little for those who feel and think. Housman gives us the only fleeting ray of light that life holds out to man. This he puts on the lips of his Shropshire Lad:

"Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough,

And stands about the woodland ride
Wearing white for Eastertide.

"Now, of my threescore years and ten,
Twenty will not come again,
And take from seventy springs a score,
It only leaves me fifty more.

"And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow."

We have emotions and feelings, and all that is left for us, is to go and see "the cherries hung with snow". Get what you can—get it kindly—because it is the best—but get it while the day is here for the night comes on apace. I can see no other philosophy of life and no other hope in it.

This is no great consolation for Foster's death. It is little for me who loved him as I seldom loved any other man. It seems to me that in the spring the grass and leaves will never be so green again; that summer will lose the golden hues that mark the ripening grain; that autumn leaves no more will have the old time glorious tints of red and brown. The winter will be longer and colder, and the summer be shorter now that he is dead. The stars in heaven will never shine so bright again. The day will lose its old time glory. The sun will fade faster, the twilight fall quicker, and the night close deeper since he is dead!

SOME PARAGRAPHS ADDRESSED TO SOCIALISTS

I would say that the ordinary Socialist—the ordinary Socialist; I do not mean Karl Marx or Trotsky—I mean the one, the one out of the million of the fellows who used to vote the Socialist ticket in the United States. I mean the ordinary one; they lay too great emphasis upon bread and butter, and they have taken their particular dope as containing the whole meaning of life; whereas, there are more things in the world than bread and butter, and a man must labor under some delusion if he thinks that he can live by bread alone. He can't, even if he throws in beefsteak. To the ordinary Socialist, as shown by all of his talk, and by all of his writing, the one great evil in the world is the lack of a practically equal distribution of property; or, at least, if property was fairly divided the world would be saved; and then we would all be happy.

Now, let's see what Socialism really is. To me, Socialism is a theory of political action, and economics. To you, Socialism is a religion, just a pure unadulterated dope. Now, let's see if I can prove it so that everybody will understand it excepting the Socialists. If I can I am satisfied.

Most all the Socialists I ever knew believe that this is a universe of law. They do not believe in a personal God, or any other, and I am not disputing on that question. Of course

they have certain patron saints, among whom is Karl Marx; and that does not bother me. They are materialists. They believe that when a man is dead he is dead all over.

Of course there is a certain sect which call themselves Christian Socialists, but I never saw any of them. I never saw any Socialist who could be a Christian, or any Christian who could be a Socialist. Because either dope is enough to fill anybody. If a man is drunk on whisky he does not need morphine. If he has morphine he does not need whisky.

The great mass of Socialists are materialists. The great mass of them are possessed of considerable intellect. I am not joking now. Of course I am not comparing you with myself, but I am comparing you with the common herd. And this is the reason I say you are intellectual.

You believe in the cooperative commonwealth; in a world where everything shall belong to everybody and nothing belongs to nobody; and I don't object to that. Of course this is rather a short definition of Socialism, which perhaps you could quibble over, but I am just putting it short.

Anyhow you believe in the cooperative commonwealth, where the product of every man will be dumped into the common pot, and each fellow draw out according to the amount of work he has done, or according to his needs.

Well, I shall not quarrel over that. I can imagine a state of society where a man's best title to property would be that he needed it, and as all of the laws in reference to property

are purely arbitrary, why, perhaps that would be as good as any. But I will state this, that no intelligent Socialist believes that any such state of society will come in the next ten generations. I am speaking of intelligent Socialists.

You believe in a state of society where the lowest strata of society will control the upper, and where all of us intellectuals will have to go to work, or starve.

Well, I am willing to take a chance on that. I am willing to starve. I don't agree that when we have Socialism work will be play, because when work is play, then it is not work. The distinguishing thing about work is that you do not want to do it. And when some sort of condition of psychology, or Socialism, makes it just as much fun to saw wood as to play golf, then sawing wood will no longer be work; but so far as we can see work will always be work, and I don't want it. . . . .

Now, so far as Socialism affects your life today, it is because it is a dream, an idealism, a religion, nothing else. Why, I have known Socialists—some of them I see around me today—fathers in Israel, good fellows, they haven't been awake since I knew them. They never will awaken. They will die in their sleep. I don't object to it. I am glad of it. That is a fine way to die, and it is a bully good way to live. I don't object to it. But what I do say is this: that they are living upon an ideal; they are living upon a theory; they are living upon a dream; they are living upon a religion; they are taking dope. It has no relation to

actual, physical life. It is purely to them imaginary, and yet you are living on it now, and life perhaps is mostly an ideal. You are living on it, and you are dreaming of it, and wherever there is any human being who can live his life and get pleasure out of the dream that some day Socialism and justice will rule on the the earth, I say all right, go to it.

Practical Socialism is not a political theory; it is a religious doctrine. You are living upon religious dogma, just the same as the Christian Scientists are living on religious dogma. You are living on a narrow, sectarian doctrine, just as the Methodist is living on a narrow, sectarian doctrine; and when you look at a man with that far-off, dreamy look, and say, "Are you a Socialist?" it is just exactly the same as the liquid stare of the Salvation Army lassie, who looks into your eyes and says, "Do you love Jesus?"

Now, I am not quarreling with it. All I can say for myself is, that dope does not work on me. It is not enough. There are too many things in heaven and in earth—especially in the earth—for me to get fat over the thought that a thousand years from now the cooperative commonwealth will come. It is pure dope, so far as it affects the present-day life of any Socialist, and if you can live on it, well and good. It may cure the Socialists, but it won't cure the world. It may save those who take it; but suppose the Socialists came into power and would pass a law that it should be taken by the Christian Scientist, do you think it would save them? Or take the agnostics, or different people who

are awake, do you suppose if you would pass a law to that effect it would cure them, or save them? No. It will save those who can take it, and who can live on it, and that is all.

Let's see about this saving the world. Now, I am willing to concede for the sake of the argument, so my friend won't have too hard a job, that some time far in the future the world may evolve a state of society where everybody's highest good will be to see to the general good; and where he will be willing to dump his earnings and take pot luck with the rest; and, broadly speaking, that is a very good definition of Socialism; although some of you may not say I understand it. Perhaps I don't, but I am willing to concede that some time that will come; and, of course, I am willing to concede that it would be a higher state of society than the present catch-as-catch-can state of society that we live in now. Take all of that; but are we to be happy then? Is it the unequal distribution of wealth that is the greatest evil in the world? Is that the greatest question that can fill your mind? Is it the highest idealism that some time there will be an equal distribution of wealth? I think not.

Now, everybody knows himself better than he does anybody else. At least he ought to. He might try not to, but he ought to. So, I will take myself for an example, and assume that the rest of you are the same way—which you are not. For thirty years I suppose I have had more money out of this crazy patch-work system than I could have had out of a co-operative commonwealth. I would have been

behind if I had dumped my earnings—or rather my gettings. I want to convince you that I am a real Socialist. I would have been behind if I had dumped these into the common mass, and taken out my per capita share; and yet I have always been more or less a Socialist. The capitalists say I have been more; the Socialists say I have been less. So I have been more or less. But I have always been willing to dump them in; at least, I have said so. It was so far away I didn't see any great danger. And I have had probably two or three times as much money and as much food, clothes, to say nothing about other things, as I would have been able to get had I taken pot luck with the rest. And yet, I have not been happy.

Now, what's the matter? Why haven't I been happy? Why, I have had more than I could possibly get under the cooperative commonwealth. I have had plenty to eat. One thing that made me unhappy sometimes was too much to eat. I have had plenty to eat. I have had plenty of clothes to wear; I have had a good house and I have been able to have some luxuries that I could not have had under the cooperative commonwealth, and still I am not happy. In fact, I am not sure that I am any happier than I was when I had very much less; and that is not due to age, because age does not make me less happy. In fact, it makes me more reconciled, because I know I won't have to stick around so long.

The reason I am not perfectly happy is because the bread and butter question is not the whole of life. In fact, when we get that settled,

we think it is no part of life. I still am able to have debts. While I can get money I can buy gold bricks with it, and fool it away. I am still able to look around and find people that are better off than I am and to want something else; and then the real things in life that worry me, I have not touched at all, and money cannot reach them. They are these simple things which lurk in the human mind more than the body; they are the everlasting questions which, after all, affect men more than anything else.

You Socialists here today talk about Socialism. If there was somebody in the next block that could show the people by an absolute demonstration that they were going to live forever nobody would be interested in Socialism for a single moment.

Those eternal problems of life and death are so much bigger than all the economic problems that nobody would think of the economic problems if there was any solution for them; and so, if you people are going to take dope, and can choose your dope, choose religious dope, it is bigger, it will go farther, because Socialism at the best can only affect a very short time, whereas religious dope can affect eternity.

Of course I have been happy at moments; I have had my—not my lucid intervals—but my illucid intervals when I was happy. If my lucid intervals only would not come back, I would be happy all the time; but they keep coming back.

There are a lot of things that annoy me. There are the misfortunes of others. Now, you

Socialists say, "Well, if we had Socialism they would not have misfortunes." Oh, yes, they would. They would have cancers, and I would rather be as poor as the average working man —who, by the way, is not a Socialist—he is just a working man. You people are just kidding yourselves into believing that you work. You are Socialists. I would rather be as poor as the average working man than to have a cancer, or tuberculosis, or any of the physical troubles which are the common lot of common men; and yet, when I look around me, I see that from the nature of things nobody can be happy very long, and I could not be happy even if I lived in Mrs. Potter Palmer's house. By the way, she is dead now, although she lived in a good house. I am not specially mentioning her name, but the house occurred to me.

Of course one thinks that these material things in life are the things that count; but they do not count. About as soon as a man gets everything fixed up and builds himself a fine, new house, the first great function he attends there is his own funeral.

My troubles in this world have never had any connection with food, except I have had too much of it. It might here and there give me the gout; and you poor people are lucky because you don't have the gout. They are the miseries and troubles inherent in life that Socialism can't cure. They are the everlasting annoyances that are present all the time.

The mosquitoes bother me. The reformers. The gossips; all kinds of fool people that look after other people's business; and they will

have more time when we get Socialism, for then they won't have anything else to do.

Then there are those people who are my pet aversion, the Prohibitionists. They bother me. And that kind of people never stop. Why, just the other day when I saw that the prohibition amendment had carried in the United States, I said to myself, "Well, all right, I am glad of it; we will get rid of the Prohibitionists." Then I picked up the papers the next day, and I found they had started on a crusade to make the world dry. I found we had got Prohibition, and I looked in the paper and found we still had the damn prohibitionists.

So what are you going to do about it? Nothing. You know happiness is a mental condition. To quote Karl Marx, "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you." Any kind of dope that will work on you will save the world for you. It saves it by its effect on you, that is all. It can't be saved by external medicine, or internal medicine. You can only do it by some delusion or hallucination, which takes possession of you, and by which you live; and whether it is Christian Science, or Single Tax, or Theosophy, or Free Silver, or Socialism, it all accomplishes the same result. . . .

Is Socialism in its organized form coming in this day and generation?

Now, there are a lot of you who honestly think so. I would not object if it did. But to say that it can is to deny all human history, and all that man can learn of science, and of life. The human race cannot be made over in a generation.

The rich men, if intelligent—and most of them are not—they are not afraid of any immediate Socialism in the world; they are not afraid of a general state of anarchy and disorder, such as is sweeping over the world today. Now I don't stand with them on that question. I am neutral. Anything is better than peace. They were just as afraid of the French Revolution. Socialism was not born out of the Revolution. Something better no doubt came out of it, but the dream of Socialism, no.

Why, you could not get a Socialist government that could stand together twenty-four hours. Now, you ask me who could understand this question better, a capitalist who was a part of it, or the working man who was a part of it, or I, who am looking on? I tell you I, and you Socialists don't seem to know that you could not get a Socialist government that would hang together. Every blooming one of you is an orator, and a boss, and you would not be satisfied to let anybody else have anything to do with it. Not for a minute. It is like the French Revolution. When I read the story the thing that impressed me was not that they cut off the heads of the noblemen, but they wound up the job by cutting off each other's heads.

Change does not come that way. It may be an element in it, but you put a brand new party, Socialism, down on the earth, according to program, and it would last just about as long as a snowball—no longer. It takes men women, ideas—and those are of slow development and slow change, and slow growth; and they don't come out of theories, and political orators.

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LIFE AND WORK

RUDOLF EUCKEN was born at Aurich, in East Frisia, on January 5, 1846. He was the elder of two boys, the second of whom died when quite a child. In the same year the father also died, leaving behind the young mother with her only son. The town of Aurich possessed a good High School, and to one of the teachers—Wilhelm Reuter—Eucken on many occasions expressed his gratitude. When eighteen years of age he proceeded to the University of Gottingen, and attended the philosophical lectures of Lotze and of Teichmuller. He gained much in an intellectual sense from the teaching of the former, but from the latter (a man less known than Lotze) he was greatly influenced in a region deeper than that of the understanding. After remaining two years at Gottengen he proceeded to Berlin, and came under the influence of Trendelenburg. This influence deepened what had taken place with Reuter at the High School and with Teichmuller at Gottingen. After having remained one year in Berlin he returned to Gottingen and took his Doctor's Degree. For the next

four years we find him serving as a High School teacher; and in 1871, at the age of twenty-five, he was appointed Professor of Philosophy and Pedagogic at the University of Basel. Here he found much spare time for reading, and devoted himself mainly to the study of the history of philosophical thought. In 1874 he received a call to succeed the late Kuno Fischer as Professor of Philosophy in Jena. And in Jena he has remained, in spite of several invitations to other Universities; for, indeed, it can be said of him, as of Schiller, that he thinks it would be very difficult to find a more congenial spot in which to brood over the deep things of eternity. His earlier treatises dealt with the Philosophy of Aristotle. This was the subject of his dissertation at Gottingen, and his Aristotelian studies were continued afterwards at the High Schools where he taught. His main object here seemed to have been this: to take up one of the great thinkers of the world and spend a great deal of time over his teaching. Such a thinker becomes to anyone who sees deeply into his teaching not merely an individual thinker, but also a type or pattern of what mankind should be. It is impossible to dwell long upon a great personality without discovering beneath his teaching the life of the spirit of the man. And such an element is afterwards looked for in the life of every other great thinker. Further, when a great thinker is studied seriously for a long time, one can see how far one is able to accept his teaching; and, though

much of the teaching may have to be rejected, the spirit which moved the great thinker is seen to be something of imperishable value. Thus in Aristotle Eucken found much that was helpful, and although he had to reject much, he discovered the presence of the life of the spirit in his great model—a life which was deeper than all the thinker was able to say about it or about anything else. This without a doubt gave Eucken the key to his great book, *Lebensanschauungen der grossen Denker*. In this volume we are presented with the views of life propounded by the great thinkers of the world. These views vary: no two thinkers are alike in their intellectual presentations and solutions of the problems of the world and of life. But though two separate islands rising in the sea have certainly no connection above the surface of the water, still, if we are able to plumb to the bottom, they are there one. Eucken then saw that in every thinker there was present a life of mind and spirit deeper than anything that life was able to state about the world or about itself.

At the next stage of Eucken's development we find such a life of the spirit of man becoming the core of his teaching. He now sees the message he has to deliver to the world. It is the announcement of *the presence of a self-subsistent cosmic life within man*—a life that is only gradually realized by human beings.

The first clear presentation of this is given in the *Prolegomena zu Forschungen uber die Einheit des Geisteslebens in Bewusstsein und*

That der Menschheit. This small book was published in 1885, when Eucken was thirty-nine years of age. The work is probably the most scientific of all his books. It is a psychological analysis of consciousness, and the difference between a *psychological* and a *noological* consideration of man is pointed out. The ground is now prepared for Eucken's great work—a work which, in the opinion of several of Eucken's pupils, surpasses all his works in importance. The present writer agrees with this verdict concerning *Die Einheit des Geisteslebens in Bewusstsein und That der Menschheit.* This volume of 500 closely printed pages appeared in 1888, when the author was forty-two years of age. Eucken's whole system had now clearly formed itself in his mind, and all his later works express and illuminate the central concept of the Spiritual Life from various points of view. It is a great work and is alone sufficient to establish the author's reputation as having brought forward a new element into the Philosophy of the nineteenth century.

THE NATURE OF SPIRIT

We have thus noticed the gradual development of Eucken's system, and enough has already been said to show that this system is not a mere emphasis of the small subjective self, but the inauguration of a life other than the life of the 'mere individual.' The great personalities of the world always possessed a life deeper than the ordinary life, or than the in-

tellectual life. The world is just beginning to see this once again. It is now at the end of a period of Expansion—a period which has brought many values into the world, but which has left the deepest soul of man as poor as ever. The fact that man is capable of feeling the need for something higher and nobler in the midst of the material plenty which has rained upon him for over a century is a proof that this nature is greater than anything the external world can offer him.

"A *Yea* far overtops the *Nay* as soon as it is recognized that the movement of universal history is not a mere web of human opinions and interpretations, but that real further development of life results by means of it, that new aims and energies appear, and that, indeed, a content of life becomes possible for the first time—a content which develops the life in a manner essentially different from that of the initial stages. Such a movement is not merely of assistance to man, it makes something *essentially new* out of him; it gives for the first time value to the idea of what human life and personality ought to be. The working out of a *self-existence and self-subsistence for reality* which happens in this manner can happen, as we have already seen, only by means of an *inversion of the initial situation*, and not in any way by means of a uniform and calm progress. The Biblical words concerning the builders with the trowel in one hand and the sword in the other hold good in connection with all the development of the life of the spirit as well as in connection with the progressive freedom which occurs within the soul. The fact that we ever remain in the realm of

quest and effort, and that, indeed, all our developing conclusions reveal our limitations and even our weakness, destroys in no manner the truth-character of the whole. Though the new movement of the soul, with its superiority to the individual in his merely natural state, does not contain as yet the full possession of truth, still it instills into the soul elements of truth, so that the smallness of the individual becomes a testimony to the greatness of the whole matter. When, however, a great movement takes place within human life for granting Reality a *self-subsistence*, and when this movement becomes a *personal fact*, there results within the soul a new relation to Reality and to Knowledge. Over against all anxiety and doubt concerning any *particular* truths there is signified here the fact of a movement towards Truth—a movement which is very far removed from all subjective inclinations and human opinions."

This passage illustrates well Eucken's main points with regard to the nature of spirit. We now proceed to interpret briefly Eucken's conception of the nature of spirit on its *active*, *historical*, *cosmic*, and *personal* sides.

Man is not a completed being. He is, in one sense, a microcosm of the great macrocosm, but this does not mean that all is mature apart from his own conscious effort. It is certainly true that potencies exist in man which cannot be reduced either to mechanism or intellectualism, but such potencies have to come into contact and even into conflict with a world of space and time. Man's spirit in the past has

done much in extracting the secrets of such a world, and the secrets of the world have become a part of his own spirit. Thus, through contact with the physical universe and with the nature of thought man has gained a life which is more than his mere subjective inclinations and wishes. Something of an ideal thus presents itself to the individual life, and constitutes a reality higher in its nature than the self in its ordinary natural state. Life, though it lives in the midst of realities greater than itself, does not obtain them as its possession without perpetual battle. In the world below man struggle has played a most important part, and when the human level is reached the fact is not otherwise. How, for instance, could man have ever stepped from the level of savagery to that of a gradually higher civilization and culture? There is no other answer than that he placed potencies and needs of his nature in operation without probably being more than dimly aware of the nature of such potencies and needs, or of any kind of definite end in the future. But the 'end' of the preservation of his own life—the will to live—was at least present, and this 'will to live' could not exist without taking into account the experiences of the relations which had come into existence by living together as a number of individuals. Something had to be *done* before the whole nature of what it was could become known. Thus, man gains a special kind of existence long before he is able to interpret such an existence. He

lives a reality for which he has often blindly striven, although he may be far from being able to account for it. It is not sufficient to emphasize the physical and social factors which operate in every act of life; it is not enough to say that man acts in such and such a manner because his physical security is at stake. The physical security, when analyzed, is seen to have been brought about by a *need of the spirit* and by the incoming of an experience which is more than subjective—which, in fact, *is over-individual.* It is strange that anyone should deny the presence of such a spirit in man, or of the over-individual elements which are always present whenever man takes, consciously or unconsciously, an upward step. The whole movements of the world are proof of such a relation of man's spirit to an over-individual material. The time never arrives in a man's life when these should cease to operate. He can never say: "So far and no farther; now everything has been completed." It is true that the result of effort means a preservation of his existence and an increase of happiness. This has entered into his nature, and grants him temporary peace and rest. But his nature once again discovers new and deeper needs, which have to be satisfied, and the nature once again is forced into activity in order that new portions of reality may enter into his life. Man's spirit is thus a *deed.* Such a *deed* is not devoid of *thought,* but the thought is one imbedded in the deed, and not a thought which surveys the deed

after the act is accomplished. And, as we shall see, it is on account of this truth that Eucken parts company with all speculative metaphysics. Such speculative metaphysics, in the various forms it has assumed during the nineteenth century, has in a very large measure taken the nature and development of thought into account apart from the deeds of life. The struggle to understand the nature of thought and its implications is doubtless a severe one, but it can be accomplished without taking into account at all the actual conflicts of life, as these have developed in the course of the centuries and as they have created civilization, culture, art, morality, and religion. Consequently we find Eucken, throughout his long career, pleading for a *Metaphysic* not of the Schools but of *Life*. It is ever so much more important to deal with the *over-individual* implications of thought in its relation to deed than in its relation to nothing outside its own divers forms.

Further, the Philosophy that views man's spirit from its active side has many resemblances with Pragmatism, as this has been presented by the late Professor James, Professor Dewey, and Dr. Schiller. Eucken says: "We are at one with many of the Pragmatists with regard to the necessity of making the assertion of the *actual elevation of life* the touchstone of Truth, and indeed, we are at one with the main atmosphere of Pragmatism. But we must bring the accusation against it that it

does not sufficiently distinguish between the *natural desires* and the *elevation of life*, between the decoration of a *given* world and the struggle of a *new* one, between what is *useful* and what is *good*." Eucken's main divergence from Pragmatism, then, consists in his announcement of a stage of life higher than the 'merely human' stage. "We have," he says, "outgrown the standard of a welfare merely human, and all the values of such a welfare cannot bind us to their narrowness and emptiness. Nothing is so characteristic of man as that he possesses a nature that must strive to get beyond itself; such a characteristic and effort may often be ignored, but they can never be entirely suppressed." In so far as Pragmatism has real value, this value has been obtained not by merely emphasizing the natural activities of life and the demands of the hour, but by idealizing the view of human life, Whenever life ascends, there is present some need and some end in which the need can be satisfied. In other words, the potency of the spirit of man and over-individual ideal are present. When man's spirit, in spite of struggles within and without, climbs to its ideal, a new piece of reality becomes the permanent possession of the soul.

When we take the next phase of the nature of spirit, we discover that it carries us farther in the direction of *objective reality*. This reality is the movement of mankind by means of its civilization, culture, art, science, and religion. These form great complexes of life,

and persist often for generations as paths of life and progress, as well as goals of human endeavor. These Life-systems have shaped the destinies of the world. The meaning of History, in its most real sense, is to be found in the rise, growth, and decay of these Syntagmas or Life-systems. These may only touch a portion of man's nature, and may leave his deeper part untouched. This is the case, according to Eucken in connection with the two great life-systems of our own generation—viz., those of Naturalism and Intellectualism. It will be well for us to deal with these at the present juncture for they represent, in a large measure, Eucken's view of *Spirit as revealed in History.*

There is a very important sense in which Naturalism is justified. The transition of life in modern times has been more and more in the direction of the physical world. The adventures of men on land and sea have yielded rich results. Wealth undreamed of before has become the possession of the Western World. The most distant parts of the world have been brought nearer to us. The inventions of the past fifty years in connection with the physical world are too numerous to be mentioned. It is doubtless true that they have exercised great influence upon the whole life of man—an influence, the magnitude of which most men are unaware of. Our attention, as Eucken notices in several of his books, has been turned so much to things outside us that we are on the verge of considering everything which

cannot be seen with the eyes, or heard with the ears, or handled with the hands as shadowy and unreal. Naturalism as a Life-system has been beneficial on the external side, and could have been beneficial on the side of the inner life had it not been that it is not conscious of its limitations, and that it ignores the very power which has brought it into existence and which has enabled it to live at all. It has quite overlooked the fact that we must have mind or spirit to know things at all; mind or spirit is ever present in describing, classifying, and interpreting things; mind or spirit has ever to give meaning, value, and significance to the things which present themselves to it in the external world. Is it a wonder that man may be lamentably poor in the midst of external plenty! The good things of the world would have destroyed man before now had it not been that his spirit had refused to succumb to the treatment meted out to it on the whole during the last fifty years. And though in individual cases man's spirit may be buried under a mass of external things, such a calamity can never happen to mankind as a whole. "Mankind in our day," says Eucken, "has discovered much of value in sailing from pole to pole and in exploring the bowels of the earth in the most distant lands, but it has not discovered its own soul or added an iota to that which constitutes the deeper happiness of life."

The world is beginning to see this on all the levels of knowledge and life. Even Natural

Science itself is seen to-day to be something quite different from a naive Naturalism. It is now seen that no science could have originated and developed without the presence of the human mind, which has to transform physical impressions into mental conceptions, and which has to universalize such conceptions, and use them as mental models into which every particular fact that presents itself to the mind must enter and obtain its interpretation, meaning, and value. A world of mind or spirit is ever present and requisite if the physical world is to mean more to us than it means to the animal. We are consequently led to the inevitable conclusion that alongside of the reality of the physical world there is another kind of reality which knows and uses the world. This reality is mental and spiritual; its origin and development lie in a large measure in obscurity; but we know that it exists because it has turned the confusion of things into order and utility; it has provided a secure abode for the physical man, and has interpreted his world for him.

It is not a mere speculation but an actual fact that man is more than the things he needs and uses; he is also more than the mental life which interprets the things he needs and uses. Such a mental life is a life of the spirit and in so far as it is so constitutes a grade of reality higher than physical things. This is the inevitable conclusion of natural science itself, but the world as yet has not grasped the significance of such a conclusion.

When it is grasped, man will discover that 'that subtle thing termed spirit' is a reality which is meant to be filled with a content other than the things of the world. Man's nature needs *more*, and is capable of obtaining more than is offered by the senses. Our deepest hope, then, does not proceed from the physical universe, wonderful as such a universe may appear to us. Man's spirit is greater than matter and the life of the world, however much that spirit is hidden under a load of custom and conventionality. Eucken's call is for a recognition of this all-important fact. "Another aspiration of our day is that which looks for an emancipation from Life-systems of mere power and material development. This is an aspiration after a *self-subsistence* life. The 'turn' towards these systems had much to justify itself in many of the most important situations of history. It was the strong feeling of a new power and courage in mankind, conscious of its own development, which, in the beginning of modern times, succeeded in turning men from the weak and shy inwardness of the religious life as then conceived to a firmer grasp of Reality; a change which, on its external side, worked for a subjugation of Nature, and, on its inner side, for the clarification and mastery, through enlightened reason, of the various situations of life and of all human relations. How much was accomplished towards the subjugation of Nature and the development of Reason, and how much has

been gained—all this is known and enjoyed by us all. But, with all this fully in view, we are to-day convinced that all the heightening of material power and the increase of such power over the very soul itself have their limitations, and that in no manner do they give life any genuine content. Notwithstanding expansion and prosperity unheard of before, we discover with pain an inward emptiness. We aspire ever more deeply towards a Goal or End, to which all increase of material things shall become subservient—a Goal or End into which material things will be transmuted and thus acquire their proper valuation. We are convinced that all toil and care which fail to serve such an end will finally prove of no avail. We feel this last more and more acutely. Indeed, the more urgent and expansive modern life becomes, the more anxiety it lays upon us, and the less fitted it becomes to grant life true peace and joy. *Either* there is *something more* imbedded in life, *or* life passes quickly away into oblivion."

Eucken's sole point in all this is to show that man's deepest spirit cannot for long feel satisfied with a naturalistic conception of itself or of the universe. It needs more, and is made for more.

It is on this account that Eucken turns to examine the other great Life-system of *Intellectualism*, which has played such an important part in the thought and life of modern times. The fullest account of the strength

and weakness of Intellectualism is presented in the *Einheit des Geisteslebens.* In some of his later books this system is referred to as Speculative Philosophy. In the English-speaking countries the system is known as Absolutism, and its most distinguished representative is Mr. F. H. Bradley. Without a doubt this Life-system has played too important a part in the history of the world to be dismissed without any more ado. And Eucken is aware of this fact, and many aspects of his teaching have close affinities to Intellectualism. Intellectualism has from the time of Plato downwards recognized the superiority of *reason* over the things of sense, and, on the whole, throughout the centuries it has considered man's spirit as being of a different origin and nature from the organic life of his own body and of the physical world. It has granted man's spirit a kind of self-subsistence. This thread is clearly observed in the Metaphysics, Logic, and Psychology of the centuries. The strength of the System lies in its recognition of the nature of Reason and in its belief in the power of Reason. But its conclusions are, on the whole, the results of logical conclusions framed from premises which are far removed from man's relation to the world. In fact, a mental world, far removed from man's vocation in the physical world and from the deepest needs of life, has been created, and it is in this mental world that reality is to be found. Before such a reality can be discovered, a long and difficult training in the subtleties of Logic,

Mathematics, and Metaphysics is needful. Indeed, some of the present-day advocates of Absolutism state that a man cannot know God unless he is a metaphysician. If this be so, what is to happen to the millions who have no opportunities or time or knowledge of the Absolute of Speculative Philosophy? Are they to remain outside the highest Reality? and have they to continue to live on superstitions and illusions? Eucken's answer is distinctly, 'No.' He shows everywhere that, however valuable the conclusions of Logic and Metaphysics may be in the direction of enabling man to realize the nature of the real, there is another road on which the ordinary man may walk and obtain a Reality which is deeper in its nature and more transforming in its power than that of logical universals. Plenty of time and an escape from the world are necessary to the enjoyment of the conclusions of Speculative Philosophy, and fortunate, doubtless, is he who is able to ruminate in such a field. But men and women have to live in a real factual world—a world which is full of confusions of all kinds, and which needs bringing into some kind of order. This fact is no doubt the cause why the late Professor James and Dr. Schiller turned to a 'gospel' more in accordance with the actual development of life on its natural sides during the nineteenth century. Eucken seems to stand midway between Absolutism and Pragmatism. His Personal Life-system has many of the implications of Absolutism. He believes in its in-

sistence on the power of Reason as an instrument for discovering a reality higher than the physical world. In one of his latest volumes he speaks of the importance of reason in the following manner: "The modern world is now breaking away from *immediate existence* and is developing a process of life superior to such existence. This is illustrated in the recognition and development of a *reason* independent of the individual and of his situation in life. This development has not only become the basis of knowledge, but also the Standard of Life; not only has there resulted an elevation beyond the standpoint of Psychology with its merely descriptive methods, but also the aspiration after a thorough-going elevation of human existence, as well as after a complete dispersal of all darkness and misery—both of which are to be discovered in modern life—derives its rights and its driving-power simply out of the belief in such a *reason* superior to man and yet present in man. This belief has proceeded into the world as a power of clarification and orientation, as well as of a stimulation and further development; it tolerates nothing which contradicts its claim, but what it conceives as valid it unifies the more closely and renders the more effectual. Knowledge, however, receives here its main task—viz., to develop a connected sphere of Thought and to illumine the whole of existence from such a sphere."

Eucken's contention is that what is specific in the spiritual structure of human life con-

sists not in theories and learned discussions, but in an actual turn of man to the inner tasks of spiritual existence. Such a 'turn' is not generally brought about by means of reflection but of action. Thus there seems to be a radical difference between knowing and being. Even the best ideals, which are no more than the results of intellectual thought, cannot mean as much to the man as those ideals which have been cemented into a whole by means of the struggles of the deeper life with hostile elements without and within.

We may thus pass to Eucken's own Life-system—that of a Personal and Cosmic World. He has been obliged to part with the Life-system of Intellectualism because its reality is formal, and because it has been woven without the presence of the deeper instincts, passions, longings, and aspirations of the deepest soul.

EUCKEN'S OWN LIFE-SYSTEM OF A PERSONAL-COSMIC WORLD

The two previous Life-systems were shown to be insufficient to found a Reality which would take into account the whole of man's nature. The Life-system of Naturalism gives us no more than things and their relations; that of Intellectualism gives only concepts and their relations. Eucken states that he is driven by the demands of life to seek for a more inclusive Life-system, which shall not ignore the results of Naturalism and Intellectualism, but which feels the need of other fac-

tors of supreme importance. Such a new system of a cosmic self-life is not a speculative metaphysic of any kind, and it is not a mere subjective wish of the individual. The important thing we have to bear in mind is that it is abundantly clear that *a movement beyond the individual* is taking place in the world, and it is loyalty to such a movement, far more than the interests of the individual in his own particular welfare, that effects the most profound change in the individual. There is such a conception as the *life of mankind.* This life of mankind has become a standard and norm for each individual life. This life of mankind is to be made our central conception; and a spiritual world, which becomes personal, is to be developed out of such a conception. How does Eucken proceed in verifying this statement?

We have already hinted that Reality possesses the two characteristics of being personal and over-personal, and it is on this fact that Eucken builds his system of cosmic self-life. No more than a mere outline of his mode of procedure can be presented here, and the reader who wishes to obtain a full account of the matter is referred especially to the *Einheit des Geisteslebens.*

Our attention must again be directed to the *nature of the spirit of man.* This spirit is rooted in Nature. Much in it is physical, and the past quarter of a century has made clear that far more is physical than had been previ-

ously suspected. Eucken's system does not preclude the most mechanical conceptions of the universe and of life—even including human life. It is a noteworthy phase of his system that it will not be disturbed by any further advance in the mechanical conceptions of the universe and of life. Granting that man is rooted in the physical, nobody will see that there is no other root in his nature. He is mind and spirit *now*, however much we may fail to follow such a root to its deepest soil. And even mechanical science is more careful than it used to be in not attributing a physical origin to the content of consciousness. My authority for stating that the life of the soul is not the same as the life of the body is Professor Schafer.

Besides this, the turn which the new Biology has taken during the past few years is something no less than startling. Bergson, Driesch, McDougall, Haldane, Thompson, T. H. Morgan, and others are finding it increasingly difficult to account not only for the phenomenon of consciousness, but also for the phenomena of life below man, from purely chemical mechanical elements. And when we turn to the Physics of our day we find scientists like Oswald propounding theories of Energy which interpret the universe and life in terms of something which is certainly more like mind than like matter.

What we are certain of is that with the rise of consciousness a new kind of reality makes its appearance. It is only what might

be expected that such a reality of mind and spirit cannot exist without a world of things in space. Of course there is nothing new in this statement. Consciousness has for many generations been considered as something very different from matter, and certainly Eucken does not claim to have made any discovery in pointing out the difference between the two. But what he has done is to point out in the most original manner that it is not enough to acknowledge this difference between mind and matter, and only half-believe in the reality of mind. Much would have happened for good in the history of mankind if it had believed in the past that mind or soul, though its connection with the body be the most intimate, still has a reality of its own—a reality not to be found, at least in the same degree, in any world *below* man. The main question with Eucken is: Are we willing to take this step of acknowledging the reality of mind or spirit? Certainly there are not enough proofs in the realm of Biology either to prove or disprove the legitimacy of such a step. It cannot possibly be known beforehand whether such a step is justified or not. But neither could Sir Ernest Shackleton say what was the contour of the land at the South Pole *until he was there.* Things are precisely similar in the realm of mind or spirit. We know that man has emerged out of nature, but he is *more* than a natural being *now.* The question for Eucken is, Does man recognize that all the upward movement of his life becomes possible

by acknowledging fully the presence of this *More?* It cannot be said that the world has not known this fact for many generations. But how astonishing it is that so few have acted upon such a knowledge! Eucken states that we could have multiplied our men of genius and power if the world had 'ruminated' over the presence and significance of this *More* of mind or spirit. Men must familiarize themselves with the need of holding fast to the reality of this *More* in the teeth of every opposition. And as we shall see later there are oppositions on all sides to the growth of this *new More.* To become aware of this *More* is not a matter of theoretical speculation or of biological research. In the former case we are living on words, and the deeper spirit may starve in the process, however successful the process may be; in the latter case we are living on our relations to things outside us, and how can individuality and personality grow where the attention is constantly directed towards something other than ourselves, and that generally being something which is *below* ourselves in the scale of existence? No, the whole matter is that of a *personal experience*—a personal experience of a new reality present in the spirit. This experience is entirely different from every manipulation of ideas by means of that fraction of our being termed the understanding. When personal experience is able to become aware of this *Spiritual More* it becomes aware of *a totality* or whole—in other words, it becomes

aware of a living synthesis or universal present within the soul. It becomes aware of a microcosm—of something most intimate and ultimate at the same time. That is the meaning which Eucken attaches to his system of *Personal-Cosmic Life and World.* Such an experience cannot be subjective though it is *personal,* for man is always aware of the 'given' elements present in it. Indeed, in one sense *everything* is 'given.' Nature has given, history has given—the whole environment, natural and social, is giving from moment to moment. The experience is therefore *objective,* and it is *cosmic* in the sense of dependency upon a natural and social cosmos that has carried us on its breast all our days. It is no wonder, as Eucken points out, that the experience of Grace has played such an important part in the higher religions of the world. But though everything is 'given,' it is not given in the lump. It is given piecemeal, and the pieces enter into the mind and spirit, and their whole nature is transformed there. We have not the slightest idea *how* the miracle is done, but done it is in the life of the humblest spirit. Things become thoughts, and thoughts come to a focus and blend with all the *a priori* elements present in man's spirit. This, in a way, is the teaching of the ordinary Psychology of our day. But no one is 'converted' to the great totalities and wholes and unities of life by Psychology. Psychology performs a very useful function in telling us a little about *how* the thing is done, but it tells us nothing

what the thing, after it has been done, is. Eucken shows that the relations of mind and body presented by Psychology are no more than abstractions of the deeper unity present within experience. He gives the name 'Noology' to the experience itself as distinguished from the psychological bits of information we possess concerning the history of the soul and its relations to its own material body and to the surrounding world.

Though, therefore, all is 'given,' all has to be reacted upon by the mind. We have to become *aware* of all that is given, for otherwise it will remain dormant in the mind. We thus see that the consciousness of this *More* is intensely *personal*—it is something to be preserved and to be further developed. It is *cosmic* in the further sense that, though it has landed man in a *new world*, that does not mean that it has made the whole of that world its own. The soul certainly sees that what is present within itself is infinite and eternal. That means in the beginning that the *new life* belongs to a *new order of existence* which, though it exists in space and time, still is spaceless and timeless. There arises now on the horizon of life, once the reality of the *new spiritual More* has been emphasized again and again and has been made the foundation of all true human existence, the possibility of attaining still more content for the life. Moments of calm and contemplation on our spiritual existence (little enough though such an existence be in the beginning) bring forth startling, new and unique

experiences. The content seems, after the whole soul has made it its foundation and has determined to test it, to acquire a deep need and aspiration for *more* still of the deeper quality that has now filtered into the soul as a unity or whole. Consequently a break has for ever taken place with natural existence, and the soul knows that a *new reality* has begun to take root within it. Such a reality cannot for long feed on what is already in the soul, and there is not enough in Nature or Society for it to feed upon. Where can it turn for a new content? It may turn in several directions. It may turn to the projecting and magnifying of the *little more* that is already a reality within it upon the canvas of infinity and eternity; in other words, it multiplies its possession in imagination and holds it out as an object of thought and a requisite of life. "What strange world-whispers, mystic pain or joy, that used to haunt me when a boy, far, far away"—these are revived with startling suddenness; and such ideals, too great to be reduced to definite logical concepts, help to change in a most fundamental manner the nature of the soul and to claim for it once and for all to the things of eternity. This is no other than the 'regeneration' of the soul as it is presented in the nucleus of the Christian religion. Some reader may answer again: "There is nothing new in that; it is in the Gospels; it is in Paul; it is found throughout the whole history of the Christian Church." No, there is nothing new in it as Eucken is so fond of pointing out. But per-

haps it is new to preach it from a University chair as part and parcel of the deeper implications of Philosophy. We are glad to find that such a change is rapidly coming over the philosophic world. It is no longer able to write books on Metaphysics and other branches of Philosophy without taking Religion and the deepest soul of man into account. Until lately, most of our philosophical teachers had banished the soul and its needs in order to deify the concept and the syllogism, and to show the marvellous conjuries they were able to perform. All this is passing away. The spirit of man has been waiting all the time for some one to come forward to present its claims and to show that it is more than a mere useless trimming of the natural life which starts in the cradle and ends in the tomb. Eucken has come forth as a champion of this life of the spirit. He challenges the sciences and the philosophies of the day to reduce man's spirit into a mere flowering of the material processes of nature, or into a bundle of physical movements within the brain. No answer either to the needs or the aspirations of the spirit of man is to be found in such teachings. It is not an hypothesis but a fact that a cleavage has been made between man's spirit and nature. By nature here Eucken means not only the physical world, but also the psychic life as well as the ordinary life of man. A *Deed* which is *entire* has now taken place within the spirit, and such a Deed has relegated the whole world of matter, of psychic life, of ordinary life, and even of

the intellectual life to a secondary place. This does not mean that these are to be ignored. The real spiritual world is within, but things infra-spiritual have their rights and uses, and will continue to have these as long as we are obliged to live in a physical world of space and time. Indeed, many of these infra-spiritual elements actually contribute their quota to the spiritual life within the soul. The nature which nourishes us, the houses we live in, the vocations we fill, the clothes we wear, the friends we meet, the state of which we are subjects—they all help us. But they often also all injure us, and threaten to bring our spiritual life to nought. This double aspect is delineated by Eucken with great power in his *Truth of Religion.* Whether helpful or harmful, *the world of existence* has to be differentiated in a decisive manner from *the world of deed.* The whole triumph of the spiritual life within the soul depends upon accomplishing this cleavage. "What leads the struggle against the narrowness of a life 'merely human and personal' is in the last resort a specific aspiration of life itself—a quest for a deeper and richer *self-existence and self-subsistence.* If this process does not find its home in such qualities as these—if it does not hold together a *superior unity* and transform it into a result—the whole movement will dissipate itself in the sand. All this cannot come to pass if the *world of deed* does not first of all stand out in strong relief from the *world of existence,* and if this *world of deed* is not comprehended purely in its *self-existence*

and *self-substance*. Without this there is no binding into a whole and no distinctive marks of character. But we have already seen that the division between the two worlds is inhibited from being an entire cleavage—that the *deep-world*, in order to find its own consummation, has to return to the *world of existence;* and this can only be done if, first of all, the *world of existence* is viewed (by a process of abstraction) as entirely independent of the *world of deed* . . There must be, on the one side, a serious wrestling with the *deed-world*, and, on the other, with the *world of existence*, if the *spiritual world* of man is to develop and express its full characteristics. But the co-operation of both worlds must not be understood as a kind of combination of two different things as something to which the *deed-world gives the form* and the *world of existence* gives the *material*. Such a combination can never engender a *living whole*—indeed, the two elements can never come together in an *inner* manner. For if the life of the spirit is to progress, the conditions and circumstances of the *external world* are rather to be placed upon the ground of the *deed-world*, and are here to be transformed into an antithesis furnishing motives for the further development of the life of the spirit. The *deed-world* is not a mere side of life, but constitutes the whole or totality of life—a whole that can submit to nothing outside itself; but it is a whole or totality that is as yet incomplete, and which can perfect itself by means of contact and collision with *external existence*."

As the spiritual life proceeds on its course it has often to battle with stubborn elements. Bergson speaks of the stubbornness of matter and of the difficulty of life to overcome it. Eucken speaks of the stubbornness of much that is in the world outside, and in our own inner world. In the world outside, the spiritual life finds itself hemmed in by alien, hostile elements; the injustice and hardness of the world, the huge 'baggage train' of superstition and indifference and ignorance, are not things which vanish in a day, and never vanish without battling ever anew with them. In the world within, where the spiritual life has taken root, deadly enemies are to be encountered. The racial instincts, the impulses and passions, the oft-repeated tendencies to obey the 'call of the wild,' the drifting along the long-trodden 'dead level' life—these and other elements arise and fight with all their fury against the eternal and immortal power which has been planted in the soul. It is no wonder, as Eucken says, that the conception of a devil is not very far away from the highest religions of the world, or from the deepest experiences of him who has seen through his own soul. The opposition appears so serious in the initial stages of the spiritual life, that help must come to the soul to overcome in such a struggle as this. It is no less than a struggle between two worlds—the world from which we have emerged and the world into which we have just been spiritually born. We have to go back, according to Eucken time after time and insist that the

foundation of our life is now spiritual, immortal, and eternal. We are born into another world; we must insist on this. Often we are partially beaten in this battle, but if we have once experienced the deepest unity and substance within ourselves something cosmic and spiritual has for ever made its abode within the soul, and all the forces of the enemy can never utterly obliterate it. As Eucken puts it, something essential, substantial, and cosmic, has become ours, and this can never be entirely lost. For the soul here sees not only its content already attained, but also the content that ought to be attained. Out of its own content there arises norms and standards of a state of existence possible for a man—a state which he as yet has not attained.

These norms and standards are seen by the soul to be elements of cosmic significance, for it is only when it clings to these in the day of battle that the victory becomes a certitude. 'The spiritually New and More' is lost when it loosens its hold upon such norms and ideals. But when it tightens its grip something further, new, more, and cosmic, is added to the experience, and it is this which *conquers* in the day of battle. This is no speculative truth, but a fact exemplified in one way or another in the lives of the great religious personalities of the world. "The affirmation (the New and the More) has brought forth far too much spiritual movement and newness of life to allow itself to be swept aside as a mere illusion. Therefore there must be present in such a need of

the life of man something deeper, for man, through some kind of energy, will hold fast to his life with a confident hope and trust, although these cannot be justified by any view of things as seen on the mere surface. No great thinker has more truly seen the urgency of these problems and brought them more powerfully to expression than Augustine. Before his eyes the old world sank before a new one had yet emerged; he found himself haunted by the dread of a wholly empty world, and felt all the desolation and contradiction of human existence with the most painful intensity. And yet he held fast to life and withstood the total destruction of his soul. But why? Because the hindrance itself brought him to the consciousness that something greater than it is imbedded in it; because all menace and intimidation made him absolutely certain of something in his nature which could never be lost. This something is of an axiomatic kind—something at first mysterious; but out of the mystery a powerful energy originates and gives birth to a new and higher need of life which, over against the energy of nature, may be termed *metaphysical* The experience of Augustine is not singular, but is an experience of mankind, an experience of all individuals to whom these problems have come to signify their life and destiny."

The man of science or the psychologist may smile at all this, and say that all this is not Philosophy but Religion. If such a man will turn to the deeper implications of all the great philosophical thinkers of the world he will not

fail to find that they were all searching for a reality deeper than the interpretation of the physicial universe or the relations and combinations of intellectual conception. There is no wall or partition between natural science, philosophy, and religion. Start in the field of science and walk far enough you will come to a narrow gate which leads into the field of philosophy. After sitting on this for awhile, repeat your experiment in the philosophical field. Walk on, though there is a good deal of mist around the path; still, if you walk far enough, you are bound to reach a Metaphysic. And forgetting for a little while where you have come from, and remembering where you are, and noticing what is around you, and trying to follow the path farther, because it does not end where you are—when you have done this you will be on an altitude high enough to see things as Mathew Arnold so suggestively remarked—you will 'see life steadily and see it whole.' It is something like this which Eucken means when he insists on the need of a metaphysic of life and not of religion. We shall now turn to his view of religion.

RELIGION

HITHERTO we have observed how the life of the spirit has created a cleft within the soul itself. We have further seen that physical and psychical elements were relegated to a secondary place. Real these certainly are, but they belong to a lower grade of reality than the life of the spirit. So far as we have already

gone the life of the spirit is aware of its new existence and of its entrance into a new world, but the first experience is soon damped by storms and blasts from without and within. And it is in this fact that Eucken takes note of the great *antinomy* in human existence. On the one hand, as we have already noticed, the life of the spirit felt itself to be a *self-subsistent* life; it was fully convinced in certain moments of its experience of its spiritual *antonomy*. The life is posited between the *antinomy* and the *autonomy*, and its tragedy consists in this. The spiritual life in its battle for *autonomy* is assailed by Nature, by much in civilization and culture, and by much within itself. It is assailed by the natural process. "As nature itself with its order and mechanism enters into the very soul of man, the awakened spiritual life must verify its independence and superiority over against this; it must rule our actions more and more, and must link all effort to its own career. How could it otherwise affect a revolution of the total reality?"

"Do the facts of experience show such a 'becoming' superiority of the spiritual life? They show quite the reverse. The spiritual development of man as well as the natural life of the soul remain attached to the order of nature; they become and grow with the body. The spiritual life, too, waxes and wanes within us. That the body is more to man than a mere tool is clearly proved by so-called mental pathology—which is really brain pathology—which contracts most powerfully the psychic activity and drives man to perverted paths.

Death, again, with its extinguishing of the whole existence, appears as a great evil proceeding from the province of nature. For the spiritual life sets aims within the individual being which far outrun the short span of existence; activities are initiated and relationships of man to man formed which involve a longing after a permanency of duration; the man works with incessant toil for his own cultivation, and attains by his labours a personal standing and a spiritual individuality only to witness all his results so cruelly destroyed. Over against this, there awakens an ardent longing to burst such limits asunder, and to participate in some way in eternity; thus religion has become in the main the promise of individual immortality. But not only does experience fail to give the least clue to this, it also refuses to affirm that what appears on the one hand as indispensable is on the other hand superfluous. And, further, how often does all spiritual emotion fade in the soul; the spirituality becomes numb and dull, and by gradual stages it almost wholly dies in the lifetime of man. What has immortality to do with such a spent-out life? . . . Earthquakes and floods as in a play destroy the blossoming spiritual life; pestilence and famine produce their effects without any concern for human welfare and spiritual values. . . A mysterious sphinx stands in front of us, incessantly bringing to birth and bringing to death, patiently preparing and rashly destroying, benevolent and pitiless at the same time, its objects quickly befriending one another and quite as quickly pursuing one another in a relentless struggle; all this verifies the saying that nature is less of a mother than of a step-

mother to her children. . . Further, the most appalling destruction of life, the occasions of dreadful malformations, the inheritance of painful diseases, follow throughout in accordance with the laws of nature and with the causal order. Of what help to reason, it may be asked, is that which places so much power in the hands of unreason?"

We see from this wonderful passage that Eucken does not shut his eyes to the catastrophies of the world; he faces them all, and still finds a refuge for the soul within its new world of eternal values. When we view civilization and culture the case is similar. Here, again, the spiritual life finds much to harass it and drive it out of its course. What are the oppositions, the wars, the jealousies, and the savageries of the world in the past and in the present but deadly weeds which have often nearly choked the ideals of the Kingdom of God?

The same is true with regard to the opposition within the particular province of the spiritual life itself. How often does the individual become no more than the tool of the environment:

"The individual appears as a child of his age; the waves of his age play with him and carry him far out until he becomes without a will of his own, and merely floats on the current of external circumstances."

"Civilized life heightens these entanglements through its multiplication and refinement of wants and needs, through its manifold complications and the narrow concentration of men, through its fierce blaze of ambition and

lust for gain—all which are deemed necessary for our self-preservation . . and thus the thing that really matters appears as a painful inversion, and comes in for unfriendly criticism."

It is no wonder that Eucken asks:

"How shall we disengage ourselves from such a confusion? And what becomes of the presence of the Divine through such an upheaval of morality? In so far as the actual situation has been acknowledged, it has to all appearance less strengthened the reason of our existence than brought the unreason of it to clear consciousness."

The situation is dark; shall we abandon ourselves to what restrains the spiritual life-process, and which expects safety only through death and annihilation? Eucken answers that the individual could do this if the movement of life were his own concern—his own private fact. But he cannot do this "if within him a Life-process not capable of being exactly defined—the opening out of a higher order of things—is acknowledged. Thus, there is something in him which he dare not rob himself of; he now deals with a problem which he himself has not set, but which as from a sublime energy, rises within him and refuses to be abandoned. However much of all this is concerned with the renunciation of his own happiness man is not able to disown his spiritual nature and its tasks. In his nature and its tasks a fact seems committed to him which is of value not only for himself but for the whole; for the vindication of a higher order of things does not seem possible without his

activity. Therefore, beyond all the physical oppression of life something metaphysical seems to govern and forbid a simple abandonment." As we shall see, a superior power can come to man's assistance.

It is on account of this *need* in man's nature —a need which always occurs in the drift of his higher development—that Eucken sees the main justification of Religion. We have already noticed how the spiritual seemed to have gained a certain autonomy and self-subsistence; its nature and content seemed, without a doubt, to belong to another order of being and existence. Such a nature and content were far removed from objects of sense, and they seemed to point to a 'world' even beyond the 'world' of intellectual conclusions, although such a 'beyond' may be no other than a 'beyond that is within.' That 'beyond' included within itself the whole spirit of man; it was the final conviction and final word of man's knowledge and life after having come to a coalescence. This experience is the most weighty fact in human experience. Man, once he has experienced the presence and power of such a fact, cannot withdraw from it except at the peril of losing the qualities which are the most precious in his life. What is he to do? It is certainly true that he has been committed himself to an experience which is extremely difficult, and probably impossible, to grasp as intellectual facts are grasped. But surely this is no reason for withdrawing from the experience or for considering it a delusion. The alternative—

the great Either-Or of Eucken's—has vital and momentous consequences: on the one hand are certitudes and future possibilities which mean a new kind of life and a new order of being, and, on the other, a death which is brought about by reducing life to the impressions and results of natural and intellectual impressions and conclusions. Life must take one of the two alternatives—no third path is possible. Now, it has been already shown that it is the *necessity* of life as well as the presence of over-individual norms and values which make life move further towards this unexplored region. There is therefore no way of showing the validity of the enterprise except by taking into account the nature and the implications of the content and value of the deepest experience. It is certainly true that natural and intellectual elements have filtered their contributions into such an experience, but that does not mean that the experience is either natural or intellectual *now*. This fact is so often forgotten by empirical philosophers. that attention should be called to it. The fallacy is committed because the philosopher overlooks the fact that the objects of the physical world have somehow to come into contact with man's consciousness and the contact has to change into concepts before the world becomes intelligible at all. However much we may try, we can never obliterate man's mental potency in the act of perceiving and knowing the world outside himself. The very possibility of any kind of progress in the sciences rests upon the

acceptation of such a fact—for fact it is, however far we are from explaining all the constitutents of its history and formation. Even on this level of dealing with the principles of science and of logic, for instance, we are actually employing relations and conclusions which are far removed from any sense data. Sense data having entered into the formation of these principles, but, has already stated, they cease to be data of sense when the spirit of man, by means of its own power, has reacted on them and has melted them in the totality or wholeness of its power in order that they may form a larger totality or wholeness. We do not dispute the justice of handling material which has no direct relation to life in such a fashion as this. We see that the very preservation and enhancement of all our sciences depend upon the use of such a method in our dealing with the external world. Why should we dispute the legitimacy of the method when we are dealing with ourselves—when we are trying to 'read our own breasts clear.' The norms and values which have issued as the final implications of Knowledge and Life always seem to ring true, and we should never doubt their reality and validity had it not been that *existence in space* has been for so long one of our main tests of the reality of anything. But surely such a test is not worthy of Philosophy after all that has been said on this point by the thinkers of the centuries! To cling to such a test is to fail to appreciate, and to attempt to undo the works of such thinkers as Plato,

Kant, Hegel, and many others in ancient and modern times.

Eucken then takes his standpoint on the fact of a self-subsistent life pressed by its own demands to seek for a further content. He takes it that everything tells us to go forward. except the lethargy and the spiritual ebb of our lives. Suppose we are determined to follow the inklings of the self-subsistent life, where are we to get our material? It must not be material which is entirely alien to the content that is already present in tne life. If that were the case, we should never have either the wish or the will to push forward and upward. In seeking for *more* we are not seeking for some kind of *more* which lies beyond the boundary of our life; we are, in fact, seeking for ourselves; we are seeking for a greater depth of our own nature; we are seeking to preserve and to deepen the values already present in the life and to increase them.

In Eucken's teaching there are three paths which open out in front of us, and which help the different sides of our nature. These are the paths of Universal Religion, the Historical Religions, and Specific or Personal Religion.

With regard to *Universal Religion*, it may be stated that Eucken means by it the intellectual warrants which may be obtained from the history of mankind in connection with our own personal undertaking and quest for this *More* for our spiritual life. The history of the progress of mankind is far more a history and progress of *over-individual* efforts and their

resultant *complexes* and *syntagmas* than of independent, individual efforts. The relations of men in the family, the tribe, the community, society, science, the state, and the church have, as is quite clear, formed complexes of life larger than can possibly be the experiences of any one individual that forms any of these groups. The common efforts and relations have brought forth individual activity, and such individual activity was something that was common to all the group, and good and true for all. Many of the individual inclinations and wants of life had to be pushed into the background before such an over-individual truth and reality could become possible. These over-individual complexes are not the facts and events which once appeared in our world, but the *interpretation* and *meaning* of these facts and events. Thus, they do not depend upon place and time. They have persisted as norms and standards for all the facts and events which make their appearance. Such complexes could not have come into existence without the facts and events. This is simply a treatment of the history of mankind in a manner similar to that of the scientist's when he deals with the facts and events which present themselves to him in the external world from moment to moment. We have already dealt with this work of science, and here wish to emphasize that the relations of mankind and the complexes issuing out of such relations have to be treated in a similar manner. The subject-matters of science and of history are, of course, different;

what is emphasized here is that in science and history the quest for *universals* has been a condition absolutely necessary for all development in both sciences. It is not here denied, either, that the *particular* is valueless. It will be shown later that it has great value. What, then, are the norms and ideals present in the life of the spirit of man save over-individual realities which have persisted in the history of the world and which ever grow by the individual and collective contributions of men and communities? When man reflects upon them in a spatial world. Eucken in several of his conclusion that they constitute a reality entirely different from his individual life—a reality which is objective in man's ideal world and not in a spatial world. Eucken in several of his books therefore distinguishes between *substance* and *existence.* Over-individual ideals and values *exist for the self.* That is the world in which they have their reality. In other words, they exist in a *world of spirit.* Man must then give up the idea of ever hoping to prove that they exist elsewhere. The true infinity is not an endlessness of space, but a consciousness that within the particular life something not found in space has begun to happen as an experience within the soul. The true eternity is not an endless flow of successive moments, but the meaning of many moments gathered into a unity or whole, and thus constituting, in the midst of the factual events of time, another kind of reality which follows time and gathers its fragments into self. Some-

thing of this nature is ever present in religious experience, although that experience is not able to give a logical account of it. It is present as an experience in the lives of people who have not the slightest notion of the methods and results of science and philosophy. Such people cannot account for the *How* of the experience, but they are absolutely certain of its substantiality—its Noology—and of its cosmic value and significance. It means all to them. They cannot, as already stated, withdraw from the experience; it has created too great a change in the whole experience and outlook of life—giving such strength and calm in the darkest hours—to exchange it for that which flows on the surface of the moment or which can be packed within the confines of the human understanding. The cosmic value is, in the language of Philosophy, termed the Absolute; in the language of religion it is termed God. But we must not forget the imminence and the transcendence of this conception of God. We have already shown that God cannot be altogether quite different from man's experience at this level. He is that experience, but that experience is conscious of its own cosmic significance and of perpetual need for *more.* Thus God is different from the experience in the sense that there is now implanted within the soul the steadfast faith that *more* is to enter as its possession. What has already entered—which is of priceless value—is the earnest of the soul for the *more* that will surely come. Thus a *spiritual universal,* according

to Eucken, is growing in the soul along with the *particular*, and these two sides of life must continue to grow as long as we live in this world.

But we must pass to Eucken's conception of the Historical Religions and see briefly what is to be gained in this path. In the first place, these religions are evidently *spiritual complexes* which have persisted in the history of the world, and consequently they may be treated under the heading of *universal religion.* But they are something else as well. They deal with what *actually happened* in the world: *they present experimental proofs of the claims made by universal religion.* What are the lives of the spiritual heroes of history but proofs of the presence and efficacy of an over-individual reality having been realized as a factual experience? Taking as our example the life of Jesus, what is it but an actual proof of an over-world reality dwelling in the life of man? This experience of the individual hero has become like the religious complex to which he gave rise, also a religious complex of its own—a complex which has become the norm and standard of so many millions of human beings for nearly twenty centuries.

"That great 'turn' of religion is the raising up of new demands to the level of the spiritual life, and a blotting out of what had hitherto satisfied man. Thus we find it most of all in the personality and life-work of Jesus. Here we find a human life of the most homely and simple kind passed in a remote corner of the world, little heeded by his contemporaries,

and, after a brief period of blossoming, cruelly put to death. And yet, this life had an energy of spirit which filled it to the brim; it had a standard which has transformed human existence to its very root; it has made inadequate what hitherto seemed to bring entire happiness; it has set limits to all petty natural culture; it has not only stamped as frivolity all absorption in the mere pleasures of life, but has also reduced the whole prior circle of man to the mere world of sense. Such a valuation holds us fast and refuses to be weakened by us even when all the dogmas and usages of the Church are detected as merely human institutions. That life of Jesus occupies evermore a tribunal over the world; and the majesty of such an effective bar of judgment supersedes all the development of external power."

This paragraph represents in a vivid manner what Eucken means by the value of the Historical Religions. They include within themselves the *universal* and the *unique*.

But what has to be borne in mind is that much of all this can be known without being experienced as a portion of one's own inner life. There is no space for me to unfold the meaning of the difference between *knowing* something and *being* the thing we know. The fact of this fundamental difference is what makes Eucken pass through universal religion, the historical religions and their founders to a Characteristic or Specific religion. In other words, man has to become the thing he knows to be of eternal value. Thus personal religion is not merely intelligence, but a *deed* that is

the ground and impregnation of the world and the source of all true activity. "The conception of personality, though only a symbol, yet offers us the best symbol for all this. Not only are we able to, but we must, maintain a union of such a penetrating *deed* with the human soul awakened to spirituality. We have seen why a clear consciousness of the insufficiency of all conceptual delineations need not in any way lessen the energy and the truth of such experiences; it need not prevent a mutual intercourse, as of an I with a Thou." This passage is sufficient to establish Eucken's belief in prayer. It seems to have become a belief amongst some who have written on Eucken that because the word 'Prayer' is not found in any index to any one of his books that he has no belief in what is meant by 'Prayer' in the deepest sense. The point to be remembered is that Eucken's final conclusion is to establish a relation between the individual and an over-individual ideal and world; and, indeed, to use the symbol of personality as one of the chief symbols for depicting the Highest Reality, or God. The effects of personal religion have already been touched on in the previous chapter, which pointed out how the individual had obtained a footing in a spiritual world. Personal religion means carrying ever farther the implications of the life of the spirit. Each step climbed in the direction of the summits will bring a greater depth of reality within the soul on the one hand, and will, on the other, point to a more glorious summit still to be scaled.

The spiritual life is thus a life of ever new quest and fruition.

But Eucken shows that not only must a great struggle issue in order to gain a footing into our *new world;* incessant efforts must be made to push farther into the unexplored land in order to increase our spiritual possessions. When men will become willing to do this, we shall get a *new man* and a *new world.* It is in the light of mankind accomplishing something of this nature that Eucken sees a solution for our entangled situation today in the realms of the state, of society, of morality, and of religion. All other work does not go to the bottom of the evil. Religion has accomplished a fundamental change in the lives of individuals. Why cannot it do the same in the life of the race if the race will try it? We require no new truth in order to establish the efficacy of religion. We have already truths enough and to spare, but *the truth* can only come when a great longing will arise once again within the human soul to experience the depths of reality and the heights of bliss. Religion is able to accomplish this. It is waiting for the world to lay hold on its power. "It is necessary to raise life to the height of an essentially selfsubsisting spirituality, and to gain a new domain—a new place for spiritual experience; it is here necessary to experience the Nay and the Yea and to bring them to a right relationship, and finally raise all to an undivided and encompassing life. The main proof of religion lies always in the whole of life developed out of

religion. This whole must draw to itself the entire area of existence; it must sift and winnow, connect and raise; it must conduct things to their truth; it must initiate a powerful movement which, through its own content and its progressive victorious superiority, demonstrates its own truth. Here it is not a doctrine which man has merely to accept and follow that leads to religion, but a life held in front of him and brought near to him; it is for this he is called, for it is this alone which grants him the right relationship to reality, and enables him to dive into the depth of his own nature. Through this the idea of reality is transformed, extended, and deepened. The elevation of the level of reality, the inner ascent of life in a manner superior to all capacity of the mere individual, the growth and creativeness—all these are the main proof which religion is able to bring forth. The fact that religion, with its willing and creating, stands in no isolation, but finds itself in the centre of life, that it furthers the whole, and not merely isolated sides, and that it leads to its own truth—all this belongs essentially to this main proof. As with all things original and axiomatic, this new life is positively demonstrated through its own development, and not through a deduction from some other premises: it carries it most effective energy of conviction in the strength and clearness of its own development; it never allows itself to be forced from without, but only to be stimulated from within, and it cannot possibly convince and gain up where such a stimulation finds no kind

of responsive spirit." "The decision finally lies in the question whether for man the external world or a spring of life within himself is *the main fact*, whether the centre of gravity of reality is found without or within. *It is a struggle for the governing centre of life.* If the inner life attains to no independence and is not led as a whole, the contradictions of the environing world appear insurmountable, and man must decline religion as an impossibility. But if the inner life reaches such an independence, and if man finds within the spiritual life simultaneously a new world and his own genuine self, the gravest misgivings will not be able to overthrow the certainty of this fundamental fact. Thus, this fundamental fact remains as the first and foremost, and uplifts itself far above the contradictions of the whole external world, so that the aspect of the world has to accommodate itself to this fact, and not this fact to that aspect. True, even after such a decision, the contradiction does not simply vanish, but as holiness retains the background of suffering, so certainty will preserve its 'one thing needful' as the background of doubt. But the contradiction is now removed from the centre to the periphery of life; it can therefore only touch us from without, and is not able to overthrow what is within; it will now not so much weaken as strengthen the certainty, because it calls life to a perpetual renewal and brings to fruition to the greatness of the conquest."

This is the conclusion which Eucken ar-

rives at in his great work, *The Truth of Religion*, concerning the real meaning, value, and significance of spiritual religion; and it is this which he designates as the essence of the Christian Religion.

Eucken's presentation of religion, especially from the Christian standpoint, does not go further back than the appearance of the first edition of *The Truth of Religion* in the year 1901. Previous to this he had made several contributions to the significance of the life of the Founder of Christianity. Since 1901 Eucken's interest seems to have deepened as to the necessity of pointing out that the new Metaphysic of Life which he has announced is in complete accord with the *substance* of Christianity. The need of a religious organization in the form of a Church is emphasized in several of his later works. This is so because the *over-individual truths and values* stand the chance of increasing in power when people collectively direct their attention to them. There is not enough spirituality, in culture, in ordinary social life, or in the State, to bring about a radical transformation in the lives of the people. The Church offers the best vehicle for this fundamental work. It keeps alive attention to spiritual values and calls the individual to a participation in these as well as to membership in a religious community.

But, though Eucken sees the value of the Church, still he is aware of grave dangers into which it has stepped. For many centuries the Church has mixed up the *substance* of the Chris-

tian religion with its *form of existence.* The time has arrived to differentiate the two in a fundamental manner. The *substance* is the spiritual element in religion; it deals with over-individual ideals and values (or, in the language of religion, with the revelation of the Divine); it deals also with the needs and aspirations of the human soul. Certainly some amount of thought is present in every such experience, but it is thought united with the needs and the aspirations of man, in a way that all the individual elements of man's nature work from a basis which is a totality or whole of his nature. The work accomplished here is done, according to Eucken, by means of an *entire deed* of man. When that entire deed is at work it constitutes its own reality, and works for the elevation of life to a higher spiritual world. Too much of the nature is at work to ask the question as to what earthly use is all this effort, or how does the ideal which is present differ from intellectual theories which have clung for centuries around the *substance* of the Christian religion. In cool reflective moments there arises doubtless some kind of need for attending to the intellectual truth of Christianity, for unless this is done the *substance* itself may be seriously injured. It is evident that this intellectual clothing of Christianity—being, as it is, knowledge—must change. And Eucken claims that a radical change is imperative in this direction today. Such a change must never be undertaken without preserving the *substance.* If the substance is pre-

served, the intellectual elements of a past mode of thought, found in Christinity, can be left on one side, and new forms adopted without the least injury, but, indeed, with a gain which cannot be over-estimated.

The substance constitutes the *eternal* in Christianity. It is no other than the announcement of the union of the Divine and the human. Such a union was not brought about in the life of the Founder by means of any sensuous miracle, but by means of a consciousness within the soul of a quality within its transcending space and time, transcending the ordinary social life and also all the intellectual conclusions of science and philosophy. A consciousness of this constitutes the *nucleus* of Christianity. Such a nucleus was present in the life of the Founder. He is an experimental proof to us of the presence of the Divine within the soul—a presence which is man's own spiritual nature, but which grows more and more by means of constant *entire deeds* in the direction of over-individual values which have cosmic significance, and which constitute the God of the Christian religion.

We thus see that Eucken's *Metaphysic of Life* is in the last resort, the same as the Christian Metaphysic whose seeds can be gathered from the actual lives of the Founder and the great religious heroes of the first century of the Christian era. Our work today lies in emphasizing this *spiritual* element of Christianity and to carry it further. There are many obstacles in the way—within and without the

Christian Church. But Eucken states that he sees a cloud on the horizon, probably as yet 'no bigger than a man's hand,' but which contains the promise and potency of 'showers of blessings,' which are in store for us if we observe the deepest needs and aspirations of our nature. These blessings will constitute the culmination of knowledge and the social movements of mankind. Proofs for all these things are impossible in the initial stages, and, indeed, intellectual proofs based upon sensuous aspects of nature or of the life of the body are also excluded from us, as well as they must because they all belong to a stage of reality lower than that upon which the spiritual man stands. The spiritual man will not discover the meaning and immortality of his soul in any sensuous or physical realm either of Psychics, Biology, or Psychology. He will discover infinity and eternity in the experiences which are happening within his deepest soul, when entire deeds come to awakening and put forth their whole spiritual energy in order to reach ends which belong to a higher world of being and existence than either our physical or mental world, although both these have not only opposed us but have also helped us to attain such a spiritual summit.

Eucken closes his great work, *The Truth of Religion*, with words to this effect—words which are the result of a spiritual optimism that has been reached by facing all the contradictions of life and the world, and finally finding the final conviction of things leading

to an autonomous personal life, cosmic in its nature and infinite in its duration. This is to be found in the final chapter of *The Truth of Religion*:

"The possibilities of life are not exhausted: new avenues and tasks open out whenever we discover the courage of creativeness and the right point of attack, but it is imperative that we should possess the conviction, and that the conviction should possess us, that Reality has a depth beyond the natural man, and that we can gain entrance to such a depth.

"But a movement towards a more essential soul-stirring culture—to a progressive superiority of a complete life beyond all individual activities—cannot arise without bringing the problem of religion once more to the foreground. Our life is not able to find its bearings within this deep, or to gather its treasures into a Whole, unless it realizes how many acute opposites it carries within itself. Either Life will be torn in pieces by these opposites, or it must somehow be raised above them all. It is the latter alone that can bring about a fundamental transformation of our first and shallow view of the universe, as well as the inauguration of a new reality. It is this which religion announces to man and promises to bring to his soul in its dire need. Man has emerged out of the darkness of nature and remains afflicted with the afflictions of nature, yet at the same time, with his appearance upon the earth, the darkness begins to illumine, and 'nature kindles within him a light;' he who is a mere speck on the face of a boundless expanse can yet aspire to a participation in the whole of infinity; he who stands in the midst of the flux of time yet

possesses an inspiration after infinite truth; he who forms but a mere piece of nature, at the same time constructs a new world within the Spiritual Life over against nature; he who finds himself hemmed in by contradictions of all kinds, which immediate existence in no way can solve, yet struggles after a further depth of reality and after the 'narrow gate,' which opens into religion. Through and beyond all the particular problems of life and the world, it behoves us to raise the Spiritual Life to a level of full independence, to make it at the same time superior to man as an individual, and to bring it back into his soul. When this comes to be, there is also transformation of his inmost being, and for the first time he becomes capable of genuine greatness.

"The aspiration after a new civilization and culture carries thus within itself, in an immediate and intimate manner, the aspiration after a rejuvenation of religion. Religion, civilization, and culture will thus instruct one another. Without religion the inwardness cannot become a self-reliant province and cannot rise above the external world; without a connection with the whole of life and also with civilization and culture, religion loses its specific spiritual content and threatens to sink into a merely subjective disposition. Consequently the deficiency or curtailment of one is also an injury to the other.

"These final conclusions strengthen the aspiration after a religion of the Spiritual Life, which has run through the whole of our investigation. Such a religion is in no way new, and Christianty has proclaimed it and clung to it from the very beginning. But it has been interwoven with the traditional forms which

are now so commonly detected as pictorial ideas of epochs and times. Earlier times could allow the essence and the form to flow inseparably together without discovering any incongruity in the fusion. But the time for this has irrevocably passed away. The human, which once seemed to bring the Spiritual and Divine so near to man, has now become a burden and a hindrance to him. A keener analysis, a more independent development of the Spiritual and Divine, and along with this, the truth of religion, fail to obtain their full effects if religion is looked upon as merely something to protect individuals, instead of as that which furthers the whole of mankind—as that which is not merely a succor in times of trouble and sorrow, but also as that which guarantees an enhancement in work and creativeness. The situation is difficult and full of dangers, and few in the meantime is the number of those who grasp it in a deep and free sense, and yet who are determined to penetrate victoriously into it, so that the inner necessities of the Spiritual Life may awaken within the soul of man. Whatever new tasks and difficulties lie in the lap of the future, to-day it behoves us before all else to proceed a step upward in the direction of the 'summits,' and to draw new energies and depths of the Spiritual Life into the domain of man; for it is effort of this kind which will prevent the coming of an 'old age' upon humanity and will breathe into its soul the gift of Eternal Youth."

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THE PSYCHOLOGY OF JUNG.

I.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE FUTURE

The origin of the new psychology, with its technic universally known as psycho-analysis, lies in the effort which man has always made to cure those ills "not of the body." When we speak of the ills of the "soul," we do not, however, mean that the mind is not a part of the body. We merely mean that there is a difference, for instance, between the illness that might arise from receiving bads news, and that which was caused, say, by being knocked down by a motor car. The first we call a mental ill, a spiritual malady, the second a physical.

The old shaman of the savage tribe did not only attempt to cure gangrene and malaria and sore throat; he also treated people who were "possessed by demons" or had "lost their souls"; he treated people who had lost hope, who were despairing, who wanted a charm to conquer the object of love or hate, who desired success, who heard voices, saw visions and were afraid to live.

From the beginning, therefore, man has attempted to bring a healing to the mind. Every religion has been such an attempt.

The trouble with this, however, from our modern standpoint, is that a religion demands faith, not only in the natural, but the super-

natural; and not only, let it be added, in the supernatural, but a very definite and dogmatic supernatural, some set of stories and brand of divinities. There are Gods, Devils and ghosts to which we must submit. But modern science, which has steadfastly discredited mythology and sought to explain life and its phenomena by natural causes, or laws of nature, has seriously undermined the old religions, and we see them beginning to topple in all places of the earth.

However, the science of medicine, which sought to discover the causes of sickness, reached a limit beyond which it could not pass. If there is no medicine for a broken heart, there is also none for a man with a fixed idea or one with a sense of utter inferiority. The insane cannot be cured by drugs or by operations, except in those rare curable cases which have an indubitable physical origin. The thousands creeping and stumbling around the world, victims of neurosis, cannot be reached by serums or diets.

It was therefore necessary for medicine to go beyond itself, to invade the wide and dark realm of religion and preempt the creeds, by applying the technic of science to what had hitherto been understood darkly through intuition, guess-work and "revelation."

It is not my intention to give a history of the origin and rise of psycho-analysis. That, in itself, is a book. It is merely necessary to say that the first genius in this field was Sigmund Freud, that Freud made the first great discoveries, that he traced the first chart

of the unconscious mind, and that he originated the first technic of psycho-analysis.

If Freud, however, was the pioneer, it remained for two of his pupils to carry the work forward to the point where it has become one of the vital contributions to the race. The work of Adler, the first of these, came as a revolt against Freud and gave rise to a rival theory. The work of Jung, however, not only brought a synthesis of the work of Adler and Freud, but went beyond both. It is for this reason, then, that I call his work "the psychology of the future."

In order to come to a clear understanding of Jung, it will be necessary first to summarize the theories of both Freud and Adler. We can then see how Jung, accepting both, has transcended both, and laid out the first tracings of a complete psychology.

II.

THE SEXUAL THEORY

Freud sees life as a great and never-ending conflict between civilization, or organized society, and the individual. The individual is born with certain instincts, desires, wishes. Many of these are in conflict with the law and moral code of society. Hence, they are suppressed.

This suppression works, however, in a curious way. Not only are the unlawful and "sinful" impulses shut out of the mind; they are also forgotten. And because they are forgotten, we actually have the spectacle of pious men and women who can solemnly swear that they are quite free of murderous, lustful, lecherous, dangerous thoughts and wishes; that they are "good" people; that they have nothing in common with the criminal and the debased.

As a matter of fact, however, no instinct, no function in man can be abolished by cutting it off from consciousness. It is merely repressed, and forms what Dr. Jung later denoted as a *complex*; that is to say, a group of ideas, emotions, wishes that all go together and become a sort of mental family living off by itself, in exile.

It is, in reality, a part of consciousness of which we are unconscious: a part of the mind shut out by the barrier of our will and our forgetfulness. And since there are many

things that we repress, a goodly area of the mind is so cut off. Hence, all that part of the mind which is repressed, and of whose existence we are not aware, Freud calls *the unconscious mind.*

But since the unconscious is living, not dead; since every impulse in man seeks constantly for expression; the unconscious is continually active, like a volcano. Only, instead of sending up its fire and lava and steam in their native state, it is sending them up in a camouflaged form. The bottled up energy seeking ever an outlet, loads itself into some part of the body, and becomes a symptom. It may appear as a paralysis of some muscle, as deafness or blindness, heart trouble or stomach trouble, etc. Naturally, these symptoms are not organic; it is not a real blindness, a real paralysis. Which explains why there can be miracles when believers touch saint's bones or repeat the dogmas of the Christian Scientists. The reason is, that being mental in origin, these symptoms can also be cured in a mental way. But since faith healing does not probe to the secret source of the symptom, which is in the unconscious, such healing is usually followed by the outbreak of another symptom, in a different place, perhaps, and of a different nature.

However, the repressed complex does not only express itself in bodily symptoms. It may appear in the conscious mind. But since the conscious mind resists the invasion, it appears in a masked form. It may become apparent as a fixed idea, for instance, the idea that one

must go to some street corner and preach the Gospel, an idea which, in spite of its absurdity and irrationality, the patient cannot dislodge, and which is therefore fixed. Or it may appear as a fear, a fear of dogs, or of the dark, of closed places, going outdoors, etc.

Nor is this all. Where there is a marked repression of a large part of oneself, the repressed material may become what is called a secondary personality, and every so often preempt the conscious mind, so that at one time the personality may be timid, pious, good, and at another bold, wicked and evil. It is, in a way, the story of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

Finally, the unconscious appears in consciousness in the form of dreams. It is really this great discovery which led to the development of the technic of psycho-analysis, and opened up the path which has led to all the other discoveries.

A dream takes place when we are asleep; that is to say, when the conscious mind is completely relaxed, when all the bars are let down. What more natural than that the repressed portion of the mind may now flare up, just as the stars become visible when the sun is withdrawn from the sky? But dreams usually have something absurd about them. We walk in seven league boots, we cut off a hand and sew it on again, animals talk; we are in the land of make-believe and of the fairies and the bad spirits.

Why does the unconscious speak such a fantastic language? Why doesn't it express itself in simple English? According to Freud,

this is because the conscious mind has refused to face the evil which it has repressed, and the unconscious therefore ever seeks a masked or camouflaged expression, whether in the form of a physical symptom, a fixed idea, a phobia, or a dream.

Dreams, in short, are symbolic. Everything in a dream stands for something else. But these symbols are not haphazard; what they stand for are definitely expressed by the symbol. It is not haphazard for instance that a dove has always symbolized the holy spirit, or that a spear has stood for the masculine organ, or that a vessel has stood for the womb. There is a certain likeness between symbol and fact.

It is nothing new to invest dreams with meaning. The human race has always done so. Man has always intuitively known that these strange manifestations of the night held a hidden meaning for him, a meaning that must be searched out by interpretation and analysis. So we read in the Bible of Joseph interpreting the dreams of Pharaoh; in Euripides' play, Iphigenia, the action begins with a dream of the heroine, which she herself interprets, though somewhat mistakenly. So too we have the well-authenticated dream of Lincoln (ten days before he was assassinated) that he heard a noise of lamentation and sobbing downstairs in the White House and took a candle and went down. Around a catafalque moved a crowd of weeping people. He asked who was dead, and was informed that it was the President, who had been killed.

Such dreams are of the prophetic order, and will be dealt with later on. The last dream,

also, was straightforward. It was not symbolic. But such dreams are outside the usual run; they are the exceptions to the rule.

The way then to find out the meaning of a dream is to treat the images in it as symbols and try to discover what the symbols stand for. And the quickest way to do this is to ask the dreamer himself.

You dream, for instance, to use a simple illustration, that you are involved in a fight between a cat and a dog. Well, what do you think of cats and dogs? What are your associations?

You begin to tell all the thoughts that come into your mind when you think of these two animals. You may drag in personal stories of a pet cat you once had, of a dog it fought with, etc. When all you have said is boiled down it may amount to this: that cats and dogs appear to be opposites, that cats are aloof, "selfish," withdrawn, asking much and giving little, whereas dogs are loving, affectionate, very sociable, and may even give their lives for their masters. Symbolically then, the cat stands for the ego-impulses, the dog for the social impulses. It is natural that they should fight each other every so often; there are times when we are in great conflict between our wish to serve others and our desire to gratify or satisfy ourselves.

What Freud discovered was that the repression came to light through the dream; that the dream material, if analyzed, showed exactly why the patient was ill, why he had his phobia or his physical symptom. For instance,

the man might have a strain of sexual perversion in him. He himself is not aware of it. But the dream immediately brings it to light and he is forced to recognize it.

Naturally it is difficult to get a patient to accept the repressed material. If he repressed it because of a great moral revulsion, he can only be led by a process of re-education to accept it. When he first comes for treatment, therefore, he merely tells the analyst all that he remembers about his past, his family and personal history, etc. Gradually he acquires confidence in the analyst. This unburdening is like a confession. The analyst hears things that the patient has never before mentioned to anyone else. The analyst, because of his knowledge of psychology, also shows an understanding of the patient that quite startles the latter. The analyst, in short, becomes more than a father to him, more than a mother. There is a feeling of gratitude, of trust, which approaches the border of love. This feeling, this attitude, is called the *transference*. The patient has transferred himself, his burden, to the analyst. And no cure can take place until this is achieved.

For when the transference is made, the patient is now ready to go along with the analyst in his re-education. He gains a new standpoint. He discovers that the ugly and evil things which he suppressed are not his personal property, his private depravity, but are public property, that every one who is a human being has the same impulses, the same shameful lusts, the same wicked wishes; and that there can be no genuine health until one al-

lows these impulses in consciousness and accepts them in their nakedest aspect.

The patient then is ready to face squarely and truthfully the divulgences of his dreams.

And what is the cure? Sometimes, happily, it is a simple matter. The man who has suppressed his sexuality altogether, for instance, may now marry and gain a good direct expression for his need. But what of those who find strong perverted wishes, what shall we do with them?

At this point Freud erects the theory of *sublimation.* It is not a new theory. The youth in college is admonished to go into athletics that he may channel off and use up the energy which otherwise would provide him with a sexual problem. It is the substitution of a "higher" thing for a "lower." Only, of course, the higher thing must stand in some natural relation to the lower, that the instinctive craving may have some genuine satisfaction.

The classic example is that of surgery. A man is sadistic. That is, he desires to practice cruelty on the object of his love. Turn this upside-down from something destructive to something creative, and you let him dig his knife into the human body, but now it is to help and heal another, not to hurt him. Hence, the surgeon is sublimating his sadistic tendencies.

Another example, according to Freud, is the artist. His wicked and criminal impulses, we will say, would indicate a long list of murders if he lived them out. He does not live them

out, he writes them out. He becomes known as a writer of crime and detective stories, and in this form he releases his evil energy and spends it utterly.

Or take the actor. As a child he wanted constantly to exhibit himself, to go naked before others. This strong strain of exhibitionism can be satisfied finally by acting, by showing himself off before audiences.

Hence, the Freudian cure for those impulses we cannot live, is, first, to recognize and accept them, and secondly, to sublimate them.

The Freudian psychology, however, does not rest at this point. It has a theory which underlies all the others; it is the theory connected with the Oedipus complex.

Oedipus was the man, celebrated in Greek drama, who, by a fluke of fate, married his own mother, had children by her, and later had to expiate his crime by blinding himself and wandering poor and helpless about the world. For his crime is the one crime which mankind has usually found absolutely taboo. In practically all the savage tribes, and in every civilized code, incest, or intermarriage between child and parent, brother and sister, has been strictly forbidden.

Why is this so? Freud believes that there is a natural sexual attraction within the family group itself, that the child begins its sexual life very early, that the boy gains satisfactions through his mother's caresses; and that hence the whole beginnings of sexuality are wrapped up in the incestuous wish. Naturally, however,

for the son there is a great rival. It is his father. His father would fight him off just as he would any other male rival. This is one of the reasons for the universal taboo.

But if the origins and beginnings of sexuality are entwined in the incestuous wish, and incest is taboo, we have an immediate cause of trouble in human nature. We are all bound to repress. And indeed if we look upon man, we see that he is afflicted with much sickness, that he is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward.

If, however, this is the nuclear complex, this Oedipus complex, how can we account for the other sexual difficulties, the perversions? They originate, according to Freud, in the Oedipus complex itself. The child's first act is suckling, this involves the mouth; he then learns to suck his finger when he cannot get at the nipple, this involves mouth and hand; he then begins to use his hand rubbing himself and this leads to rubbing the sexual organ (auto-erotism); he now takes pleasure in his own body and in bodies like his own (homo-sexual interest), and finally he becomes interested in bodies unlike his own (normal sexual wish). He may find, however, that he cannot cross the last bridge and get to normal sexuality. The repressed incest wish stands in the way and makes him fear the woman who would, unconsciously, be used as a substitute for the mother. Hence, he remains fixed at some infantile stage; mouth-erotism, auto-erotism, homosexuality, etc. Often in analysis, whe

he discovers this, according to Freud, he can learn to renounce the infantile fixation, or perversion, and learn to take pleasure in normal sexuality.

Such, in brief, and with, alas, much omitted, is an outline of the Freudian theory. It is a sexual theory. The psychological troubles of mankind, with all their symptoms, either physical or mental, are traced back to a disturbance in sexuality, to taboos which bring the individual into conflict with society and so cause these unnatural repressions. Freud, however, does not use the word sexuality in a narrow sense; he makes it synonymous with love-life, though the purely sexual element is, on close examination, always present.

However, recently, Freud, now an old man, has advanced a new theory to supplement the sexual theory. He believes, though he is very cautious in his statement, that beside the sexual impulse, the will-to-live, to create and procreate, there is an opposite impulse, a will-to-death, a wish to have done. In this, he pays an unconscious tribute to some of the theories of Jung, which will be discussed later on.

III.

WILL-TO-POWER

Alfred Adler was a pupil of Freud. In the course of his psychoanalytic practice he stumbled across a discovery which led to a break with Freud and the enunciation of a new theory. In contradistinction to the sexual theory it may be called the power-theory.

What Adler noticed in every neurotic was a marked feeling of inferiority, a feeling, as he put it, of being *under*, and a consequent incessant striving to be *over* or on top. To use a simple, concrete case: If a man felt inferior to the woman he loved, and this was a symptom of inferiority he had always had toward the women he loved, he would strive by every means to put the woman down and himself up. He might put her down by economic pressure, by intellectual attack; or he might put her down in the sexual way, for instance through cruelty (sadism).

In the latter case, Freud would say that the problem was sexual. But Adler would say, what the man is striving for is not sexual satisfaction, but power. If he could put the woman down through money-pressure, that would satisfy him, or if he could put her down sexually, that would be satisfactory. What he was seeking was mastery.

Take the well-known case of the Don Juan who has one love-affair after another, who wins

a woman only to tire of her and pass on to the next. Such men will admit, as a rule, that the greatest pleasure is in conquest, and that when a woman has been conquered she is no longer interesting. They look upon love-affairs as a series of battles, and the aim is not love or sexuality, so much as triumph.

What becomes then of the Oedipus complex, the incestuous longing of the son for the mother? According to Adler this, too, is a problem of power. The father is the head of the house, the master, the king in the realm of the family, and possesses the mother. The son is under the father, but would depose this king and take his place. In short, he would be the head and possess the mother. But actually, what the child is seeking, is not really to possess the mother, but to have power in the manner of his father.

The cause, then, of mental disorders and spiritual maladies, Adler traces to an excessive feeling of inferiority which leads to a marked will-to-power. But whence arises this feeling of inferiority? Adler at this point is sure that the origin is to be sought not in something psychic but in something physical. His theory is that the feeling of inferiority is due to some *actual organic inferiority.*

In other words, he believes that a child who has a club foot, like Byron, or one subject to epileptic fits, like Dostoyevski, or one with an impediment which causes stammering, like Demosthenes, or one with a chronic tendency to constipation like Lincoln (the cases of great men could be multiplied endlessly), that such

a child feels himself inferior to normal children; he feels that there is something the matter with him, that he has less chance of success, etc. This is the feeling of inferiority, the feeling of being under. And the deeper this feeling, the greater the reaction to it, the greater the striving to change the position about, so that instead of being under his fellows he is over them. Out of such defects, then, arise the great ambitions, or as Adler puts it, the "guiding fiction." By this he means a phantasy of some great goal which the child dreams about and sets out to reach.

A classical case is that of Demosthenes. Because he stammered, because he was inferior in speech to other children, an ambition awoke not merely to be able to talk in the normal manner, but something far greater: namely, to be the greatest of orators, an ambition he actually achieved. But suppose he could not have achieved such a victory, suppose conditions had been such that it was impossible for him to be an orator? Then his incessant striving would prove futile, the feeling of inferiority would increase, and there would be a breakdown. The breakdown would be a neurosis, and he would be ready for a psychoanalyst.

Why did Napoleon set out to conquer Europe? His inordinate will-to-power could be traced back to a painful feeling of inferiority in his youth, which showed itself in the military school, where he was put to shame by his fellows. They, he must have felt, would become in time great generals and leaders in

the army; hence, he must be even more than they, the general of generals.

As to the feeling of inferiority itself, Adler denotes it as the feeling of being *feminine*. Woman, he believes, has the psychology of being under, man that of being over, as shown in the sexual act itself. Besides, man is physically stronger than woman. Hence, if a man has an organic inferiority, he feels that he is not a man, and hence, that he is in some way feminine. All his striving therefore is to be masculine, and indeed, super-masculine. This striving Adler calls *the masculine protest*. One finds it in women also; a marked feeling of inferiority in a woman leading her to strive to be like a man, and a refusal to accept her own psychology.

Such, in brief, is the Adler theory. It owes many things to Nietzsche, who, in his "Thus Spake Zarathustra" teaches will-to-power as the guiding principle of life, who relegates woman to a lesser, man to a greater sphere, and who finds in the striving of the ego the dominant impulse of life.

IV.

THE BREAK BETWEEN FREUD AND JUNG.

At the time that Dr. Freud was making his discoveries in Vienna, Dr. Carl Jung, a young psychiatrist, was conducting certain experiments in Zurich, Switzerland. These were of a dry technical nature which need not be given here, but they led to a tentative theory of an unconscious mind. It was while he was engaged on these experiments that Jung first read the work of Freud. He knew at once that he had found his master and hastened to become Freud's pupil and colleague. He did more than that. At that period Freud was the laughing stock of Vienna, and wherever his work penetrated. He was jeered and ridiculed for his fantastic notions, and was suffering the bitter fate of all pioneers. Jung was in a powerful position at Zurich, and at once proceeded to enlarge and deepen the fight for Freud. He became the most powerful exponent of the Freudian psychology, and helped to bring the new knowledge and new technic into its first acceptance by the world.

Freud looked upon Jung as upon a favorite son. They fought shoulder-to-shoulder, the work spread, and they were invited to this country to give lectures. In Switzerland, Austria, England and America the psycho-analyst made his appearance, and the world of the intelligentsia awoke with a shock to the sexual

theory. Among the cultured everywhere there was discussion of the Oedipus complex, the repressions, the sexual perversions, the idea that much that we had thought purely spiritual, like art and religion, were merely masks for sexual complexes. The psycho-analytic movement, held firmly together by two great men, was forging ahead.

However, Jung, from his continued analysis of patients, and from his own experiences, was beginning to form doubts in his own mind. There was something, he began to think, inadequate in Freud's theory. He hardly dared, at this time, to make any formal criticism; but finally, after a great conflict, he was moved, even inspired, to write his first great book. This book is entitled "The Psychology of the Unconscious."

He has said of it that it was a voyage of discovery. He himself, when he started it, hardly knew to what depths it would lead him, to what conclusions it would force him. But when he was finished, he knew that he could no longer withhold his own point of view and that this would inevitably lead to a break with Freud.

It proved to be so. Freud was shocked and appalled. He sent the manuscript back with a letter in which their relationship was ended. He said that Jung had betrayed the psychoanalytic movement, that he had ventured out beyond the bounds of science, and that he was seeking to destroy the greatest values in the new psychology.

Of course such a break was inevitable, and

in the end it proved fortunate. It set Jung free. He could now go on, without hindrance, in his great task, which led finally to the greatest contributions thus far made.

The break itself may be traced to a divergence between two theories of the unconscious. As will be remembered, Freud's theory would define the unconscious as something which is produced after we are born, and when the repressions begin. All that is anti-social, that flies in the face of conventional morality and the law of the land, everything that is taboo, gets walled off from the conscious mind, and is henceforth the unconscious mind. The unconscious then is a storehouse of the evil, the thwarted, the unconventional, the instinctive.

Jung does not deny that a *part* of the unconscious is exactly of this nature. But in "The Psychology of the Unconscious" he proceeds to prove, by a wealth of material and a sureness of analysis, that the unconscious is something far deeper and greater than merely a personal bag of discards.

He finds in numerous typical dreams and phantasies of his patients that they reproduce symbols and stories as old as the human race. He shows that the human mind everywhere, among the most widely scattered peoples, and in different ages, produces the same typical myths, the same figures of deities and demons; and that the patient of today gives forth, in analysis, a similar mythology; and very often something which he, the patient, has been utterly ignorant of and which is beyond his understanding.

He finds further that man has always had what might be called a typical psychological fate; that the story of man's inner life and development has always taken a certain form, embodied in the figure of the hero. The hero, in the myth, is always he who goes forth to conquer greatly, who overcomes dragons and supernatural powers, but who finally loses his power, is subjugated and dies an inner death. But out of this death he is reborn and appears with a new life, often magical, by which he goes on to his greater achievements.

Such a death and rebirth is pictured in the story of the crucifixion of Jesus. It appears in a modern work, in "Jean-Christophe," where the hero suffers a spiritual disintegration and can no longer compose music, but with the first breath of Spring, feels the new tides of life pouring into him and rises to the greatest heights of his creative power. Such, too, is doubtless the inner story of our greatest American poet, Walt Whitman. When he was about 35, and after suffering some deep personal reverse, he secluded himself on Long Island beside the sea for some weeks, and had a spiritual experience which led to his awakening as a poet and the beginning of "Leaves of Grass."

What is this typical myth? It is known as the sun-myth, for the savage doubtless based it on the strange fact that the sun, after setting in the west, rose again the following morning in the east. This sun-myth, boiled down to its essentials, is somewhat as follows: The sun is the hero. He is born of the mother,

the sea, in the east. He rises in his splendor and reaches the zenith. But now his strange descent begins, and when he reaches the west, he must re-descend into the waters of the sea, die again and re-enter the mother's womb. Actually he is pictured as being devoured by a sea monster. In the belly of this monster he rides in the sea under the earth back toward the east. At first he lies supine; but finally, plucking up courage he begins to battle with the monster. Finally he kills him, and the body of the great fish floats to shore, where the hero, the sun, steps out reborn, and rises again in the east.

This story, based on something seen in nature, is found to be typical of man's soul. And Jung discovered that wherever an analysis was carried far enough, this typical myth appeared in various forms in the dreams of the patient, and the patient went through an experience analogous to the myth.

What is this experience? A man has reached a high point of development and achievements. There comes upon him now a sense of deadness and futility, a period of disillusionment and turning away from the world, the experience which is described in the beginning of Goethe's "Faust." This inner death proceeds until he is lost in himself, until he is, in the language of the myth, devoured by the monster; and now he goes through a long period of inner suffering and groping until the time comes when a new life awakens and he goes back to the world of men with a greater energy, a new vision, and perhaps a new life-task. So,

in the beginning of Nietzsche's "Thus Spake Zarathustra," we see the hero step forth after his years of preparation in the wilderness to bring his message to the world of men.

This then is the typical experience of those who carry their development to any height. What is its meaning psychologically?

There is no understanding of it, says Jung, unless we broaden the conception of the unconscious. And with this he introduces his theory of the *collective unconscious.*

The human body is the product of millions of years of evolution, and in it is written the history of life. It is not a sudden creation. If this is true of the body, how can it be anything but true of the mind, which is a function of the body? The mind, too, is a product of millions of years of evolution, and just as the history of life is written in the flesh, so too the history of man's spirit, his adventure, is summed up in the mind. In other words, the new born babe does not present a mind like a blank sheet of paper on which his personal experience will begin to write; he is born with the great inheritance of the race, the collective unconscious, in which is stored the wisdom of the ages as well as the great instincts, and what Jung calls "the residues of our animal ancestry."

How do we know this? Because the mind of a man today, a man even ignorant and unread, will, on certain occasions, produce the same myths, the same supernatural figures, the same psychic phenomena as those produced thousands of years ago, and the same

in every part of the earth among the most widely separated nations and races.

In short, the unconscious contains typical *images* and typical *stories*. And whence did these arise? It is quite natural that the presence in our own unconscious of a wisdom greater than ours and at the same time of animal instincts sometimes overwhelming in their destructiveness, should give the savage, for instance, a sense of the nearness of supernatural powers of good and evil, of some supernatural wisdom that helped him (in the form of revelation or inspiration) and of some demonic lust or passion, which, if it swept over him, led to the orgy, the murder or insanity. Hence, these experiences would be pictured as the work of beings like those he knew, only greater. Wisdom was a Great Mother or a Great Father, a God, in short; evil was a Devil, a Demon, like a bad man, only greater and worse. And certain experiences would be pictured in the form of monsters, great strange animals, sometimes animals part human and part beast.

Thus we see an explanation for the origin of the many religions on earth, all of which have certain things in common. Some sensitive man experienced his own unconscious in the form of dreams and hallucinations. Moses for instance heard the voice of God and saw the burning bush. Psychologically, this would mean that what Moses thought was outside himself, came from within himself, came from the unconscious and was, in the technical language, *projected*, the vision of fire upon the

bush, the voice into the air. He heard and saw something out of his own depths.

Every religion makes this projection. Heaven is up in the sky, hell under the earth; the Gods are on high, the Devils below. It has remained for modern psychology not only to locate these phenomena as in the brain itself, but also to divest them of their miraculous coating, and to explain them as something having a direct meaning in the patient's life.

According to Jung, the collective unconscious is more or less dormant in all of us, except under certain circumstances or after certain experiences. The average man goes on unaware of his own demonic and divine attributes. But in a lynching-bee or in battle the devil will suddenly awake and transform him from something human into something monstrous. On the other hand, the youth falling headlong in love, the man who sustains the death of his loved one and similar great experiences of life, will encounter the presence of ineffable wisdom and power, so that he feels he is visited by something beyond the human.

But the process of analysis also leads to the experience of the collective unconscious. Psycho-analysis is self-discovery. One goes deeper and deeper into oneself. One goes back on the track of the years to one's childhood. One exhausts in the process one's personal memories. One goes down, as it were, beyond the personal layers of the unconscious, to the impersonal. At this point the manifestations of the collective unconscious begin, and the

dreams are now loaded with mythological conceptions, and images of the supernatural.

This deep entering into oneself Jung defines as *introversion*, a self descent, and a means of development, a discipline not only in the wisdom of all time, but in overcoming the undeveloped tendencies in oneself. It is at this point that the hero is devoured by the monster, the unconscious, and makes that voyage that leads to his rebirth.

Dante depicts this in his Divine Comedy. The hero, Dante, is led by Virgil, down through the depth of Inferno (the evil side of the unconscious), up the mount of Purgatory (the overcoming) and finally reaches Paradise, where he finds Beatrice, an image of his soul, and a new wisdom, a new life are his.

Naturally one cannot do justice to so deep a conception within the space allotted. But we can see at a glance that much that is otherwise inexplicable, save on the ground of something miraculous and supernatural, is now given a more natural explanation. We can understand the genius as one who has the gift of tapping his unconscious and bringing forth works which are impossible to the run of men. We can understand why man has always needed a religion. We can understand those intuitions which lead to new discoveries in science. Man has a storehouse of wisdom in himself.

We can also understand the strange aberrations of insanity, of those unfortunates who are caught, as it were, in the collective unconscious, and live only in a world of demons

and divinities and uncanny myths. We can understand too the demonic outbreaks in war, and the cause of many crimes. I know of the case of a man who was a clergyman, and who, each time he had finished an impassioned sermon which passed through the audience like a rousing electricity, immediately went to a brothel and indulged in an orgy of drink and sexuality. He was a man under the complete dominance of the collective unconscious. First the divine side appeared, with its marvelous inspirations; then the demonic, dragging him in the mud.

It must not be thought, from the foregoing, that Jung rejected the sexual theory of Freud. What he did was to modify this theory, holding that not all cases of neurosis registered sexual repression or maladjustment. He fully agreed however, that the Oedipus complex appears as one of the great problems, but instead of interpreting dreams of this nature to mean that the son actually had incestuous longings for the mother, he took such dreams, like all others, to be symbolic. If a man dreams that a monster devours him, it does not mean that he is literally eaten by a large animal. It means that he has made a deep introversion. So too a dream of incest means that the son has reunited himself with the mother. But what does the mother mean? She may symbolize that period of his life when he actually was united with her spiritually, the time of early childhood, a time when he was irresponsible, taken care of, sheltered, helped. His dream may mean then that he longs to be like

a child again; he longs to escape from the hardships of adaptation and his present problems.

On the other hand the mother may have a deeper meaning. She may appear with a supernatural air about her, and stand for the collective unconscious itself, which is the source (or mother) of our conscious life. The longing of the son for the mother, from this standpoint, is the longing for descent into self, for deep introversion. It has the meaning of the sun-myth where the setting sun is devoured by the monster and starts on his journey toward rebirth.

Since there is great danger in the withdrawal from life, in an introversion that in a way shuts one in oneself, whether one does this as an escape from responsibility or from a longing for self-development, it is natural that the myth should represent this incest-longing as taboo, as forbidden, just as real incest is, and that it is only the hero who can overcome this taboo and make that great descent which Dante pictures in his Inferno, and which in Faust is shown as the perilous descent to the Mothers.

V.

THE INTROVERT VS. THE EXTRAVERT.

If the reader has compared Freud's sexual theory with Adler's power theory, he must have been struck by the fact that *both theories sound plausible.* It is certainly true that the conventional morality of civilization causes us to suppress certain instinctive desires. If a man is by nature polygamous, and is taught the ideal of monogamy in such a way as to believe that even the thought of illicit love is a sin, it is reasonable to think that he may repress his polygamous tendencies, thus paving the way for an unconscious conflict and a neurosis.

But, on the other hand, who has not, at least at times, had the painful feeling of inferiority and not been stirred by an ambition to get on top? What seems more natural than that the stammerer, Demosthenes, should strive to achieve greatness as an orator, or that a club-footed Byron should attempt to make himself a conqueror of women and a famous poet? Certainly the struggle for power is as widespread and clearly discernible in life as the instinctive drive for sexuality and a full love-life.

It is at this point that the greatness of Jung emerges. He had, in the course of his investigations, come upon a startling divergence of reaction among his patients, so that he was forced to conclude that there were two kinds of human being, as different, if not more dif-

ferent, from each other, than the two sexes. These two types he named the *extravert* and the *introvert.*

He next discovered that these two types had long been noted by men of genius under such designations as objective and subjective, romantic and classical, realistic and idealistic, materialistic and spiritual. William James called them the tough-minded and the tender-minded. William Blake, the English poet, said of them:

"There are two classes of men: the *prolific* and the *devouring.* Religion is an endeavor to reconcile the two."

Jung interprets prolific here to mean, the fruitful, who brings forth out of himself; and the devouring, as the man who swallows up and takes into himself."

Needless to say the prolific type, which has appeared under the designations of the objective, romantic, realistic, materialistic and tough-minded, is, more exactly defined, the extravert, and the devouring type which was also called the subjective, classical, idealistic, spiritual and tender-minded, is the introvert.

What characterizes the extravert is that *his interest is normally centered on things outside himself.* An excellent example was our own Theodore Roosevelt. He was thoroughly extraverted, with instant response to the world about him. His attention was given wholeheartedly to anything that caught it. He was a man with an immense diversity of interests, from birds and flowers, to simplified spelling, from a local political fight to an international

war; poetry, Greek coins, history, hunting, sports, finance,—the list was almost endless. And into each of these interests he could throw himself full force, and with astonishing power. He was as interested in men as in things, and his friends included people from every walk of life. He was well adapted to life, and made himself at home almost anywhere. What characterized him chiefly was that he gave himself without stint, went into action at a moment's notice, had a tendency to practicality and common sense which kept him from being an extremist; was, in short, an excellent opportunist, knowing, very often, just when to strike, just what to say, with a decisiveness that won through. He was the fighting man, the man of action, the man of his own time, his own age, his own country.

He was, in other words, a man "orientated by the object." That is to say, his life was determined by things and thoughts and ideas coming to him from the *outside*, in the main. If an enemy showed his head, he struck; if a friend, he clasped hands; if a popular movement appeared, he led it; if there was a war he wanted to be in it; if someone else originated a good idea (not too radical) he took it over and made it his.

It will be seen from this that the extravert is normally a man who is a harmonious part of the world *as it is*. This does not mean, of course, that he will be merely a conservative; for the world is in constant change, and an intelligent extravert will be one-to-one with the forward tide. But since he is, to a large ex-

tent, bound up in the things outside himself, he is, mainly, a reflection of the world. He could almost say of himself, "I am—what I love."

His shortcomings are obvious. He covers a lot of ground, but necessarily in a shallow way. He cannot be deep, because depth implies a certain slowness, a certain amount of meditation and constant study, a brooding and solitude. He originates but little, for it is the thoughts and ideas of others which interest him. He is an enemy to anything really new, anything pregnant with the future, because it collides with the world as it is, which is the world he loves. Finally, he lacks an inner life, the more creative and profound life; a fact which the keen-sighted Roosevelt knew very well, for he said of himself, "My danger is that I forget I have a soul."

Such is a brief sketch of the extravert as he appears in a pronounced, perhaps an extreme form. The value of using an extreme case is, of course, that he covers the whole territory, and we can see in him the various sides of the type. Hence, it will be valuable to consider an extreme introvert, the direct opposite of Roosevelt, so that we may come to an understanding of the contrasting type.

If the extravert is characterized by the fact that his interest is normally centered in things outside himself, the introvert is characterized by the fact that his interest is normally centered on things *inside* himself. From the extravert's standpoint this would mean that the introvert was a man who thought of nothing

but himself, was consumed with his own aches and pains, his own fears and hopes, and perhaps certain erratic and absurd or dangerous ideas. For everything that the extravert holds most dear, as action, fitting in, being a "good fellow," getting on, the introvert looks upon as rather shallow and cheap, and vice versa, everything most valuable to the introvert seems foolish, absurd, ridiculous, dangerous to the extravert.

Naturally, to be interested in the things inside oneself need not be anything trivial. Within oneself is the world of thought and ideas, the world of imagination, the world out of which every art, every religion, every philosophy, every invention, every fresh discovery of science, every new idea for the advancement and development of the race has sprung. Kant, oblivious of the world, sat and brooded, until out of himself sprang a great philosophy which wrought a change in the mind of Europe. A Jesus from his solitary brooding brings forth a new religion. A Michaelangelo in his isolation gives birth to colossal art.

We find in Friedrich Nietzsche an example of the extreme introvert. His life, like those of most introverts who were extreme, was devoid of action and hence without history. There is very little to say about it, for the real drama took place within him. He served for a short time in a war, but was discharged because of sickness. He taught philology for a time in a university. But finally, on a small income, he retired, and led a secluded life, producing his works, until, while still in the prime of life,

he became insane. He did not marry; he had but few friends; he was a solitary.

Where Roosevelt presents the picture of a man at home in the world, Nietzsche is seen as a stranger in it, an alien. Where Roosevelt went straight out and acted, Nietzsche withdrew into his shell. Where Roosevelt forgot himself in others, in causes, in the glamour and absorption of *things*, Nietzsche remained in a state of *acute self-consciousness*. A Roosevelt glories in the world and thinks it is good and the people in it excellent and interesting; a Nietzsche sees it as full of horrible and terrible things and is filled with revulsion at the sight of human cowardice, slothfulness and depravity. Where a Roosevelt spreads himself all over, interested in a multitude of objects, a Nietzsche concentrates more and more on a few things, a few ideas, a life which shuts out as much as possible anything that will disturb his predetermined path.

This is the normal attitude of the introvert. He is ill adapted to the outer world, because he is absorbed in the inner world. And this absorption leads, in the case of a Nietzsche, to great discoveries and great works.

If we remember Jung's conception of the collective unconscious as the summation of the past, the storehouse of wisdom, the creative source, we may readily understand that the collective unconscious is the psychic stream of life itself and that it not only bears the past in it, but also the budding future. That which is to be lies creatively within it, and is revealed to the great artist, the great thinker

in majestic symbols and so-called visions. That is why we say that great art and great thought are always ahead of the world. For the extreme introvert, absorbed in himself, lives in that world of imagination where the products of the collective unconscious become known to him. He has deep intuitions, he actually may have symbols and ideas presented to him in dream and phantasy, even in hallucination. The English mystic, Blake, actually saw the forms and shapes which he drew, and claimed, also, that some of his poems were dictated to him by a voice. I have already spoken of Moses' experience with the burning bush and the voice of God.

It was quite natural therefore that Nietzsche should have been a forerunner. Out of his years of solitude there came at last an eruption from the unconscious which was nothing short of amazing. Each part of Thus Spake Zarathustra, and each part is about a hundred pages long, was written in ten days. The thoughts and words came so fast that Nietzsche could not keep up with them. If he was walking, he had to write on scraps of paper. The experience was so overwhelming that he compared it with that of the Biblical prophets, and said that not in two thousand years had there been another such case of inspiration.

What is Thus Spake Zarathustra? It is an incomparable picture of the collective unconscious, as Jung points out, and foreshadows the new psychology, which by the slow, painfully cumulative method of science has come to some of the same discoveries that Nietzsche grasped

intuitively. It also is an indictment of Christian civilization and foreshadows its breaking up by the erection of a new principle, the Anti-Christ, the principle of power.

It is, therefore, a revolutionary document, so far in advance of the time when it was written that Nietzsche dared to show it only to seven people, most of whom rejected it. He felt that he was in utter isolation, a "voice crying in the wilderness."

What Nietzsche celebrates (as shown in the section on Adler) is *will-to-power*. The doctrine of Christianity is love, and the rule of love has certain implications. It means that everyone is included, for in the eyes of love the object is always valuable. To a loving mother the child who is an idiot is as precious (if not more so) than his more normal brothers and sisters. She loves him: that gives him value. Hence the rule of love means equality, fraternity, democracy. It leads to the idea of the greatest good for the greatest number. It leads, in short, to the idea of numbers; the rule of the many.

Its dangers are obvious. Everything new, original, different is pulled down to the common level. It breeds the spirit of conformity, and finally eventuates in the Babbitts, the ideals of Main Street, the formation of Ku Klux Klans. Such are the final fruits of a rampant rule of love. If your neighbors are as valuable (really more valuable) than yourself (for love always places the object above oneself) then you should submit to your neighbors, live and do as they live and do,

and give up your own individual path, your own way, and anything original or new that may be created by you.

It is against this that Nietzsche comes with a voice which is far deeper than a personal voice. It is the protest of the collective unconscious itself; it is a deep racial movement against a violation of man's own future. Hence, Nietzsche sets the individual against the race; he raises an aristocratic ideal against the democratic; he celebrates new values, original things, the exceptional and the different. As against love, he rears the doctrine of power. And by power he means the setting of oneself against the race, and the triumph of oneself, for in this triumph, the new is born, the new art, new idea, new thinking, and the race is forced into new paths of greatness.

But, seen in another light, the meaning of Zarathustra is the *revolt of the introvert against the extravert.*

Western civilization is the civilization of the extravert. A civilization built up on the principle of love is one which puts the accent on others, on things outside ourself. As the saying goes, it takes two to love; there is always the other, and that other is more important than oneself, if it is really love. Hence, love is the root of the extraverted attitude. As I said of Roosevelt, he might have put it of himself: "I am—what I love."

Such a civilization, therefore, tends toward action, democracy, the rule of the many, invention, business (the exchange between people), and since the power of a civilization over

the individual is almost overwhelming, it means that a Christian civilization has thwarted, twisted, deformed all those whose natures were not in accord with it. Christianity has been a violation of the introvert.

For, naturally, what Nietzsche depicts in his superman and his will-to-power, is himself. He depicts the psychology of the introvert. The introvert is governed by the power principle. Where the extravert finds relief, and only functions happily, by losing himself in others, by giving himself to the world outside him; the introvert finds relief only by remembering himself, by refusing to allow others to absorb him, by withdrawing from the outer world. The introvert is constantly striving to preserve the integrity of his ego. He seeks an inner freedom. He feels bound by the demands of others. Action takes him away from the stream of his ideas, his inner brooding, and he will not have much of it. Serving others often seems to him a shallow thing, a waste of time, compared with the great discovery he is tracking, or the art he is aiming to achieve.

Power vs. love—introvert vs. extravert.

And how is it that two such dissimilar human beings appear in the same world? We have only to go back to the root-instincts in man to come to some sort of understanding. As we know, the two great instincts are that of self-preservation and that of race-preservation. Self-preservation leads us to think of ourselves, to turn the eye inward. It is selfish, hence, it is power, not love. Race-preservation leads us to think of others, of wife and family,

of neighbors, of the world, to turn the eye outward. It concerns interest in others; hence, it is more love than power.

The symbol of self-preservation is eating, devouring (we eat just for ourselves); the symbol of race-preservation is sexuality (the motive in sexuality is, unconsciously, to beget offspring).

One sees now how this discovery of the types by Jung settles the question as to the puzzling opposition between the theories of Freud and Adler.

Freud's theory is the sexual, Adler's the will-to-power. In other words, as Jung has pointed out, Freud is an extravert, and his theory reflects himself; Adler is an introvert, and his theory is typical of his type.

Both theories are, in a sense, true; only we must never apply the Freudian theory to an introvert, nor the Adler theory to an extravert.

It will be seen now how the theory of the collective unconscious includes both the theory of Freud and the theory of Adler and transcends them both. In the collective unconscious are both the summed up wisdom of the race with its creative forward push and also the instincts. The roots of both ego and sex are to be found there, flowering in one individual more along the ego path, in another more along the sex path.

The trouble with both Freud and Adler, according to Jung, is that they stop at this point. Their theories are *reductive*. The one reduces human nature back to sex, the other to power.

We are *nothing but*—this or that. But, actually, we are also all we have experienced, and not only that, but also all the race has experienced. We are also creative. We cannot explain man only in terms of the past, in the things from which he originated (finally, the instincts), we must also explain him in terms of the future, his possibilities, the new life he is seeking, the greatness which is to be.

In short, we cannot cure a neurosis merely by explaining to a man that he has an Oedipus complex or a homosexual tendency; neither can we cure him by showing him that he has an inferiority complex and hence an abnormal will-to-power. We can only cure him by giving him a future to live; he must go out and feel that he has something to live for.

Just how psycho-analysis arrives at such a result must be reserved for a later chapter.

VI.

TYPES.

In picturing Roosevelt as an extravert and Nietzsche as an introvert, I did not mean to imply, of course, that either lacked the opposite mechanism. All of us are born with both the sexual-instinct and the ego-instinct, the gift of love and the will-to-power. However, because we are loaded more one way than the other, the one tendency tends to suppress the other, and the other remains therefore, not erased, but relatively undeveloped, and shows itself in inadequate and perhaps twisted expression.

There was, of course, an extravert in Nietzsche. But that extravert lived a shadowy life beside the great introvert, and showed himself in a clumsy relationship with others, an inadequate response to the world, an inability to get along. So too was there an introvert in Roosevelt, but he was a poor one, with doubtless strange ideas sometimes breaking forth into impulsive and wrong-headed action.

All that we can say is that life forces us to accept one side more than the other, until we become, as it were, specialists along the side of extraversion or of introversion.

This specialization, of course, makes us one-sided, and this one-sidedness reaches an even greater narrowness through a still further specialization, which is that of *function*.

According to Jung, the human psyche is composed of four functions. These are *thinking*, *feeling*, *intuition* and *sensation*.

I do not intend to burden the reader with explanations of these terms, for we would go far afield in a maze of technicalities. I will merely try to give a hint of their meaning.

Thinking is readily recognizable. It is, in its pure form, an act of will, and it may begin with an idea, which it proceeds to illustrate and to prove, or it may begin with many separated facts and proceeds to bind them together into a theory or idea.

Feeling is a reaction of like or dislike to an object. It must not be confused with *emotion*. Both thinking and feeling, according to Jung, are adapted functions; that is, functions which have developed through the discipline of life, and which did not exist in their pure forms when we were born. *Emotion*, however, is something allied to our instinctive life and something we share with the animals. It is psychologically what Jung calls a feeling-sensation; that is to say, it is partly physical and partly mental. We see this clearly when we find an emotion of shame bringing a blush to the cheek, or one of fear setting the heart pounding, or one of joy making the pulses leap. In each case we were aware of something mental, sense of joy, fear, etc., and something physical, heart pounding, cheeks blushing, etc.

Feeling is separated from sensation and developed into something by itself. The feeling person is one who has a highly developed sense of the values of things registered through re-

actions of like and dislike. His immediate liking is not accidental, but due to a high sensitiveness to the really good qualities of the object; his disliking is equally a deep and a true thing.

If thinking and feeling are conscious functions, that is, more or less under the direction of the will (one makes oneself think, one learns to like and dislike), intuition and sensation are unconscious functions. There is no control of them. They simply happen.

Intuition is a sort of instant insight. It has something of the lightning flash in it. It is a seeing-into. And this seeing-into may be of something near or of something far. A man may have a hunch that a certain horse is going to win a race; a woman may have an intuition that her husband, in spite of his protests, has been untrue to her. Intuitions may also be of a deeper sort. The intuition of the painter leads him to paint the soul, the inner life of the sitter. The intuition of the inventor by a blinding flash reveals the solution of the problem.

Sensation, according to Jung, is sensing, a function which transmits a physical stimulus to perception. We see, hear, feel (contact), etc. It is our conscious sensing of the world about us through images, sounds, etc., just as intuition is an unconscious sensing of the world about us. Hence, sensation relates more closely to the physical life, the body, than any of the other functions.

Now what Jung maintains, and amply proves in his great work on Psychological Types, is

that each of us is not only either an introvert or an extravert, but also that each of us *develops one of these four functions at the expense of the others.* There are therefore thinking types, feeling types, intuitive types and sensational types, and since any of these types is also either extraverted or introverted we have eight types.

I will merely give a few examples to show what the types are like:

Extraverted thinking type. A good example is Darwin. He was a slow, patient thinker; thinking was most obviously his most highly developed function; but this function was extraverted. That is to say, like all extraverts his attention and interest was in outer things and the ideas of others. Hence he was one who built up a theory on observed data, whether this was a direct study of plants and animals or in reading the works of others. His thoughts proceeded from the outside in.

Introverted thinking type. Kant is a good example. He was a great philosopher. Instead of proceeding from facts to theory, he proceeded from ideas to facts. That is to say, through his introversion, he received ideas from the unconscious, great ideas of a timeless nature, conceptions of time, space, etc., and these he proceeded to elaborate and prove.

Extraverted feeling type. A good example of this type is Mary Pickford. It is obvious that she is not a thinker; neither is she one of those intuitive persons who see into others and know life deeply. She feels others. She responds by like and dislike; and by the fit-

ness of things. She is well extraverted and well adapted.

Introverted feeling type. Eleanore Duse is an example. She was a great actress; but one felt her to be one of those silent women whose feelings are all within, who nurse deep moods, who cannot express their personal selves, who have great difficulty in their relationships and tend, as a rule, to shun the world and live in seclusion.

According to Jung thinking is more a masculine function; both extraverted and introverted it is found more in men than in women; feeling is more feminine, and is usually found in women.

Extraverted intuitive type. Lloyd George, of England, is of this type. A friend of mine who met him during the war said that as soon as Lloyd George looked at him, he felt he was completely understood, that the statesman saw through him. His gift has been to see the tide even before it turned, to see the possibilities in the people about them, to leap to his conclusions with a sure agility. If the thinking and feeling types are more or less steady, pursuing a definite and logical course, the intuitive type (and sensational) is changeable, erratic, swift, fickle. This is due to the fact that wherever they see a new possibility, they leap to it, forgetting what they hitherto pursued.

Introverted intuitive type. An excellent example is that given in the last chapter, that of Nietzsche. His intuitions were of the introverted kind. He saw inwardly, into the un-

conscious. This type is usually very badly adapted to the world. It is close to the unconscious, and its great intuitions of change, disaster and the new order of the future put it at variance with society to such an extent as to make life very difficult. Undoubtedly such men have always been the great mystics, the great prophets, as Jung quotes, "the voice of one crying in the wilderness."

Extraverted sensation type. We see examples of this type very often among actors, dancers, circus people. They are people of a very sensuous nature, depending more on the sharp stimulus of sensation than on any other function. We also see examples among men who are epicures at eating, spend much of their time on fine dressing, and who seek sensation for its own sake, sensuous surroundings, the more sybaritic forms of sexuality, etc. Among women we see an inordinate love of luxury, a theatrical exhibitionism, and self-indulgence in many forms. Since this type is the least noble (as the intuitive is the most noble) examples need not be given.

Introverted sensation type. This is a type extremely hard to define. I will merely suggest it. It is probable that the poet Poe was of this type. He was certainly introverted, but his work is not marked specifically by deep thought, by feeling or by intuition. If we consider his poetry we see that he gives us strange pictures of a No Man's Land of the imagination; and that he senses these imaginative realms of the dead and the ghostly. We feel a reality in these dark pictures. But they have

no meaning in the way of giving us to understand life more deeply or leading us to great ideas or high flights of feeling. What they do give us is a sense of "out of space, out of time," as he himself put it. Introverted sensation gives us just that. It is a sensing of the eternal images of the unconscious.

Such, by a series of swift strokes, are the eight types. I cannot, of course, in this space, do full justice to them. They are included in this survey because they represent an important element in Jung's work and serve to show how dark and deep are the psychological problems of the race. With eight types (possibly more) living in the world about us, there is indeed much room for misunderstanding and for human conflict.

It is also obvious that Nietzsche was psychologically correct when he said that he saw only fragments of human beings about him, and nowhere a man. Here he saw an arm, there a leg, there an eye and here an ear, there a mouth and here a breast. In short, he saw a world of specialization, where one man becomes, like Darwin, a good thinker, but also is callous to art and to the beauty and joy of life; and where another develops neither his thinking nor his insight, but spends his existence in a vain round of the senses.

It is no wonder, then, that there is so much mental sickness. Too great a one-sidedness is a violation of man's nature, which is full of various needs and must, if it develops freely, live a rounded life. Hence, according to Jung, the basis of the neurosis is not merely a sexual

problem or a problem of power; it is due to the conflict between the developed and the undeveloped functions. There comes a time for the thinker, for instance, when his outraged feeling life must manifest itself. It is at such a moment that the neurosis begins.

VII.

THE CONFLICT AND ITS SOLUTION.

If we want to put the matter in its broadest sense, we can say that the great conflict of this age is between the extraverted attitude and the introverted, between Christ and Anti-Christ, between Christianity with its democracy, its insistence on good works, its life of activity and service, its concentration, actually, on business, machinery and getting on, and on the other hand, the claims of the individual and the demands of the inner life for an enhancement of art, of research, of philosophy, of spiritual development, of freedom.

It is a conflict between the principle of love and the prinicple of power, and naturally, it is not only an external thing, but something that takes place in every individual who has made any sort of high development. For it is a psychic law that if we carry anything to an extreme, we meet the opposite.

This is clearly illustrated in Goethe's Faust. The hero, Faust, has carried his introverted side to a very high development; indeed, so far, that everything he studied and all that he knows now appears lifeless and uninteresting. He is sick of himself, sick of life. It is all nothing. His search for knowledge has led nowhere. In the end all that we know is —that we cannot know. What a pity then that he has squandered his youth on study and

meditation and medicine. A kind of death comes over him; which means, psychologically, that he has reached the end of one line of development, and is preparing himself to change over to another and new line.

This soon appears, in the form of a poodle dog who soon shows himself as the Devil. Both these symbols are inevitable. A dog, as shown before, relates to our more extraverted side, and it is this side for which Faust now longs. He has reached the end of his development (for the time being) as an introvert; the longing that now is awakened is for *life*—that is, for youth, activity, sexuality, love, ardent adventure, etc. Hence, the symbol of the dog as representing the side of himself he has not developed. But this really is also the Devil. That is to say that which is undeveloped is still in a primitive state, and through its long repression, bears the aspect of something ugly and evil. In order, therefore, to reach the "other side," in order to begin to live out the unlived possibilities of his nature, he must sell himself to the Devil.

That is to say, that when the undeveloped side shows itself and takes command, it cannot be lived unless one is willing to go a path which may often appear evil and which is in direct defiance to what one has previously lived and thought good.

This selling out to the Devil appears as a great danger. It means that he will never be "saved," never go to heaven. But actually in the prologue of the play, God allows the Devil to make this compact with Faust because the

Devil is "a part of that power which wills the bad, but somehow works the good." That is to say, if one is willing to step over into the undeveloped side, and live it in spite of its evil beginnings, one can only develop oneself and finally come to a higher good.

Such the drama shows. By magic Faust gains wealth and power. He seduces Gretchen, and her end is insanity, infanticide and a death that narrowly escapes the gallows. But Faust goes on, and the whole play shows how, by following the Devil, he brings the neglected side up to the developed side of himself, so that in the end the Devil is defeated and Faust gains that heaven where the two sides of his nature may now be united in harmony.

If Faust outlines the problem, another great work, the "Prometheus and Epimetheus" of Spitteler, shows its solution. Jung is at great pains to analyze this long poem in his book on Psychological Types. Prometheus and Epimetheus stand respectively for introvert and extravert. Prometheus is the idealist who withdraws from the world into himself to love and serve his soul; but Epimetheus is the man of the world, who has common sense, who obeys the conventions and who becomes a king. Epimetheus cannot wean his foolish brother from his obviously perverted way of living. A conflict arises between them, which drives Prometheus all the deeper in himself. Thus a great sickness falls not only upon him, but upon his God (the collective unconscious). His soul then brings him a jewel, a thing of magic, a wonder-child, which will save the world.

But this jewel is rejected by the king and by the world, and as a result there is destruction, the king losing his throne.

"The final extinction of Good is prevented by the intervention of Prometheus. He rescues Messias, the last of the sons of God, out of the power of his enemy. Messias becomes the heir to the Divine Kingdom, while Prometheus and Epimetheus, the personifications of the severed opposites, become united in the seclusion of their native valley. . . Which means, extraversion and introversion cease to dominate as one-sided lines of direction. . . . In their stead, a new function appears, symbolically represented by a child named Messias. He is the mediator, the symbol of the new attitude that shall reconcile the opposites."

What is the exact meaning of this? To begin with, Prometheus and Epitheus must be thought of, not as two men, but as the two sides of one man, the conflict, in short, between introversion and extraversion. In the normal course of development, like Faust, one develops first one side, then the other. Naturally the time must come when the conflict breaks out in full force: shall one follow the principle of power, of introversion, or that of love, of extraversion? This conflict produces a deadlock, and in this deadlock, a solution is offered by the unconscious in the form of a symbol (the jewel, the wonder-child.) But this is not understood, and there is a breakdown and collapse. However, now a new path is found which leads out.

This path Jung calls the *transcendent func-*

tion; this indeed is the Messias of the poem. It is part of the analytic process, and emerges only at the end of a deep analysis. What it amounts to is an *inner guidance.*

I have already shown that the collective unconscious is creative, that it is ahead of the race, and projects at times, through geniuses, a vision of what is to be, what is becoming. Just as it does this for the race, it also to a certain extent, and at certain times, is prospective for the individual, laying out the next step he is to take, and forecasting the next phase of his development.

This prospective quality is rarely found in the dream, though sometimes it appears there. It is usually found in the *phantasy.* The phantasy is a product analagous to the dream, but whereas when we dream we are fully asleep, and hence, unconscious, the phantasy appears between waking and sleeping, when we are really half-asleep. It appears as a sort of dream, sometimes as a clear plastic image, and we know, when we apprehend it, that we are not asleep.

As Jung works out in great detail, the phantasy has a greater value than the dream, for the dream is merely the product of the unconscious, whereas the phantasy is the product of both the conscious and unconscious minds working simultaneously at that moment when we are half-conscious, or between the two. Hence, it contains in symbolic form, our deepest insight, our deepest wish, our clearest foreknowledge of what to do, being in this respect

also superior to our conscious working out of the problem.

It is by following the insight gained from our phantasies that we work out the problem of the deep conflict; for if we follow these phantasies, we take the next necessary step and so learn gradually to reconcile the claims of extraversion with those of introversion.

In the great religion of the Hindoos, and in fact, in a religion of the Chinese, we hear much of a Middle Path. The problem as set forth by those religions is that life consists of a pair of opposites; such for instance as spirituality vs. materialism, feminine vs. masculine, love vs. power, divine vs. demonic, etc., and they see clearly that neither extreme can bring peace. If we live one extreme then soon we thirst and hunger for the other, and this brings discord and conflict. The true wisdom of life then is to find a Middle Path, a way between the opposites. This way is not something that can be thought out and entered by violence. It is something found gradually through development in religious ritual.

It is this great thought, this truth which emerges again in modern psychology, But it comes now with a difference. Psycho-analysis is a highly specialized scientific technic. It does not deal with ritual and dogma, it does not lay down general laws to the individual. It recognizes that his problem is different from that of all other individuals, and seeks to guide him, not from without, but from within. From the material which rises naturally from his own psyche, from dream and phantasy and in-

tuition, he gains the insight which he must follow.

Hence, religion ceases to be a mass-matter, but becomes an individual matter. As Jung puts it, every creed attempts to make us all live the phantasies of the founder of the religion. His phantasies may have been very great and very deep; but they were, in the main, his own. Every human being is constantly producing phantasies, and in these lies his own path, and not in those of someone's else.

What is the goal then of this immense struggle in the human being, this psychic conflict which sometimes goes on to a point of shattering the individual, this inner division that cries out for healing, and which goads us forward to our development? The word that Jung gives us is *individuation*. We aim, he says, to be individuals in the true sense of the word. Certainly, however, the fragments that Nietzsche saw are not individuals, for an individual is one who contains the many-sidedness of human nature in a state of inner harmony. If then this one-sidedness precludes individuality, the psyche must be constantly urging us on to develop that which has been neglected in order that the undeveloped side may rise level to the developed side, and so that in the end one may be a complete, rounded, harmonious human being.

This is the light which the new psychology offers to the race at a moment of its greatest darkness. It has just fought the bloodiest and most devastating war of all history; it has

fought that war in the twilight of the Gods. Its old Gods are disintegrating and vanishing. Everywhere we see the harsh conflict going on, and at the very moment when man has reached his highest point of extraversion, with his machines, his radios and phonographs and aeroplanes, his automobiles and newspapers and movies, his triumph over nature, we see everywhere the sadness and suffering of humanity, the breakdown of white civilization in Europe, the restless stirrings of the East, and an immense increase in neurosis and insanity. A great change is due; a new light has come. This new light however, is not a religion, it is nothing to broadcast and apply *en masse*. It is a technic which must reach individual by individual, making him known to himself, discovering for him his type with its needs and limitation, showing him his possibilities, directing him to the path of his own development. Naturally such development will be different for each individual. There are not many, as Jung shows, who must go to the painful lengths depicted in the story of Prometheus and Epimetheus, or even in the story of Faust. For the majority, a deeper self-understanding, a knowledge of the types, an ability to understand some of the products of the unconscious, a lifting off of the repressions, a full recognition of one's own needs and desires, will be enough to bring about a more harmonious, a more fruitful life. But for the few, a higher, deeper suffering is necessary, possibly because of their gifts, which may thus be developed and become a heritage for the race.

VIII.

NOTE.

This booklet has aimed to give a glimpse of a vast territory, merely enough to set the reader toward the complete works on the subject. It has been necessary to condense and suggest, where a deeper understanding would be reached by elaboration and numerous examples. For those who care to study the matter more deeply it is suggested that they begin Jung by reading the second edition of his Papers in Analytical Psychology. This is a difficult book because it contains a series of articles which show his growth, step by step toward a new insight. Much that he writes there he has since discarded. However, it is well to read whatever of it one finds interesting.

The next step is to read The Psychology of the Unconscious, which uncovers the theory of the collective unconscious; and finally Jung's master-work up to this time, his Psychological Types.

If I have stimulated the reader to the point where he desires to go on to these works, then the purpose with which I wrote this little book is fulfilled.

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MARK TWAIN

MARK TWAIN

(Samuel Langhorne Clemens: 1835-1910)

To the average newspaper reader, Mark Twain looks as innocent, as innocuous, as the Bible, but few people read the Bible and few read Mark Twain; if they did, they might become aware of the dynamite in both. I will guarantee to pick out from both the Bible and Mark Twain's writings, passages that would unsettle the minds of the rising generation more speedily and effectually than anything written by any American, except perhaps Thoreau.

Indeed, when my good friend Haldeman-Julius, who does extraordinary things in the way of popularizing literature, and is often roundly denounced for doing them by those who profess to have a deep rooted desire to popularize literature—when Haldeman-Julius, I say, asked me to write a booklet with Mark Twain as subject, the thought struck me that in these times of sentimentality and hysteria, it was extremely fortunate that Mark Twain was out of reach of those who devote themselves to the formation of national character, and, if there is some far off place where congenial spirits may converse, that he is probably happy in the companionship of holy company—Rabelais, Swift, Emerson, Sobieski, Chaucer, Byron, Goethe, Beethoven—good men and true all of them. For, certainly, with purity drives and heresy hunting and the anti-Jewish cam-

paign and Volstead and the Ku Klux Klan the real Mark Twain would get but short shrift. I take the anti-Jewish campaign because there comes to mind a passage in a letter that Twain once wrote to his life-long friend, the Rev. J. H. Twitchell. The date of it was 1897, and it was written from Vienna. There follows a passage, given to the end that something of the real Twain may be inferred—given to the end that the reader of this may not be induced to sail any deep waters under false colors, for Twain of the "Jumping Frog" is no more the real Twain than Lincoln of the funny stories was the real Lincoln. Here is the passage.

" . . . It is Christian and Jew by the horns —the advantage with the superior man as usual— the superior man being the Jew every time and in all countries. Land, Joe, what chance would the Christian have in a country where there were three Jews to ten Christians! Oh, not the shadow of a chance. The difference between the brain of the average Christian and that of the average Jew —certainly in Europe—is about the average between a tadpole's and an Archbishop's. It's a marvelous race—by long odds the most marvelous that the world has produced, I suppose. . . ."

There are no qualifying clauses and I have not dragged the passage from any modifying context. If the passage is not sufficient to damn Twain forever in the hearts and the minds of every Ku Klux Klan man in the country, and every 100 per cent American as well, then most certainly his views on mob rule would. I take the mob-rule viewpoint because it is as enlightening as the opening theme in Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, or as the couplet

about all men killing the thing they love, in Oscar Wilde's "Ballad of Reading Jail." For it is a viewpoint that shows Mark Twain as being against all irrational impulses, as opposed to irrelevant emotional appeals. Nor is the passage from the letter to be quoted at all isolated or unique. In his works of fiction I have counted more than six distinct references, more or less lengthy, each condemnatory of herd action. But for a beginning, I take the letter, peculiarly significant because it was written at a time when the nation had suffered one of its relapses into emotional insanity, an affliction to which Americans seem peculiarly liable. It was when President McKinley was hovering between life and death, and when hysterical men were talking nonsense by way of revenge about Czolgosz the slayer. In those days, ministers of the gospel outdid themselves in childish utterances, just as so many of them did later in the days of the great war, or as they did in the Goldman-Berkman deportation case, and he who advocated sanity was promptly suspect. Hear Mark Twain then, in a letter dated September 10th, 1901:

" . . . The news of the President looks decidedly hopeful and we are all glad, and the household faces are much improved, as to cheerfulneess. Oh, the *talk* in the newspapers! Evidently the Human Race is the same old Human Race. And how unjust, and unreflectingly discriminating the talkers are. Under the unsettling effects of powerful emotion the talkers are saying wild things, crazy things—they are out of themselves and do not know it; they are temporarily insane, yet with one voice they declare the assassin *sane*—a man who has been entertaining fiery and reason-debauching

maggots in his head for weeks and months. Why, no one is sane, straight along, year in and year out, and we know it. Our insanities are of varying sorts and express themselves in varying forms—fortunately harmless forms as a rule—but in whatever form they occur an immense upheaval of feeling can at any time topple us distinctly over the sanity line for a little while; and then if our form happens to be of the murderous kind we must look out—and so must the spectator.

"The ass with the unpronounceable name was probably more insane than usual this week or two back, and may get back upon his bearings by and by, but he was over the sanity-border when he shot the President. It is possible that it has taken him the whole interval since the murder of the King of Italy to get insane enough to attempt the President's life. Without doubt some thousands of men have been meditating the same act in the same interval, but new and strong interests have intervened and diverted their over-excited minds long enough to give them a chance to settle, and tranquilize, and get back upon a healthy level again. *Every* extraordinary occurrence unsettles the heads of hundreds and thousands of men for a few moments or hours or days. If there had been ten kings around when Humbert fell they would have been in great peril for a day or more—and from men in whose presence they would have been quite safe after the excess of their excitement had had an interval in which to cool down. . . ."

Ponder that a moment. There's strong common sense in it—common sense of the kind that is extremely uncommon. You see in it evidence of a clear thinker, a balanced mind, an intellect that keeps itself well in hand. For the day of which he wrote was a day when democracy triumphant had run mad, just as it ran mad when the country went *fanti* over supposed German spies grinding glass into flour, and poisoning horses, and attempting to steal blue prints of county bridges in Tucum-

cari, N. M. It was one of those days, unfortunately none too rare, when blind popular prejudice and brutal fanaticism swayed the masses and when most pernicious sensationalism made of almost every journal in the country a shrieking virago.

Let the matter be got straight and let it be understood that I am reading nothing into the words of Mark Twain but what is plainly there. Also let it be understood that the passage quoted is all important because it reveals the writer of it as a man of no lax mental habit, reveals him as one who would not allow the emotion of the moment to usurp the sway of sovereign reason. For I hold Mark Twain as a true philosopher with a balanced system and as one whose works form a coherent whole. The trouble is that people have lost sight of his message, being dazzled by the means he adopted to deliver it. Yet a second reading of the passage quoted will show many things—will show that he had considered seriously heredity, atavism, degeneracy. The same trend of thought, followed to its logical conclusion in later years, and after much observation, resulted in that masterpiece "The Mysterious Stranger," in that absurdly little-known story on the Journey of Truth, in that speculative essay in dialogue form, "What Is Man?"

In a world holding the odd belief that insanity can at all times be easily recognized and that an insane person is one who raves and shouts and foams at the mouth and smashes things, it must come as a distinct shock to find one who holds that to all outward ap-

pearance there is no difference between the sane and the insane, and that acts showing an imperfect adjustment are proof sufficient of disordered mentality. One remembers Oscar Wilde. And mark, too, the passage in which he tells us that every extraordinary occurrence unsettles the heads of hundreds and thousands of men for a few moments or days or hours. That, I hold, should not be passed over lightly. There's a mighty truth in it. For the average man and the average woman is a highly susceptible creature and mind poisoners are by no means rare. Purveyors of opium and morphine are hedged about with prohibitions and he who would drop strychnine in the way of people at a restaurant would be promptly dealt with as a danger. But those who weave words likely to drive mental defectives over the border-line, go free. That Mark Twain meant all this is shown by another letter, one written in 1873, to the editor of the *Daily Graphic*, in which he is sarcastic anent the exciting headlines displayed for public consumption. I quote again:

A Father Killed by His Son.

* *

Bloody Fight in Kentucky.

* *

An Eight Year Old Murderer.

* *

Town in State of General Riot.

A Court House Fired and Negroes Shot While Escaping.

* *

Louisiana Massacre.

* *

Two to Three Hundred Men Roasted Alive!

* *

(Thirty other similar headlines.)

Obviously, Mark Twain would not be for any curtailment of the liberty of the press nor for

any infringement upon the rights of the speaker, but what he was for was decency, and some assimilation of the press to the ethical standards that are upheld in other parts of the enlightened world as a matter of course. What he deplored was the patent fact that pernicious sensationalism was largely responsible for the creation of emotional criminals, especially those liable to become insane on the incidence of a stress sufficiently severe, and who such were, and where such were, it was, and is, quite impossible to know.

And also note this in the same connection; given absence of excitement, your potential criminal regains his sanity. Again I am not reading my own fancies into the tale. I am stating Mark Twain's belief and find striking confirmation in another passage in a letter. Thus: "I bought a revolver once and traveled twelve hundred miles to kill a man. He was away. He was gone a day. With nothing else to do, I *had* to stop and think—and did. Within an hour—within half of it—I was ashamed of myself—and felt unspeakably ridiculous. I do not know what to call it if I was not insane. During a whole week my head was in a turmoil night and day fierce enough and exhausting enough to upset a stronger reason than mine." There you have the test of experience. Given no cessation of excitement, and Mark Twain might have killed his man and swung at the end of a rope. As it was, he was only a potential criminal.

Observe, Mark Twain was a newspaperman and knew the game. But he had prevision

and knew that the rule of the despot Hate is not limited to any one section of the land, and once aroused, once entrenched in the stronghold of wrong, not law, nor order, nor religion prevail against him. The vessel of civilization goes to pieces and the bonds and rivets that held it, race, nationality, blood ties, lifelong associations, sworn fellowships, are as nothing. The hell that is lack of fellowship vomits forth its malignant forces and the yahoo reigns. All that was patiently built in the course of years is shattered in a moment, and, too often, the builders, those who raised their homes, who ploughed the fields, who built the school and the law court and the church—these, by the very cause of their being settled and anchored and unable to flee from the blind fury, fall victims to mob madness in full career. Mercy, charity, benevolence all fly away like thistle-down and the ill weeds of blood lust, of covetousness, of appetite, spring up to bear bitter fruit for generations. We who remember the national disgraces of Tulsa, of Elaine, of Herrin, of Harrison, need no telling.

So, against all forms of mob rule Mark Twain was strongly set. Because of that attitude, we have one of the finest passages in his "Adventures of Huckleberry Finn"—I refer to the twenty-first and twenty-second chapters in which he gives a DeFoe-like picture of mob insanity and mob cowardice, the Colonel Sherburn incident. It cannot be quoted here but should certainly be read.

To return to Mark Twain's views as ex-

pressed in his letters or lynchings and ruler-murder:

"No ruler is ever slain but the tremendous details of it are ravenously devoured by a hundred thousand men whose minds dwell, unaware, near the temporary-insanity frontier—and over they go, now! There is a day—two days—three—during which no ruler would be safe from perhaps the half of them; and there is a single moment wherein he would not be safe from any of them, no doubt. It may take this present shooting case six months to breed another ruler-tragedy, but it will breed it. (It did. The Roosevelt shooting. C. J. F.) There is at least one mind somewhere which will brood and decay itself to the killing point and produce that tragedy.

"Every negro burned at the stake unsettles the excitable brain of another one—I mean the inflaming details of his crime, and the lurid theatricality of his exit do it—and the duplicate crime follows, and that begets a repetition and that another one—and so on. Every lynching account unsettles the brain of another set of excitable white men, and lights another pyre—hundred and fifteen lynchings last year, a hundred and two within eight months of this year; in ten years this will be a habit on these terms.

"Yes, the wild talk you see in the papers! And from men who are sane when not upset by overwhelming excitement. A U. S. Senator—Cullom—wants this Buffalo criminal lynched! It would breed another lynching—of men who are not dreaming of committing murders, now, and will commit none if Cullom will keep quiet and not provide the exciting cause. And a District Attorney wants a law which shall punish with death *attempts* upon a President's life—this, mind you, as a deterrent. It would have no effect—or the opposite one. The lunatic's mind-space is *all* occupied, as mine was, with the matter in hand; there is no room in it for reflections on what may happen to *him*. That comes after the crime. It is the *noise* the attempt would make in the world that would breed the subsequent attempts by unsettling the rickety minds of men who envy the

criminal his vast notoriety—his obscure name tongued by stupendous kings and emperors—his picture printed everywhere; the trivalist details of his movements, what he eats, what he drinks, how he sleeps, what he says, cabled abroad over the whole world at cost of fifty thousand dollars a day —and he only a lowly shoemaker yesterday! like the assassin of the President of France—in debt to his landlady and insulted by her—and today she is proud to be able to say that she knew him 'as familiarly as you know your own brother,' and glad to stand till she drops and pour out columns and pages of her grandeur and her happiness upon the eager interviewer. Nothing will check the lynchings and ruler-murder but absolute silence—and absence of pow-wow about them. How are you going to manage that? By gagging every witness and jamming him into a dungeon for life; by abolishing all newspapers; by exterminating all newspaper men; by extinguishing God's most elegant invention, the Human Race."

A remarkable letter, that, among many remarkable letters. And it shows the man in his true light, not, be it said, as a funny man, but as a man of most intense seriousness and one who might be expected to point out in the plainest way, and using uninvolved language, those things that he found to be wrong and stupid in our civilization. Of course, there was laughter in him, but the laughter is, after all, a by-product, or the megaphone used to scatter his message. What Mark Twain really was, was thinker—social reformer with a strong sense of cosmic humor—man full of hatred of injustice—man full of sympathy with suffering —man intolerant of oppression. Call him philanthropist if you will, but philanthropist of the head and not of the heart. He laughed because he was a follower of the laughing philosopher and there was no malice in his mirth,

nor yet was it the laughter of triumph. Rather it was like the laughter of the gods; laughter in which there was pity. He was stirred to laughter at the paradox of man the heir of the ages and the ruler of the world, the master of his fate and designer of his destiny, acting on occasion like a yahoo.

What we take as fun in Mark Twain, is really the seeing of ourselves in our true colors. Like George Ade, whom the gods preserve, he shows us ourselves. We read and laugh just as we laugh at the tremendous comicalities of our near cousin, the monkey. With eyes opened, we see the incongruities in our own conduct.

Consider the character Tom Sawyer meeting a strange boy who is going his way, quietly enough, in the village street. There is not the slightest cause for quarrel, but Tom Sawyer is Every boy—a creature illogical, mischievous, bullying, overbearing and envious. He is a liar and a thief and lazy to the backbone and his brightest exploit is the playing of a part similar to that of the biblical Joseph in Egypt. The newcomer was a stranger, and that was enough. For in your isolated country towns, every newcomer is a foreigner and therefore as much an object of suspicion as the wanderer in some outlying settlement in Thibet. So the cry seems to run: "Here is one strange and unknown. Come, let us slay him." The spirit that animated Tom Sawyer was the spirit that animated the South Sea Islanders when they killed Captain Cook. It was the spirit that causes the herd—hounding of the man with an opinion. The stranger was not born on Petersburg soil and his ideas were not Peters-

burgan, wherefore there was instinctive aversion. The stranger seemed to belong to a separate social strata, therefore there was something akin to hatred. Perhaps in that kind of thing there is tribal memory and instinctive desire to safeguard the tribe against invasion. At any rate, in spite of centuries of training and of religious instruction, the instinct to persecute the stranger is strong in the human mind, from whatever cause it may arise. Scratch the veneer on modern man ever so slightly and you have the savage.

Again it may seem that too much strain is hung on a slight peg and that Mark Twain held no such views as are here attributed to him. Well, we get the Twain point of view in another of those remarkably frank letters to his friend Mr. Twitchell, this time under date of March 14th, 1905. He says:

" . . . history and tradition testify that the heart is just about what it was in the beginning; it has undergone no shade of change. Its good and evil impulses and their consequences are the same today that they were in Old Bible times, in Egyptian times, in Greek times, in Twentieth Century times. There has been no change. Meantime the brain has undergone no change. It is what is always was. There are a few good brains and a multitude of poor ones. It was so in Old Bible times and in all other times—Greek, Roman, Middle Ages and Twentieth Century. Among the savages—all the savages—the average brain is as competent as the average brain here or elsewhere. . . ."

And certainly, if all history begins, roughly speaking, about 4000 B. C. there is much show of truth in what Mark Twain says. We remember the Attic writers and speakers, Xeno-

phon, Thucydides, Lycias, Caesar's *Commentaries*, Cicero: many more and much more, and wonder with cause how they would be struck with the crudities existing today in our own towns. We think of our politicians and pinchbeck orators with their ineptitudes, the *Congressional Record*, our state legislative bodies wasting time on frivolities, our highest magistrate darkening counsel by words without meaning, and thinking, we remember Aemilius Paullus introducing a system of representative government in Macedonia, Caius Gracchus tackling the unemployment question in 123 B. C., Diocletian fixing maximum wages, Tiberius Gracchus limiting the size of landed estates to check the gradual disappearance of the peasant proprietor. Or we pat ourseles on the backs with pride because we have adding machines and an accountant will walk four steps and use material and time to add

32.65
1.36
34.01*

which I have seen done, but meanwhile we talk of the dark ages, forgetting Thales, Plato, Pythagoras, Eudoxus, Euclid, Aristotle, Archimedes. Certainly, Mark Twain was right and there have always been good brains and a multitude of poor ones, and the heart is just about what it was in the beginning.

Into the mouth of his character Satan, in "The Mysterious Stranger," Mark Twain puts his views as to the illusion of progress. "Cain did his murder with a club; the Hebrews did

their murders with javelin and sword; the Greeks and Romans added protective armor and the fine arts of military organization and generalship; the Christian has added guns and gunpowder; a few centuries from now he will have so greatly improved the deadly effectiveness of his weapons of slaughter that all men will confess that without Christian civilization war must have remained a poor and trifling thing to the end of time." And again: "In five or six thousand years five or six high civilizations have risen, flourished, commanded the wonder of the world, then faded out and disappeared; and not one of them except the latest ever invented any sweeping and adequate way to kill people. They all did their best—to kill being the chiefest ambition of the human race and the earliest incident in its history—but only the Christian civilization has scored a triumph to be proud of. Two or three centuries from now it will be recognized that all the competent killers are Christians; then the pagan world will go to school to the Christian—not to acquire his religion, but his guns. The Turk and the Chinaman will buy those to kill missionaries and converts with."

In other words, Mark Twain denounced, not one nation, not one particular people, but the whole Christianity-professing world as the greatest Vandals of all time, and the only point in which he was at fault was that he did not go far enough—did not see the use of poison gas, did not see on all hands organized hate, did not see the invasion of the sky by men with murder-dealing engines, for the sky was inviolate when he wrote that.

But what he did know was that there was a counsel of perfection, a seventh-day reiteration by professing Christians that man should not, or could not serve God and Mammon, and that potent things had been said about rich men and camels and needle's eyes; but meanwhile, I quote a letter again, under date of 1905, "Money is the supreme ideal—all others take tenth place. . . . Money lust has always existed, but not in the history of the world was it ever a craze, a madness, until your time and mine. This lust has rotted these nations; it has made them hard, sordid, ungentle, dishonest, oppressive."

Let puritanical pietists and idealists resent it as they will, here is the real, outspoken, honest Twain releasing his soul. He sees America professing the Christian ideal but hugging to its soul the pagan ideal that finds satisfaction in appropriation, in the attainment of goods and worldly power. Of course he has here met Nietzsche on common ground—the Nietzsche who declared that "the ego's desire of appropriation is boundless." And so it is, and because it is, the great blond beast does ravage the world, and that ravaging is war.

So we return to Mark Twain's "The Mysterious Stranger" and find Satan again setting his mimic stage with endless procession of nations, with raging seas of blood, with battle smoke and glinted flags and mighty guns. Then Satan says:

" . . . What does it amount to? Nothing at all. You gain nothing; you always come out where you went in. For a million years the race has gone on monotonously propagating itself and monotonously re-performing this dull nonsense—

to what end? No wisdom can guess! Who gets a profit out of it? Nobody but a parcel of usurping little monarchs and nobilities who despise you; you would feel defiled if you touched them; would shut the door in your face if you proposed to call; whom you slave for, fight for, die for, and are not ashamed of it but proud; whose existence is a perpetual insult to you and you are afraid to resent it; who are mendicants supported by your alms, yet assume toward you the airs of benefactor toward beggar; who address you in the language of master to slave and are answered in the language of slave to masters; who are worshipped by you with your mouth, while in your heart—if you have one—you despise yourself for it. . . ."

The spirit of that passage, I say, is magnificent. There is the true patriotism, the fearless spokesman standing for those principles which men in authority have so weakly forsaken. In his denunciation of war Mark Twain is sturdy in real and not spurious Americanism. And he is right, eminently right. For millions have died and many more millions have suffered for the "usurping little monarchs" and the no less contemptible elected persons with their never ending audacity. And the gospel of Peace on earth *is* but idle talk, and the ego's desire of appropriation *is* boundless. And the sooner we realize it the better, for as things go a dead and ruined planet is our goal.

No matter where we touch Mark Twain, we find a man bent on examining things for himself; looking clear-eyed on the world about him and casting aside authority for independent verification. Sometimes I think that he strove to be the man that Herbert Spencer pictured when he wrote his "Science of Sociology"—the man who would free his mind from bias political, bias patriotic, bias emotional, bias edu-

cational and bias religious. Taboos did not exist for him. Was something said to be sacred and not to be touched with profane hands, then he, like the character in Lord Dunsany's play, marched up to it, tore aside the veil and revealed the nothingness that was there. Like some Hereward with mighty arm and unfearing heart he slew right and left. Read Tom Sawyer to see the scorn with which he flayed the sentimentalists and pretenders, those that "showed off" with little displays of insect authority in the village church — the whining preacher, the fussing Sunday school superintendent, the "best" people of the place, the prize scholar who rattled off his Bible verses as the Thibetian reels his praying wheel. Read "The Innocents Abroad" to see the well-merited contumely he heaps upon the pretenders who drop bottomless buckets into empty wells as it were, with their feigned admiration of old masters which they in no wise understand—to see the gentle fun poked at those who pretend to find merit in things they see because they are expected to find them meritorious; the relics, the statutes, the Turkish coffee, the buildings. Read the "Adventures of Huckleberry Finn" to fall in love with the simple, honest negro Jim and laugh with Twain at the ineffable nonsense of what goes by the name of the southern attitude towards the negro—laugh at the mawkish sentimentality that led a family to clutter up a room with the useless belongings of the dead Emmeline Grangerford—laugh at the pitiful lynching mob "that don't fight with courage that's born in 'em, but with courage that's borrowed from their mass"—laugh at the in-

sanity of the people who allow themselves to be bamboozled by revivalists and hard-shell Baptists and Holy Rollers. Read "A Tramp Abroad" to see a modern Swift stripping the humbug from the strutting detective with his fake sapience—would that the world could read "The Stolen White Elephant" and banish forever its paid government detectives and *agents provacateurs*, creators of the mysteries that they pretend to unravel, latter-day witch-finders as they are, manufacturing the thing that they discover. Or mark this significant remark from "The $30,000 Bequest": "It was a cold day when she didn't ship a cargo of missionaries to persuade unreflecting Chinamen to trade off twenty-four carat Confucianism for counterfeit Christianity." Or enjoy the fun that he has with the sentimentalists in his "Last Words of Great Men"; with the lyceum lecturers in "The Approaching Epidemic," with free verse jugglers in "A Memory." As for the professional moralists, the Frank Crane-Samuel Smiles stripe of fellow, the all-is-best-in-this-best-of-all-possible-words men, for them I offer the little story "Edward Mills and George Benton" with its optimistic and trustful family of Brants always mouthing the eternal "Be pure, honest, sober, industrious, and considerate of others, and success in life is assured." And if you will but read "The Prince and the Pauper" with bright eye and open mind, closing the book at page 109 for a few moments, to think and digest and reflect on the folly of my Lord This telling Duke That to notify Earl the Other to have brought some little thing for the use of the exalted personage, you

will have gained something worth while. For, mark you, this own republic of free and independent men is full of sycophants no less servile than those pictured by Twain in the mediaeval court. In all the civilized world no people are more prone to revel in empty forms than those in these United States. We delight in titles and in authority and in ritual. We band ourselves into lodges and secret societies to genuflect and make obeisance. For a brief hour each week the butcher, the baker and the candlestick-maker may sit exalted, saluted as Grand Potentate, Most Excellent Commander, Most Worshipful. We bestow titles no less fantastic than those bestowed on eastern rulers. In ten thousand and twice ten thousand hot lodge-rooms men adorn themselves in ridiculous robes, don fantastic headpieces, and trick themselves out with silly trappings and march and wind about little wooden stands singing doggerel verses to the tune of Auld Lang Syne. Night after night the game is being played of some Most Exalted giving a message to the man sitting at his right hand who advances three steps and repeats it to some tin spear-bearing youth, who marches with it to an inner door-keeper, who whispers it through a door to an outer door-keeper. Given a town of a thousand and you have a half dozen lodges and in each lodge the proper official to open the big Bible, the proper official to knock three times with a gavel, the proper official to announce that a candidate is in waiting, the proper official to don a purple and crimson robe, the proper official to carry a tin sword. And when we have created all the illustrious men that we

can, when all possibilities are exhausted, we solve the difficulty by starting new lodges. From Masons and Woodmen and Odd Fellows, and Knights of Pythias, and of Columbus, and Red Men, and Maccabees, we invade the animal world to form associations of Moose, of Elk, of Owls, of Bears, of Lions. We climb higher with more degrees and we expand with side degrees and we add excresences with auxiliaries for women and children.

In the same book, "The Prince and the Pauper," we read with amused amazement of the sentencing of those accused of witcheries and in another place of a bill of attainder having been passed against a prisoner without trial or evidence and the prisoner being duly executed. But Mark Twain's idea that progress is, after all, something very much like an illusion, holds good here as well. We, too, have sentencing and executing without trial. I recall that night of July, 1921, when three cars loaded with men wearing white robes and hoods, supported by other cars similarly filled, drove up to that cafe in Pensacola, Florida. For England in her darkest days of ignorance had no such invisible terror as the Ku Klux Klan. The only difference is that while in the days of which Twain wrote, men and women were branded, were burned at the stake, were tarred and beaten in the name of the law, with us, today, there are brandings, and lynchings, and burnings, and tarrings, and beatings in the name of a spurious Americanism. But whereas, in the days of which Twain wrote, the executioners did their work openly

and in the light of day, in our time the later atrocities are often committed in the dark of night by masked and hooded anonymities. The one was capable of being, and was, eventually changed—the other is the work of hidden terrorists who wreak violence in the name of virtue—and officialdom connives. Again I say, Mark Twain spoke wisely when he said that there is no historical evidence of net progress. True, the "name of Henry VIII brought a shiver, and suggested an ogre whose nostrils breathed destruction and whose hand dealt scourgings and death" to quote Mark Twain, but the passage reads very *apropos* if we change the "Henry VIII" to "Imperial Wizard" who, in the ridiculous language of the Kloran, the private bible of the K.K.K., is "Emperor of the Invisible Kingdom: a wise man: a wonder worker, having power to charm and control."

Progress an Illusion! There is food for much thought in the idea, and I do not know of anything written better calculated on which to base an argument than Mark Twain's account of the Sherburn incident in "Huckleberry Finn" and his many accounts of mob action in "The Prince and the Pauper." In the noteworthy letter to Mr. Twitchell, Twain argued that at the rate things were moving, lynching would become a national habit. I hold that the prophecy has almost justified itself. The figures published by the American Civil Liberties Union in a recent pamphlet seem to prove it. "One hundred and fifteen lynchings in a year," writes Mark Twain seventeen years ago, and now, consider this:

	Total	—Whites— Men	Women	—Negroes— Men	Women
Lynched	102	33		69	
Tarred	63	60	1	2	
Flogged	167	122	4	39	2
Totals	332	215	5	110	2

In addition:
Deportations, 460.
Killed in riots, 70 to 90.

Record for the Last Six Months of 1922.

The record for the six months from July 1st to December 31, 1922, shows a greater number of cases than in any similar period in the two years. There were 103 cases of lynching, tarring and feathering or flogging. *Over two-thirds of the victims were white men and women. Five of them were women who were tarred or flogged.*

Among the 32 Negroes in the record, 20 were lynched. When a mob goes after a Negro, in most cases it does not stop short of death. Of the 27 persons lynched in this period, 7 were white men. Twenty-four of the victims were tarred and feathered, and 52 flogged. Thirteen of the 103 outrages were definitely fixed by the newspaper reports on the Ku Klux Klan, and 40 more were attributed to masked mobs.

That is a two-year record and seems to show that the habit has been formed as Mark Twain feared it would be.

So we come, reading honestly and following straightly, to the irreverent Mark Twain, the much-apologized-for Twain, the Twain wilfully misunderstood by those of priggish mind who would make unwholesome sentimentalists out of every man.

Like Percy Bysshe Shelley, Mark Twain was an incorrigible thinker. He was forever trying, the best he knew how, to get down to

fundamentals. He was all for straight thinking, for lucidity, for clearness, for intellectual honesty, following a thought wheresoever it led. If he built a structure, it would be on ascertained facts and not on inferences. When he wrote, he wrote while zealously and ardently trying to set down a viewpoint—but *his* viewpoint and not the collected opinions of other men. Never would he be an artificial compound of conformity. His was the expository faculty and he would have nothing to do with the cold and sorry light of the reflection of a reflection of a reflection, that compilation of dead issues so beloved by the genus professor. Not for him any vortex of thought in which his head would whirl like the dancing atoms of the nebulous universe. Not for him any wild vagaries. So, properly anxious to find where he stood, he essayed to define what constitutes the inner life of man, the quintessence of existence.

It would be possible to fill this book with extracts showing his position, but of many promising and interesting pages, I choose to take part of a letter written to the Rev. J. H. Twitchell, in February, 1902. It was written after reading "Freedom of the Will," by old Jonathan Edwards, a man of blazing earnestness. Says Twain of the book:

"I wallowed and reeked with Jonathan in his insane debauch; rose immediately refreshed and fine at 10 this morning, but with a strange and haunting sense of having been on a three days' tear with a drunken lunatic. It is years since I have known these sensations. All through the book is the glare of a resplendent intellect gone mad—a

marvelous spectacle. No, not *all* through the book —the drunk does not come on till the last third, where what I take to be Calvinism and its God begins to show up and shine red and hideous in the glow from the fires of hell, their only right and proper adornment. By God, I was ashamed to be in such company!

"Jonathan seems to hold (as against the Arminian position) that the Man (of his Soul or his Will) never creates an impulse itself but is moved to action by an impulse *back* of it. That's sound! Also, that of two or more things offered it, it infallibly chooses the one which for the moment is most *pleasing* to ITSELF. *Perfectly* correct! An immense admission for a man not otherwise sane.

"Up to that point he could have written chapters III and IV of my suppressed Gospel. But there we seem to separate. He seems to concede the indisputable and unshakable dominion of Motive and Necessity (call them what he may these are *exterior* forces and not under the man's authority, guidance or even suggestion)—then he suddenly flies the logic track and (to all seeming) makes the *man* and not these exterior forces responsible to God for the man's thoughts, words and acts. It is frank insanity.

"I think when he concedes the autocratic dominion of Motive and Necessity he grants a *third* exposition of mine—that a man's mind is a mere machine—an *automatic* machine—which is handled entirely from the *outside*, the man himself furnishing it absolutely nothing; not an ounce of its fuel, and not so much as a bare suggestion to that exterior engineer as to what the machine shall do, nor *how* it shall do it nor *when*.

"After that concession it was time for him to get alarmed and *shirk*—for he was pointing straight for the only rational and possible next station on *that* piece of road; the irresponsibility of man to God.

"And so he shirked. Shirked and arrived at this handsome result: Man is commanded to do so and so.

It has been ordained from the beginning of time that some men *shan't* and others *can't*.

These are to be blamed; let them be damned. . ."

That is the salient part of the letter. Now for Mark Twain, the moralist in disguise, the philosopher wearing the garb of the humorist, as he opposes Edwards. We come to his "Suppressed Gospel," his "What Is Man?"—one of the most stimulating pieces of writing of our time. I can but indicate the main highway, for the thing itself cannot be boiled down, must not be emasculated and is quite impossible of summary.

The final goal at which he arrives is this: All depends upon temperament. That accounts for a man's life, his belief, his religion, his conduct, his politics, his very life's history: and man's temperament is inborn—if he is born with an unhappy temperament, nothing can make him happy, and if he is born with a happy temperament nothing can make him unhappy.

Looking back along the traversed highroad, we see certain mile-posts thus:

Temperament decides the preferences of a man—the ideals he will follow: the education he will seek: the appetites he will work to gratify.

Man is a machine—a combination of mechanisms acting in accordance with the desires of his inner man, his Me, his Master Passion.

There is no Free Will, but there is Free Choice. That is, "the mind can freely select, choose, point out the right and just way—its function stops there. It can go no further in the matter. It has no authority to say that the right one shall be acted upon and the wrong one discarded." That last authority is

in "the machine which stands for him. In his born disposition and the character which has been built around it by training and environment."

The mind is independent of the man. He has no control over it; it does as it pleases. It will take up a subject in spite of him; it will stick to it in spite of him; it will throw it aside in spite of him. It is entirely independent of him.

A parenthetical remark is best here to show Mark Twain's method. In "What Is Man," the arguing character called Old Man, which is Twain himself, occupies himself with the idea of the independent mind—the sub-conscious mind as we would call it today. "The mind," he says, "is quite independent. It is master. You have nothing to do with it. It is so apart from you that it can conduct its affairs, sing its songs, play its chess, weave its complex and ingeniously-constructed dreams while you sleep. It has no use for your help, no use for your guidance, and never uses either, whether you be asleep or awake." Now notice how Mark Twain has worked out this theme of the independent mind. Or, perhaps the idea of the independent mind grew out of the observed fact. Anyway, it does not much matter. But the example exists, and, whereas most men would have said "for instance" and dismissed the matter in a few unconvincing words, Mark Twain makes us realize the truth of what he has in mind in his sketch, "Punch, Brothers, Punch," with its haunting jingle:

Conductor when you receive a fare
Punch in the presence of the passenjare!
A blue trip slip for an eight cent fare,
A buff trip slip for a six cent fare,
A pink trip slip for a three cent fare,
Punch in the presence of the passenjare!

Punch, brothers! Punch with care!
Punch in the presence of the passenjare!

(The man who will read that aloud three times will need no further proof that the mind will sing its song independently of the man.)

So back to the philosophical Twain, still considering his "What Is Man." There is, at bottom, he holds, selfish motive, and what men do, in the long run, is that which will add to their own comfort and contentment. For the moralist there is this admonition: Diligently train your ideals upward and still upward toward a summit where you will find your chiefest pleasure in conduct which, while contenting you, will be sure to confer benefits upon your neighbor and the community. That, Mark Twain holds, is the core of the teaching of all religions, the center of all the great gospels, but the oddity comes in that the religions and the gospels have overlooked the fact that the requirement of the Me should be stated first.

As might be expected, for all that kind of thing Mark Twain did not go unchallenged. Men of diseased fancy and distorted imagination saw in Twain a danger. Here and there sporadic attempts had been made to bar the book "Tom Sawyer" and its fellow, "Huckleberry Finn," from libraries. Little souls, almost beneath contempt, accused him of irrev-

erence. I do not mean to say that the charge of irreverence was brought of a sudden and in view of any particular piece of writing, but rather that it was suspected that there was a mild flavor of irreverence about almost everything that Twain wrote. He would not consider so many, many things holy. There was so much that he laughed to scorn: the village Sunday school superintendent, the boy who learned hundreds of Bible texts, the Christian Scientists who glorified Mrs. Eddy, the dyed-in-the-wool Shakespeareans, relic hunters, admirers of the things supposed to be admired on general principles, Wagnerites, people who cast their eyes heavenwards and quoted the "last words" of notabilities, sycophantic Americans who toadied to the rich, the mean spirits in ten thousand little Girards and Fayettevilles who held that words and not deeds—that is what is called "boosting" instead of attention to one's business was civic virtue, disreputable journalists who polluted the home with their sheets, Theodore Roosevelt the war lord of Washington, cock-sure theologians and hide-bound "scientific" pedants, sentimantalists who made of death a festival in black, anarchists of the deed, professors forever quoting other professors, get-rich-quick men, get-wise-quick men, institutional reformers. The list of things that he laughed at is long, very long. And each representative, each exponent of the thing punctured, writhed. To Twain, it was said, nothing was sacred. He was an iconoclast, an irreverent fellow.

In his letters there is reference here and

there to the general charge and one senses the leaven working. It is easy to see that the philosopher will have something to say some day on his own irreverent attitude. Then it came with a rush, in the twelfth section of a masterly essay on the Bacon-Shakespeare question and the world was the richer.

"When a thing is sacred to me," he says, "it is impossible for me to be irreverent toward it. I cannot call to mind a single instance where I have been irreverent, except toward the things which were sacred to other people. Am I in the right? I think so. But I ask no one to take my unsupported word; no, look at the dictionary; let the dictionary decide. Here is the definition:

Irreverence. The quality or inclination of irreverence toward God and sacred things.

"What does the Hindu say? He says it is correct. He says irreverence is lack of respect for Vishnu, and Brahma, and Chrishna, and his other gods, and for his sacred cattle, and for his temples and the things within them. He indorses the definition, you see; and there are 300,000,000 Hindus and their equivalents back of him.

"The dictionary had the acute idea that by using the capital G it could restrict irreverence for *our* Diety and our sacred things, but that ingenious and rather sly idea miscarried; for by the simple process of spelling *his* dieties with capitals the Hindu confiscates the definition and restricts it to his own sects, thus making it clearly compulsory upon us to revere *his* gods and *his* sacred things, and nobody's else. We can't say a word, for he has our dictionary at his back, and his decision is final.

"This law, reduced to its simplest terms is this;
(1) Whatever is sacred to the Christian must be held in reverence by everybody else.
(2) Whatever is sacred to the Hindu must be held in reverence by everybody else.
(3) Therefore, by consequence, logically and indisputably, whatever is sacred to *me* must be held in reverence by everybody else.

"Now then, what aggravates me is that these troglodytes and muscovites and bandoleers and buccaneers are *also* trying to crowd in and share the benefit of the law and compel everybody to revere their Shakespeare and hold him sacred. We can't have that: there's enough of such already. If you go on widening and spreading and inflating the privilege, it will presently come to be conceded that such man's sacred things are the only ones and the rest of the human race will have to be humbly reverent toward them or suffer for it. That can surely happen and when it happens the word Irreverence will be regarded as the most meaningless, and foolish, and self-conceited, and insolent, and impudent, and dictatorial word in the language. And people will say: 'Whose business is it what gods I worship and what things I hold sacred? Who has the right to dictate to my conscience, and where did he get that right?'

"It would be better if the privilege were limited to me alone. I think so because I am the only sect that knows how to employ it gently, kindly, charitably, dispassionately. The Catholic Church says the most irreverent things about matters which are sacred to the Protestants, and the Protestant Church retorts in kind about the confessional and other matters which Catholics hold sacred; then both of them turn upon Thomas Paine and charge *him* with irreverence. This is all unfortunate, because it makes it difficult for students equipped with only a low grade of mentality to find out what irreverence really is."

There's logic there and common sense, too. But human nature is human nature and, as Mill pointed out, there is no record of any party possessing power without abusing it.

So far as I know, the irreverent charge was last said against Mark Twain by the United States Government, or by some busy-body acting in its name. My information comes from Stuart X, then of Washington and now of California, another highly irreverent man. In

a letter to me dated July 18th, 1923, received two days ago, he says: "Clemens' 'Mysterious Stranger' is a Fairy Tale—and, at the same time, the life-history of His now passing race—deeply philosophic. I wrote Dean Howells at the time that if he had known what it really was (and) if Clemen's had not camouflaged it by laying the scene in Austria, Harper's would never have published it. And even so it was suspect—suppressed at the Congressional and all other libraries during the war, and the book itself reported 'out of print.' Our war-gods were afraid it might lessen the 'morality' of our people, which, while conscripted, we call 'the morale.'"

A vivid personality, this Mark Twain: an outspoken man whose career was eminently successful. Like George Bernard Shaw he said things which, had he not said them with a smile and a shrug, might have landed him in difficulties. Yet he did not dare, somehow, to publish all that he wrote. He hesitated about the appearance of "The Mysterious Stranger" and "What Is Man" was his suppressed gospel. The "Life History of a Microbe" has not yet seen the light of print so far as I know, and his clever brochure, "A Fireside Conversation in the Days of Queen Elizabeth" was privately printed and is extremely rare.

THE LIFE OF THE MAN

It may, possibly, be overlooked that Mark Twain wrote his own biography up to a certain point. Those accustomed to overmuch dwelling on matters introspective may find the facts bare to severity. Still, viewed in retrospect, Mark Twain found the record sufficient.

The biography is scattered here and there; now it is a sketch showing sharply some incident in his boyhood, like a photograph trimmed of unnecessary and distracting matter. Again there is an account of his boyhood town of Hannibal, Missouri. Sometimes there is a swift reference to something hidden or half forgotten, like the account of his attempt to shoot a man. Then again we get pictures of those with whom he had come into contact—Bixby for instance.

Some biographers, in the lofty manner of writers seeking to idealize their subject, have said that the father of Samuel Langhorne Clemens was one Judge John Marshall Clemens. Mark Twain himself, in the fourth chapter of his "Life on the Mississippi" says "My father was a justice of the peace, and I supposed he possessed the power of life and death over all men and could hang anybody that offended him."

The child who became Mark Twain was born in Florida, Missouri, on November 30th, 1835, but he has chosen to tell us but little of his early days. It is Hannibal, Mo., that interests him—the place where his boyhood was spent and from which at last he ran away. "I said I

would never come home again till I was a pilot and could come in glory." The river-love was strong upon him and "I wanted to be a cabin-boy, so that I could come out with a white apron on and shake a table cloth over the side, where all my old comrades could see me; later, I thought I would rather be the deck hand who stood on the end of the stage plank with the coil of rope in his hand, because he was particularly conspicuous."

The little river town photographed itself deeply upon his memory. There is a splendid picture of:

"The white town drowsing in the sunshine of a summer's morning; the streets empty, or pretty nearly so; one or two clerks sitting in front of the Water Street stores, with their splint-bottomed chairs tilted back against the wall, chins on breasts, hats slouched over their faces, asleep—with shingle-shavings enough around to show what broke them down; a sow and a litter of pigs loafing along the sidewalk, doing a good business in watermelon rinds and seeds; two or three lonely little freight piles scattered about the 'levee'; a pile of 'skids' on the slope of the stone-paved wharf, and the fragrant town drunkard asleep in the shadow of them; two or three wood flats at the head of the wharf, but nobody to listen to the peaceful lappings of the wavelets against them; the great Mississippi, the majestic, the magnificent Mississippi, rolling its mile-wide tide along, shining in the sun; the dense forest away on the other side; the 'point' above the town, and the 'point' below, bounding the river-glimpse and turning it into a sort of sea, and withal a very still and brilliant and lonely one. Presently a film of dark smoke appears above one of those remote 'points'; instantly a negro drayman, famous for his quick eye and prodigious voice, lifts up the cry, 'S-t-e-a-m-boat a-comin'!' and the scene changes. The town drunkard stirs, the clerks wake up, a furious clatter of drays follows; every house and store pours

out a human contribution and all in a twinkling the dead town is alive and moving. Drays, carts, men, boys, all go hurrying from many quarters to a common center, the wharf. Assembled there, the people fasten their eyes upon the coming boat as upon a wonder they are seeing for the first time. And the boat *is* rather a handsome sight, too. She is long and sharp and trim and pretty; she has two tall, fancy-topped chimneys, with a gold gilded device of some kind swung between them; a fanciful pilot-house, all glassed and 'gingerbread,' perched on top of the 'texas' deck behind them; the paddle-boxes are gorgeous with a picture or with gilded rays above the boat's name: the boiler deck, the hurricane deck, the texas deck are fenced and ornamented with clean white railings, there is a flag gallantly flying from the jack-staff; the furnace doors are open and the fires glaring bravely; the upper decks are black with passengers; the captain stands by the big bell, calm, imposing, the envy of all: great volumes of the blackest smoke are rolling and tumbling out of the chimneys—a husbanded grandeur created with a bit of pitch just before arriving at a town; the crew are grouped on the forecastle; the broad stage is run far out over the port bow, and an envied deck-hand stands picturesquely on the end of it with a coil of rope in his hand; the pent steam is screaming through the gauge-cocks; the captain lifts his hand, a bell rings, the wheels stop; then they turn back, churning the water to foam, and the steamer is at rest. Then such a scramble as there is to get aboard, and to get ashore, and to take in freight and to discharge freight, all at one and the same time; and such a yelling and cursing as the mates facilitate it with! Ten minutes later the steamer is underway again, with no flag on the jack-staff and no black smoke issuing from the chimneys. After ten minutes more the town is dead again, and the town drunkard asleep by the skids once more."

So in the swiftest manner Mark Twain takes us flying over the years, leaping from youth to the year 1875. Thus:

"In due course I got my license. I was a pilot now full fledged. I dropped into casual employ-

ments; no misfortunes resulting, intermittent work gave place to steady and protracted engagements. Time drifted smoothly and prosperously on, and I supposed—and hoped—that I was going to follow the river the rest of my days, and die at the wheel when my mission was ended. But by and by the war came, commerce was suspended, my occupation was gone.

"I had to seek another livelihood. So I became a silver miner in Nevada; next, a newspaper reporter; next, a gold miner in California; next a reporter in San Francisco; next, a special correspondent in the Sandwich Islands; next, a roving correspondent in Europe and the East; next, an instructional torch-bearer on the lecture platform; and finally, I became a scribbler of books, and an immovable fixture in the other rocks of New England.

"In so few words have I disposed of the twenty-one slow drifting years that have come and gone since I last looked from the windows of the pilot-house."

There are a few letters on record, some written to his mother, which give impressions of frontier life and there is caught here and there, a sign of the writer that is to be. But, for the most part the early letters are ordinary. Mark Twain came to his heritage later. In "Roughing It" there are better pictures. True, he had contributed a few articles to newspapers while he was in Carson City, but the humor was rough and strained. It was Artemus Ward who first suspected literary ability in Mark Twain.

To the east, to the office of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* and to *Vanity Fair* in New York there had drifted copies of Californian papers and the contributions signed "Mark Twain" stood out prominently. Artemus Ward (Charles Farrar Browne) of the *Plain Dealer*, a genial

fellow with a strong sense of cosmic humor, read and found merit and promise in the Twain work. Sitting in his comfortless room facing Lake Erie, his furniture a shaky table and a couple of rickety chairs, the picture of western life that he conjured up attracted him. There were men there, it seemed; men who refused to take life seriously, men who laughed at care and valued friendship and for whom the dollar was not all. There was Josh Billings and Bret Harte and Dan de Quille and others of similar stripe. So Artemus Ward severed his newspaper connections and went on the lecture platform, and, in California where gold was plentiful he did well. Reaching Nevada, he lost no time in seeking out Mark Twain and his associates, and in Virginia City, for three weeks, there were Rabelaisian times, mighty drinkings and mighty laughings, and if there were any manuals of devotion in camp, they were kept on the rear shelves. For those that were there gathered were young, and full of a coarse energy, and life for them was all gold and purple. So there was good nature and generosity, extravagance and affection, and none of the snuffling seriousness of conventionality, and, taking it by and large, they had a red-blooded, rip-roaring time. They were days when some sturdy souls must have looked down over the ramparts of Valhalla wishing that they were on earth again—Fielding, Chaucer and Swift, for instance, and Smollett, and Bobbie Burns, and Moliere, and the gay dogs who flung gold about in the days of Charles II. There is an echo of that time in a letter which

Artemus Ward wrote to Mark Twain, but Mark's letter in reply has vanished. Here it is:

Austin, Jan. 1st, 1864.

My dearest Love:

I arrived here yesterday a. m. at 2 o'clock. It is a wild untamable place, full of lion hearted boys. I speak tonight. See small bills.

Why did you not go with me and save me that night? I mean the night I left you after that dinner party. I went and got drunker, beating, I may say, Alexander the Great, in his most drinkinist days, and I blackened my face at the Melodeon, and made a gibbering, idiotic speech. God-dam it! I suppose the Union will have it. But let it go. I shall always remember Virginia as a bright spot in my existence, as all others must or rather cannot be, as it were.

Love to Jo Goodman and Dan. I shall write soon, a powerfully convincing note to my friends of the Mercury. Your notice, by the way, did much good here, as it doubtlessly will elsewhere. The miscreants of the Union will be battered in the snout if they ever dare pollute this rapidly rising city with their loathsome presence.

Some of the finest intellects in the world have been blunted by liquor.

Do not, sir—do not flatter yourself that you are the only chastely humorous writer onto the Pacific slopes.

Good bye old boy—and God bless you! The matter of which I spoke to you so earnestly shall be just as earnestly attended to—and again with very many warm regards for Jo and Dan, and regards to many of the good friends we met,

I am Faithfully, gratefully yours.

ARTEMUS WARD.

Of that letter Albert Bigelow Paine, who edited Mark Twain's correspondence, has this to say: "The *Union*, which Ward mentions, was the rival Virginia City paper: the *Mercury* was the *New York Sunday Mercury*, to which he had urged Twain to contribute."

There is on record another Ward letter to Twain, dated:

Salt Lake City, Jan. 21st, 1864.

My dear Mark:

I have been dangerously ill for the past two weeks here, of congestive fever. Very grave fears were for a time entertained of my recovery, but happily the malady is gone, though leaving me very, very weak. I hope to be able to resume my journey in a week or so. I think I shall speak in the theater here, which is one of the finest establishments of its kind in America.

The Saints have been wonderfully kind to me. I could not have been better or more tenderly nursed at home—God bless them!

I am still exceedingly weak—can't write any more. Love to Jo and Dan and all the rest. Write me at St. Louis.

Always yours,

ARTEMUS WARD.

Don C. Seitz, in his "Life of Artemus Ward," quotes in part a communication from Mark Twain to Mr. Aldrich, giving the Twain remembrance of the session in Virginia City. It is not dressed up for art's sake, but is of Dreiserean baldness. It reads:

Scene: Private room in Barnum's restaurant. Virginia, Nevada.

Present: Artemus Ward, Joseph T. Goodman (editor and proprietor Daily Enterprise), and Dan De Quille and myself, reporters for the same; remnants of the feast, thin and scathing, but such tautology and repetition of empty bottles everywhere visible to be offensive to the sensitive eye.

Time: 2:30 a. m.

Artemus thickly reciting a poem about a certain infant you wot of, (Ballad of Baby Bell), and interrupting himself and being interrupted every few lines by poundings on the table and shouts of "Splendid, by Shorzhe!" Finally, a long, vociferous, poundiferous and vitreous jingling of applause an-

nounces the conclusion, and then Artemus: "Let every man 'at loves his fellow-man and 'preciates a poet, 'at loves his fellow-man, stan' up—stan' up and drink health and long life to Thomas Bailey Aldrich—and drink it stan'ing!" (On all hands fervent, enthusiastic, and sincerely honest attempt to comply). Then Artemus:

"Well, consider it stan'ing, and drink it just as ye are!"

A year later, all New York was laughing at the quaint story, "The Jumping Frog," a tale which Mark Twain had heard told by a long-winded raconteur named Ben Coon. The tale was reprinted and copied and, slight thing though it was, being thought little enough of at the time by its author, yet it took England by storm and for years Mark Twain's reputation in that country rested largely upon the frog story and nothing else.

That job of special correspondent in the Sandwich Islands to which he refers, came in the year 1866 and through the *Sacramento Union*. From a letter written to his mother, we learn that he was to "ransack the islands" to "write twenty or thirty letters" and to stay there a month. With some pride he wrote that he was guest at dinner with King's Grand Chamberlain "five regular courses and five kinds of wine and one of brandy," that after dinner there were singing girls and that the colored King was a Royal Arch Mason. But it was Chance again that threw across his path an opportunity when the survivors of the Hornet, nineteen half starved men who had been in an open boat for forty-three days, arrived at the island of Hawaii. His account of the sufferings of the sailors appeared in the *Union* in

the issue of June 25th, 1866—a masterful piece of descriptive writing.

In that brief, succinct piece of autobiography printed a few pages back, Mark Twain carries his record on from the Sandwich Islands job to "roving correspondent in Europe and the east." But he left out an important move made in between, a move mentioned and rementioned in his book "Roughing It." For, after his Sandwich Islands' trip, he could not settle down and following the example of Artemus Ward, he went on the lecture platform. "I have lectured," he writes to Mrs. Jane Clemens, "In San Francisco, Sacramento, Marysville, Grass Valley, Nevada, You Bet, Red Dog and Virginia. I am going to talk in Carson, Gold Hill, Silver City, Dayton, Washoe, San Francisco again, and again here (Virginia City) if I have time to rehash the lecture." And he lectured from October until December, made much money, spent a few weeks in New York and, learning of a trip to Europe to be made by the steamer *Quaker City*, made his proposition to the proprietors of the *Alta-California* to go as special correspondent and his proposition was accepted.

"Innocents Abroad" was the result of the trip and the letters written to his newspapers made him famous. And why? Not only because of the descriptive writing, not only because of the humor, but chiefly because he saw things with a fresh eye and not through the medium of a guide book. There is magnificent and masterly effectiveness in his picture of the tourists in foreign cities and always he has a faculty of vision. Pierre Loti is no greater

impressionist of the pen. The amusing eccentricities and oddities of his fellow passengers are woven in with descriptions of places and notes of manners and customs in a most delightful way, and the rough-hewn philosophy of the writer constantly stimulates thought. By January, 1870, more than thirty thousand copies of the "Innocents Abroad" were sold and Mark Twain tells his publishers, "You are running it in staving, tip-top, first-class style. I never wander into any corner of the country but I find that an agent has been there before me, and many of that community have read the book . . ." So the sun of prosperity shines and the wanderer, the miner always in debt, the barefooted boy of Hannibal writes to Redpath, the impresario, under date of May 10th, 1870, that he has "a lovely wife (he married Olivia Langdon on February 2nd, 1870), a lovely house, bewitchingly furnished; a lovely carriage, and a coachman whose style and dignity are simply awe inspiring—nothing less, and I am making more money than necessary—by considerable, and therefore why crucify myself nightly on the platform."

The "Innocents Abroad," indeed, had made many things possible for him. On the day of his marriage, his publishers sent him a check for more than four thousand dollars, three months' royalty, and the book was selling well at $3.50 a copy. As an investment he had bought an interest in the *Buffalo Express*, which he sold again. The book "Roughing It" was on the market in 1872, selling strong, and Mark Twain had invented his famous scrapbook, a clever idea involving gummed pages

which required nothing but water to use, and, as Twain said, was a moral invention, inasmuch as profanity was unnecessary when the scrap-book was in service. Then came England and London.

That was in 1873 and we have pictures of Mark Twain's delight in the city where all men meet on the common ground of intellect and achievement. We find him luxuriating in "glorious old Pepys' diary," as he tells his friend Twitchell—in the stately buildings and the old magnificent landmarks—in St. Paul's, Guildhall, the British Museum, Westminster Abbey. He looks from that window in the Langham Hotel to see "Portland Place and the crook that joins it to Regent Street" so we know that he is in the midst of things—close to where he can, and did, meet Robert Browning, the most representative poet of his age; Thomas Henry Huxley full of deep conviction that science was meant not for men of science only but for all the world; Prince Kropotkin, the anarchist, who found welcome in the big city though a fugitive from his own country and France; Sir John Millais, the painter; Charles Kingsley, novelist and hunting parson and Christian Socialist; William Morris, Turgenieff, dukes and duchesses, lords and ladies, Irish patriots, Henry Irving, members of parliament and city aldermen. There was much gaiety and little writing, but he lectured often at the Queen's Concert Rooms in Hanover Square and his subject was the old Sandwich Island talk, refurbished for the occasion. But the chief thing for which he went to England, to get material for a book, was never done. The people

moulded by the influences of Addison and Lamb and Milton and Carlyle and a hundred more, received him and his sympathies went out to them. He understood them and was conquered. For there he found room for all things, tolerance for all opinions, and, on the whole, a subtle harmony that he had not expected. The spirit of liberty was conscious of progress and of life and there was a balance between an organized aristocracy and an organic people that resulted in pleasing absence of friction.

So, day by day, Mark Twain climbed and the world was gold and gay. There was a hurried trip to New York and a hurried return to London where, for two months, he lectured under the management of Charles Dickens' former manager, George Dolby and, rich in purse and in health, he returned to Hartford in 1874, where he stayed for seventeen easy years. It was a time of great literary activity and he wrote "Tom Sawyer," "The Prince and the Pauper," "Life on the Mississippi," "Huckleberry Finn" and "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," the last of which, by the way, furiously annoyed Henry James, according to Ford Maddox-Hueffer.

We get glimpses of a pleasant circle at Hartford and a kind of English-like organization known as the Monday Evening Club in which a few friends met to discuss anything and everything straight from the shoulder—thinking aloud, in fact.

The peculiar relations, critical and literary, between William Dean Howells and Mark Twain merit a word. Throughout the correspondence, it is seen that Mark Twain had

the greatest opinion of Howells' literary ability, setting him high on a pedestal, referring to him, deferring to him. A letter written by Mark Twain about Tom Sawyer is strangely significant. Says Twain: "There was one expression which perhaps you overlooked. When Huck is complaining to Tom of the rigorous system in vogue at the widow's, he says the servants harass him with all manner of compulsory decencies, and he winds up by saying 'and they comb me all to hell.' (No exclamation point.) Long ago, when I read that to Mrs. Clemens, she made no comment; another time I created occasion to read that chapter to her aunt and her mother (both sensitive and loyal subjects of the kingdom of heaven, so to speak) and *they* let it pass. I was glad, for it was the most natural remark in the world for that boy to make (and he had been allowed few privileges of speech in the book) and when I saw that you, too, had let it go without protest, I was glad, and afraid too—afraid you hadn't observed it. Did you? And did you question the propriety of it? . . ." In reply, Howells said "I'd have that swearing out in an instant. I suppose I didn't notice it because the locution was so familiar to my Western sense, and so exactly the thing that Huck would say." The phrase was changed to "all to thunder" instead of "all to hell." But, it seems to me that the mere fact that the expression "all to hell" did not jar, did not shock the ladies and passed the eagle eyed Howells, that Mark Twain's use of the phrase was quite justified and that the change was

the error in fact. For Huck would have said "all to hell" and as he would have said it, in the interests of truth and of verisimilitude it should have remained so. The phrase "all to hell" was idiomatic as Huck used it and being so and a normal expression, was as permissible as sailor idiom, or negro dialect, or the talk made familiar to us by Mr. Dunne or by George Ade. But Dean Howells did not see things that way. He was of the Dickens school, excellent in its way, but a school in which the clamorous passions and the coarser accidents of life were passed with averted eyes, and he never relaxed a certain intensity of prudishness. It was a question of that temperament of which Mark Twain wrote.

On the other hand, Mark Twain was direct descendant in the literary line of Smollett and of Fielding, and with him taboos were not always effective. I think that he feared emasculated literature and the cramping of ideals. He was keen as a harrier in his desire to see things as they were.

There was one sketch that he wrote which did not appear in the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Harper's* nor in any other magazine. In a letter to his friend Howells he mentions it, saying: "When we exchange visits, I'll show you an unfinished sketch of Elizabeth's time. . ." That sketch was entitled "Fireside Conversation in the Time of Queen Elizabeth" and is not to be found in Mark Twain's collected works. John Hay had it set in type and had a few copies struck off for private circulation, and some time later, a West Point officer

had an edition de luxe of a hundred copies made. It is not by any means anything seriously pornographic. It struck me pretty much the same as did some portions of Shakespeare, or Ford, or Massinger. A few, sitting about a fireside, are portrayed as indulging in merry, bawdy talk and the things said are not different in any respect to conversation that may be heard on occasion in the smoker of a Pullman car or, now and then when the sap runs strong, in the ante-room of a lodge. Still, Mark Twain, like Robert Burns, wanted to give free rein to his fancy and the result is delightful enough. For the language of venery is of all ages and times and places, and the fact is nothing to swear over or to weep over.

We pass over a trip to Europe, the writing of a play that was not a success and the long short story called "Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven" which sent the pietistic puritans into spasms of rage, to notice the first honor conferred upon him when Yale made him Master of Arts in June, 1888. The high lights in the years between were a reading tour in company with George W. Cable in the winter of 1884-5 and the publication of his greatest work, "Huck Finn," as he affectionately called it. Then came the great adventure and, after seven long years of waiting and hope and expectation and doubt, the Paige typesetting machine in which Mark Twain was financially interested, was reported perfected and ready for use. "All the other wonderful inventions of the human brain sink pretty well into commonplace contrasted with this awful mechani-

cal miracle. Telephones, telegraphs, locomotives, cotton gins, sewing machines, Babbage calculators, Jacquard looms, perfecting presses. Arkwright's frames—all mere toys, simplicities! The Paige Compositor marches alone and far in the lead of human inventions." Thus enthusiastically he wrote to his brother Orion Clemens, in January, 1889; but the machine developed unexpected flaws and a few days later it was taken apart for improvements. In the fall of the same year it was reported that the typesetting machine was perfect and could do the work of ten good compositors with minute accuracy and, from a letter written to Joseph T. Goodman of Nevada, we learn that for three years and seven months, Mark Twain had been furnishing $3,000 a month regularly! So the year closed darkly, the gloom caused by the expense of the typesetting machine and the failure to capitalize it being quite too thick to be dispelled by the success of his book, "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court." The words of a brief letter to his publishing manager, Mr. Hall, tell the tale: "Merry Xmas to you!—and I wish to God I could have one myself before I die." It was the old, old story of the cobbler failing to stick to his last. To make matters worse, the publishing business of Charles L. Webster & Co., in which Mark Twain was deeply interested, had a tale of financial woe to tell. "I have been an author for 20 years and an ass for 55," he wrote to a friend.

Of course there was eventual bankruptcy, and Mark Twain found himself nearly a hun-

dred thousand dollars in debt. At the age of sixty, determined to pay his creditors dollar for dollar, he set to work to rebuild his fortunes with a world-wide reading tour. It was H. H. Rogers of the Standard Oil Company who saved the day, shouldering the business woes that were crushing the author, and, "I tell *you* it was interesting" he writes to his wife. "On the way out Mr. Rogers would plan out the campaign while I walked the floor and smoked and assented. Then he would close it up with a snap and drop it and we would totally change the subject and take up the scenery. . ."

Mark Twain, like many an inventor and many a man of imagination was a poor business man. Indeed, there are minds and minds—minds that can tackle a business proposition and other minds bubbling over with ideas.

Again there is proof of that temperament of which Mark Twain insisted. Temperament decides the preference of the man and the ideals he will follow. Twain himself chose authorship, which, after all, is a kind of habit of contrivance, of building, of inventing. His friend H. H. Rogers was the organizer, the manager. What Mark Twain always needed was deliberate and systematic direction and the Standard Oil man offered just that. Like Edison, or Watt, or Dowsen, or Fulton, like how many more of that temperament, he was, in a way, indifferent to money—true, he sold his wares well, but in the long run he was a poor manager; had he not been that, he would hardly have entered upon the visionary schemes

that he did enter upon, without competent counsel. And, of course, it is the strength of ideal capitalism that the invisible directing hand does promote the general welfare, in the long run. When such men as Mark Twain can be guided or helped, or, if you like, controlled in such way as to bring their operations to the utmost pitch of efficiency, if that can be done without any sapping of self-respect, it would seem that the world of literature would be the richer.

The thought of waste of effort comes at this point. There is a place in which Mark Twain says: "In 1876 or '75, I wrote 40,000 words of a story . . . I didn't finish the story, though I re-began it several new ways, and spent altogether 70,000 words on it, then gave it up and threw it aside." And again, in a letter to William Dean Howells:

"Speaking of the ill luck of starting a piece of literary work wrong—and again and again; always aware that there is a way, if you could only think it out, which would make the thing slide effortless from the pen—the one right way, the sole form for *you*, the other forms being for men whose line those forms are, or who are capabler than yourself:. . . . Last summer I started 16 things wrong—3 books and 13 mag. articles—and could only make 2 little wee things, 1,500 words altogether, succeed:—only that out of piles and stacks of diligently wrought MS., the labor of 6 weeks' unremitting effort. I could make all of those things go if I would take the trouble to re-begin each one half a dozen times on a new plan. But none of them was important enough except one. . . .

"A week ago I examined the MS.—10,000 words—and saw that the plan was a totally impossible one—for me; but a new plan suggested itself, and straightway the tale began to slide from the pen

with ease and confidence. I think I've struck the right one this time. I have already put 12,000 words of it on paper. . . . In the present form I could spin 16 books out of it with comfort and joy; but I shall deny myself and restrict it to one."

Whether under happier conditions Mark Twain would not have lost that precious time is subject for discussion. Environment affected him as it does every sensitive man—environment and condition. In the uncongenial climate of trouble and financial worry which he hid from the world, the flowers of his fancy did not brightly bloom. There is the indifferent tale "Tom Sawyer Abroad" for instance. One remembers, in the same connection, what Schiller wrote of Goethe in 1800: "On the whole, he produces very little now, rich as he still is in invention and execution. His spirit is not sufficiently at ease; his wretched domestic circumstances, which he is too weak to alter, make him so unhappy." But after all, why speculate idly? Nature is wasteful and life is a very inefficient business and the only men seriously concerned about waste and inefficiency, are the very men denounced by the idealists, strangely enough.

I have passed over the domestic tragedy, for it was that, that shocked Mark Twain in his moment of happiness, when, after giving his readings in all the English speaking countries, in Australia, India, South Africa, he landed in England conscious of having won and being able to pay his debts. His wife was with him, and also his daughters Clara and Jean, the daughter Susy being at home. She had not accompanied them on the world's

tour because of failing health. In England, the family received a cable message telling of Susy's serious condition and mother and daughter sailed at once. They had not crossed the ocean when a second cable was received announcing Susy's death. Then Mark Twain's heart broke. Out of his grief grew one of the noblest letters written from man to man which I, for one, have been unable to read twice because of its emotional appeal. It affects me as does Chopin's Funeral March and I avoid it. I refer to the letter to Henry C. Robinson.

That following winter, Mark Twain stayed in London, working on his book, "Following the Equator," which finally cleared him from debt. Not until 1900 did the family return to America, and Mrs. Clemens could not bring herself to visit the Hartford home again. Four years later she died in Florence, Italy, on June 5th, 1904. "Shall we ever laugh again?" writes Mark Twain to Howells. "If I could only see a dog that I knew in the old times! and could put my arms around his neck and tell him all, everything, and ease my heart."

But the old lion has fire in him still. Weak with grief, yet he fires up at the thought of the "never ending audacity of elected persons," the fine old, philosophical anarchist that he was. There is a notable letter to Twitchell who had not lost his hope in political panaceas and institutional reform. And Mark Twain scores him. "It is interesting, wonderfully interesting—the miracles which party politics can do with a man's mental and moral make-up. Look at McKinley, Roosevelt

and yourself; in private life spotless in character; honorable, honest, just, humane, generous; scorning trickeries, treacheries, suppressions of the truth, mistranslations of the meanings of fact, the filching of credit earned by another, the condoning of crime, the glorifying of base acts; in political life the *reverse* of all this. . . ." And again: "I wish I could learn to remember that it is unjust and dishonorable to put blame upon the human race for any of its acts. For it did not make itself, it did not make its nature; it is merely a machine, it is moved wholly by outside influences, it has no hand in creating the outside influences nor in choosing which of them it will welcome or reject, its performance is wholly automatic, it has no more mastership nor authorship over its mind than it has over its stomach, which receives material from the outside and does as it pleases with it, indifferent to its proprietor's suggestions, even, let alone his commands; wherefore, whatever the machine does—so-called crimes and infamies included—is the personal act of its Maker, and He, solely, is responsible. I wish I could learn to pity the human race instead of censuring it and laughing at it; and I could, if the outside influences of old habit were not so strong upon my machine. It vexes me to catch myself praising the clean private citizen Roosevelt and blaming the soiled President Roosevelt, when I know that neither praise nor blame is due to him for any thought or word of his, he being merely a helpless and irresponsible coffee-mill ground by the hand of God."

And because I most heartily believe Mark Twain to have been one of the sanest Americans that ever lived, I introduce, as the lawyers would say, a letter written to Andrew Carnegie under date of February 10th, 1906, and written from 21 Fifth Avenue, New York. For Mark Twain, though no dipsomaniac, loved his wine and his whisky as many a good man has done before him, and by his bedside had a little table, on which stood a bottle of whisky and pipes and tobacco and cigars. Andrew Carnegie, being told of this happy custom, thereafter made it his business to keep Mark Twain supplied with liquor. Here is the letter which throws light upon Twain's consumption.

"Dear St. Andrew,—The whisky arrived in due course from over the water; last week one bottle of it was extracted from the wood and inserted into me, on the installment plan, with this result; that I believe it to be the best, smoothest whisky now on the planet. Thanks, oh, thanks; I have discarded Peruna. . . ."

Here again are pregnant words from the old lion heart. They are taken from a letter written to the Russian Tchaikowski, who was in America with Gorky looking for aid for the revolutionists pledged to destroy the Russian dynasty:

"My sympathies are with the Russian revolution. . . . I hope it will succeed, and now that I have talked with you, I take heart that it will. Government by falsified promises, by lies, by treacheries, and by the butcher knife for the aggrandizement of a single family of drones and its idle and vicious kin has been borne quite long enough in Russia, I should think, and it is to be hoped that the roused nation, now rising in its strength, will presently put an end to it, and set

up the republic in its place. Some of us, even the white headed, may live to see the blessed day when Czars and Grand Dukes will be as scarce there as I trust they are in heaven."

There is little that is pleasant to record in that last year and a half of his life. Indeed, it was shadowed by one great grief, the sudden death of his daughter Jean and the knowledge that came to him that those "breast pains" from which he suffered meant heart trouble. A flash of the old daring iconoclast is seen in a letter to an unknown in Buffalo who sent him an incomplete list of the world's "One Hundred Greatest Men" who had exerted the largest visible influence on the life and activities of the race, and, at the same time, asked Mark Twain whether, in his opinion, the name of Jesus as founder of Christianity should be added.

"The terms require you to add Jesus," said Mark Twain. "And they doubly and trebly require you to add Satan. From A.D. 350 to A.D. 1850 these gentlemen exercised a vaster influence over a fifth of the human race than was exercised over that fraction of the race by all other influences combined. Ninety-nine hundredths of this influence proceeded from Satan, the remaining fraction of it from Jesus. During those 1,500 years fear of Satan and Hell made 99 Christians where love of God and Heaven made one. During those 1,500 years, Satan's influence was worth very nearly a hundred times as much to the business as was the influence of all the rest of the Holy Family put together.

"You have asked me a question and I have answered it seriously and sincerely. You have put [illegible] Buddha—a god with a following, at one time, [illegible]ater than Jesus ever had; a god with perhaps a [illegible]e better evidence of his godship than that [illegible]hich is offered for Jesus'. How then, in fairness,

can you leave Jesus out? And if you put him in, how can you logically leave Satan out? Thunder is good; thunder is impressive; but it is the lightning that does the work."

His, you see, was the religion of Be and of Do and not of idle talk, of empty profession. His last letter shows the man, being as it was a communication giving instructions for the disposal of $6,000 with which to build the Mark Twain Library at Redding. A letter a short time before dealt with a proposition to buy a magic lantern so that the country people about his place might have some form of amusement. So, for me, April the twenty-first, is a black-letter day, for on that date in the year 1910, my hero died.

* * *

Thus then Mark Twain, philosopher, good citizen, up-standing man who saw straight and set down clearly what he saw; and thought straight, too, setting down in clear language what he thought. He was free from cant, from pretence, from humbug and he stood foursquare for the freedom of the individual. And when I am saddened by the sight of tub-thumping evangelists in the land in which I have my home, when I am sickened at the sight of men howling for a spurious Americanism, then I find it good to turn to my polaris Mark Twain. the man unafraid of his thoughts because they were his.

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309 Nobody Who Apes Nobility (Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme) (English). Moliere.
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376 Woman of No Importance. Wilde.
354 The League of Youth. Ibsen.
353 Doll's House. Ibsen.
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295 The Master Builder. Ibsen.
80 Pillars of Society. Ibsen.
16 Ghosts. Henrik Ibsen.
337 Pippa Passes. Browning.
378 Maid of Orleans. Samuels.
379 The King Enjoys Himself. Hugo.
396 Embers. Haldeman-Julius.
90 The Mikado. W. S. Gilbert.
31 Pelleas and Melisande. Maeterlinck.
316 Prometheus Bound. Aeschylus.
308 She Stoops to Conquer. Oliver Goldsmith.
134 The Misanthrope. Moliere.
99 Tartuffe. Moliere.
46 Salome. Oscar Wilde.
54 Importance of Being Earnest. O. Wilde.
8 Lady Windermere's Fan. O. Wilde.
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361 Man Shakespeare. Vol. 3. Harris.
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241 Merry Wives of Windsor.
242 As You Like It.
243 Twelfth Night.
244 Much Ado About Nothing.
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Music

(Note: In the operatic titles listed below, Mr. von Keler gives short biographical sketches, the story of the opera and helpful criticism of the music, illustrated by excerpts from the score.)

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LITTLE BLUE BOOK NO. 442
Edited by E. Haldeman-Julius

Oscar Wilde in Outline

Charles J. Finger

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Oscar Wilde in Outline

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OSCAR WILDE IN OUTLINE

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One fiery-coloured moment of great life!
And then—how barren the nations' praise!
How vain the trump of Glory! Bitter thorns
Were in that laurel leaf, whose toothed barbs
Burned and bit deep till fire and red flame
Seemed to feed full upon my brain, and make
The garden a bare desert.
With wild hands
I strove to tear it from my bleeding brow,
But all in vain; and with a dolorous cry
That paled the lingering stars before their time,
I waked at last, and saw the timorous dawn
Peer with grey face into my darkened room,
And would have deemed it a mere idle dream
But for this restless pain that gnaws my heart,
And the red wounds of thorns upon my brow.
—*Translation from the Polish of Madame Modjeska by Oscar Wilde.*

THE TRUE KNOWLEDGE

Thou knowest all; I seek in vain
  What lands to till or sow with seed—
  The land is black with briar and weed,
Nor cares for falling tears or rain.

Thou knowest all; I sit and wait
  With blinded eyes and hands that fail,
  Till the last lifting of the veil
And the first opening of the gate.

Thou knowest all; I cannot see.
  I trust I shall not live in vain,
  I know that we shall meet again
In some divine eternity.

Men in general often find it hard to dissociate the work of artists from the circumstances of their lives. Let a company fall to talking of Villon, and it is a safe bet that before long someone will drag in the incident of his having wandered very close to the gallows. Talk of Baudelaire, and we are prone to forget, for a moment, his *Flowers of Evil*, to recall that he painted his hair green. Of Dowson, we remember that he was a pot house drunkard and overlook his *Impenitentia Ultima*. Sometimes it seems, indeed, as though more truth was in the saying that the evil that men do lives after them and the good is often interr'd with their bones, than the reverse. Certainly Oscar Wilde's place in literature would have been decided long ago but for the distortion caused by circumstances in his life. But, as the mists clear, certain points stand out. It seems very definitely decided that as a poet he flew on wings too feeble to reach the clear, cold heights of Parnasus, two poems only being marked for distinction. *The Ballad of Reading Gaol* and *The Sphinx*. As a writer of fiction he will probably be forgotten, or at best, remembered by one book, as is Charles

Brockden Brown, *The Picture of Dorian Gray* living as a literary curiosity as *Wieland* lives, or as Beckford's *Vathek* lives, a thing at once odd and curious. As literary critic Wilde cannot rank with Hazlitt or Sainte-Beuve. As dramatist, doubtless, his fame is secure, and as essayist he will not be forgotten.

His friend, M. Andre Gide, has told us that Wilde said his novels and stories were written as the result of wagers made. That is hard to believe. Too plainly both novels and stories bear the earmarks of Wilde the stylist. His novel, *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, approaches too nearly his expressed ideal, his desire to write a tale that should be of the wondrous beauty of a Persian rug. If Wilde wrote either novel or story on a wager, he must have wagered with himself. For Oscar Wilde took himself far too seriously to hang his art on a hair, to stake his literary reputation on the casting of a die. Indeed, he took himself and his art more seriously than he took the world, and that to his own undoing.

In another place I have shown how Wilde was influenced, how his life's path was pulled out of its calculated orbit because of his fem-

inine soul, and how heredity swayed his acts. Of that last he was well aware, has, indeed, confessed to the world more than once and especially in a passage in *The Critic as Artist*:

> Heredity has become, as it were, the warrant for the contemplative life. It has shown us that we are never less free than when we try to act. It has hemmed us round with the nets of the hunter, and written upon the wall the prophecy of our doom. We may not watch it, for it is within us. We may not see it, save in a mirror that mirrors the soul. It is Nemesis without her mask. It is the last of the Fates, and the most terrible. It is the ONLY one of the Gods whose real name we know.

The feminine soul naturally had its influence, gave his literary work a tendency, a direction. To say that it did so seems so obvious as almost to be platitudinous. With that feminine soul he could never have written a *Call of the Wild*, for instance, nor could he have written a *Walden*, because he was physically and mentally incapable of living a life of adventure as Jack London lived, or of scaling life down to the bare bone as Thoreau did. The fact is that Wilde himself was a contradiction, this giant of a man with the feminine soul was the sport of the gods, and that the spirit of contradiction entered into his writ-

ings is everywhere apparent in the written page.

Another thing the feminine soul did for him. Because of that inner urge, he was filled with a burning desire to be admired, and therefore wrote much for the pyrotechnical effect. In a word, he loved to show off, to say and write things calculated to startle. You have exactly the same spirit manifest in Chesterton, in Belloc, too, but to lesser degree. But in Wilde, that self-satisfied strutting, that peacock exhibition of brilliant parts is very obvious, indeed.

Added to the spirit of contradiction and the pavonic display, there was, in Wilde, a strong spirit of partizanship. That accounts for his proclamation of himself as a kind of John the Baptist for Charles Baudelaire. Indeed, for a time, the Baudelairean influence colored all that he wrote and he outdid his master in ornateness. The same spirit of partizanship led him to out-Pater Pater. He conceived it to be a worthy mission to acquaint the stolid British public with Platonic teachings, especially as relating tō affection between men. That, of course, was as impossible a

task and as hopeless as it would be to attempt to grow banana trees in Greenland. However, Wilde worked valiantly in his cause and, because of ignorance, and some wilful distortion and misrepresentation, much that he wrote in all sincerity later in his life plagued him.

As final ingredients there may be cited his opposition to the commercialism and the philistinism of his day which he shared in company with John Ruskin and Matthew Arnold, and his real desire to cultivate the capacity for refined enjoyment of the beautiful in art and literature, an outcropping of his partizanship of Walter Pater.

THE SPIRIT OF CONTRADICTION

In some respects Wilde was like a clever debater who takes keen delight in flouting the opposition. He was of that sort who, privately granting the conclusions of his opponent, will deliberately beat about the bush in an effort to discover entirely new reasons, spiritedly rejecting all those advanced by the other side. Chesterton is of the same stripe. To such men to be destructive, to dazzle, to

astourd, is meat and drink. Of all pleasures, there is none to interest them as does the game of conversational entanglements. At whatever cost, they must score off of the opposition, be that opposition an individual, the public, custom or convention. Nor do they come unscathed from the battle, for prejudices and widely held beliefs are very solid things to butt against. Not with entire impunity may anyone attack what men have imbibed with their mother's milk. Conventions and customs are results of ages of experience and to modify them with changing circumstances is, at the best, a slow task.

By way of instance of the argument contradictory and provoking, let us take a passage from *The Importance of Being Earnest.* It runs: "The modern sympathy with invalids is morbid. Illness of any kind is hardly a thing to be encouraged in others." Reading that, your average man who belongs to a fraternal order, who subscribes to charity funds, who rushes to fountain pen when a begging list is thrust before him, is shocked. "What!" he exclaims, "would this fellow abolish sympathy? would he weaken personal

love and human affection? Does he scorn the little child whose mother clung to it until it sunk into its grave? My dear, old mother who——" and so on. There would be sentimentalities, and, at the end, Wilde would stand condemned as a cold callous anti-Christ.

But without trying to read anything into what Wilde has written except that which was actually there, reading carefully and accepting it as the result of his own thought and experience, we find much of value. We remember that Wilde had pondered long on hereditary influences, was fully aware that he came from a failing stock and inherited fatal weaknesses. He had also said something anent the stupidity of holding that marriage was an institution determined by an omniscient divinity and if anything was made in heaven it was divorce, not marriage. Putting these together we have, not a cold and callous piece of impudence, but an idea which, if pondered, we find leads to the belief that society would do well to regard as an offense against itself the mating of undesirables from whom might spring unhealthy branches, or those prone to weaknesses or disease. Approached

from another direction the teaching looks sound enough and we embrace it, calling it the gospel of Eugenics. Certainly, a couple having married and finding in the course of time that their union was unfavorable, unpromising as to their mutual happiness, would, most certainly, do well to separate, for of all creatures, who so unhappy as children of a joyless union? Hence Wilde's "Divorces are made in heaven." Hence, also, his scornful contempt for those who spend efforts on the result of those social ills which we see in the sick. After all, it is not vastly removed from Christ's swift answer to the sentimentalist: "Let the dead bury the dead." The Wilde idea closely touches Nietzsche's. There is little time to waste on failures. Man is in a state of transition and must be surpassed. The human race has a long march before it. Which leads to another apparently contradictory statement, another solid truth: "Discontent is the first step in the progress of a man or a nation." Of course it is, although shallow or thoughtless people denounced Wilde as a stirrer up of trouble when the saying was quoted by socialists and organizers of the unemployed. Had Wilde

said, "It is the duty of every Englishman to be progressive," the platitude would have been hailed with delight, and he might have basked in the concentrated smiles of the black-coated million. But he chose the argument contradictory and shocked with a truth. The unthinking saw in the saying, not a very ordinary remark, but a gospel of discontent calculated to make men vicious and improvident, anarchical and cruel.

Take another instance of the argument contradictory, one from his essay, *The Decay of the Art of Lying*, which enraged many on this side of the Atlantic. Here it is:

> The crude commercialism of America, its materializing spirit, its indifference to the poetical side of things, and its lack of imagination and of high unattainable ideals, are entirely due to that country having adopted for its national hero a man, who according to his own confession, was incapable of telling a lie, and it is not too much to say that the story of George Washington and the cherry-tree has done more harm, and in a shorter space of time, than any other moral tale in the whole of literature.

The book of collected essays, be it said, is called *Intentions*. Now Wilde's intention in the passage quoted, in the entire essay in fact, was to register a condemnation of the idiotic

habit of pestiferous puritans in forever trying to tack a "moral lesson" to a work of art. And the desire to do that is distinctly an American vice. Not more than two weeks ago I came across an instance in which a school teacher had set his pupil the task of writing an essay with this as subject: "What moral lesson do we get from Robert Louis Stevenson's *Treasure Island?*" Now it must be clear to any thinking man that Stevenson had no more idea of trying to convey a moral lesson in that glorious tale than he had of advocating murder and piracy. Healthy minds read for pleasure and not for moral profit, and no sane boy rushes out to murder his grandmother because he has read the life of Nero. But our moralists are forever trying to turn the world into a loveless place, a hell in which each and every one is expected to be forever in a state of awful spiritual anguish, imagining themselves to be reprobate, shaken with religious doubt. The dark and cruel fanaticism of the uplifter would rob both youth and man of joy, and the world would be, had the moral-lesson monger his way, a duller, blanker, grayer place every day. The uplifter

would fasten upon us a blighting, spiritual tyranny. On young America, then, the meddlers made an early start. Washington, the national hero, must be portrayed first and foremost as inhuman, a something not of the world in which all men are liars. But at bottom, Wilde was driving home the salutory lesson that art is, must be, independent of morality: must, assuredly, follow its destiny quite independent of moral purpose.

From quite another point of view, from a common sense point of view, we may come to a realization of the folly of painting our national heroes as monsters of virtue—as Charles Grandisons, all correct and precise, and finicking. To endow our Lincolns and Washingtons with middle class respectability is to belittle them. The picture of them is unconvincing, as the picture of men without faults always is. Your sensible European knows better than to set up a moral scarecrow with all bad spots painted out, and loves his Nelson none the less because of the Lady Hamilton affair, approves of his Dickens while admitting he loved his glass, had a golden opinion of the late King Edward, although he had his *affaires*.

"The crude commercialism of America," that Wilde denounced time and time again, seems to be something that we are only now coming to realize. Thoreau denounced it, of course; also did Emerson, but theirs were voices in the wilderness. Today the cry is being taken up everywhere. Upton Sinclair, Sinclair Lewis, John Hall Wheelock and a dozen others are calling upon men to see something more than the mere piling up of dollars in life. It is being realized that we are, as a nation, sadly under-educated, that we have overlooked something of the highest import when we have overlooked real self-culture. Wilde's words, once considered odd, now no longer have the appearance of oddity.

The development of the race depends on the development of the individual, and where self-culture has ceased to be the ideal, the intellectual standard is instantly lowered, and, often, ultimately lost. If you meet at dinner a man who has spent his life in educating himself—a rare type in our time, I admit, but still one occasionally to be met with—you rise from table richer, and conscious that a high ideal has for a moment touched and sanctified your days.

And in another place in the same essay, *The Critic as Artist*:

Who that moves in the stress and turmoil of

actual existence, noisy politician, or brawling social reformer, or poor narrow-minded priest blinded by the sufferings of that unimportant section of the community among whom he cast his lot, can seriously claim to be able to form a disinterested intellectual judgment about any one thing? Each of the professions means a prejudice. The necessity for a career forces every one to take sides. We live in the age of the overworked, and the under-educated; the age in which people are so industrious that they become absolutely stupid. And, harsh though it may sound, I cannot help saying that such people deserve their doom.

To say that "we live in an age in which people are so industrious as to be stupid" has a ring of contradiction, especially to a people taught to sing with Dr. Watts:

> How doth the busy little bee
> Improve each shining hour,

but, after all, what have we in the paragraph but a very honest admission that in life, too much is often sacrificed to that *eclat* of success, that too many signally fail to see that there is such a thing as losing a life while trying to gain it, that in the chase for supremacy or for wealth, the finer things are often missed. And you know, and I know, and we all know that men are overworked and under-educated, and that there is a certain culture which modern

education cannot supply. The position taken by Wilde is quite tenable to those who have been fortunate enough to read Matthew Arnold's *Literature and Dogma.* Nor is it a new truth that Wilde gives, but, on the contrary, a very old one brilliantly stated. It is the tale told by Aesop, the tale of the dog crossing the bridge with a bone in its mouth. The shadow of notoriety is grasped at and the bond of really desirable things lost forever. It is the viewpoint indicated by that sturdy individualist Sumner that the man who makes the most of himself and does his best in his sphere, is far more valuable in the long run than the philanthropist who runs about with a scheme which would set the world straight if everyone would accept it. Wilde, in his oblique way, was getting the truth home that a man is a bundle of possibilities and that it behooves each and every man to find his bent, to chart his course true to some Polaris. And, moreover, each and everyone must find his compulsion in himself. "Become what thou art," said Nietzsche.

One thing more seems necessary to say in this connection anent the crude commercialism

of America and its materializing spirit. For generations we have not only hammered away at the moral lesson, but have made the mistake of setting up a kind of god of social ambition, of domination, telling the young that with this, that and the other quality encouraged, great will be the material reward. The governmentship of the state, the presidency of the country, we have insisted, would be the goal within the reach of everyone, the height to which all should aspire, the prize within each grasp. That, of course, is pernicious nonsense, and not only nonsense but senseless social ambition. The stupidity of it may best be realized by imagining an employer inept enough to tell his hands that each of them, by being punctual and accurate, would have the management of the concern within his grasp. Apart from the untruthfulness of that because of the possibility of several developing the required qualities to the same degree, consider the foolishness. For, it is perfectly obvious that a manager of, we will say, a scrap iron business, having discovered a good man at the handles of the electric hoist, would certainly keep that man in his position and not advance him through the

auditing department and so on the road to the management. No wise manager would spoil an excellent hoist man to make an indifferent bookkeeper. To do that would be a step towards disintegration. In other words, every one in authority in the business world aims at the development of the individual and not to the inculcation of social ambition. Nationally, the same idea should be pursued on the ground that "where self-culture has ceased to be the ideal, the intellectual standard is instantly lowered." In a passage in *The Picture of Dorian Gray* we find the same idea:

> The aim of life is self-development. To realize one's nature perfectly—that is what each of us is here for. People are afraid of themselves, nowadays. They have forgotten the highest of all duties, the duty that one owes to one's self. Of course they are charitable. They feed the hungry, and clothe the beggar. But their own souls starve, and are naked.

Without individual self-development, insists Wilde, a society, a nation, must become an empty thing, a thing all front, like a Scandinavian troll. In the play *A Woman of No Importance* Wilde, emphasizing the point, puts a searing speech into the mouth of his character Hester Worsley:

You rich people in England, you don't know how you are living. How could you know? You shut out from your society the gentle and the good. You laugh at the simple and the pure. Living, as you all do, on others and by them, you sneer at self-sacrifice, and if you throw bread to the poor, it is merely to keep them quiet for a season. With all your pomp and wealth and art you don't know how to live—you don't even know that. You love the beauty that you can see and touch and handle, the beauty that you can destroy, and do destroy, but of the unseen beauty of life, of the unseen beauty of a higher life, you know nothing. You have lost life's secret. Oh, your English society seems to me shallow, selfish, foolish. It has blinded its eyes, and stopped its ears. It lies like a leper in purple. It sits like a dread thing smeared with gold. It is all wrong, all wrong.

Yes, there was a spirit of contradiction in Oscar Wilde and he delighted in awakening opposition, but looked at properly we find much that is inexorably logical beneath what seems to be tricksy humor. He made his hearers writhe while they smiled, and the writhing was salutary.

WILDE'S SPIRIT OF PARTISANSHIP

As I have said, Wilde's writings are tinged with Baudelaire, a man of strong convictions and with a very definite attitude to art and to life, who has been made a symbol of perversity

and decadence. But let that pass for the time. Granted that Charles Baudelaire had made excursions into strange dream lands by way of the opium and hashish door, it is not for us to damn any more than to deify. What engages us at this moment is Baudelaire's poetic creed and its influence upon Oscar Wilde. Baldly translated, I give the Baudelairean poetic creed thus: "Poetry . . . poetry has no other aim than itself; it cannot have any other aim, and no poem will be so great, so noble, so truly worthy of the name of poem, as that which will have been written only for the pleasure of writing a poem. I do not wish to say—be it understood — that poetry may not ennoble morals, that its final result may not be to raise men above vulgar interests. That would evidently be an absurdity. I say that, if the poet has pursued a moral aim, he has diminished his poetical power, and it is not imprudent to wager that his work will be bad. Poetry cannot, under pain of death or degradation, assimilate itself to science or to morals. It has not truth for its object, it has only itself."

It cannot be too strongly emphasized that this does not mean that there is a predilection

for things immoral, a delight in depravity and in ugliness. It simply means what should be a self evident truth, a truth accepted by all reasonable men; that art runs its course independently of morality just as it runs independently of science or of political economy; that wise men do not look for a moral lesson in works of art, should, indeed, accept poetry just as they accept music. Who, hearing a Beethoven sonata, would search for the lesson in it? Who so foolish as to seek a moral sentiment in Rubinstein's *Kammenoi-Ostrow?* Wilde's way of stating his artistic creed was very similar to Baudelaire's. Thus:

> Science is out of the reach of morals, for her eyes are fixed upon eternal truths. Art is out of the reach of morals, for her eyes are fixed upon things beautiful and immortal and ever-changing. To morals belong the lower and less intellectual spheres.

I wrote, a few paragraphs back, that Baudelaire had become a kind of symbol. A word of explanation is due. Just as Hogarth chose to picture a side of life which others of his time were either too blind, or too squeamish, or too cowardly, or too conventional minded to attempt, pictures that showed the beast in man,

the human being as Yahoo and Struldbrug, pictures a man debauched, dissipated, degraded and filthy, so has Baudelaire sung of the unwholesome things which are part of our artificial life—of vice, and crime, and corruption. Very engagingly too he dabbles in things esoteric and diabolical. Take that little prose poem, *The Generous Player*—a tale in which the chief character sells his soul to the devil on condition that he shall be free from boredom for the remainder of his days, but, after the compact is made, begins to doubt with horror whether his satanic majesty will keep his word. So, to reassure himself, he prays in semi-slumber: "My God; Lord my God! Let it be that the Devil keep his word." It is a queer tale and there are others akin to it, but each must read for himself, must try to understand the peculiar attraction for, not only the diabolical, but the loathsome, the morbid, the criminal and the lewd had for the Frenchman. Of course, the more Baudelaire was attacked for his supposed immorality the more extravagant he became. Still, he was a great poet and a master of the word.

Unfortunately, somehow, we are inclined to

overlook the fact that it is not Frenchmen alone who have pictured the horrible. We forget Morrison with his *Tales of Mean Streets*, Caradoc Evans with his stories of sordid poverty and crime in the Welsh hill-country, Thomas Burke and his dock-land sketches. But pass all that. Enamored of Baudelaire, Wilde's work became affected just as Swinburne's work was by the same influence, and, in another branch of art, Aubrey Beardsley's. But let us not overlook the fact that there is everywhere manifested a vast interest in the odd and the bazarre, in the occult and the fantastic. That peculiar interest accounts for the popularity of others besides those whose names I have mentioned; Poe, for instance, and Ambrose Bierce, and Zola, and Gautier and DeMaupassant. It accounted for the vast interest which, as Frank Harris tells us, was manifested in Wilde's poem, *The Harlot's House*, as a poem slight enough, but as a picture very attractive, as all forbidden things are attractive.

> We caught the tread of dancing feet,
> We loitered down the moonlit street,
> And stopped beneath the harlot's house.

Inside, above the din and fray,
We heard the loud musicians play
The "Treues Liebes Herz" of Strauss.

Like strange mechanical grotesques,
Making fantastic arabesques,
The shadows raced across the blind.

We watched the ghostly dancers spin
To sound of horn and violin,
Like black leaves wheeling in the wind.

Like wire-pulled automatons,
Slim silhouetted skeletons
Went sidling through the slow quadrille.

They took each other by the hand,
And danced a stately saraband;
Their laughter echoed thin and shrill.

Sometimes a clockwork puppet pressed
A phantom lover to her breast,
Sometimes they seemed to try to sing.

Sometimes a horrible marionette
Came out, and smoked its cigarette
Upon the steps like a live thing.

Then, turning to my love, I said,
"The dead are dancing with the dead,
The dust is whirling with the dust."

Baudelaire, and Wilde as well, sometimes ran *fanti*, just as men in arguments are intoxicated with their own verbosity. So we find Wilde in the warmth of his partizanship not only couching a lance for Baudelaire, but handling

edged swords, to be wounded later with his own weapons. Thus:

What is termed Sin is an essential element of progress. Without it the world would stagnate, or grow old, or become colorless. By its curiosity, Sin increases the experience of the race. Through its intensified assertion of individualism, it saves us from monotony of type. In its rejection of the current notions about morality, it is one with the higher ethics. And as for the virtues! What are the virtues? Nature, M. Renan tells us, cares little about chastity and it may be that it is to the shame of Magdalen, and not to their own purity, that the Lucretias of modern life owe their freedom from stain. Charity, as even those of whose religion it makes a formal part have been compelled to acknowledge, creates a multitude of evils. The mere existence of conscience, that faculty of which people prate so much nowadays, and are so ignorantly proud, is a sign of our imperfect development. It must be merged in instinct before we become fine. Self-denial is simply a method by which man arrests his progress, and self-sacrifice a survival of the mutilation of the savage, part of that old worship of pain which is so terrible a factor in the history of the world, and which even now makes its victims day by day, and has its altars in the land. Virtues! Who knows what the virtues are? Not you. Not I. Not any one. It is well for our vanity that we slay the criminal, for if we suffered him to live he might show us what we had gained by his crime. It is well for his peace that the saint goes to his martyrdom. He is spared the sight of the horror of his harvest.—*The Critic as Artist.*

That, which played a great part in Wilde's trial, is apparently a kind of advocacy of the M. Fr. Paulhan point of view, (*Le Nouveau Mysticisme*, page 94) the Decadent philosophy dished up and watered for British consumption. Baudelaire had said that "the vulgar sought goodness as an end," and Wilde had this:

> To be good, according to the vulgar standard of goodness, is obviously quite easy. It merely requires a certain amount of sordid terror, a certain lack of imaginative thought, and a certain low passion for middle-class respectability.—*The Critic as Artist.*

Instances might be multiplied, but enough has been said to show that Wilde not only depended for effects upon a manifestation of his spirit of contradiction, but somewhat suffered in his art because of his partizanship. Still, of his originality there can be no doubt and a partizan is not necessarily a plagiarist.

As to the charge of plagiarism, while others have charged Wilde with the literary sin, it remained for his former friend, Lord Alfred Douglas, to be the most bitter in denunciation. "His (Wilde's) sonnets are, for the most part. Miltonic in their effects; the metre and

method of *In Memoriam* are used in the greater number of his lyrics; and he used the metre which Tennyson sealed to himself for all time even in *The Sphinx*, which is his great set work; while in such pieces as *Charmides*, *Panthea*, *Humanitad* and *The Burden of Itys* he borrowed the grave pipe of Matthew Arnold." Writing of the poem *Le Mer*, Douglas says: "The Bird is Wilde, the plumage and call are Tennyson's to a fault." Again, "While Wilde arranges the stanzas as though they consisted of two lines, they really consist of Tennyson's four . . . Tennyson's suns as well as Tennyson's stanza!" In another place Douglas writes: "I have not space to enter into great detail with regard to those lyrics of Wilde which are not flatly Tennysonian. There are about twenty of them, and they include a cheap imitation of *La Belle Dame sans Merci*, a flagrant copy of Hood's lines beginning 'Take her up tenderly'—(Douglas refers to the poem *The Bridge of Sighs*)—and sundry pieces which are childishly reminiscent of Mrs. Browning, William Morris and even Jean Ingelow. . . . Wilde was an over-sedulous ape, so over-sedulous, in fact, that he is careful to

emphasize and exaggerate the very faults and defects of his masters."

Douglas is bitter as gall and, like the gallant Michael Monahan, I prefer to quote him with the sonnet he wrote on learning of the death of Oscar Wilde:

I dreamed of him last night, I saw his face
All radiant and unshadowed of distress,
And as of old, in music measureless,
I heard his golden voice and marked him trace
Under the common thing the hidden grace,
And conjure wonder out of emptiness,
Till mean things put on beauty like a dress,
And all the world was an enchanted place.
And then methought outside a fast-locked gate
I mourned the loss of unrecorded words,
Forgotten tales and mysteries half said,
Wonders that might have been articulate,
And voiceless thoughts like murdered singing birds,
And so I woke and knew that he was dead!

It leaves a sweeter taste in the mouth.

AS FICTION WRITER

Possessed with the spirit of contradiction, obsessed with the Baudelairean diabolism, Wilde tried his hand at fiction with curious results. Be it remembered that he was one of those odd and lucky individuals in whom bubble up at all times plots and ideas and

situations capable of being used in the making of stories. Such minds see not only the thing before them, a man and a woman, we will say, walking towards one another over a bridge, but with a leap into a strange world of possibilities or probabilities, there is conjured up within them a thousand visions of things odd and fantastic, which might happen. It is not even correct to say that they are men of great imagination—they are more than that. They are, in a respect, tortured men, men whose minds project them into all kinds of situations. They themselves die a thousand deaths, suffer a thousand sorrows and pains, are torn with a thousand griefs. You see that kind of character in Charles Dickens who is always on the verge of tears or laughter, enjoying life, actually enjoying it with Micawber, with Pickwick, with Sam Weller, with Cap'n Cuttle, with the Crummeles: suffering with Oliver Twist, with Sidney Carton, with his little Nell, with his Tom Pinch. Such men live the lives that they portray and there is a vast gulf separating them from those writers who artistically contrive their characters but keep themselves apart from them as a Creator is apart from

his creatures. Thackeray for instance, who will paint for you a Beatrix, a Henry Esmond, a Harry Warrington, a Madam Bernstein, a Captain Costigan, but who will step down as it were, among his audience, and comment upon the characters upon the stage; sometimes, indeed, interrupt his narrative to point a moral. Of that sort too was Trollope: of the other sort was George Eliot. Yet, in both cases, in the case of Dickens as well as in the case of Thackeray, with George Eliot as with Trollope, you have accurate pictures of life and of society, and the prejudices, the motives, the ambitions the form and construction of the mind of the fictional personages are as evident to the reader as if he lived in their very presence.

Accepting Dickens and Thackeray as examples, we see Wilde with that peculiar constitution of mind which made him prone to identify himself with his characters, but, again, he had that streak of perversity in him which refused to allow the characters he imagined to act a rational way or to live in a rational world. There was in him that childish and destructive habit of destroying his own toys, the habit we see in Chesterton who paints pic-

tures perfectly credible in his Auberons and Barkers and Quins, but sets them to doing fantastic tricks, standing on their heads, running about in queer disguises and undertaking to do things that would, in a sane society, promptly land them in the lunatic asylum. And, of course, with the trick of perversity, Wilde had that Baudelairean bent.

With what has been said kept in mind, consider Wilde's story, *Lord Arthur Savile's Crime*, which appeared in the *Court and Society Review* in 1887 and in book form in 1891. In the story you have a mimic world that is a faithful reflection of the contemporary world with its lords and ladies and society folk of wealth, hobnobbing with poets, socialists, nihilists, sceptics and odd characters. To verify the truth of his picture of the reception at Bentick house, one has but to turn to the pages of the newspapers of the day, the society journals rather, and mark the names of those in the public eye: Lady Jeune, William Morris, Prince Kropotkine, Burne Jones, Labouchere, the Positivist crowd with Frederic Harrison and his friends, the theosophists with Madam Blavatsky and Sinnett, the agnostics with Annie

Besant and Stewart Ross and Dr. Marsh; others too, Cunninghame Graham, Bernard Shaw, Belfort Bax, Walter Crane. Such a gathering is hardly possible in America where there is no democracy, but, instead, an aristocracy of wealth. It was, and is, quite possible in the older country in which there is a real democracy, where two impulses are present, a respect for tradition and for visible authority and a regard for precedent on the one hand, and on the other a regard for certain abstract principles and a strong sense of the value of individual judgment. Between an organized aristocracy and an organic people things are balanced and the triumph of one does not develop into despotism, nor does the triump of the other result in sullen mob rule. So, as I say, the picture of the reception is perfectly credible and Wilde paints well, as well as Dickens paints when he tells us of the belfry in *The Chimes*, or of Fountain Court in his *Martin Chuzzlewit*.

But now mark the Wilde who twists things, who, in a stage set for things as they are, chooses, in his contradictory spirit to bring in events as they are not at all apt to be.

One of his characters is a palmist and to him goes the hero, Lord Arthur Savile. The palmist, Mr. Podgers, tells his client that his fate is read—that he is to become a murderer. Now see the odd kink, the paradox. Lord Savile, being about to marry, finds his mind occupied with the prediction. So, since it is decreed that he must do murder, the sooner it is done and out of the way, the better. There is a kind of Benvenuto Cellini touch here, the Cellini who when at work in his shop finds his brain on fire because a fellow has annoyed him, so rushes out dagger in hand to stab him and have done with it; the Cellini who finding himself filled with amatory desire while at work, satisfies himself with his model and gets to work again. So Wilde's Lord Savile. To him it does not very much matter who the victim is, so he tries to poison an aunt and fails, then attemps to kill an uncle with an infernal machine. Disgusted with his ill success he takes a walk along the Thames embankment to ponder, when his eyes lights upon the palmist leaning on the parapet with folded arms, gazing into the black depth. Then:

In a moment he had seized Mr. Podgers by the

legs and flung him into the Thames. There was a course oath, a heavy splash, and all was still. Lord Arthur looked anxiously over, but could see nothing of the cheiromantist but a tall hat, pirouetting in an eddy of moonlit water. After a time it sank, and no trace of Mr. Podgers was visible. Once he thought that he caught sight of the bulky misshapen figure striking out for the staircase of the bridge, and a horrible feeling of failure came over him, but it turned out to be merely a reflection, and when the moon shone out from behind a cloud it passed away. At last he seemed to have realized the decree of destiny. He heaved a deep sigh of relief, and Sybil's name came to his lips.

You see the kink, or course. A murder with no cause. A murder and no remorse. The victim rather a scarecrow kind of figure. And you see also, the Baudelairean gesture properly watered for English consumption. Bear in mind, too, the quotation made a few pages ago from *The Critic as Artist*, relating to sin as an essential element of progress.

Of course, the story is all tricksy fooling and certainly not worth while. It is thin stuff, poor stuff, unworthy stuff and all this largely because insincere and imitative. One seems to see Wilde starting seriously enough, to break off at a tangent with a discordant burst of laughter. But here is a point to consider.

Had Wilde been accused of murder, and placed on trial, what hidden tendency think you, would have been discovered by a keen lawyer in the book? There's matter for thought there.

We pass to the longer story, *The Picture of Dorian Gray.* In this, Wilde tried to do something new, putting indeed, into the mouth of one of his characters his ideal: "to write a novel that would be as lovely as a Persian carpet, and as unreal." He did, or attempted more, endeavoring to break away from the English tradition and write a novel with no love interest as motive. A task glorious enough to be sure, for, as every thoughtful man must have realizes, the Anglo-Saxon is not obsessed with sex. The acquisition of a woman is by no means the greatest thing in life, nor is it the thing that absorbs a man. Marriage is a mere incident. Other things occupy his mind far more than sex: business, for example, and art, and ambition.

Now the story thread of *The Picture of Dorian Gray* is slight enough. A picture has been painted by Dorian's friend, and, while the subject of the picture retains his youth

and beauty, the picture ages, the face on the canvas reflecting the life of the man, showing the stigmata of a life of folly, of vice, of lust of hypocrisy. The discovery of the change is thus described:

"You won't? Then I must do it myself," said the young man; and he tore the curtain from its rod, and flung it on the ground.

An exclamation of horror broke from Hallward's lips as he saw in the dim light the hideous thing on the canvas leering at him. There was something in its expression that filled him with disgust and loathing. Good heavens! it was Dorian Gray's own face that he was looking at! The horror, whatever it was, had not yet entirely marred that marvelous beauty. There was still some gold in the thinning hair and some scarlet on the sensual lips. The sodden eyes had kept something of the loveliness of their blue, the noble curves had not yet passed entirely away from chiseled nostrils and from plastic throat. Yes, it was Dorian himself. But who had done it? He seemed to recognize his own brushwork, and the frame was his own design. The idea was monstrous, yet he felt afraid. He seized the lighted candle, and held it to the picture. In the left hand corner was his own name, traced in long letters of bright vermilion.

It was some foul parody, some infamous, ignoble satire.

Hallward turned again to the portrait, and gazed at it. "My God! if it is true," he exclaimed, "and this is what you have done with your life, why, you must be worse even that those who talk against

you fancy you to be!" He held the light up again to the canvas, and examined it. The surface seemed to be quite undisturbed, and as he had left it. It was from within, apparently, that the foulness and horror had come. Through some strange quickening of inner life the leprosies of sin were slowly eating the thing away. The rotting of a corpse in a watery grave was not so fearful.

A mere extract, of course, robs the scene of its vitality, but still, Wilde does not stir in the reader the passion of horror that a true artist should. Compare the scene with that never-to-be-forgotten page in Conrad's *Secret Agent* where the woman thrusts the carving knife into the heart of her husband, or the latter part of *Le Pere Goriot* where Balzac bruises the reader's heart as he tells of the torture of anguish; or the picture in Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* where Steyne is knocked down. The truth is that Wilde, as Ross told Blunt, was forever thinking of his style, and when a man has his pose in mind, he is not very apt to lay the lash on heavily. Machen, in his *Hieroglyphics*, has had much to say on the ecstasy of writers, much that is well worth reading, and he proves his point to the hilt. That ecstasy, Wilde lacked. Within him were no eternal tempests. Never could he

say with Byron, "I have written from the fulness of my mind, from passion, from impulse, from many motives but not from their sweet voices." Wilde did write for "sweet voices" and, consequently he lacked much that a writer of fiction requires. Turn to the passage in the *Secret Agent*, which I have mentioned, read it and compare it with this, the death of Dorian Gray. Wilde seems sluggish, uninterested, aloof.

Inside, in the servants' part of the house, the half clad domestics were talking in low whispers to each other. Old Mrs. Leaf was crying, and wringing her hands. Francis was as pale as death.

After about a quarter of an hour, he got the coachman and one of the footmen and crept upstairs. They knocked, but there was no reply. They called out. Everything was still. Finally, after vainly trying to force the door, they got on the roof, and dropped down on to the balcony. The windows yielded easily; the bolts were old.

When they entered, they found hanging upon the wall a splendid portrait of their master as they had last seen him, in all the wonder of his exquisite youth and beauty. Lying on the floor was a dead man, in evening dress, with a knife in his heart. He was withered, wrinkled and loathsome of visage. It was not till they had examined the rings that they recognized who it was.

The most patient of readers, is surfeited in the book with long, descriptive, catalogue-like

passages telling of the fantastic pursuits of Dorian Gray, a literary trick evidently imitative of certain French writers — Barres, Huysmans and Villiers de l'Lsle Adam. Indeed, in places, the character Dorian Gray is strongly reminiscent of the character Des Essientes who "with his vaporizers injected into his room an essence formed of ambrosia, Mitcham lavender, sweet pea, ess, boquet. . . ." There is much more of it in the pages of *A Rebours*. As I say, Wilde proved himself to be very imitative. You must read his ninth chapter, but a single quotation will give some idea:

> And so he would now study perfumes, and the secrets of their manufacture, distilling heavily scented oils, and burning odorous gums from the East. He saw that there was no mood of the mind that had not its counterpart in the sensuous life, and set himself to discover their true relations, wondering what there was in frankincense that made one mystical, and in ambergris that stirred one's passions, and in violets that woke the memory of dead romances, and in musk that troubled the brain, and in champak that stained the imagination; and seeking often to elaborate a real psychology of perfumes, and to estimate the several influences of sweet-smelling roots, and scented pollen-laden flowers, of aromatic balms, and of dark and fragrant woods, of spikenard that sickens of

hovenia that makes men mad, and of aloes that are said to be able to expel melancholy from the soul.

Dorian Gray collects many things, plays with many things, to chase away his *ennui*: musical instruments, jewels, embroideries, ecclesiastical vestments, and there are long catalogues in the case of each one similar to that given above in relation to perfumes. There are pages, especially in the ninth chapter that remind the reader of nothing more than a great storehouse with Wilde standing before jumbled piles, picking this thing after that in the manner of a suave auctioneer and commenting upon are article quite oblivious of the fact that his hearers yawn, and that no real business is being done.

There is, all through the book, the Baudelairean influence. Dorian Gray becomes very like the owls of Baudelaire sitting in a row, in his moods of inactivity. Nor is the Baudelairean interest in crime and criminals unimitated. Dorian ponders over strange things: over Gian Maria who used hounds to chase living men and whose murdered body was

"covered with roses by a harlot who had loved him; the Borgia on his white horse, with Fratricide

riding beside him, and his mantle stained with the blood of Perotto; Petro Riario, the young Cardinal Archbishop of Florence, child and minion of Sextus IV., whose beauty was equaled only by his debauchery, and who received Leonora of Aragon in a pavilion of white and crimson silk, filled with nymphs and centaurs, and gilded a boy that he might serve her at the feast as Ganymede or Hylas; Ezzelin, whose melancholy could be cured only by the spectacle of death, and who had a passion for red blood, as other men have for red wine—the son of the fiend, as was reported, and one who had cheated his father at dice when gambling with him for his own soul; Giambattista Cibo, who in mockery took the name of Innocent, and into whose torpid veins the blood of three lads was infused by a Jewish doctor; Sigismondo Malatesta, the lover of Isotta, and the lord of Rimini, whose effigy was burned at Rome, as the enemy of God and man, who strangled Polyssena with a napkin, and gave poison to Ginevra d'Este in a cup of emerald, and in honor of a shameful passion built a pagan church for Christian worship; Charles VI., who had so wildly adored his brother's wife that a leper had warned him of the insanity that was coming on him, and who could only be soothed by Saracen cards painted with the images of Love and Death and Madness; and, in his trimmed jerkin and jeweled cap and acanthus-like curls, Grifonetto Baglioni, who slew Astorre with his bride, and Simonetto with his page, and whose comeliness was such that, as he lay dying in the yellow piazza of Perugia, those who had hated him could not choose but weep, and Atalanta, who had cursed him, blessed him."

The truth is, that in the character Dorian Gray, Wilde portrayed not a normal man, but one who comes very near the border line of being what Krafft-Ebing would have termed a degenerate. Certainly he shows a moral insensibility, a lack of proper judgment and ethical ideas. His egoistic ambition is unlimited and he is full of a sentimentality that is shallow cant. The book made a sensation and estimates of it ranged from the zenith to nadir. There were those who extolled it and those who damned it, just as there were those that extolled and others that damned *Jurgen* and *Ulysses*, as there were those that raised Rossetti to the skies and others who charged him with all sorts of artistic sins and said things anent the extolling of fleshliness as the distinct and supreme end of pictorial and poetic art.

The thing that is rare and valuable in *The Picture of Dorian Gray* is the vivid coloring, the effect of an atmosphere of expensive and highly artificial life and cultured luxury; the florid and poetic style. He depicts a highly artificial life and idealizes it. He portrays a quite impossible world, as impossible as the world of pastoral poetry where meadows were

inhabited by youths and maidens who guided sheep and carried beribboned crooks, and conversed in rhymed iambic octosyllables, and danced and sang. For, in your experience doubtless as in mine, never has man talked to man, off of a chautauquan platform, like this:

"Let us go and sit in the shade," said Lord Henry. "Parker has brought out the drinks, and if you stay any longer in this glare you will be quite spoiled, and Basil will never paint you again. You really must not let yourself become sunburned. It would be very unbecoming to you."

"What does it matter?" cried Dorian, laughing, as he sat down on the seat at the end of the garden.

"It should matter everything to you, Mr. Gray."

"Why?'

"Because you have now the most marvelous youth, and youth is the one thing worth having."

"I don't feel that, Lord Henry.'

"No, you don't feel it now. Some day, when you are old and wrinkled and ugly, when thought has seared your forehead with its lines, and passion branded your lips with its hideous fires, you will feel it, you will feel it terribly. Now, wherever you go, you charm the world. Will it always be so?

"You have a wonderfully beautiful face, Mr. Gray. Don't frown. You have. And Beauty is a form of Genius—is higher, indeed, than Genius, as it needs no explanation. It is one of the great facts of the world, like sun-light, or spring-time, or the reflection in dark waters of that silver shell we call the moon. It can not be questioned. It has its

divine right of sovereignty. It makes princes of those who have it. You smile? Ah! when you have lost it you won't smile.

"People say sometimes that Beauty is only superficial. That may be so. But at least it is not so superficial as Thought. To me, Beauty is the wonder of wonders. It is only shallow people who do not judge by appearances. The true mystery of the world is the visible, not the invisible.

But Wilde was idealizing, making deliberately an untrue, but charming picture—doing indeed in another way what old Izaak Walton did in his *Compleat Angler*, or what John Fletcher did in his *Faithful Shepherdess*.

As for the vivid coloring of which I spoke, read this:

"The studio was filled with the rich odor of roses, and when the light summer wind stirred amid the trees of the garden there came through the open door the heavy scent of the lilac, or the more delicate perfume of the pink-flowering thorn.

From the corner of the divan of Persian saddle-bags on which he was lying, smoking, as usual, innumerable cigarettes, Lord Henry Wotton could just catch the gleam of the honey-sweet and honey-colored blossoms of the laburnum, whose tremulous branches seemed hardly able to bear the burden of a beauty so flame-like as theirs; and now and then the fantastic shadows of birds in flight flitted across the long tussore-silk curtains that were stretched in front of the huge windows, producing a kind of momentary Japanese effect, and making

him think of those pallid jade-faced painters who, in an art that is necessarily immobile, seek to convey the sense of swiftness and motion. The sullen murmur of the bees shouldering their way through the long unmown grass, or circling with monotonous insistence round the black-crocketed spires of the early June hollyhocks, seemed to make the stillness more oppressive, and the dim roar of London was like the bourdon note of a distant organ."

You see from that what Wilde meant when he made his character express a wish to write a novel that would be as lovely as a Persian carpet. I think that in *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, Wilde started with the Persian carpet in his mind's eye, but sometimes lapsed into the carelessness of a wool sack maker. He is not innocent of passages suugestive of the transpontine drama. But that we overlook in sheer delight at his joy in magnificence.

A last word on *The Picture of Dorian Gray.* It appeared at the end of a time when the English world was full of books with a purpose, such books as Edward Bellamy's *Looking Backward*, Edna Lyell's sentimental agnosticism, Grant Allen's *Woman Who Did*, and, at the same time, there was a lively stream of Zola translations, much energetic, realistic stuff

very comparable with the work of Sherwood Anderson of our day. To go further, there was much of the kind of fiction, conventionally unconventional on the order of the present day Ben Hecht. There was George Moore, too. The strictly conventional had Hall Caine, Miss Braddon and Mrs. Henry Wood, writers of the stripe of Harold Bell Wright and Gene Stratton Porter. Oscar Wilde struck a path away from all that kind of thing and swung towards a modified romanticism, a something that should not be literary photography. His attempt was rather to lead away from the morass of realism into the valley of idealism. You get the idea somewhat in the Shakespearean lesson that

> Nature is made better by no mean,
> But Nature makes that mean; so o'er that art,
> Which, you say, adds to Nature, is an art
> That Nature makes. . . . This is an art
> Which does mend Nature—change it rather: but
> The art itself is Nature.

So we come to the fairy tales of Oscar Wilde, the best by far of which is *The Happy Prince.* These naturally gave Wilde full scope for his passion for color and luxury and decorative effects. But Wilde's fairy tales were fairy tales for grown ups and not for children. Indeed,

it is safe to say that for small folk who are in the Grimm's Fairy Tale age, they do not stand the test of reading aloud—the only test in a children's book. Oliver Goldsmith observed wittily that Dr. Johnson made his little fish talk like great whales. Oscar Wilde made his fairy animals and creatures talk like Oscar Wilde. Try this on a child and observe the effect. "Tomorrow my friends will fly up to the Second Cataract. The river horse couches there among the bulrushes and on a great granite throne sits the great God Memnon. All night long he watches the stars, and when the morning star shines, he utters one cry of joy and then is silent. At noon the yellow lions come down to the water's edge to drink. They have eyes like green beryls, and their roar is louder than the roar of the Cataract."

It would be waste of space to spend words on what children do, and do not, appreciate. Had Wilde sought a guide, he could have taken none better than his contemporary, Walter Crane. One careful study of Walter Crane's illustrations to Grimm's household stories, the picture of the Sleeping Beauty for example, would have been sufficient. But Wilde was not

writing for children, nor had he the faculty of doing so. What Wilde cared about was his style—consideration of that filled his horizon. Besides, his fairy tales carried altogether too obvious a moral lesson. Children demand simplicity, and simplicity and Oscar Wilde were ever strangers. The single tale, *The Happy Prince*, be it said, is in altogether a different category. Wilde must have written it because he wished to write it. Turning to the bibliography of Oscar Wilde, I find that in every case, when fellow authors have written about the book of fairy tales, there has been mention of *The Happy Prince.* Walter Pater mentions it in a letter dated June 12th, to Oscar Wilde: it is mentioned in a poem printed in the Harliquinade; Thomas Hutchinson has a dedication to Oscar Wilde in his Jolts and Jingles

"To you who wrote The Happy Prince,
The sweetest tale of modern time. . ."

Next appeared *The House of Pomgranates*, dedicated to Mrs. Wilde, a book of tales frankly written for grown up folk in whom the love of Romance is not dead. It was not a financial success and the stock was sold off as a remainder. Wrote Wilde to the editor of the Pall

Mall Gazette: "..in building this House of Pomgranates, I had about as much intention of pleasing the British child as I had of pleasing the British public." In another letter he compares his situation as writer of fairy tales with Andersen's, saying that the true admirer of fairy tales was to be found "not in the nursery, but on Parnassus."

True, equally with Hans Christian Andersen, Oscar Wilde might have written fairy stories because it pleased him to do so, but between the method of the two men there was a gulf of difference. Andersen wrote because he wanted to, but he wanted to do things that would please children. Wilde wrote because he wanted to, but he wanted to do things that would please himself. The fuss aesthetic is the one thing that fairies will not put up with, the atmosphere that destroys credibility. Wilde's fantastic creatures were sophisticated rather than simple, often self-conscious, like precocious children, hot house beings eager for applause of their elders. Andersen's fairy folk were simple, dream-creatures that could stand cold water and clear air and sunshine. In Wilde there is elegance always, but never ras-

cally gaiety. In Andersen there is quiet unobtrusiveness, never cleverness nor facetiousness.

THE STAGE

It would seem that in some mysterious way, all things pointed to success for Wilde as a playwright. His love for gorgeous scenes, for spectacular effects, for swift surprises, for witty dialogue, for neat, staccato sentences, for the brilliant social life, for silver laughter—all these were ingredients for success on the boards. More, in his essays, we find the result of his study of the theater, a study concerning itself sagely with stage, with scenery, with effects, with management. As spectator and as critic, he accumulated a vast store of knowledge and we find him, in *Lady Windermere's Fan*, experimenting with that knowledge. As Shaw pointed out, Wilde played with everything; with wit, with philosophy, with drama, with actors and audience, with the whole theater.

Wilde's appearance on the English stage was as a bright star in a dark sky. His advent caused a flutter like the advent of Sheridan. It was a time when the theater had sunk, when stage craft had slipped into the slough of spec-

tacularity. People flocked, here to see the dresses that Mrs. Patrick-Campbell wore, there to see Wilson Barrett in the lime light with his subordinates duly subordinate, to another place to gaze at the spectacles provided by Augustus Harris, to the music halls for an exhibition of strong animal spirits and physical agility, to the Lyceum to bathe in the heroics of Henry Irving, to melodramas, to pantomimes, to acting versions of old plays that were little more than falsifications. "Nobody goes to the theater," wrote Shaw in 1896, "except the people who also go to Madame Tussaud's. Nobody writes for it, unless he is hopelessly stage struck and cannot help himself. It has no share of the leadership of thought; it does not even reflect the current. It does not create beauty; it apes fashion. It does not produce personal skill; our actors and actresses, with the exceptions of a few persons of natural gifts and graces, mostly miscultivated or half cultivated, are simply the middle class section of the residuum. The curt insult with which Matthew Arnold dismissed it from consideration found it and left it utterly defenseless." And it was into a theater world thus described,

that Oscar Wilde stepped with his skill and cultivated taste.

The situation was much as it is today in the world of moving picture production, a situation extremely demoralizing to true art in which, by what we may call the star system, a few short sighted managers strive to obtain vast wealth. I say demoralizing to art, because in time the public wearies of its stars, and, having been educated to no standard, deserts the field. I point to the moving picture world as analogy, because in spite of all the advertisements of the correspondence schools featuring scenario work as the way to fame, it is pretty well admitted that today plays are written for actors, for stars, and actors do not exist to act. Therefore we have, perforce, so much that is sensational, childish or merely vulgar; so little on the screen that is artistic.

But Wilde with his wit, his gentle mirth, and, above all, his pose as egotist, took London by storm. It was a real triumph of ability over ineptitude. There was a delightful page written by A. B. Walkeley in the *Speaker* at the time *Lady Windermere's Fan* was produced, a passage that gives an admirable picture of not

only the play, but the author, and it is easy to imagine the astonishment of the fashionable audience at the St. James's Theater. "The man or woman who does not chuckle with delight at the good things which abound in *Lady Windemere's Fan* should consult a physician at once; delay would be dangerous. Of Mr. Oscar Wilde's coming forward at the end, cigarette in hand, to praise his players, like a preface of Victor Hugo, and to commend his own play, 'of which I am sure, ladies and gentlemen, you estimate the merits almost as highly as I do myself,' you will already have read. I am still chortling...at its exquisite impertinence."

There was something new indeed for London: piquancy, pungency, wit, ingenious situations—to cap all, a throwing overboard of the conventional self-depreciation and a public self glorification. Wilde, clever, lucky, amiable, was a Beaumarchais re-divivus. He walked into his place like a monarch: considered his new position to be his birthright. Life became to him as a holiday. I think that my friend Haldeman-Julius hit the mark when he said to me, one day, that Wilde would live for posterity as

Sheridan has lived. There is a singular resemblance between the two men indeed. Lord Byron, the friend of Sheridan, has left on record his opinion that he had never heard nor conceived of a more extraordinary conversationalist: has told us how men spent nights listening to him: has told us that no one equaled him at a supper: has told us how he retained his wit even when drunk. It is Wilde to a hair. There was, in Wilde, the sparkling individuality of the author of *The School for Scandal*, the sustained brilliancy, the infinite variety, the inexhaustible vigor. Both men had the art of repartee, of heaping witticism on witticism and happy phrase on phrase in a fine crescendo. Both had the gift of satire—not the satire of Swift to biting and stinging, but the satire of La Bruyere, a satire that hides behind a gracious smile. One is inclined to think that the plays are too good for acting, so swiftly comes arrow after arrow of wit.

Vicomte de Nanjac (*approaching*). Ah, the English young lady is the dragon of good taste, is she not? Quite the dragon of good taste.

Lord Goring. So the newspapers are always telling us.

Vicomte de Nanjac. I read all your English newspapers. I find them so amusing.

Lord Goring. Then, my dear Nanjac, you must certainly read between the lines.

Vicomte de Nanjac. I should like to, but my professor objects. (*To* MABEL CHILTERN.) May I have the pleasure of escorting you to the music-room, Mademoiselle?

Mabel Chiltern (*looking very disappointed*). Delighted, Vicomte, quite delighted! (*Turning to* LORD GORING.) Aren't you coming to the music-room?

Lord Goring. Not if there is any music going on, Miss Mabel.

Mabel Chiltern (*severely*). The music is in German. You would not understand it. (*Goes out with the* VICOMTE DE NANJAC. LORD CAVERSHAM *comes up to his son.*)

Lord Caversham. Well, sir! what are you doing here? Wasting your life as usual You should be in bed, sir. You keep too late hours! I heard of you the other night at Lady Rufford's dancing till four o'clock in the morning!

Lord Goring. Only a quarter to four, father.

Lord Caversham. Can't make out how you stand London society. The thing has gone to the dogs, a lot of damned nobodies talking about nothing.

Lord Goring. I love talking about nothing, father. It is the only thing I know anything about.

Lord Caversham. You seem to me to be living entirely for pleasure.

Lord Goring. What else is there to live for, father? Nothing ages like happiness.

—*An Ideal Husband* (*Act I.*)

I choose, deliberately, the less talked of portions of the plays I quote. Here again:

Lady Hunstanton. We who are wives don't belong to any one.

Lady Stutfield. Oh, I am so very, very glad to hear you say so.

Lady Hunstanton. But do you really think, dear Caroline, that legislation would improve matters in any way? I am told that, nowadays, all the married men live like bachelors, and all the bachelors like married men.

Mrs. Allonby. I certainly never know one from the other.

Lady Stutfield. Oh, I think one can always know at once whether a man has home claims upon his life or not. I have noticed a very, very sad expression in the eyes of so many married men.

Mrs. Allonby. Ah, all that I have noticed is that they are horribly tedious when they are good husbands, and abominably conceited when they are not.

Lady Hunstanton. Well, I suppose the type of husband has completely changed since my young days, but I'm bound to state that poor dear Hunstanton was the most delightful of creatures, and as good as gold.

Mrs. Allonby. Ah, my husband is a sort of promissory note; I am tired of meeting him.

Lady Caroline. But you renew him from time to time, don't you?

Mrs. Allonby. Oh no, Lady Caroline. I have only had one husband as yet. I suppose you look upon me as quite an amateur.

Lady Caroline. With your views on life I wonder you married at all.

Mrs. Allonby. So do I.

—*A Woman of No Importance* (*Act II.*)

Compare such a discharge of wit with the current popular "Revue" with its slap stick farce, its reference to booze, to negroes, to sporting drummers and the absurd bids for applause by a little thrown in about the flag —and let us hope that we may produce a Wilde.

But for sheer color and gorgeous vision, Wilde achieved nothing better than his unpublished Burmese Masque, *For Love of the King.* As in a lightning flash the eye takes in a scene of wondrous richness. King Beng on his ruby sewn cushion; the blinding blue of an eastern sky; the hundred waiting elephants; the peacocks; the silken banners "propelled with measured rhythm"; the tables and chairs piled high with fruits on golden dishes; the flower crowned courtiers and dancing girls, some half nude, others splendidly robed. But everywhere that intense brightness of a sunlit scene. There is little in the Masque that would make it attractive to a stage manager, much that should attract a scenario man. Indeed, it reads as though Wilde had visualized the possibilities of the screen world. I copy from Act II, Scene I:

"The jungle once more. Time; noonday. In

place of the hut is a building, half Burmese, half Italian villa, of white, thick wood, with curled roofs rising on roofs gilded and adorned with spiral carvings and a myriad golden and jewel-incrusted bells. On the broad verandahs are thrown Eastern carpets, rugs, embroideries.

"The world is sun soaked. The surrounding trees stand sentinel like in the burning light. Burmese servants squat motionless, smoking on the broad white steps that lead from the house to the garden. The crows croak drowsily at intervals. Parrot's scream intermittently. The sound of a guitar playing a Venetian love song can be heard coming from the interior. Otherwise life apparently sleeps."

It is an arabesque: it is a something very like that novel Wilde wanted to write, the novel that was to have been as splendid as a Persian rug; it is a word weaving in silk and gold and splendid feathers taken from quetzal, and peacock, and golden crested wren. It is, in a word, Oscar Wilde in his glory; a free fantasia of description; a rhapsodie of color.

As may well be imagined, Wilde was the target of the dramatic critics of his day, especially of those of the malignant type. The type is not unfamiliar and Coleridge has characterized it.

No private grudge they need, no personal spite;
The *viva sectio* is its own delight!
All enmity, all envy, they disclaim,

Disinterested thieves of our good name;
Cool, sober murderers of their neighbor's fame.

But Wilde was no Keats to be wounded by abuse. For instance, consider his letter to *St. James's Gazette* from which I copy a paragraph as follows:

". . . When criticism becomes in England a real art, as it should be, and when none but those of artistic instincts and artistic cultivation is allowed to write about works of art, artists will, no doubt, read criticisms with a certain amount of intellectual interest. As things are a present, the criticisms of ordinary newspapers are of no interest whatsoever, except in so far as they display, in its crudest form, the Boetianism of a country that has produced some Athenians, and in which some Athenians have come to dwell."

Much that passed as adverse criticism of Wilde's dramatic work, grew out of personal dislike—some out of scandal which had already begun to raise a reptant head. There was one Charles Brookfield for instance, who not only was active in adverse criticism, but also produced a burlesque on *Lady Windemeré's Fan* entitled *The Poet and the Puppets*, the poet being Wilde. It was the same Charles Brookfield who was largely responsible for collecting the evidence against Wilde, which brought about his downfall very soon after. In deed,

Brookfield and a few others entertained Queensberry at a banquet in celebration of the conviction of Wilde. It was "criticism" of the kind impeached by Coleridge in a never to be forgotten passage that should not be lost to the world. "As soon as the critic betrays that he knows more of his author than the author's publications could have told him; as soon as from this more intimate knowledge, elsewhere obtained, he avails himself of the slightest trait against the author; his censure immediately becomes personal injury, his sarcasms personal insults. He ceases to be a critic and takes on him the most contemptible character to which a rational creature can be degraded, that of a gossip, backbiter, *pasquillant;* but with this heavy aggravation, that he steals the unquiet, the deforming passions of the world into the museum; into the very place which, next to the chapel and oratory, should be our sanctuary and secure place of refuge; offers abominations on the altar of the Muses, and makes its sacred paling the very circle in which he conjures up the lying and profane spirit." And it is because of the existence in the Wilde case of so much of that which Coleridge thundered

against, that much of the so-called criticism of Wilde's dramatic work must be cast out. But the wonder of it all is that knowing what was behind, for he must have been cognizant of it, Wilde fought so well. If ever man died in the last ditch it was he. Greatly he dared and we love him for his daring. We find him throwing down the gage to the whole body of critics in a brilliant interview published in *The Sketch* of January 9th, 1895, three months before his downfall, when he knew perfectly well that the dark clouds were rolling up, and that poison tongues were fast wagging. He is talking to Gilbert Burgess. Hear him:

". . . For a man to be a dramatic critic is as foolish and inartistic as it would be for a man to be a critic of epics or a pastoral critic or a critic of lyrics. All modes of art are one, and the modes of art that employ words as its medium are quite indivisible. The result of the vulgar specialization of criticism is an elaborate scientific knowledge of the stage—almost as elaborate as that of stage carpenter, and quite on a par with that of the call boy—combined with an entire incapacity to realize that a play is a work of art or to receive any artistic impression at all. . . .

". . . The aim of the true critic is to try to chronicle his moods, not to try to correct the masterpieces of others. . . . Real critics? Ah, how perfectly charming they would be! I am always

waiting for their arrival. An inaudible school would be nice. . . . There are just two real critics in London . . . I think I had better not mention their names; it might make the others jealous . . . I do not write to please cliques. I write to please myself. . . . It is a burning shame that there should be one law for man and another law for women. I think there should be no law for anybody. . . ."

The whole interview is too long to quote and I have taken some of the salient passages. The complete thing may be read in the New York Daily Tribune of January 27th, 1895, under the heading *A Highly Artistic Interview.*

WILDE AS CRITIC

The critic of the critics was himself a critic. Whether he modified his work to suit his editors, or whether he was of the kindly sympathetic nature of a Michael Monahan or a William Marion Reedy is impossible to say, but certain it is that the Wilde of the criticisms is altogether a different being from the Wilde of the satirical epigram. You find very little of the Wilde perversities and idiosyncrasies, certainly none of the Hazlitt waspishness nor any of the Mencken bluntness. Now and then there is discovered occasional touches of tenderness as in his criticism of William Morris's *House*

of the Wolfings, (*Pall Mall Gazette*, March 2nd, 1889) and again in the review of W. B. Yeat's *Fairy and Folk Tales of the Irish Peasantry*, written for the magazine of which Wilde was editor, the *Woman's World*, February, 1889. There is a geniality almost equal to that of Charles Lamb or of Leigh Hunt somewhat evident. "As we read Mr. Morris's story (The Wolfings) with its fine alternations of verse and prose, its decorative and descriptive beauties, its wonderful handling of romantic and adventurous themes, we cannot but feel that we are as far removed from the ignoble fiction as we are from the ignoble facts of our own day. We breathe a purer air, and have dreams of a time when life had a kind of poetical quality of its own, and was simple, stately and complete." Certainly, Wilde as critic, sought to be just, was at pains to write frankly, vividly, accurately as possible. As critic he was thoroughly in earnest. The clever smartness we discover in him in his plays is absent in his critical work.

I think that the very real Wilde was revealed in a little essay, a writing that appeared in *The Speaker*, February 8th, 1890. It deals

with a translation of the works of Chuang Tzu as made by Mr. Herbert Giles, British Consul at Tamsui. With the Chinaman, Wilde was sympathetic. The idea pleased him that all modes of government are wrong, that they are unscientific because of their tendency to alter the natural environment of men; immoral because they interfered with the individual. In the essay there is a ring of Edmund Burke with his "the thing, government, the thing itself, is the abuse." It pleased Wilde immensely to find that the sage born in the fourth century before Christ denounced the uplifter, because trying to make others good was as foolish an occupation as "beating a drum in a forest to find a fugitive." Wilde found a man after his heart in the philosopher who declared against chattering about clever men, and lauding good men, and, what was worse, deifying powerful men. Then there is this by Wilde, talking about the accumulation of wealth, which, he says, Chuang Tzu denounces as eloquently as Mr. Hyndman. Wilde agrees with the philosopher, or at any rate, interprets him approvingly.

"The accumulation of wealth is to him the origin

of evil. It makes the strong violent and the weak dishonest. It creates the petty thief and puts him in a bamboo cage. It creates the big thief and sets him on a throne of white jade. It is the father of competition is the waste as well as the destruction of energy. The order of nature is rest, repetition and peace. Weariness and war are the results of an artificial society based upon capital; and the richer the society gets, the more thoroughly bankrupt it is, for it has neither sufficient rewards for the good nor sufficient punishment for the wicked. There is also this to be remembered—that the prizes of the world degrade a man as much as the world's punishments. The age is rotten with the worship of success. As for education, true wisdom can neither be learnt nor taught. It is a spiritual state to which he who lives in harmony with nature attains. Knowledge is shallow if we compare it with the extent of the unknown, and only the unknowable is of value. Society produces rogues, and education makes one rogue cleverer than others."

Compare that with the passage in *The Critic As Artist*, a speech that Wilde puts into the mouth of Gilbert:

Ernest. We exist, then, to do nothing?

Gilbert. It is to do nothing that the elect exist. Action is limited and relative. Unlimited and absolute is the vision of him who sits at ease and watches, who walks in loneliness and dreams. But we who are born at the close of this wonderful age, are at once too cultured and too critical, too intellectually subtle and too curious of exquisite pleasures, to accept any speculations about life in

exchange for life itself. To us the "citta divina" is colorless, and the "fruitio Dei" without meaning. Metaphysics do not satisfy our temperaments, and religious ecstasy is out of date. The world through which the Academic philosopher becomes "the spectator of all time and of all existence" is not really an ideal world, but simply a world of abstract ideas. When we enter it, we starve amidst the chill mathematics of thought. The courts of the city of God are not open to us now. Its gates are guarded by Ignorance, and to pass them we have to surrender all that in our nature is most divine. It is enough that our fathers believed. They have exhausted the faith-faculty of the species.

And in another place, later, in the same essay:

The security of society lies in custom and unconscious instinct, and the basis of the stability of society, as a healty organism, is the complete absence of any intelligence amongst its members. The great majority of people, being fully aware of this, rank themselves naturally on the side of that splendid system that elevates them to the dignity of machines, and rage so wildly against the intrusion of the intellectual faculty into any question that concerns life, that one is tempted to define man as a rational animal who always loses his temper when he is called upon to act in accordance with the dictates of reason.

Certainly, the philosophy of Chunag Tzu impressed Wilde greatly, influenced him more than has been generally thought, and, in fact, the philosophical basis of the greater part of the essay *The Critis As Artist* rests on that

of the Chinese mystic, with a decided substratum of Boehme. Boehme, certainly. The idea of self-surrender that Boehme promulgated, you find everywhere in Wilde, like a recurring golden thread in a tapestry. There is the Boehme "to-be" for which one will is necessary; for the "becoming," two. So Wilde:

> Yes, Ernest: the contemplative life, the life that has for its aim not *doing* but *being*, and not *being* merely, but *becoming*—that is what the critical spirit can give us.

The mystery of it is that Wilde should have so intermixed in his own life and philosophy the self-surrender of Boehme with the self-assertion of Nietzsche. That he did so is not to be denied—to attempt to explain how it so came to be is impossible. But then, who can explain another? Who can understand or explain himself? The truth is that Wilde, like every one else, was a bundle of vain strivings, as Thoreau put it. Wilde, like everyone else, gathered together his things to make a bridge to the moon and wound up by making something like a woodshed of the material. So do we all. Man's reach certainly does exceed his grasp. Browning said much there in a half dozen words.

Of course, there are *Sententiae*, little impatiences, sympathetic critic though he was. "Most modern novels are more remarkable for their crime than for their culture." "Though the Psalm of Life be shouted from Maine to California, that would not make it good poetry." "Pathology is rapidly becoming the basis of sensational literature, and in art, as in politics, there is a great future for monsters." "Such novels as—are possibly more easy to write than to read." "There seems to be some curious connection between piety and poor rhymes." "It is always a pleasure to come across an American poet who is not national, and who tries to give expression to the literature that he loves rather than to the land he lives in. The Muses care so little for geography!"—but as critic of literature Wilde was eminently fair and just, pointing out the good in writers so vastly apart as Walt Whitman, Pater, Yeats, Blunt, Matthew Arnold; dropping his own prejudices, getting inside the skins of those whose work he found to be worthy.

WILDE AS ESSAYIST

Perhaps Wilde was to the fashionable of London much as the robust Henry Fielding was

to the literary world when Samuel Richardson wrote *Clarissa Harlowe.* He had to shock the polite world out of its terrible complacency. For there were such proper waxen figures as Samuel Smiles and Martin Farquahar Tupper cooing, and there were many who modeled their conduct upon the example of Sir Charles Grandison—milk and water men, sanctified prigs, pious and irreproachable gentlemen in whose mouths butter would not melt. To be respectable was the one virtue, and tender sensibilities were shocked when Shaw wore a woolen shirt and when Morris solemnly sat on his silk hat. Yet, there must have been a secret delight in scandal. Turning over the newspapers of the day we find prominence given to items with salacious base. For instance, the crimes of Jack the Ripper, the Charles Dilke divorce case, the Parmell-O'Shea tangle, Stead's Maiden Tribute of Modern Babylon. The fascination of murder held them as now. Quiet men and women found something of vast interest in reading reports of acts of violence, in living in imagination unrestrained lives. But, the record of crime had been left to inept hands. To be sure in novels, action hinged

upon crime, but in novels criminals were always black, lost souls who bore the brand of Cain on their brows, had no single redeeming trait and went their way for a time certain of being laid by the heels. It was, then, a tremendous and daring conception of Oscar Wilde to take a wholesale murderer as the subject of an essay, but he did so and produced a most interesting piece of work conceived in graceful vein in his *Pen, Pencil and Poison*—the story of Thomas Griffiths Wainewright. The subject of the essay has been confused with another murderer, Henry Wainwright, also an educated man with literary tastes, familiar with the actors and poets of his day, but the last named murderer was but a clumsy fellow compared with Wilde's hero.

The late Max Nordau in his book *Degeneration* has found, stupidly enough, evidence of a love for "immorality" in Wilde because of the essay, tearing from the context certain passages and adducing them as proof of Wilde's diabolism. One paragraph is truly amusing in its ingenuousness. I quote from page 320:

"Oscar Wilde apparently admires immorality, sin and crime. In a very affectionate biographical treatise on Thomas Griffith Wainewright, designer,

painter, and author, and the murderer of several people, he says: 'He was a forger of no mean or ordinary capabilities, and as a subtle and secret poisoner almost without a rival in this or any age.' 'This remarkable man, so powerful with pen and pencil, and poison.' 'He sought to find expression by pen or poison.' 'When a friend reproached him with the murder of Helen Abercrombie, he shrugged his shoulders and said: 'Yes; it was a dreadful thing to do, but she had very thick ankles.' 'His crimes seem to have had an important effect upon his art. They gave a strong personality to his style, a quality that his early work certainly lacked.' 'There is no sin except stupidity.' 'An idea that is not dangerous is unworthy of being called an idea at all.'

"He cultivates incidently a slight mysticism in colours. 'He,' Wainewright, 'had that curious love of green which in individuals is always the sign of subtle, artistic temperament, and in nations is said to denote a laxity, if not a decadence, of morals.' "

That, of course, is sheer stupidity. We do not denounce Charles Dickens because he told the story of Bill Sikes, of the Artful Dodger, of Fagin, nor do we shudder at the name of Conrad because he ended *Victory* as he did. Doubtless, Max Nordau, on similar grounds to those on which he condemned Wilde and Ibsen and Nietzsche as degenerates, might have found cause to place the Bible on his index expurgatoris. The fact is that Oscar Wilde wrote

a fine essay on the murderer and not perhaps so much because he was a murderer, as that he was one of those extraordinary men who failed to become what he bade to be, and was the friend and companion of such men as Charles Lamb, Dickens, Macready and Hablot Browne. Perhaps Wilde had in mind his own case, certainly there are prophetic passages and there is for example a parallel existing between the incident told by Gide when he met Wilde in connection with Wainewright.

While he was in gaol, Dickens, Macready, and Hablot Browne came across him by chance. They had been going over the prisons of London, searching for artistic effects, and in Newgate they suddenly caught sight of Wainewright. He met them with a defiant stare, Forster tells us, but Macready was "horrified to recognize a man familiarly known to him in former years, and at whose table he had dined."

Look at the essay on Wainewright as the picture of a man who tortures himself, a man of taste and sensibility at whose heart the worm of misery gnawed constantly, a man sickened with secret maladies, a man with brain on fire who moved among his fellows with a smiling face, fearing at every moment the knocking at the gate which would mean his

doom—read the essay with all that in mind and you will be rightly attuned for the pleasure. No show mannikin, no machine of creaking wood has Wilde in his Wainewright, but a living thing, a frightened thing, a tormented thing, a vice ridden thing. You feel the daily fear that must have been in the murderer's heart though Wilde does not play on the vulgar emotions, displaying remorse crudely as Dickens does in his tale of the murderer Jonas Chuzzlewit. But, in some mysterious manner, Wilde makes his reader sense a melancholy, just as Beethoven makes us sense a melancholy in that immortal passage of his seventh symphony when the stringed instruments sob in the bass.

Here is Wilde's picture of the man in the midst of the things that he loved:

> And so, in his own library, as he describes it, we find the delicate fictile vase of the Greek, with its exquisitely painted figures and the faint ΚΑΛΟΕ finely traced upon its side, and behind it hangs an engraving of the "Delphic Sibyl" of Michael Angelo, or of the "Pastoral" of Giorgione. Here is a bit of Florentine majolica, and here a rude lamp from some old Roman tomb. On the table lies a book of Hours "cased in a cover of solid silver gilt, wrought with quaint devices and studded with small brilliants and rubies," and close by it "squats a

little ugly monster, a Lar, perhaps, dug up in the sunny fields of corn-bearing Sicily." Some dark antique bronzes contrast "with the pale gleam of two noble *Christi Crucifixi,* one carved in ivory, the other molded in wax." He has his trays of Tassie's gems, his tiny Louis-Quatorze *bonbonniere* with a miniature by Petitot, his highly prized "brown-biscuit teapots, filagree-worked," his citron morocco letter-case and his "pomona-green" chair.

One can fancy him lying there in the midst of his books and casts and engravings, a true virtuoso, a subtle connoisseur, turning over his fine collection of Marc Antonios, and his Turner's "Liber Studiorum," of which he was a warm admirer, or examining with a magnifier some of his antique gems and cameos, "the head of Alexander on an onyx of two strata," or "that superb *altissimo relievo* on cornelian, Jupiter Ægiochus."

And again, in a charming passage:

Like Disraeli, he determined to startle the town as a dandy, and his beautiful rings, his antique cameo breast-pin, and his pale lemon-colored kid gloves, were well known, and indeed were regarded by Hazlitt as being the signs of a new manner in literature: while his rich curly hair, fine eyes, and exquisite white hands gave him the dangerous and delightful distinction of being different from others. There was something in him of Balzac's Lucien de Rubempre. At times he reminds us of Julien Sorel. De Quincey saw him once. It was at a dinner at Charles Lamb's. "Amongst the company, all literary men, sat a murderer," he tells us, and he goes on to describe how on that had he had been ill, and had hated the face of man and woman,

and yet found himself looking with intellectual interest across the table at the young writer beneath whose affectations of manner there seemed to him to lie so much unaffected sensibility, and speculates on "what sudden growth of another interest," would have changed his mood, had he known of what terrible sin the guest to whom Lamb paid so much attention was even then guilty.

In that last sentence, the reference to the "terrible sin" of which he knew himself to be guilty, I cannot but see a subtle reference to himself. Indeed, Wilde seems to be constantly projecting himself, giving hints as it were, of what might be, just as a child guilty of some misdemeanor, will make veiled references to its plight yet, at the same time, do all that is possible to avoid discovery. Here is a passage in which, writing of Wainewright, he surely describes himself:

His delicately strung organization however indifferent it might have been to inflicting pain on others, was itself most keenly sensitive to pain. He shrank from suffering as a thing that mars and maims human life.

Again:

Like Baudelaire, he was extremely fond of cats, and with Gautier, he was fascinated by that "sweet marble monster" of both sexes that we can still see at Florence and in the Louvre.

And this too, which is Wilde to a T:

Modern journalism may be said to owe almost as much to him as to any man of the early part of this century. He was the pioneer of Asiatic prose, and delighted in pictorial epithets and pompous exaggerations. To have a style so gorgeous that it conceals the subject is one of the highest achievements of an important and much admired school of Fleet Street leader-writers, and this school *Janus Weathercock* may be said to have invented. He also saw that it was quite easy by continued reiteration to make the public interested in his own personality, and in his purely journalistic articles this extraordinary young man tells the world what he had for dinner, where he gets his clothes, what wines he likes, and in what state of health he is, just as if he were writing weekly notes for some popular newspaper of our own time. This being the least valuable side of his work, is the one that has had the most obvious influence. A publicist, now-a-days, is a man who bores the community with the details of the illegalities of his private life.

Perhaps too there is an apologia in another passage:

This strange and fascinating figure that for a few years dazzled literary London, and made so brilliant a *debut* in life and letters, is undoubtedly a most interesting study. Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt, his latest biographer, to whom I am indebted for many of the facts contained in this memoir, and whose little book is, indeed, quite invaluable in its way, is of opinion that his love of art and nature was a mere pretense and assumption, and others have denied to him all literary power. This seems

to me a shallow, or at least a mistaken, view. The fact of a man being a poisoner is nothing against his prose. The domestic virtues are not the true basis of art, though they may serve as an excellent advertisement for second-rate artists.

But it is neither safe nor wise to theorize too much, though, to be sure, more than one of us feel strongly inclined to say of Wilde as he said of Wainewright:

> The moral instinct can be brought to such a pitch of perfection that it will make its appearance wherever it is not required. Nobody with the true historical sense ever dreams of blaming Nero, or scolding Tiberius or censuring Cæsar Borgia. These personages have become like the puppets of a play. They may fill us with terror, or horror, or wonder, but they do not harm us. They are not in immediate relation to us. We have nothing to fear from them. They have passed into the sphere of art and science, and neither art nor science knows anything of moral approval or disapproval.

Wilde's two essays, *The Decay of Lying* and *The Critic as Artist* I have referred to several times in the course of this essay, and also in another booklet, *The Tragic Story of Oscar Wilde.* In much, both essays are complementary to his Art and Decoration: the themes wind in and out like the theme in a fugue. There are inconsistencies, there is sometimes flippancy and there is much of utmost exquisite

polish. But always—style—style that becomes sometimes pavonic display. Witness, from the *Decay of the Art of Lying*:

> The solid stolid British intellect lies in the desert sands like the Sphinx in Flaubert's marvelous tale, and fantasy *La Chimere,* dances around it, and calls to it with her false, flute-toned voice. It may not hear her now, but surely some day, when we are all bored to death with the common-place character of modern fiction, it will hearken to her and try to borrow her wings.
>
> And when that day dawns, or sunset reddens how joyous we shall all be! Facts will be regarded as discreditable, Truth will be found mourning over her fetters, and Romance, with her temper of wonder, will return to the land. The very aspect of the world will change to our startled eyes. Out of the sea will rise Behemoth and Leviathan, and sail round the high-pooped galleys, as they do on the delightful maps of those ages when books on geography were actually readable. Dragons will wander about the waste places, and the phœnix will soar from her nest of fire into the air. We shall lay our hands upon the basilisk, and see the jewel in the toad's head. Champing his gilded oats, the Hippogriff will stand in our stalls, and over our heads will float the Blue Bird singing of beautiful and impossible things, of things that are lovely and that never happened, of things that are not and that should be. But before this comes to pass we must cultivate the lost art of Lying.

Of course, it must be admitted that there is truth in those who complain that Wilde ad-

vocated no system of morality which could console, raise or satisfy men. But to do that was not Wilde's mission. He was no moralist—made, indeed, his art his religion and deals with, as Wordsworth said:

> the very world, which is the world
> Of all of us, the place where in the end
> We find our happiness, or not at all.
> (Prelude xl, 142.)

but his world, like the world of the Pre-Raphaelites, was confessedly a falsehood, a world other than that which we see. That art, or poetry, could go on to take in things other than of fairy land, could deal with such things as sky-scrapers, fire vomiting factories, machinery, as it does in the hands of Carl Sandburg, was unthinkable to Wilde as it would have been unthinkable to Ruskin. But then, Wilde found things to love which would have been altogether strange to his men of Greece—mountain mists, brown fogs, clefts in rocks. So, pondering, we get into deep water. The idea of truth as conceived by the artist and the idea as conceived by the religious mind . . . . religion born of faith and art born of perception . . . . religion growing out of a soil of disillusion, art growing out of joy of life. . . .

AS POET.

Oscar Wilde did not have a jealous care of the art poetic. There was too much of that "style" for real ecstasy; that style, too, was too often encumbered with preciosities, overhung with ornamentation. Then, too, he was constantly trying new forms, experimenting, seeking a satisfactory model. Yet it would be wrong to assert that his poetry lacks verbal charm, and the average man who has no great patience with poetry, who would never sit down to read an *In Memoriam* or an *Ode to a Grecian Urn*, the kind of a man who loses himself among poetic phrases, finds that Wilde evokes a picture by words full of color. Take this, for instance:

SYMPHONY IN YELLOW

An omnibus across the bridge
  Crawls like a yellow butterfly,
  And, here and there, a passer-by
Shows like a little restless midge.

Big barges full of yellow hay
  Are moved against the shadowy wharf,
  And, like a yellow silken scarf,
The thick fog hangs along the quay.

The yellow leaves begin to fade
  And flutter from the Temple elms,
  And at my feet the pale green Thames
Lies like a rod of rippled jade.

a slight enough thing, but full of interest and spirit. Your man who loses him self in verse based on legendary lore or mysticism, understands and enjoys that. It means something to him. For the same reason Wilde's *Ballad of Reading Gaol* interests and excites, almost like an adventure story, combining simplicity and beauty in a way that is altogether satisfying. Mark how a concrete image is called up by a short descriptive passage.

I walked, with other souls in pain,
  Within another ring,
And was wondering if the man had done
  A great or little thing,
When a voice behind me whispered low,
  "That fellow's got to swing."

And mark the dramatic appeal of this:

A prison wall was round us both,
  Two outcast men we were:
The world had thrust us from its heart,
  And God from out His care:
And the iron gin that waits for Sin
  Had caught us in its snare.

And twice a day he smoked his pipe,
  And drank his quart of beer:
His soul was resolute, and held
  No hiding-place for fear;
He often said that he was glad
  The hangman's hands were near.

But why he said so strange a thing
No warder dared to ask:
For he to whom a watcher's doom
Is given as his task,
Must set a lock upon his lips,
And make his face a mask.

He gets very close there to the heart of the common man, as close as James Stephens indeed, with his *What Tomas an Buile Said in a Pub.*

The truth of the matter is that under pain, the artificial Wilde vanished and his poetry became something other than pretence and artifice. I say that, because Douglas has told us that up to the time of his imprisonment, Wilde had "held that style was everything, and feeling nothing; that poetry should be removed as well from material actuality as from the actuality of the spirit, and that no great poet had ever in his greatest moments been other than sincere." (Page 209, Oscar Wilde and Myself.) And of *The Ballad of Reading Gaol*, Douglas writes, "(in it) we have a sustained poem of sublimated actuality and of a breadth and sweep and poignancy such as had never before been attained in this line. The emotional appeal is . . . . quite legitimate and . . . . the

established tradition as to what is fitting and comely in a poem of this nature is not outraged or transgressed"

Another great poem grew out of his prison life. I refer to the long letter, made into a book by Mr. Ross and entitled *De Profundis*, for a poem, a prose poem, it is. It would be better to mention in this place that *The Ballad of Reading Gaol* was not composed until Wilde had left prison. *De Profundis*, however, was written within stone walls. In another place quotation has been made of Blunt's Diaries in which Ross is quoted as having said that it is impossible to tell how much of *De Profundis* is sincere repentance, and how much the result of self pity. Be that as it may, it is very certain that the spirit of the man was bitter in his solitude, that his egoism fell away from him at times. But it is absurd to expect that punishment and imprisonment and disgrace could change the man himself. If he had that feminine soul, he had it. It was part of him, and he could not get away from it, prison or no prison. But he could know in his own heart that he was not as he should have liked to be, that his life's ideal was other than his

life's path. In other words, he realized, as we all realize, that while his eyes were fixed on the stars, his feet were firmly planted in the mud, and for that fact he was very sorry indeed. Not only sorry, but rebellious that things were as they were, and, as Wilde said, the mood of rebellion closes up the channels of the soul, and shuts out the air of heaven. The mood rebellious and the mood penitential cannot sit side by side in the same heart. Penitence presupposes submission and gratitude for gifts bestowed, and Wilde felt no gratitude to the fates that had at his birth, dropped into his veins the one drop of black blood which colored his life. Destiny is omnipotent, and destiny had given Wilde the feminine soul. Doubtless, had Wilde been what he wished to be, in his better moments, he would have sat with august divinities. But neither Wilde, nor you, nor I, have it in our powers to command the winds that would waft us to the Islands of the Blest.

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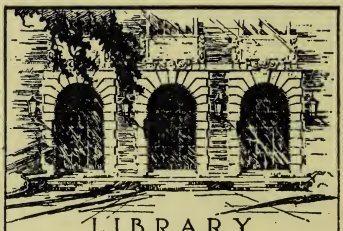

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SHAKESPEARE

MACBETH

EDITED WITH A LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE, AN ACCOUNT OF THE THEATRE IN HIS TIME, AND NUMEROUS AIDS TO THE STUDY OF THE PLAY

BY

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FOREWORD

THIS new edition of Macbeth aims to present the tragedy not only as a piece of literature to be read, but as the acting play which Shakespeare wrote for the Globe Theatre. The editors have tried also to meet halfway — and in a human way — all the eager interest which students actually feel in studying *into* a Shakespeare tragedy. Some idea is given of the way Shakespeare worked, and of the way his work affected the people for whom he wrote,— among them ourselves, — for he is proved to-day, in every class-room where he is really loved, to be "not of an age, but for all time."

The notes have been made very full. Questions and comments for preparing the day's lesson and for class-room discussion are numerous. The sections on Tragic Destination in Macbeth, the Dramatic Construction of Macbeth, the Value of Character Contrast in Macbeth, and Verse and Prose in Macbeth are intended to bring out clearly the distinctive features that make Macbeth, next to Hamlet, the greatest of Shakespeare's tragedies — and even greater than Hamlet in sure construction and dynamic effect.

The present edition is for class study and does not pretend to any original research or scholarship. Numerous authorities have been consulted, Dr. Furness's Variorum Edition of Macbeth and Professor Moulton's *Shakespeare*

as a Dramatic Artist, being most often quoted. Yet, with all respect to scholarly authorities, this edition derives its chief value from the editors' experience in teaching Macbeth to classes whose appreciation and enthusiasm have made the preparation of this work a pleasure.

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"Not marble, not the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme,
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmeared with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom."

MACBETH.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUNCAN, king of Scotland.
MALCOLM, } his sons.
DONALBAIN, }
MACBETH, } Generals of the king's
BANQUO, } army.
MACDUFF,
LENNOX,
ROSS,
MENTEITH, } Noblemen of Scotland.
ANGUS,
CAITHNESS,
FLEANCE, son to Banquo.
SIWARD, Earl of Northumberland, general of the English forces.
Young SIWARD, his son.
SEYTON, an officer attending on Macbeth.
Boy, son to Macduff.

An English Doctor.
A Scotch Doctor.
A Soldier.
A Porter.
An Old Man.

LADY MACBETH.
LADY MACDUFF.
Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.
HECATE.
Three Witches.
Apparitions.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers.
SCENE: *Scotland*; *England*.

When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
—Act I. Scene 1.

ACT I

Scene I. *A desert place.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.

First Witch. When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
Sec. Witch. When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.
Third Witch. That will be ere the set of sun.
First Witch. Where the place?
Sec. Witch. Upon the heath.
Third Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.
First Witch. I come, Graymalkin!
Sec. Witch. Paddock calls.
Third Witch. Anon!
All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
Hover through the fog and filthy air. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *A camp near Forres.*

Alarum within. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, *with* Attendants, *meeting a bleeding* Sergeant.

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.
Mal. This is the sergeant
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought
'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend!

Say to the king the knowledge of the broil
As thou didst leave it.
Ser. Doubtful it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald —
Worthy to be a rebel, for to that
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do swarm upon him — from the western isles
Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied;
And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
Showed like a rebel's whore: but all 's too weak:
For brave Macbeth — well he deserves that name —
Disdaining fortune, with his brandished steel,
Which smoked with bloody execution,
Like valor's minion carved out his passage
Till he faced the slave;
Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseamed him from the nave to the chaps,
And fixed his head upon our battlements.
Dun. O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!
Ser. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break,
So from that spring whence comfort seemed to come
Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had with valor armed
Compelled these skipping kerns to trust their heels,
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
With furbished arms and new supplies of men
Began a fresh assault.
Dun. Dismayed not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Ser. Yes;
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharged with double cracks, so they
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell —
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;
They smack of honor both. Go get him surgeons.
[*Exit Sergeant, attended.*
Who comes here?

Enter Ross.

Mal. The worthy thane of Ross.

Len. What a haste looks through his eyes! So should he look
That seems to speak things strange.

Ross. God save the king!

Dun. Whence camest thou, worthy thane?

Ross. From Fife, great king;
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky
And fan our people cold. Norway himself,
With terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor,
The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict;
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapped in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us.

Dun. Great happiness!
Ross. That now
Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men
Till he disbursed at St. Colme's inch
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.
Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest: go pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.
Ross. I'll see it done.
Dun. What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath won.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *A heath near Forres.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

First Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?
Sec. Witch. Killing swine.
Third Witch. Sister, where thou?
First Witch. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And munched, and munched, and munched: — 'Give me,' quoth I:
'Aroint thee, witch!' the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.
Sec. Witch. I'll give thee a wind.
First Witch. Thou 'rt kind.
Third Witch. And I another.

First Witch. I myself have all the other,
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.
I will drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid:
Weary se'nnights nine times nine
Shall he dwindle, peak and pine:
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.
Look what I have.

Sec. Witch. Show me, show me.

First Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wrecked as homeward he did come. [*Drum within.*

Third Witch. A drum, a drum!
Macbeth doth come!

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about:
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine.
Peace! the charm 's wound up!

Enter MACBETH *and* BANQUO.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is 't called to Forres? What are these
So withered and so wild in their attire,
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on 't? Live you? or are you aught

That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her chappy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips: you should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can: what are you?

First Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

Sec. Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

Third Witch. All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be king hereafter!

Ban. Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair? I' the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace and great prediction
Of noble having and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak not.
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favors nor your hate.

First Witch. Hail!

Sec. Witch. Hail!

Third Witch. Hail!

First Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

Sec. Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.

Third Witch. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:
So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

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The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them. Whither are they vanished?
— Act I. Scene 3.

First Witch. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:
By Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge you.
[*Witches vanish.*

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them. Whither are they vanished?

Macb. Into the air; and what seemed corporal melted
As breath into the wind. Would they had stayed!

Ban. Were such things here as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten on the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Macb. And thane of Cawdor too: went it not so?

Ban. To the selfsame tune and words. Who 's here?

Enter Ross *and* Angus.

Ross. The king hath happily received, Macbeth,
The news of thy success; and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend
Which should be thine or his: silenced with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' the selfsame day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,

Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as hail
Came post with post; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And poured them down before him.
Ang. We are sent
To give thee from our royal master thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.
Ross. And, for an earnest of a greater honor,
He bade me, from him, call thee Thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.
Ban. [*Aside*] What, can the devil speak true?
Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives: why do you dress me
In borrowed robes?
Ang. Who was the thane lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combined
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both
He labored in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confessed and proved,
Have overthrown him.
Macb. [*Aside*] Glamis, and thane of Cawdor!
The greatest is behind. [*To Ross and Angus*] Thanks for your pains.
[*To Ban.*] Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me
Promised no less to them?

Ban. That trusted home
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 't is strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray 's
In deepest consequence.
Cousins, a word, I pray you.
Macb. [*Aside*] Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme. — I thank you, gentlemen.
[*Aside*] This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill, cannot be good: if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man that function
Is smothered in surmise, and nothing is
But what is not.
Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.
Macb. [*Aside*] If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir.
Ban. New honors come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould
But with the aid of use.

Macb. [*Aside*] Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.
Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.
Macb. Give me your favor: my dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are registered where every day I turn
The leaf to read them. Let us toward the king.
Think upon what hath chanced, and, at more time,
The interim having weighed it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.
Ban. Very gladly.
Macb. Till then, enough. Come, friends. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *Forres. The palace.*

Flourish. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, *and* Attendants.

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet returned?
Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die: who did report
That very frankly he confessed his treasons,
Implored your highness' pardon and set forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death
To throw away the dearest thing he owed,
As 't were a careless trifle.
Dun. There 's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face:

He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSS, *and* ANGUS.

O worthiest cousin!
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: thou art so far before
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserved,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties; and our duties
Are to your throne and state children and servants,
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing
Safe toward your love and honor.

Dun. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labor
To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserved, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me infold thee
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know

We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland; which honor must
Not unaccompanied invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers. From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labor, which is not used for you:
I 'll be myself the harbinger and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So humbly take my leave.

Dun. My worthy Cawdor!

Macb. [*Aside*] The Prince of Cumberland! that is a step
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires;
Let not light see my black and deep desires:
The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [*Exit.*

Dun. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let 's after him.
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Inverness. Macbeth's castle.*

Enter LADY MACBETH, *reading a letter.*

Lady M. 'They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into

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LADY MACBETH.
HELENA MODJESKA

Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear.
— Act I. Scene 5.

which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me "Thane of Cawdor;" by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with "Hail, king that shalt be!" This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.'

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promised: yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great;
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it: what thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou 'ldst have, great Glamis,
That which cries 'Thus thou must do, if thou have it;'
And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
And chastise with the valor of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crowned withal.

Enter a Messenger.

What is your tidings?

Mess. The king comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou 'rt mad to say it!
Is not thy master with him? who, were 't so,
Would have informed for preparation?

Mess. So please you, it is true: our thane is coming:
One of my fellows had the speed of him,
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him tending;
He brings great news. [*Exit Messenger.*
The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood;
Stop up th' access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry 'Hold, hold!'

Enter MACBETH.

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond

This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.
Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.
Lady M. And when goes hence?
Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.
Lady M. O, never
Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters. To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under 't. He that 's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.
Macb. We will speak further.
Lady M. Only look up clear;
To alter favor ever is to fear:
Leave all the rest to me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Before Macbeth's castle.*

Hautboys and torches. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENNOX, MACDUFF, ROSS, ANGUS, *and* Attendants.

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.
Ban. This guest of summer,

The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed,
The air is delicate.

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Dun. See, see, our honored hostess!
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you
How you shall bid God 'ild us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady M. All our service
In every point twice done and then done double
Were poor and single business to contend
Against those honors deep and broad wherewith
Your majesty loads our house: for those of old,
And the late dignities heaped up to them,
We rest your hermits.

Dun. Where 's the thane of Cawdor?
We coursed him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor: but he rides well;
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady M. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII. *Macbeth's castle.*

Hautboys and torches. Enter a Sewer, *and divers* Servants *with dishes and service, and pass over the stage. Then enter* Macbeth.

Macb. If it were done when 't is done, then 't were well
It were done quickly: if th' assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We 'ld jump the life to come. But in these cases
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice
Commends th' ingredients of our poisoned chalice
To our own lips. He 's here in double trust;
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,

Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
And falls on the other.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

How now! what news?

Lady M. He has almost supped: why have you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he asked for me?

Lady M. Know you not he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honored me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dressed yourself? hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valor
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

Macb. Prithee, peace:

Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valor
As thou art in desire?

—Act I. Scene 7.

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I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.
Lady M. What beast was 't, then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 't is to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have plucked my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this.
Macb. If we should fail?
Lady M. We fail.
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we 'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep —
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him — his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only: when in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?
Macb. Bring forth men-children only;

For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be received,
When we have marked with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber and used their very daggers,
That they have done 't?
Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamor roar
Upon his death?
Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Scene I. *Court of Macbeth's castle.*

Enter Banquo, *and* Fleance *bearing a torch before him.*

Ban. How goes the night, boy?
Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.
Ban. And she goes down at twelve.
Fle. I take 't, 't is later, sir.
Ban. Hold, take my sword. There 's husbandry in heaven;
Their candles are all out. Take thee that too.
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep: merciful powers,
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose!

Enter MACBETH, *and a* Servant *with a torch.*

Give me my sword.
Who 's there?
Macb. A friend.
Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king 's a-bed:
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your offices.
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up
In measureless content.
Macb. Being unprepared,
Our will became the servant to defect;
Which else should free have wrought.
Ban. All 's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they have showed some truth.
Macb. I think not of them:
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.
Ban. At your kind'st leisure.
Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 't is,
It shall make honor for you.
Ban. So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchised and allegiance clear,
I shall be counselled.
Macb. Good repose the while!
Ban. Thanks, sir: the like to you!
[*Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.*

Macb. Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.
[*Exit Servant.*
Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest; I see thee still,
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. There 's no such thing:
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half-world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtained sleep; witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings, and withered murder,
Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl 's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives:

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
[*A bell rings.*
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold;
What hath quenched them hath given me fire. Hark! Peace!
It was the owl that shrieked, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it:
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugged their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.
Macb. [*Within*] Who 's there? what, ho!
Lady M. Alack, I am afraid they have awaked,
And 't is not done. The attempt and not the deed
Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready;
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done 't.

Enter MACBETH.

My husband!
Macb. I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?
Macb. When?
Lady M. Now.
Macb. As I descended?
Lady M. Ay.
Macb. Hark!
Who lies i' the second chamber?
Lady M. Donalbain.
Macb. This is a sorry sight.
[*Looking on his hands.*
Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.
Macb. There 's one did laugh in 's sleep, and one cried
'Murder!'
That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them:
But they did say their prayers, and addressed them
Again to sleep.
Lady M. There are two lodged together.
Macb. One cried 'God bless us!' and 'Amen' the
other;
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.
Listening their fear, I could not say 'Amen,'
When they did say 'God bless us!'
Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.
Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce 'Amen'?
I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen'
Stuck in my throat.
Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.
Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no
more!

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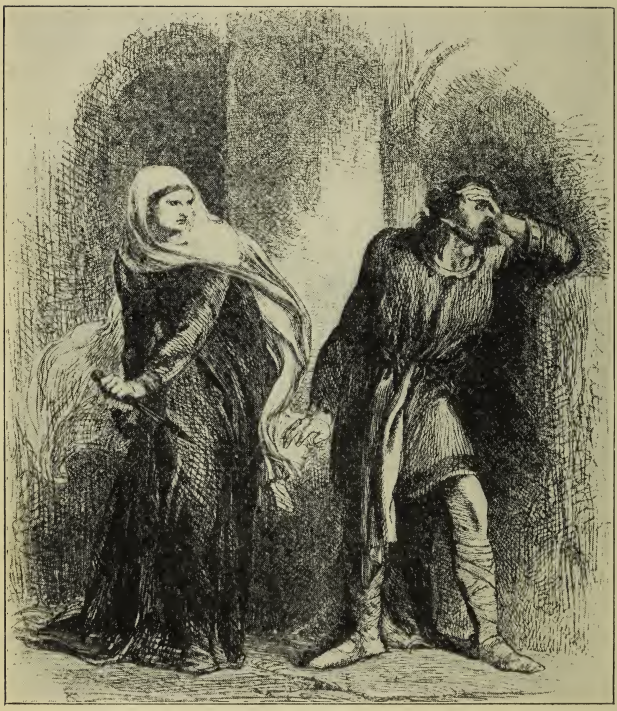


Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures —

— Act II. Scene 2.

Macbeth does murder sleep,' the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast, —

Lady M. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cried ' Sleep no more ! ' to all the house:
' Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more.'

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things. Go get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: go carry them; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I 'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on 't again I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures: 't is the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I 'll gild the faces of the grooms withal;
For it must seem their guilt. [*Exit. Knocking within.*

Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is 't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? ha! they pluck out mine eyes.
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather

The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red.

Re-enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. My hands are of your color; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knocking within.*] I hear a knocking
At the south entry: retire we to our chamber:
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it, then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended. [*Knocking within.*] Hark! more knocking.
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers. Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, 't were best not know myself. [*Knocking within.*
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same.*

Knocking within. Enter a Porter.

Porter. Here 's a knocking indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who 's there, i' the name of Beelzebub? Here 's a farmer, that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty: come in time; have napkins enow about you; here you 'll sweat for 't. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock! Who 's there, in the other devil's name? Faith, here 's an equiv-

ocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who 's there? Faith, here 's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose: come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock; never at quiet! What are you? But this place is too cold for hell. I 'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. [*Knocking within.*] Anon, anon! I pray you, remember the porter. [*Opens the gate.*

Enter MACDUFF *and* LENNOX.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late?

Port. 'Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?

Enter MACBETH.

Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.

Len. Good morrow, noble sir.

Macb. Good morrow, both.

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him:
I have almost slipped the hour.

Macb. I 'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you;
But yet 't is one.
Macb. The labor we delight in physics pain.
This is the door.
Macd. I 'll make so bold to call,
For 't is my limited service. [*Exit.*
Len. Goes the king hence to-day?
Macb. He does: he did appoint so.
Len. The night has been unruly: where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death,
And prophesying with accents terrible
Of dire combustion and confused events
New hatched to the woeful time: the obscure bird
Clamored the livelong night: some say, the earth
Was feverous and did shake.
Macb. 'T was a rough night.
Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. O horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor heart
Cannot conceive nor name thee!
Macb. *Len.* What's the matter?
Macd. Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building!
Macb. What is 't you say? the life?
Len. Mean you his majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon: do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves.
[*Exeunt Macbeth and Lennox.*
Awake, awake!
Ring the alarum-bell. Murder and treason!
Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself! up, up, and see
The great doom's image! Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,
To countenance this horror! Ring the bell.
[*Bell rings.*

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. What 's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!
Macd. O gentle lady
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak;
The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell.

Enter BANQUO.

O Banquo, Banquo,
Our royal master 's murdered!
Lady M. Woe, alas!
What, in our house?
Ban. Too cruel any where.
Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself,
And say it is not so.

Re-enter MACBETH *and* LENNOX *with* ROSS.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had lived a blessed time; for, from this instant,
There 's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys: renown and grace is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM *and* DONALBAIN.

Don. What is amiss?
Macb. You are, and do not know 't:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopped; the very source of it is stopped.
Macd. Your royal father 's murdered.
Mal. O, by whom?
Len. Those of his chamber, as it seemed, had done 't:
Their hands and faces were all badged with blood;
So were their daggers, which unwiped we found
Upon their pillows:
They stared, and were distracted; no man's life
Was to be trusted with them.
Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.
Macd. Wherefore did you so?
Macb. Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:
The expedition of my violent love
Outrun the pauser, reason. Here lay Duncan,

His silver skin laced with his golden blood;
And his gashed stabs looked like a breach in nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,
Steeped in the colors of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breeched with gore: who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage to make 's love known?

Lady M. Help me hence, ho!

Macd. Look to the lady.

Mal. [*Aside to Don.*] Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?

Don. [*Aside to Mal.*] What should be spoken here, where our fate,
Hid in an auger-hole, may rush, and seize us?
Let 's away;
Our tears are not yet brewed.

Mal. [*Aside to Don.*] Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady:

[*Lady Macbeth is carried out.*

And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:
In the great hand of God I stand; and thence
Against the undivulged pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.

Macd. And so do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let 's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' the hall together.

All. Well contented.

[*Exeunt all but Malcolm and Donalbain.*

Mal. What will you do? Let 's not consort with them:
To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
Which the false man does easy. I 'll to England.

Don. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,
There 's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that 's shot
Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away: there 's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself, when there 's no mercy left

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *Outside Macbeth's castle.*

Enter Ross *and an* old Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well:
Within the volume of which time I have seen
Hours dreadful and things strange; but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Ross. Ah, good father,
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock, 't is day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:
Is 't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth entomb,
When living light should kiss it?

Old M. 'T is unnatural,
Even like the deed that 's done. On Tuesday last,
A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawked at and killed.
Ross. And Duncan's horses — a thing most strange and certain —
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turned wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
War with mankind.
Old M. 'T is said they eat each other.
Ross. They did so, to the amazement of mine eyes
That looked upon 't. Here comes the good Macduff.

Enter MACDUFF.

How goes the world, sir, now?
Macd. Why, see you not?
Ross. Is 't known who did this more than bloody deed?
Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.
Ross. Alas, the day!
What good could they pretend?
Macd. They were suborned:
Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stolen away and fled; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.
Ross. 'Gainst nature still!
Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means! Then 't is most like
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

Macd. He is already named, and gone to Scone
To be invested.
Ross. Where is Duncan's body?
Macd. Carried to Colmekill,
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.
Ross. Will you to Scone?
Macd. No, cousin, I 'll to Fife.
Ross. Well, I will thither.
Macd. Well, may you see things well done there: adieu!
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!
Ross. Farewell, father.
Old M. God's benison go with you; and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Scene I. *Forres. The palace.*

Enter Banquo.

Ban. Thou hast it now: king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promised, and, I fear,
Thou playedst most foully for 't: yet it was said
It should not stand in thy posterity,
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them —
As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine —
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But hush! no more.

Sennet sounded. Enter MACBETH, *as king,* LADY MACBETH, *as queen,* LENNOX, ROSS, Lords, Ladies, *and* Attendants.

Macb. Here 's our chief guest.
Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-thing unbecoming.
Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I 'll request your presence.
Ban. Let your highness
Command upon me; to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.
Macb. Ride you this afternoon?
Ban. Ay, my good lord.
Macb. We should have else desired your good advice,
Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,
In this day's council; but we 'll take to-morrow.
Is 't far you ride?
Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain.
Macb. Fail not our feast.
Ban. My lord, I will not.
Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestowed
In England and in Ireland, not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention: but of that to-morrow,
When therewithal we shall have cause of state

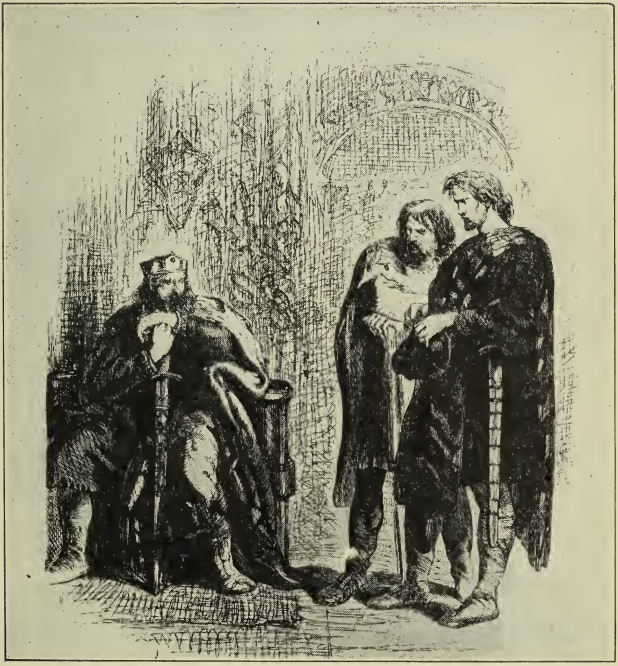
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?
Ban. Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon 's.
Macb. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot.
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell. [*Exit Banquo.*
Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night: to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with you!
[*Exeunt all but Macbeth, and an attendant.*
Sirrah, a word with you: attend those men
Our pleasure?
Atten. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.
Macb. Bring them before us. [*Exit Attendant.*
To be thus is nothing;
But to be safely thus. — Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be feared: 't is much he dares;
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valor
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear: and, under him,
My Genius is rebuked; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him: then prophet-like
They hailed him father to a line of kings:
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand,

No son of mine succeeding. If 't be so,
For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murdered;
Put rancors in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come fate into the list,
And champion me to the utterance! Who 's there?

Re-enter Attendant, *with two* Murderers.

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.
[*Exit Attendant.*
Was it not yesterday we spoke together?
First Mur. It was, so please your highness.
Macb. Well then, now
Have you considered of my speeches? Know
That it was he in the times past which held you
So under fortune, which you thought had been
Our innocent self: this I made good to you
In our last conference, passed in probation with you,
How you were borne in hand, how crossed, the instruments,
Who wrought with them, and all things else that might
To half a soul and to a notion crazed
Say 'Thus did Banquo.'
First Mur. You made it known to us.
Macb. I did so, and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature
That you can let this go? Are you so gospelled

To pray for this good man and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bowed you to the grave
And beggared yours for ever?
First Mur. We are men, my liege.
Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs and demi-wolves, are clept
All by the name of dogs: the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him closed; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say 't;
And I will put that business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off,
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.
Sec. Mur. I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incensed that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.
First Mur. And I another
So weary with disasters, tugged with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on 't.
Macb. Both of you
Know Banquo was your enemy.



And I will put that business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off.

Act III. Scene 1.

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Both Mur. True, my lord.

Macb. So is he mine; and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: and though I could
With barefaced power sweep him from my sight
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Who I myself struck down; and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.

Sec. Mur. We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

First Mur. Though our lives —

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour at most
I will advise you where to plant yourselves;
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
The moment on 't; for 't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace; always thought
That I require a clearness: and with him —
To leave no rubs nor blotches in the work —
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart:
I 'll come to you anon.

Both Mur. We are resolved, my lord.

Macb. I 'll call upon you straight: abide within.

[*Exeunt Murderers.*

It is concluded. Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [*Exit.*

Scene II. *The palace.*

Enter Lady Macbeth *and a* Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?

Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Lady M. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'T is safer to be that which we destroy
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my lord! why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making,
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard: what 's done is done.

Macb. We have scotched the snake, not killed it:
She 'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly: better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,

Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further.
Lady M. Come on;
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night.
Macb. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you:
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue:
Unsafe the while, that we
Must lave our honors in these flattering streams,
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.
Lady M. You must leave this.
Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.
Lady M. But in them nature's copy 's not eterne.
Macb. There 's comfort yet; they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund: ere the bat hath flown
His cloistered flight, ere to black Hecate's summons
The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.
Lady M. What 's to be done?
Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And with thy bloody and invisible hand

Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale! Light thickens; and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still:
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.
So, prithee, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. A *park near the palace.*

Enter three Murderers.

First Mur. But who did bid thee join with us?
Third Mur. Macbeth.
Sec. Mur. He needs not our mistrust, since he delivers
Our offices and what we have to do
To the direction just.
First Mur. Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated traveller apace
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.
Third Mur. Hark! I hear horses.
Ban. [*Within*] Give us a light there, ho!
Sec. Mur. Then 't is he: the rest
That are within the note of expectation
Already are i' the court.
First Mur. His horses go about.
Third Mur. Almost a mile: but he does usually,

So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.
Sec. Mur. A light, a light!

Enter BANQUO, *and* FLEANCE *with a torch.*

Third Mur. 'T is he.
First Mur. Stand to 't.
Ban. It will be rain to-night.
First Mur. Let it come down.
[*They set upon Banquo.*
Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!
Thou mayst revenge. O slave! [*Dies. Fleance escapes.*
Third Mur. Who did strike out the light?
First Mur. Was 't not the way?
Third Mur. There 's but one down; the son is fled.
Sec. Mur. We have lost
Best half of our affair.
First Mur. Well, let 's away, and say how much is done. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same. Hall in the palace.*

A banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROSS, LENNOX, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Macb. You know your own degrees; sit down: at first
And last the hearty welcome.
Lords. Thanks to your majesty.
Macb. Ourself will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.

Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time
We will require her welcome.
Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks they are welcome.

First Murderer *appears at the door.*

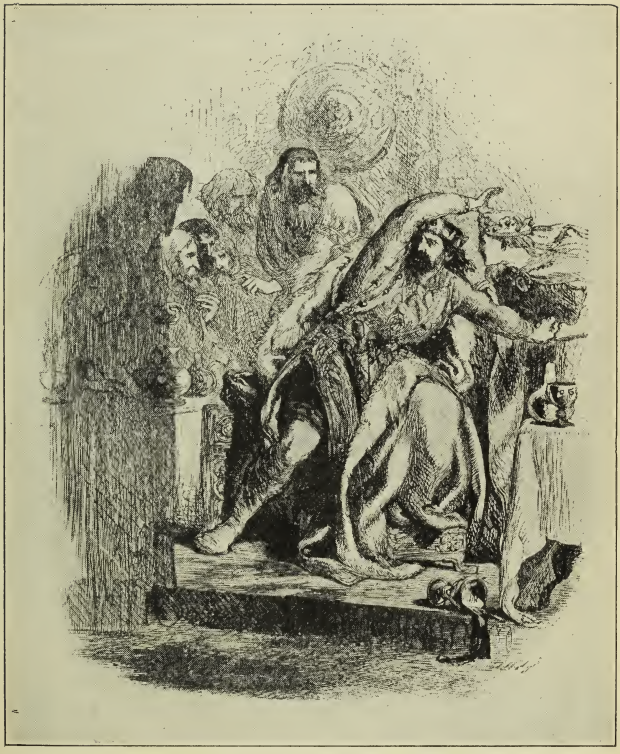
Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.
Both sides are even: here I 'll sit i' the midst:
Be large in mirth; anon we 'll drink a measure
The table round. [*Approaching the door.*] There 's blood upon thy face.
Mur. 'T is Banquo's then.
Macb. 'T is better thee without than he within.
Is he dispatched?
Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.
Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats: yet he 's good
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.
Mur. Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scaped.
Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect,
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
As broad and general as the casing air:
But now I am cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo 's safe?
Mur. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that:
There the grown serpent lies; the worm that 's fled
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present. Get thee gone: to-morrow
We 'll hear ourselves again. [*Exit Murderer.*
Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold
That is not often vouched, while 't is a-making,
'T is given with welcome: to feed were best at home;
From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony:
Meeting were bare without it.
Macb. Sweet remembrancer!
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!
Len. May 't please your highness sit.

[*The Ghost of Banquo enters, and sits in Macbeth's place.*]

Macb. Here had we now our country's honor roofed,
Were the graced person of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance!
Ross. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please 't your highness
To grace us with your royal company.
Macb. The table 's full.
Len. Here is a place reserved, sir.
Macb. Where?
Len. Here, my good lord. What is 't that moves your highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?
Lords. What, my good lord?
Macb. Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.
Ross. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.
Lady M. Sit, worthy friends: my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well: if much you note him,
You shall offend him and extend his passion:
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?
Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.
Lady M. O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts,
Impostors to true fear, would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all 's done,
You look but on a stool.
Macb. Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you?
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.
If charnel-houses and our graves must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [*Ghost vanishes.*
Lady M. What, quite unmanned in folly?
Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.



Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

—Act III. Scene 4.

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Lady M. Fie, for shame!

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,
Ere human statute purged the gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been performed
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: this is more strange
Than such a murder is.

Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget.
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all
Then I'll sit down. Give me some wine; fill full.
I drink to the general joy o' the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Re-enter Ghost.

Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with!

Lady M. Think of this, good peers,

But as a thing of custom: 't is no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.
Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The armed rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence! [*Ghost vanishes.*
Why, so: being gone,
I am a man again. Pray you, sit still.
Lady M. You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With most admired disorder.
Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine is blanched with fear.
Ross. What sights, my lord?
Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;
Question enrages him. At once, good night:
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.
Len. Good night; and better health
Attend his majesty!

Lady M. A kind good night to all!

[*Exeunt all but Macbeth and Lady M.*

Macb. It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood:
Stones have been known to move and trees to speak;
Augurs and understood relations have
By magot-pies and choughs and rooks brought forth
The secret'st man of blood. What is the night?

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person
At our great bidding?

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send:
There 's not a one of them but in his house
I keep a servant feed. I will to-morrow,
And betimes I will, to the weird sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good,
All causes shall give way: I am in blood
Stepped in so far that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which must be acted ere they may be scanned.

Lady M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

Macb. Come, we 'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear that wants hard use:
We are yet but young in deed. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V. *A Heath.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches *meeting* Hecate.

First Witch. Why, how now, Hecate! you look angerly.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams as you are,
Saucy and overbold? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth
In riddles and affairs of death;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never called to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art?
And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful and wrathful, who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now: get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i' the morning: thither he
Will come to know his destiny:
Your vessels and your spells provide,
Your charms and every thing beside.
I am for the air: this night I 'll spend
Unto a dismal and a fatal end:
Great business must be wrought ere noon:
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound;
I 'll catch it ere it comes to ground:
And that distilled by magic sleights
Shall raise such artificial sprites

As by the strength of their illusion
Shall draw him on to his confusion:
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace and fear:
And you all know, security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

[*Music and a song within*: 'Come away, come away,' &c.

Hark! I am called; my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [*Exit.*

First Witch. Come, let 's make haste; she 'll soon be back again. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI. *Forres. The palace.*

Enter Lennox *and another* Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret further: only, I say,
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth: marry, he was dead:
And the right-valiant Banquo walked too late;
Whom, you may say, if 't please you, Fleance killed,
For Fleance fled: men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought how monstrous
It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
To kill their gracious father? damned fact!
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight
In pious rage the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;
For 't would have angered any heart alive

To hear the men deny 't. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well: and I do think
That had he Duncan's sons under his key —
As, an 't please heaven, he shall not — they should find
What 't were to kill a father; so should Fleance.
But, peace! for from broad words and 'cause he failed
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear
Macduff lives in disgrace: sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The son of Duncan,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the English court, and is received
Of the most pious Edward with such grace
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect: thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid
To wake Northumberland and warlike Siward:
That, by the help of these — with Him above
To ratify the work — we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives,
Do faithful homage and receive free honors:
All which we pine for now: and this report
Hath so exasperate the king that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute 'Sir, not I,'
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums, as who should say 'You 'll rue the time
That clogs me with this answer.'

Len. And that well might

Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England and unfold
His message ere he come, that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accursed!
Lord. I'll send my prayers with him.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A cavern. In the middle, a boiling cauldron. Thunder. Enter the three* Witches.

First Witch. Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed.
Sec. Witch. Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.
Third Witch. Harpier cries, 'T is time, 't is time.'
First Witch. Round about the cauldron go;
In the poisoned entrails throw.
Toad, that under cold stone
Days and nights has thirty one
Sweltered venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.
Sec. Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg and owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Third Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy, maw and gulf
Of the ravined salt-sea shark,
Root of hemlock digged i' the dark,
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat, and slips of yew
Slivered in the moon's eclipse,
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,
Finger of birth-strangled babe
Ditch-delivered by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Sec. Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE *to the other three Witches.*

Hec. Oh, well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i' the gains:
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

[*Music and a song:* 'Black spirits,' &c.

[*Hecate retires.*

Sec. Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.

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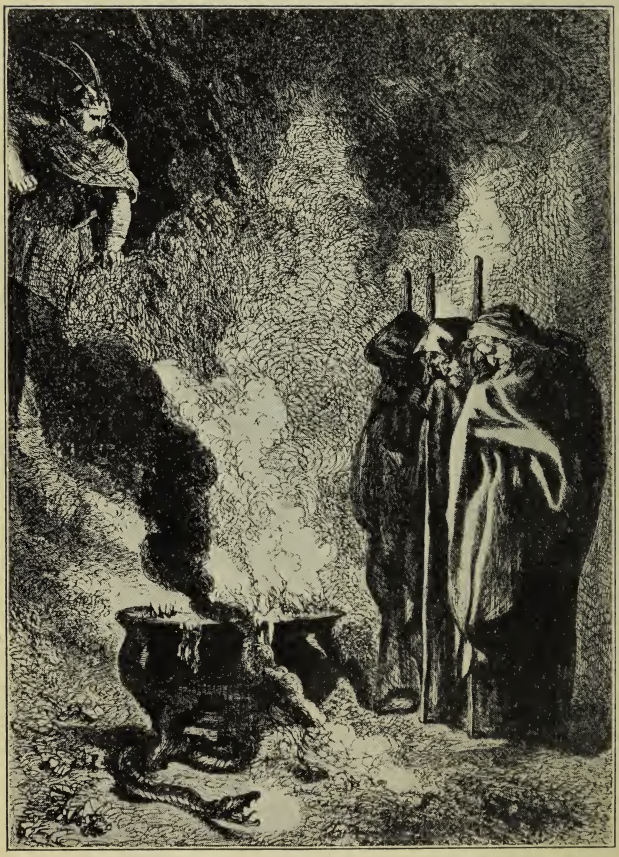

How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!
What is 't you do?

— Act IV. Scene 1.

Open, locks,
Whoever knocks.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!
What is 't you do?
All. A deed without a name.
Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
Howe'er you come to know it, answer me:
Though you untie the winds and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown down;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's germens tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken; answer me
To what I ask you.
First Witch. Speak.
Sec. Witch. Demand.
Third Witch. We 'll answer.
First Witch. Say, if thou 'dst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters?
Macb. Call 'em; let me see 'em.
First Witch. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease that 's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet throw
Into the flame.

All. Come, high or low;
Thyself and office deftly show!

Thunder. First Apparition: *an armed Head.*

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power, —
First Witch. He knows thy thought:
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.
First App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me. Enough.
[*Descends.*
Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks;
Thou hast harped my fear aright: but one word more, —
First Witch. He will not be commanded: here 's another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. Second Apparition: *a bloody Child.*

Sec. App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!
Macb. Had I three ears, I 'ld hear thee.
Sec. App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth. [*Descends.*
Macb. Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee?
But yet I 'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.

Thunder. Third Apparition: *a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand.*

What is this

That rises like the issue of a king,
And wears upon his baby-brow the round
And top of sovereignty?
All. Listen, but speak not to 't.
Third App. Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquished be until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [*Descends.*
Macb. That will never be:
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! good!
Rebellion's head rise never till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-placed Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: tell me, if your art
Can tell so much: shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?
All. Seek to know no more.
Macb. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know.
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?
[*Hautboys.*
First Witch. Show!
Sec. Witch. Show!
Third Witch. Show!
All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart!

A show of Eight Kings, *the last with a glass in his hand; Banquo's Ghost following.*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!
Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls. And thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.
A third is like the former. Filthy hags!
Why do you show me this? A fourth! Start, eyes!
What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?
Another yet! A seventh! I 'll see no more:
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
Which shows me many more; and some I see
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry:
Horrible sight! Now, I see, 't is true;
For the blood-boltered Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. [*Apparitions vanish.*] What, is this so?

First Witch. Ay, sir, all this is so: but why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,
And show the best of our delights:
I 'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antic round;
That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Music. The Witches dance, and then vanish, with Hecate.*

Macb. Where are they? Gone? Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar!
Come in, without there!

Enter LENNOX.

Len. What 's your grace's will?
Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?
Len. No, my lord.
Macb. Came they not by you?
Len. No, indeed, my lord.
Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride;
And damned all those that trust them! I did hear
The galloping of horse: who was 't came by?
Len. 'T is two or three, my lord, that bring you word
Macduff is fled to England.
Macb. Fled to England!
Len. Ay, my good lord.
Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
Unless the deed go with it: from this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:
The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;
This deed I 'll do before this purpose cool.
But no more sights! — Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Fife. Macduff's castle.*

Enter LADY MACDUFF, *her* SON, *and* ROSS.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the land?

Ross. You must have patience, madam.
L. Macd. He had none:
His flight was madness: when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.
Ross. You know not
Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.
L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion and his titles in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch: for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.
Ross. My dearest coz,
I pray you, school yourself: but for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much further;
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors
And do not know ourselves, when we hold rumor
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent sea
Each way and move. I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but I 'll be here again:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before. My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!
L. Macd. Fathered he is, and yet he 's fatherless.
Ross. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,

It would be my disgrace and your discomfort:
I take my leave at once. [*Exit.*

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father 's dead:
And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?

Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou 'ldst never fear the net nor lime,
The pitfall nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for.
My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead: how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you 'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and yet, i' faith,
With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged.

Son. And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools, for there are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now, God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you 'ld weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honor I am perfect.
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;
To do worse to you were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!
I dare abide no longer. [*Exit.*

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world; where to do harm
Is often laudable, to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous folly: why then, alas,
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say I have done no harm?

Enter Murderers.

What are these faces?

First Mur. Where is your husband?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified
Where such as thou may'st find him.
First Mur. He 's a traitor.
Son. Thou liest, thou shag-haired villain!
First Mur. What, you egg!
[*Stabbing him.*
Young fry of treachery!
Son. He has killed me, mother:
Run away, I pray you! [*Dies.*
[*Exit Lady Macduff, crying* 'Murder!'
Exeunt Murderers, following her.

Scene III. *England. Before the King's palace.*

Enter Malcolm *and* Macduff.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.
Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men
Bestride our down-fallen birthdom: each new morn
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland and yelled out
Like syllable of dolor.
Mal. What I believe I 'll wail,
What know believe, and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have loved him well:

He hath not touched you yet. I am young: but something
You may deserve of him through me, and wisdom
To offer up a weak poor innocent lamb
To appease an angry god.
Macd. I am not treacherous.
Mal. But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon;
That which you are my thoughts cannot transpose:
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace
Yet grace must still look so.
Macd. I have lost my hopes.
Mal. Perchance even there where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawness left you wife and child,
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,
Without leave-taking? I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonors,
But mine own safeties. You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.
Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny! lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dare not check thee: wear thou thy wrongs:
The title is affeered! Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that 's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.
Mal. Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;

It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think withal
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here from gracious England have I offer
Of goodly thousands: but, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before,
More suffer and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is myself I mean: in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted
That, when they shall be opened, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compared
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damned
In evils to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name: but there 's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness: and my desire
All continent impediments would o'erbear
That did oppose my will: better Macbeth
Than such an one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,

And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink.
Mal. With this there grows:
In my most ill-composed affection such
A stanchless avarice that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands,
Desire his jewels and this other's house:
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more; that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.
Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming lust, and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings: yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will,
Of your mere own: all these are portable,
With other graces weighed.
Mal. But I have none: the king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them, but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.
Macd. O Scotland, Scotland!

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.
Macd. Fit to govern!
No, not to live. O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-sceptered,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accursed,
And does blaspheme his breed? Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king: the queen that bore thee,
Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well!
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
Have banished me from Scotland. O my breast,
Thy hope ends here!
Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts
To thy good truth and honor. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power, and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste: but God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction, here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
At no time broke my faith, would not betray
The devil to his fellow, and delight

No less in truth than life: my first false speaking
Was this upon myself: what I am truly,
Is thine and my poor country's to command:
Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
Already at a point, was setting forth.
Now we 'll together; and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once
'T is hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well; more anon. — Comes the king forth, I pray you?

Doct. Ay, sir; there are a crew of wretched souls
That stay his cure: their malady convinces
The great assay of art; but at his touch —
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand —
They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor. [*Exit Doctor.*

Macd. What 's the disease he means?

Mal. 'T is called The Evil:
A most miraculous work in this good king;
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures,
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 't is spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves

The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

Enter Ross.

Macd. See, who comes here?
Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not.
Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.
Mal. I know him now. Good God, betimes remove
The means that makes us strangers!
Ross. Sir, amen.
Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?
Ross. Alas, poor country!
Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot
Be called our mother, but our grave; where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rend the air
Are made, not marked; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy: the dead man's knell
Is there scarce asked for who; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or ere they sicken.
Macd. O, relation
Too nice, and yet too true!
Mal. What 's the newest grief?
Ross. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;
Each minute teems a new one.
Macd. How does my wife?
Ross. Why, well.
Macd. And all my children?

Ross. Well, too.

Macd. The tyrant has not battered at their peace?

Ross. No; they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech: how goes 't?

Ross. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumor
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witnessed the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be 't their comfort
We are coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men;
An older and a better soldier none
That Christendom gives out.

Ross. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words
That would be howled out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.

Macd. What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief
Due to some single breast?

Ross. No mind that 's honest
But in it shares some woe; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Ross. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,

Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.
Macd. Hum! I guess at it.
Ross. Your castle is surprised; your wife and babes
Savagely slaughtered: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murdered deer,
To add the death of you.
Mal. Merciful heaven!
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break.
Macd. My children too?
Ross. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.
Macd. And I must be from thence!
My wife killed too?
Ross. I have said.
Mal. Be comforted:
Let 's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.
Macd. He has no children. All my pretty ones?
Did you say all? O hell-kite! All?
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop?
Mal. Dispute it like a man.
Macd. I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man.
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me. Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,

Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now!
Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.
Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes
And braggart with my tongue! But, gentle heavens,
Cut short all intermission; front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!
Mal. This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave: Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may:
The night is long that never finds the day.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Scene I. *Dunsinane. Ante-room in the castle.*

Enter a Doctor of Physic *and a* Waiting-Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon 't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching! In this slumbery agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me: and 't is most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter LADY MACBETH, *with a taper.*

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 't is her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here 's a spot.

Doct. Hark! she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say! — One: two: why, then, 't is time to do 't. — Hell is murky! — Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? —

Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him.

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now? — What, will these hands ne'er be clean? — No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here 's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well, —

Gent. Pray God it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale. — I tell you yet again, Banquo 's buried; he cannot come out on 's grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady M. To bed, to bed! there 's knocking at the gate: come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What 's done cannot be undone. — To bed, to bed, to bed!

[*Exit.*

All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.
— Act V. Scene 1.

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Doct. Will she go now to bed?
Gent. Directly.
Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad: unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets:
More needs she the divine than the physician.
God, God forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her. So, good night:
My mind she has mated, and amazed my sight.
I think, but dare not speak.
Gent. Good night, good doctor.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *The country near Dunsinane.*

Drum and colors. Enter Menteith, Caithness, Angus, Lennox, *and* Soldiers.

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward and the good Macduff:
Revenges burn in them; for their dear causes
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man.
Ang. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.
Caith. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?
Len. For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file
Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son,
And many unrough youths that even now
Protest their first of manhood.
Ment. What does the tyrant?

Caith. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:
Some say he 's mad; others that lesser hate him
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distempered cause
Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame
His pestered senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself for being there?

Caith. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 't is truly owed:
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,
And with him pour we in our country's purge
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign flower and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam.

[*Exeunt, marching.*

Scene III. *Dunsinane. A room in the castle.*

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, *and* Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all:
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,

I cannot taint with fear. What 's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences have pronounced me thus:
'Fear not, Macbeth; no man that 's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee.' Then fly, false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures;
The mind I sway by and the heart I bear
Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!
Where got'st thou that goose look?
Serv. There is ten thousand —
Macb. Geese, villain?
Serv. Soldiers, sir.
Macb. Go prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-livered boy. What soldiers, patch?
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?
Serv. The English force, so please you.
Macb. Take thy face hence. [*Exit Servant.*
Seyton! — I am sick at heart,
When I behold — Seyton, I say! — This push
Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.
I have lived long enough: my way of life
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honor, breath,

Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Seyton!

Enter SEYTON.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?
Macb. What news more?
Sey. All is confirmed, my lord, which was reported.
Macb. I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hacked.
Give me my armor.
Sey. 'T is not needed yet.
Macb. I 'll put it on.
Send out moe horses; skirr the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armor.
How does your patient, doctor?
Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.
Macb. Cure her of that.
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?
Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.
Macb. Throw physic to the dogs; I 'll none of it.
Come, put mine armor on; give me my staff.
Seyton, send out. Doctor, the thanes fly from me.
Come, sir, dispatch. If thou couldst, doctor, cast

The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again. — Pull 't off, I say. —
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of them?

Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me.
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.

Doct. [*Aside*] Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *Country near Birnam wood.*

Drum and colors. Enter Malcolm, *old* Siward *and his* Son, Macduff, Menteith, Caithness, Angus, Lennox, Ross, *and* Soldiers, *marching.*

Mal. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand
That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough
And bear 't before him: thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Soldiers. It shall be done.

Siw. We learn no other but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before 't.
Mal. 'T is his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt,
And none serve with him but constrained things
Whose hearts are absent too.
Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.
Siw. The time approaches
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:
Towards which advance the war. [*Exeunt, marching.*

Scene V. *Dunsinane. Within the castle.*

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, *and* Soldiers, *with drum and colors.*

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still 'They come': our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie
Till famine and the ague eat them up:
Were they not forced with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home.
[*A cry of women within.*
What is that noise?

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord. [*Exit.*

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been, my senses would have cooled
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in 't: I have supped full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.

Re-enter SEYTON.

Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have died hereafter;
There should have been a time for such a word.
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life 's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou comest to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

Mess. Gracious my lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I looked toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.
Macb. Liar and slave!
Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if 't be not so:
Within this three mile you may see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.
Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.
I pull in resolution, and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend
That lies like truth: 'Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane:' and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out!
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.
I gin to be aweary of the sun,
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.
Ring the alarum-bell! Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we 'll die with harness on our back. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI. *Dunsinane. Before the castle.*

Drum and colors. Enter Malcolm, *old* Siward, Macduff, *and their* Army, *with boughs.*

Mal. Now near enough: your leafy screens throw down,
And show like those you are. You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,

And now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane.

— Act V. Scene 5.

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Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff and we
Shall take upon 's what else remains to do,
According to our order.
Siw. Fare you well.
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.
Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII. *Another part of the field.*

Alarums. Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course. What 's he
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young Siward.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?
Macb. Thou 'lt be afraid to hear it.
Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name
Than any is in hell.
Macb. My name 's Macbeth.
Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.
Macb. No, nor more fearful.
Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my sword

I 'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[*They fight and young Siward is slain.*

Macb. Thou wast born of woman.
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandished by man that 's of a woman born. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. That way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy face!
If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms
Are hired to bear their staves: either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword with an unbattered edge
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be;
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarums.*

Enter MALCOLM *and old* SIWARD.

Siw. This way, my lord; the castle 's gently rendered:
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.

Siw. Enter, sir, the castle.

[*Exeunt. Alarums.*

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Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back; my soul is too much charged
With blood of thine already.

— Act V. Scene 8.

Scene VIII. *Another part of the field.*

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn!
Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back; my soul is too much charged
With blood of thine already.
Macd. I have no words:
My voice is in my sword: thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [*They fight.*
Macb. Thou losest labor:
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.
Macd. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel whom thou still hast served
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripped.
Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cowed my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope. I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time:
We 'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,
' Here may you see the tyrant.'
Macb. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last. Before my body
I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, Macduff,
And damned be him that first cries ' Hold, enough!'
[*Exeunt, fighting. Alarums.*

Retreat. Flourish. Enter, with drum and colors, MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD, ROSS, *the other* Thanes, *and* Soldiers.

Mal. I would the friends we miss were safe arrived.
Siw. Some must go off: and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.
Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.
Ross. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:
He only lived but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirmed
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.
Siw. Then he is dead?
Ross. Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow
Must not be measured by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Siw. Had he his hurts before?
Ross. Ay, on the front.
Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so, his knell is knolled.
Mal. He 's worth more sorrow,
And that I 'll spend for him.
Siw. He 's worth no more:
They say he parted well, and paid his score:
And so, God be with him! Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter MACDUFF, *with* MACBETH'S *head.*

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art: behold, where stands
The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:
I see thee compassed with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine:
Hail, King of Scotland!
All. Hail, King of Scotland! [*Flourish.*
Mal. We shall not spend a large expense of time
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honor named. What 's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exiled friends abroad
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen,

Who, as 't is thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life; this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time and place:
So, thanks to all at once and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crowned at Scone.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

APPENDIX

THE WRITING AND PUBLICATION OF MACBETH

Real interest in ascertaining the exact year in which Shakespeare wrote any one of his plays belongs mostly to those who, in investigation, love not the end of the search so much as the search itself; who feel the charm of conjecture and surmise, of argument without determination, of speculation without confirmation.

It is a simple thing to say that all the plays of Shakespeare were written during a period of twenty years, from 1591 to 1611; and, beyond wonder at the shortness of the time, there is no great interest to be felt in the fact. But to know something of the order of the writing of that marvelous series is an alluring problem, of which one solution is almost as good as another, and no final solution really attainable.

Had the plays been carried as soon as completed to the *Stationers' Register*, — the official method then of licensing publication, — and there recorded, all would be simple enough. But a play in Elizabethan days was written to be played, not read; and owners and managers of theaters, even authors, did their best to keep a play out of print until its popularity on the stage was on the wane, — a date of varying remoteness, naturally, from its writing.

Dowden may divide Shakespeare's plays into four periods, and give them illuminating biographical headings: "In the Workshop," apprentice days, given up to the

writing of the early comedies; "In the World," days in a London thrilling with the life of the Renaissance and a new patriotic pride in England, given over to the writing of the historical plays; "Out of the Depths," days of great personal suffering, — envy, hatred and malice of rivals, and death of his only son, given to the writing of tragedies; "On the Heights," days of prosperity, and quiet after storm, back again in Stratford, given to the writing of the romances.

A very simple pattern, — but too simple: the divisions must be divided and subdivided again, to allow for early, middle, and later comedies, and tragedies, or histories plainly written out of the second period, or a romance earlier than the peaceful closing years. So there is elusion and escape on every hand; but there is always the zest of the chase in running down every scent that may lead to cover.

The best leads, of course, in establishing the date of any play are in the play itself. They may seem very slight evidences as we array them, — especially so in the case of "Macbeth," — but they are there, and mean something. For instance, in Act II, Scene iii, we find, "Here 's a farmer that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty," — and record books of the day say that the summer and autumn of 1606, with a plentiful harvest and no market, were tragic seasons for the English yeomen.

Again, in the same scene, "here 's an equivocator that could swear in both scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven," — and possibly we have here an allusion to the controversy on the morality of equivo-

cation — a controversy which was especially acrimonious just after the Gunpowder Plot of 1605. Competent Shakespearean commentators regard as futile, attempts to identify the equivocator alluded to. In the judgment of Edward Dowden, the equivocator is Macbeth himself.

Still again we read, "here 's an English tailor come hither for stealing out of a French hose," — and a book called *The Black Year*, by one Anthony Nixon, known to have been published in 1606, says: "Gentlemen this year shall be much wronged by their tailors for their consciences are now much larger than ever they were, for where they were wont to steale but half a yard of broad cloth in making up a paire of breeches, now they do largely nicke their customers in the lace too, and take more than enough for the new fashion's sake beside their old ones." The French hose, according to the style of 1603–1606, was so short and tight that he must indeed be a swindler who could steal anything from the pattern furnished him.

But more convincing than these allusions is the reference in Act IV, Scene i, to the union of the three kingdoms under James I: "And some I see that two-fold balls and treble scepters carry." James was proclaimed king of Great Britain and Ireland in October, 1604, so "Macbeth" plainly was written after 1604; and, as such notices in plays won great applause in those days from audiences, probably it was written while the new king's accession still quickened interest in Scottish history. And just as surely must the play have been written before 1607, since a play carefully registered on that date alludes to Banquo's ghost in "We 'll ha' the ghost i' th' white sheet sit at upper end o' th' table."

The date of "Macbeth," then, is narrowed to somewhere between 1604 and 1607 — with some probability of its being 1606. Is there any real evidence, however, for making it later than 1605? Just one bit, so far discovered — possibly a strong bit. When Macbeth in Act I, Scene iii, being made Thane of Cawdor, says, "Why do you dress me in borrowed robes?" — a speech followed out by Banquo's later excuse for his absorption, —

"New honors come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould
But with the aid of use," —

the dramatist must be directing that an actual investiture take place upon the stage, and must be alluding to the recent spectacle of the investiture of Sir David Muray as Lord Scone in 1605, — a reward that came to him, as to Macbeth, for saving his king from traitors.

What might be the greatest help of all in fixing the date of "Macbeth" is the likeness between the witch scenes of Shakespeare and those in a contemporary play, *The Witch*, by Thomas Middleton. There are surprisingly exact and minute similarities in phrases, lines, whole dialogues, in the songs of the witches, and in the presence of Hecate, Middleton's witch, in Shakespeare's play. If we only knew the exact date of the writing of Middleton's play, — but we do not! If we only knew whether the lesser poet copied from the greater, or the greater from the lesser; if we only knew whether Shakespeare asked Middleton to help him in certain parts of his play, or if Middleton, after Shakespeare's death and before the folio printing of "Macbeth," prepared the copy himself, interpolating his own work as it was not uncommon in those days to do!

Surely the witch scenes in Acts III and IV are by another hand than Shakespeare's; much of them is decidedly mediocre. Even to an untrained reader they do not sound like Shakespeare; and the witches of Shakespeare in the first and last acts are titanic creations in comparison with the almost commonplace Hecate of Acts III and IV. There is a helping hand evident,— and that the hand is Middleton's is clear enough: but whether that hand wrote its own play earlier or later than "Macbeth," or whether it was called in by Shakespeare, or gave gratuitous help later, we have so far no way of determining.

But we do know, for a fact, that in July, 1606, the King of Denmark came to England to pay his respects to his sister, Queen Anne, and on August 3rd was made a Knight of the Garter. Drummond of Hawthornden, in a letter written upon that day, says, "There is nothing to be heard at court but sounding of trumpets, hautboys, musick, revellings, and comedies." Possibly, almost probably, "Macbeth," — which shows great haste, masterly haste, in construction and composition, and, in its unevenness, evidences of collaboration, — was hurriedly written, possibly by the order of King James, to celebrate that event.

Absolute evidence of the production of "Macbeth" we find in a kind of dramatic journal by Simon Forman, a London astrologer and quack, in which much space is given to the play. It begins thus: "In Mackbeth at the Glob, 1610, the 20 of April, there was observed, first, howe Mackbeth and Bancko, two noble men of Scotland, riding throuw a wod, ther strode before them three women feiries or nimphes, and saluted Mackbeth, saying three

tymes unto him, Haille Mackbeth, King of Codor; for thou shalt be a kinge, but shalt beget no kings." At least the play could not have been written after 1610!

During Shakespeare's lifetime only a few of his plays were printed in quarto form — thin bound volumes so called because the printer's sheets were folded twice to make four leaves, eight pages, about six inches by nine, — bearing on their title-pages a record of the company of players who had acted them, sometimes as naïve a record of their success as this, on the quarto of "Romeo and Juliet"; *As it has been often (with great applause) plaid publicquely by the Right Honourable the L. of Hunsdon his servants.*

But "Macbeth" was not, so far as is known, printed in any form before Shakespeare's death. It appeared first in the First Folio, the first collection of the plays (1623). There it occupies twenty-one pages in the division of Tragedies, between "Julius Caesar" and "Hamlet"; and in the record of the Stationers' Company it is registered on November 8th, 1623, as a play "Not formerly entered to other men." It stands in the Folio as one of the worst printed plays, — full of roughness of meter, and broken and corrupt passages, which may indicate that it was printed from a transcript of Shakespeare's manuscript or perhaps not copied from the original but written to dictation.

The editors of the Clarendon Press believe that many parts of the play are interpolations: especially do they object to the second scene of the first act, as being too perfunctory for Shakespeare's hand, and the meeting of the witches in the third scene, the drunken porter's soliloquy in the second act, the witch scenes in the third act, and some of the prosy scenes of the fourth and fifth acts.

If, as seems possible, King James, to celebrate the visit of the King of Denmark in 1606, asked Shakespeare for a new play to be presented by the King's Players, the dramatist doubtless hastily consulted such material as he had at hand for a new plot, the rough clay for his molding. The great collection which had never failed him was *The Chronicle of England and Scotland*, by Raphael Holinshed and others, in folio form. Here again he found what he wanted, changed it as he wished; and, working with the freedom of his greatness, made a Banquo, a Duncan, a Macduff of his own, — and a Lord and Lady Macbeth who live and breathe an intenser tragedy than any mere chronicle could suggest, except to a genius like Shakespeare.

It is easy enough for us to go to reprints of *The Chronicle*, and read there the even, commonplace accounts of Holinshed, but there is never a thrill in his stories as he tells them. How quietly he says, "The words of the weird sisters also greatlie incouraged him hereunto, but speciallie his wife lay sore upon him to attempt the thing, as she that was verie ambitious, having an unquenchable desire to beare the name of queene." Compare with that the burning words of Lady Macbeth in the great speech beginning, "Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be what thou art promised" through to the heights of,

"Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
And chastise with the valour of my tongue

All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crowned withal."

It is the climax of all those powerful convincing speeches of hers during the moments of Macbeth's wavering over the terrible "night's great business," and it has its beginning in a most quiet and simple statement in a prosy chronicle. And how colorless is the same record of the "uncouth wonder," the "three women in strange and wild apparell, resembling creatures of Elder world," "goddesses of destinie, or else some nymphs or fairies indeed with knowledge of prophesie by their necromanticall science," "certaine wizzards," in comparison with the poet's powerful sexless figures, controlling, but uncontrolled, demons of the "fog and filthy air" to whom forever "Fair is foul, and foul is fair!"

Or again, to appreciate the vivid lights and shadows of Shakespeare's tragic picture of hope and despair fighting each other in the fifth act, we need only read Holinshed's account: "Malcome following hastilie after Mackbeth came the night before the battell into Birnane wood, and when his armie had rested a while there to refresh them, he commanded everie man to get a bough of some tree or other of the wood in his hand, as big as he might beare, and to march foorth therewith in such wise, that on the next morrow they might come closelie, and without sight, in the manner within viewe of his enemies.

"On the morrow when Mackbeth beheld them coming in this sort, he first marvelled what the matter ment, but in the end remembered himselfe that the prophesie which he had heard long before that time, of the coming of Bir-

nane wood to Dunsinane castell, was likelie to be now fulfilled. Nevertheless, he brought his men in order of battell, and exhorted them to doo valiantlie, howbeit his enemies had scarcely cast from them their boughs, when Mackbeth perceiving their number, betooke him streict to flight, whom Makduffe pursued with great hatred even till he came unto Dunfounaine, where Mackbeth perceiving that Makduffe was hard at his backe, leapt beside his horse, saieing: Thou traitor, what meaneth it that thou shouldest thus in vaine follow me that are not appointed to be slaine by anie creature that is borne of a woman; come on therefore, and receive thy reward which thou hast deserved for thy paines, and therewith all he lifted up his swoord thinking to have slaine him.

"But Mackduffe quicklie avoiding from his horsse, eyer he came at him, answered (with his naked sword in his hand) saieing: It is true, Mackbeth, and now shall thine insatiable crueltie have an end, for I am even he that thy wizzards have told thee of, who was never borne of my mother, but ripped out of her wombe: there with all he stept unto him, and slue him in the place."

Such passages as these are the formless matter with which Shakespeare worked, seizing upon every dramatic possibility he found in prosaic material, upon every suggestion of human interest; turning formless, seemingly insignificant incidents into "horrible imaginings," or fiery dialogues, or soul-searching soliloquies, and massing all into what Hallam does not hesitate to call "the most sublime and impressive drama which the world has ever beheld."

One may read all the extracts from Holinshed which the dramatist apparently used; one may trace with exactness where he follows and where he strikes out a new path for himself; one may speculate, where he is careless of an historical fact, whether he is really unconscious of it, or willfully disrespectful; but when all is done, nothing of any real value is established except one clear spectacle — that of a truly great man's amazing frankness in borrowing from another's book all that he wanted, and his fearlessness in molding it to his own artistic purpose.

In those days when plays were rapidly demanded by patrons of companies of players, and by audiences clamoring like children daily for some new thing, such a borrowing of material was not uncommon. Shakespeare was not thinking, — as the "clever" playwright of to-day must, whose success largely depends upon his inventiveness,— of *making* a plot that no one else had thought of: he was thinking of *using* one as no one else had used it. He knew well, from his own actor and manager days, old plays and comtemporary plays, Italian *novellae*, chronicles, histories, ballads, fables, Plutarch's *Lives*, the *Gesta Romanorum*, strange books on demonology and witchcraft, books of travel; current events even were suggestive to him. And as Kipling says of Homer:

> "An' what 'e thought 'e might require,
> He went and took."

His creative joy was not in inventing, but in fashioning what he took into dramatic form, — the rising, accumulating complication, the lofty climax, the inevitable

catastrophe. His is always the pattern of the weaving; his, the colors, the shades; let other men, then, furnish him the threads: he could use the slenderest, or the roughest. Did not the Greek dramatists the same? Did Æschylus *invent* the plot of "The Persians" or "Prometheus Bound," or Sophocles that of "Antigone" or "Electra" or "Œdipus the King"? Or, jumping the centuries, did John Drinkwater *invent* any of the material of his drama "Abraham Lincoln"?

Shakespeare saw clearly the dramatic possibilities in the chronicle of Macbeth, King of Scotland, — and knew unerringly that they would appeal to the Elizabethan audience. The pervading atmosphere of bloodshed, and thunder and lightning, darkness, and the underworld, would give their thrills. The murder of Duncan is an appealing tale at any time. Ghosts and sleepwalking scenes, — are they not back again on our own stage today although in the delicate poetic form of "Peter Grimm" or "Marie Rose" or "The Well-Remembered Voice"? Prophecies, with quips and tricks that both defeat and fulfill them, could be counted on to charm; and the clash of arms, at the end, with the final courageous battle-cry of the hero,

"Lay on, Macduff,
And damned be him that first cries, 'Hold, enough!'"

would crown all, and satisfy both royalty in the court, and the vulgar crowd in the pit of "The Globe."

Furthermore, Shakespeare saw that this was just the history to flatter King James. Tradition said that Banquo was King James's ancestor. In the play Banquo

is to "get kings, though he be none": and the last vision in that "show of kings" that rises from the cauldron and so terrifies Macbeth, is the line of Banquo's issue, for whom "he had filed his blood," carrying "two-fold balls and treble sceptres," foretelling what soon happened, the union of Scotland, England, and Ireland under the son of Mary Stuart.

James, too, was intensely interested in demonology; he believed in the sovereign's power to cure "the king's evil" which Shakespeare in the fourth act gives as an attribute of Edward the Confessor; and he was patriot enough to appreciate the poet's reconstruction of Duncan and Banquo, making them saints beside the bloodthirsty and vicious portraits in Holinshed, and his darkening of Macbeth, who was in history a righteous and beneficent monarch, into a villain that would dare tamper with the sacred succession of Scottish kings! Apparently, Shakespeare says, "Thus far shall I go and no farther in following my authority, — my bounds are set by no one but myself."

There are details of some interest, of course, in comparing the drama with the chronicle. For instance, absolute history says that Duncan's grandfather dethroned and slew the grandfather of Lady Macbeth, which, although Shakespeare did not tell us so in his lines, might give to Lady Macbeth a most natural if unjustifiable motive for killing Duncan: was not the crown rightfully hers and her lord's? It throws much light backward on those long discussions the two must have had before the action of the play begins, alluded to when she says:

"Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dressed yourself?"

"What beast was 't, then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?"

"Nor time nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both."

Again history says that young Siward was actually slain several years before the battle between Macduff and Macbeth; but who would forego the dramatic power of that last victory of Macbeth's, or the delicate tenderness of a father's restrained grief over a boy who died "with all his hurts before"? And still again it is history we must blame for the bathos at the end of the play, when Macbeth's head is brought in upon a pole, and he and his lady, who have had our hearts' sympathy for five acts, are called by Malcolm, "the dead butcher and his fiend-like queen."

The most interesting of Shakespeare's willful arrangements, or rearrangements, of material, is his substituting for the murder of Duncan,— a fact barely alluded to in Holinshed,— an elaborately planned and executed murder of another king by another assassin. And Lady Macbeth, only a name in the chronicle, is the other murderer's wife, self-reliant, ambitious, executive, powerful in influence over her husband, borrowed by Shakespeare to be the "undaunted mettle" of his heroine.

All such comparisons, however, only show again that Shakespeare is a literary workman in finding material that he wanted, and using it for his own great purposes. *Only*, being a creator, he has made other men's material

live. Mr. Horace Bridges, in his delightful volume, *Our Fellow Shakespeare*, gives us this human picture of the relation between the dramatist and his material: "His method of work lies on the face of his plays. He crammed for each of them as the college man crams for his exam, — though with far less regard to accuracy. For his English or Scottish history he went to Holinshed. Whether what Holinshed gave was true he did not know, and he cared as little as some newspaper reporters care whether what they write is true. What he wanted was material for a dramatic story. He picked it up wherever he could find it, and he made such use of it as he chose. For his knowledge of foreign countries he probably depended much more upon conversation than upon books. . . . The one kind of knowledge in which he excelled all other men — the knowledge of human character, of the loves and hates, the desires and aversions of the human heart, the knowledge of 'the breaking strain of a man under temptation' — such knowledge is not to be found in books. It is here that his creative force, his unrivalled powers of observation and sympathy, came into play. Many a schoolboy might correct the historical statements and implications of 'Macbeth.' Any university professor could point out anachronisms and impossibilities by the score in 'King Lear,' 'The Winter's Tale,' and 'Cymbeline.' But where was the school, and where were the books, from which the poet learned to describe the workings of Macbeth's soul under the strain of the impulse to murder, and under the ever-deepening horror of the sense of guilt? . . . Book-learning will account for knowledge, but not for wisdom and insight."

THE TIME DURATION OF MACBETH

To establish the actual number of days presented in "Macbeth," and between these the probable length of intervals, brings us to a matter of workmanship. The dynamic effect of a play must not be weakened by explanations; a word here, an allusion or speech there, may give a revealing touch, no more. And when these touches are arrayed for our consideration, we see that the great dramatist leaves nothing hidden, uncertain, out of order, or unexplainable.

The first day is, for Macbeth, a day that marks the completion of a winning fight with the forces of Norway and the traitor Cawdor, and the beginning (although he does not know it) of a losing fight with the impalpable forces of evil, in the Weird Sisters. On that day, Act I, Scene i, the witches plan to meet Macbeth, near the fighting place, "ere the set of sun." At the same time, while the battle rages, the bleeding sergeant, in Scene ii, tells of Macbeth's bravery, and Duncan orders Macbeth honored with the title of Thane of Cawdor. At the end of the day, in Scene iii, comes the meeting of the witches with Macbeth and Banquo on the heath as they leave the battlefield. How much material is compressed here into one time and place!

The second day begins with Scene iv, in the morning, at the camp and includes Scene v at Inverness, and Scene vi. Scene vii is the same evening and holds the great

moment when Macbeth reads in his wife's eyes the unalterable determination that the king shall never go hence. So the second day is a perfect unit of action: all things work together for the death of the king.

The third day begins with Scene i of Act II, and includes all the action through Scene iv. In Scene ii, Lady Macbeth awaits Macbeth in the court, and the knocking at the gate sends them to their beds. In Scene iii, the porter opens the gate to Macduff and Lennox; Scene iv is evidently the same early morning. So again, we have unerring compression into one day of all the action that centers around the assassination of Duncan.

Now intervenes *an interval of time*, — just how long is, of course, a matter of conjecture. There evidently has been, with the king and queen, a period of "restless ecstasy," of growing fears of Banquo, of "rancours in the vessel of peace," of "sorriest fancies," of "terrible dreams that shake them nightly," of remorse over the crime that gave for a reward only "a fruitless crown" and "a barren sceptre." Whether the time is one week, or two, or three, hardly matters. The interval need not be a long one.

After the interval, there is another final gathering up of action into one day, *the fourth*. Scenes i, ii, iii, and iv of Act III center entirely around the murder of Banquo. All occur in one day. Scene v seems an impossible one to place in any scheme of time. Perhaps it is best to call it, as Furness frankly does, "in parenthesis," "a link only between Acts III and IV."

The fifth day, then, opens with Act IV, Scene i, early morning in the witches' cavern. Lennox brings news

of Macduff's flight to England. Macbeth's determination thereupon that he will seize Macduff's castle,

> "give to the edge o' the sword
> His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
> That trace him in his line."

is the great argument for feeling that *the next day*, *the sixth*, sees the murder of Scene ii. After this must come some interval for allowing Ross to carry the tragic news to Macduff. On *the seventh day* takes place the long conversation between Malcolm and Macduff, — giving the distinct impression of an interval, — before Ross arrives to speak those tragic words which "would be howled out in the desert air." Two separate days only then are presented in the entire fourth act: one to bend Macbeth's mind upon Macduff; one to turn Macduff's embittered mind back upon Macbeth. The final catastrophe is now fully prepared.

Act V, Scene i, the sleepwalking scene, may easily be upon the night of *the seventh day;* it may just as easily be any one of these days in which Malcolm is marching back to Scotland with his English recruits.

On *the eighth day* Macbeth's deserters march to Birnam and join the English forces, in Scene ii; and Macbeth, in Scene iii, hearing this, arms himself in desperate defense.

On *the ninth and last day*, in one great rush of accumulating tragedy, the English screen their army with boughs cut in Birnam wood, in Scene iv; Lady Macbeth dies, in Scene v, and Birnam wood comes to Dunsinane; the army of Malcolm throws down its leafy screen, in Scene vi;

Macbeth gains one last victory in slaying Siward, in Scene vii, and his final defeat in fighting Macduff, in Scene viii.

Only nine days are selected, then, from the career of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth,—and yet we feel we know them through the extended period of a whole lifetime! We sometimes speak of the "Short Time," and the "Long Time" of a drama — two things existing side by side. As we watch "Macbeth" on the stage we are struck with the volcanic power of those nine days which are presented — the "Short Time" : but in the end we are broken ourselves with the spectacle of how time, the "Long Time," has dealt with two human souls forever fighting destiny. It is only to appreciate how an artist can instinctively manage dramatic compression of time, and yet keep a background of time moving at its normal rate, that it is worth while to compute at all the time scheme of any great drama.

TRAGIC DESTINATION IN MACBETH

All discussions as to what constitutes the essence of tragedy and the essential difference between tragedy and comedy resolve themselves into one simple distinction. A tragedy is the history of a man's struggle against fate, — fate, in its broadest sense, meaning whatever is apparently ordained to come to a man in the way of temptation to entertain evil for the sake of some high prize that is to him the "chief ornament of life."

In the struggle with this temptation the hero finds that as his moral fiber weakens, further temptations crowd upon him. At the same time he becomes conscious of the approach of retribution for the first wrongs committed; in fact, this shadow of punishment is often the minor spur that drives him to yield to temptation more and more. The end of the tragedy is inevitable, that he shall lose in the struggle and be overcome by some form of disaster, usually death.

Whether destruction of spirit with death, as in the case of Macbeth, or disintegration of spirit without death, as in the case of Shylock, the point must always be maintained that flashes of the original spirit of the man, — almost a sunset glow of what was his splendid dawn, — must light his end, lift it out of mere commonplace punishment, and show us a wreck, to be sure, but still a noble wreck. Aristotle says of the hero of a tragedy:

(1) A tragedy must not be the spectacle of a perfectly good man brought from prosperity to adversity. For this merely shocks us.

(2) Nor, of course, must it be that of a bad man passing from adversity to prosperity: for that is not tragedy at all, but the perversion of tragedy, and revolts the moral sense.

(3) Nor, again, should it exhibit the downfall of an utter villain: since pity is aroused by undeserved misfortunes, terror by misfortunes befalling a man like ourselves.

(4) There remains, then, as the only proper subject for tragedy, the spectacle of a man not absolutely or eminently good or wise who is brought to disaster not by sheer depravity but by some error or frailty.

(5) Lastly, this man must be highly renowned and prosperous — an Œdipus, a Thyestes, or some other illustrious person.

Quiller-Couch writes[1]: "A hero of Tragic Drama must, whatever else he miss, engage our sympathy; that, however gross his error or grievous his frailty, it must not exclude our feeling that he is a man like ourselves; that, sitting in the audience, we must know in our hearts that what is befalling him might conceivably in the circumstance have befallen us, and say in our hearts, 'There, but for the grace of God, go I.'"

This insures the combination of admiration and pity which the figure of a tragic hero is always entitled to, even demands. Then, if we turn all this terrible and real struggle into the lines of a mock-struggle, which, although it seems most real to the characters involved, is only make-believe, because, as we know from our side of the curtain, the apparent obstacles are no obstacles at all, we

[1] Shakespeare's Workmanship, p. 17.

have the essence of a comedy. The complications are unraveled by some unexpected surprise, the light-hearted characters, at the end of their short session of seeming disasters, go on laughing and loving to a happy dénouement — usually marriage.

Variety in either comedy or tragedy, of course, comes in the characters themselves and in the kinds of obstacles which fate puts in their way. In "Macbeth," the most interesting, because the most subtle and pervading obstacle, the supernatural, is the very thing which at first seems to be his chief inspiration and support. It is childish to say that the witches are Macbeth's great temptation; it is true understanding of the tragedy to say that his Destiny, including his temptation and his reaction to it, his career of crime and his retribution, are bound up in the most complex way with the power that the supernatural has over him.

To understand just how subtle this influence is we need only look at the hero's attitude toward it when it appears first in the form of temptation. When the witches first came to Macbeth, — as when a sign or "voice" comes to any one, — there were three ways[1] in which he might receive their prophecy: he might blindly obey it, in the sense of letting its fulfillment become the chief business of his days; second, he might ignore it, being conscious of it but letting it have no influence whatever upon his actions; third, he might oppose it by being ever on the alert to see that no act of his should in the least be influenced by it. Following through the lines of the play

[1] This is fully worked out by Professor Moulton in his essay on *Macbeth*, in *Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist*, Chapter VI.

we find at first when Macbeth is hailed as "king hereafter" he determines, after the first thrill has died away, that he will have nothing to do with the temptation that the words offer to him. He says:

"If chance will have me king why chance may crown me
Without my stir."

And only three lines later he strengthens that with

"Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day."

That seems to be following the second type of ignoring the supernatural by being, or trying to be, indifferent to it. But what happens almost immediately? Malcolm is named Prince of Cumberland, and Macbeth, realizing that this puts an end to what may have been a strong possibility of the crown's coming peacefully to him, exclaims:

"The Prince of Cumberland, that is a step
On which I must fall down or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies."

To commit himself to this o'erleaping he changes his action to the first type, obeying the prophecy by trying to do away with all that opposed its fulfillment. So he goes on helping to fulfill through the entire rising action of the play; and when that unnecessary crime which marks the turning point holds in itself a threatening failure in the escape of Fleance, Macbeth for the first time fears that his obedience to the supernatural has in it some flaw. So, this time of his own accord, he seeks out the witches, and they give him for his discomfort the apparition of the long

line of kings, of Banquo's sons, that shall succeed him, and for his comfort the two assurances,

> "Macbeth shall never vanquished be until
> Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
> Shall come against him,"
> and
> "Laugh to scorn
> The power of man, for none of woman born
> Shall harm Macbeth."

Macbeth confides blindly in the apparent meaning of these words; in the sense of absolutely relying on them and acting on that reliance, he does obey them; and his action continues of the first type. Confident that Birnam wood can never march upon his castle he shuts himself up there, — and so the English army comes. Confident that he can never be hurt by any one born of woman, he murders right and left — and so his subjects leave him to reinforce the English ranks. Without realizing it at all, he is winding up his own fate, although he believes that his fate lies safe in the hands of supernatural powers who are protecting him.

Unfortunately in this attitude of obedience there is an element, on his part, of willfulness. Really his wish to kill Fleance is his desire to frustrate a part of the witches' oracles, an attempt to make "assurance doubly sure." So here, with his disobedience, the Irony of Fate begins its work. The element of mockery in the witches we have always felt from the very beginning of the play, having the reader's and the author's omniscience, and having seen and heard the witches at their evil pastimes as Macbeth never saw them.

So we are ready to find irony in every success that they apparently allow Macbeth. There is irony in the killing of Duncan because Malcolm and Donalbain escape, only to come back later and do their part in fulfilling Macbeth's destiny. There is irony in the death of Banquo because Fleance still lives; for the "worm that 's fled hath nature" or natural inclination, which "in time will venom breed." There is irony in the putting to death of Macduff's wife and children simply to quiet the witches' warning "Beware Macduff," because the plot failed, in Macduff's absence from Fife, to do anything more than stir him up to speedy vengeance upon Macbeth. There is irony in the prophecy about Birnam wood, for in the simplest and most natural way the English forces conceal themselves with its branches and the "moving forest" comes to Dunsinane. Relying in desperation upon the last oracle, Macbeth, fighting against the desperate Macduff, hears from his lips the words,

> "Despair thy charm;
> And let the angel whom thou still hast served,
> Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
> Untimely ripped."

Fate is a mocker; and Macbeth, realizing this, at last, as we did at first, drops his sword, curses the "juggling fiends" "that palter with us in a double sense," and says he will not fight. But Macduff's taunt, "Coward," brings back to him that courage that a tragic hero must hold to the end, and he cries,

> "Lay on, Macduff,
> And damned be him that first cries 'Hold, enough!'"

But he realizes at this last moment that every word the Weird Sisters spoke to him was ironical, and that the attitude he took toward their prophecies, whether blind obedience or opposition, served only to bring his doom upon him. Then must he also have realized that the clear soul could escape only by trusting something so much higher that opposition to the supernatural, — the third type, — would be its only possible attitude.

In ancient tragedies oracles revealed to men their destinies; as pagan religions vanished, oracles became dumb; but Christianity did not wholly silence in the ears of men the solicitings of the supernatural. Demons and witches, dreams, apparitions, ghosts, voices, last still: and still seem to men to reveal their hidden futures. Shakespeare's age, of course far more than this, trusted to these things; and so he used them in his tragedies.

This does not mean, however, that he is pagan in his use of them, for the cosmic retribution that he constructs for his tragic heroes is always true to the Christian idea of moral law. So the witches are more than witches and the apparitions more than the stuff of superstition, — they are Universal Temptation, Yielding, and Retribution. And Macbeth is any man who listens too easily to voices he would most gladly hear, most evilly follow, and, — when the following brings disaster, — most bitterly blame. Like thousands of others the growth of his ambition is a series of natural steps; the career of his ambition an unreasoning orgy of license and waywardness; and the decline of his ambition, perfectly balancing its rise, is first a shaken confidence in self and then a complete

surrender to the self-destruction of self, the "natural nemesis by which vice courts its own doom."

Shakespeare's idea of the moral order of the world was the simple and true one — "what a man sows that shall he reap"; and the tragedy lies not in his destroying what belonged to others — property, character, or life — but in the destruction of what belonged to himself — the gift of God — his own spirit. That he should retain something of this spark, that it should give one bright flash before it dies, is essential to the greatness of tragedy; for it stirs both our pity and our admiration for the hero, to have, at the last second, a revelation and reminder of what he was once. Milton, for this reason, gave us the unconquerable Satan, and Shakespeare, for the same reason, the fighting Macbeth, both "beating through the dark and never losing one inch of a tack," for one moment, agonizingly aware of their own self-destruction, splendidly heroic, splendidly tragic.

THE DRAMATIC CONSTRUCTION OF MACBETH

Shakespeare's dramatic form leads us back to the laws of Aristotle, as he in turn found them illustrated in the tragedies of Æschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles.

He accepted the classic model of five acts for a drama. He furthermore followed it in using the first act for exposition of the situation and characters, the second and third for developing characters and plot to a climax which should be in the third or possibly early in the fourth act, the fourth and fifth for a gradual downward fall of action toward the final catastrophe and dénouement.

This is his law, especially in his tragedies; but in none is the form so sharply and accurately proportioned up to the climax and down from the climax as in "Macbeth." In comparison with "Hamlet" there are in "Macbeth" really few philosophical discussions to express dramatically. In comparison with "The Merchant of Venice" there is a single story rather than four, to be put in dramatic form; and it flows evenly in a single line bent to artistic symmetrical forms.

No form is so symmetrical as that of the perfect arch. Imagine then the five acts making such an arch, with the keystone exactly in the center. As a matter of fact the central act of the five acts is the third; the third act contains five scenes, of which the central scene is the third; therefore the keystone is Act III, Scene iii. This is the scene in which Banquo is killed and Fleance escapes. The death of Banquo is the last of Macbeth's successes; the

escape of Fleance is the first of a long line of failures which end only when Macbeth is overcome. This scene, then, is the exact climax and the exact turning point.

From the first scene of the first act Macbeth has risen by a series of crimes, apparently successful, to the point where he dares plot two murders, not because they are necessary to his being king, but simply because, as he says, he fears the loyalty of Banquo's nature, and is jealous of the prophecy of the Weird Sisters that Banquo's sons, not his, should be kings of Scotland. To plan murders for the possession of the coveted throne may, if successfully carried out, easily be the dramatic material for mounting action; the transition from murder for the sake of overcoming a real obstacle to murder for the sake of overcoming an imaginary obstacle in the future is, of course, the dramatic turning point in the man's career; and right at that point Nemesis begins its work of downfall.

In the falling action of the play we have a series of failures and disasters, and the final Nemesis comes personified in the avenging Macduff. What Banquo is to the rising action of the first half of the play, Macduff is to the falling action of the second half, the rising action being a series of crimes whose retributions are the material of the falling action. And the arch is completed when all hopes upon which Macbeth relied in the first half prove traitor to him in the second half; and, deserted by even the supernatural upon which his mounting hopes so strongly relied, he dies at the hand of the man whom above all others he had so needlessly and shamelessly wronged.

This is not saying that Shakespeare planned a perfect arch with a keystone which should be the turning point

of his play; but it is saying that he knew that a career of crime is naturally balanced by a course of retribution. It is a play full of "sound and fury," and that sound and fury are evenly balanced by the hero's suffering from the realization that they "signify nothing."

The symmetry that was so dear to the Greeks is perfect in this play, but perfect not so much because the dramatist was conscious of it as a matter of form, as he was conscious that the cosmic law is that evil shall be balanced in actual life by punishment, that the pendulum shall swing as far backward as it has been pressed forward, or, simply, that action and reaction are equal and opposite in direction. There were some Greek laws of the drama which Shakespeare felt free to refuse as limitations: — why should he, in Elizabethan England, confine himself to the Unity of Time, limiting the action of a play to what might in reality happen within twenty-four hours; or to the Unity of Place, limiting the action to one scene? Those were laws conditioned entirely by peculiarities of the Greek stage and production.

The great law of the drama, the Unity of Action, requiring that the play should be firmly molded around one great central event, he never dreamed of discarding; and keeping that law gave perfection and symmetry to the form of "Macbeth." In comparison with the weaving together of the four stories in "The Merchant of Venice," each with its own climax, and each entering and leaving the play without any symmetrical relationship to the others, the form of "Macbeth" rises like a single mountain peak "out-topping knowledge."

THE VALUE OF CHARACTER CONTRAST IN MACBETH

There is another special interest, however, in "Macbeth" quite as engrossing as that of its perfect structure; that is, the wonderful portrayal of contrast in character — a contrast brought into startling vividness in a situation in which two natures different but perfectly complementary are bound together in a common enterprise. There are, of course, character contrasts in all of Shakespeare's plays, but there is none so striking as this. When one speaks the name of the play, one thinks, first of all, not of witches, nor of murder, nor of ghosts, but of those two figures living from scene to scene side by side — Macbeth and Lady Macbeth.

Every play has its own peculiar point that engrosses our attention: "Richard III" is a study in ideal villainy; "The Merchant of Venice" is a study of the conflict of two great ethical systems; "As You Like It" is a study of different types of humor in rebellion against conventional life; "Hamlet" is a study of an original spirit fighting against all philosophies and religions. So "Macbeth" is preëminently a study in the contrast between two lives; and, what is more complex, a contrast between the outer and the inner life of each.

At first thought, character contrast does not seem anything more than one of the simplest forms of arousing dramatic interest; and that has been done in a hundred plays. But in only one has it been so subtle and so marvelously consistent that it is the beginning and end of

all interest and the one haunting impression long after the fifth act closes.

Since Professor Moulton's publication, in 1906, of his essay entitled "Macbeth, Lord and Lady," [1] no commentator has been able to say anything new on this topic and none has been able to forget, or neglect, any of his fine distinctions. What follows here is only a simplification of his idea since the book is not generally available for students. It starts with the simple working basis that Macbeth is, when the play opens, essentially a man of action and of experience in affairs,— affairs meaning in those days, of course, mostly war and the material concerns of a thane of wealth and power and position.

In those days the genius of men found its scope in the outer world, or the practical, and less than in our day were men concerned with problems of the inner life. Macbeth is in outer life a giant, but in his inner life proves to be, as the play progresses, a mere child. Such a contrast Shakespeare could make most effective up to the last moment of his hand to hand fight with Macduff.

On the other hand, what of a woman of those days,— a woman who had possibilities of greatness and was not framed to be merely a possession of her lord? In what could her spirit find scope? She must perforce spend much of her life in her own castle, watching her lord go forth to war, then waiting for his return. What she was would depend entirely upon what she thought and did while waiting. The play reveals to us that Lady Macbeth spent these hours not in idle vanity, but that she had ated and settled for herself many a problem

[1] "Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist" (Oxford, 1906).

of life, reduced perhaps, when we come to count them, to those two things which are always the great concerns of a woman's life — birth and death.

The children that had died in infancy Macbeth could forget in battle; but Lady Macbeth brooded over death until she had worked out her own acceptance of it,— "the sleeping and the dead are but as pictures." At one great crisis this stands her in good stead; it sustains her afterward through the stormy years described in the play. She also had discovered her own weaknesses; she knew that tenderness often betrays strength and therefore must sometimes be trampled under foot if the enterprise in hand is to be carried through. She has as much force as Macbeth but it is a force born in a different sphere, and it might never have shown so sharply in contrast to his, had not a common ambition demanding co-operation started the two into action side by side.

Macbeth, as a man of action, is impetuous, imperious, accustomed to obedience, used to carrying out his every plan regardless of consequences; but he has never troubled himself to face any moral problem or any great moral crisis, and when he creates these for himself he finds himself strangely inadequate. He is not a good man worked upon by ambition, or by witches, or, according to the old accepted point of view, by an over-ambitious wife; he is rather a man who wants what he wants; and, if assured that the consequences will not make him pay too dearly, immediately he goes about to get what he wants. His morality is most conventional and traditional, but a love of the good for its own sake is not in him.

Lady Macbeth herself in her wonderful analysis of his character, in the fifth scene of the first act, says that he is "too full o' the milk of human kindness." If human kindness is written as one word it takes the simple meaning of human nature, as if it were written humankind-ness. That is, she thinks that he is too much like all other human beings to dare attain the thing he wishes unless it accords with his conventional idea of morality. She realizes that something greater than mere humankind-ness is needed for their success. It is fair to read the word this way because is there any place in the play where Macbeth shows any kindness in the other sense?

And does not Shakespeare use the words kind, kindly, and kindness, meaning usually that which is merely natural? She describes him as wishing to be great and having ambition, but lacking the courage to carry out his ambition.

"What thou wouldst highly
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou 'ldst have, great Glamis,
That which cries 'Thus thou must do, if thou have it,'
And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone."

That is, Macbeth has no objection to evil because it is evil but he has objection to ill report and disgrace. Is this not the very meaning of ordinary humankind-ness?

When Macbeth himself sums up the reasons why he should not murder the king, they, too, are altogether conventional. He is afraid of retribution, he is afraid of

the life to come, he is afraid that if he kills the king he may teach others by example how to kill him when he becomes king. He objects to murdering Duncan on grounds of loyalty, blood relationship, gratitude for honors bestowed, and pity. But never does he abhor the deed because it is an outrage to human life or because it is forbidden by God. He rather seems to regret that he has not some stronger motive than "Vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself and falls on the other side."

His is not a searching examination of himself,— he is not acquainted with his inner nature; it is just an examination of what is likely to happen if by treachery he seizes the crown. Contemplation, periods of thinking like this all through the play render him almost helpless; but when there is a deed to perform, something to be actually done, he is a man again and at home in action. This and this alone could account for those many highly colored soliloquies in which he seems before the acting of an evil thing to glory with an almost poetic enthusiasm in the setting for his crime. The darkness of that night when "o'er the one half-world nature seemed dead" did seem to give him spirit and assurance.

Moulton says, "The man who had been frightened from the table of his guests by the mere thought of a crime, moves to the deed itself with the exalted language of a Hebrew prophet." When the deed is done, however, he returns from the king's chamber a child again in inaction, whimpering because he cannot say "Amen" to the prayers of the grooms. The great difficulty lies right here, — that any career of action necessarily has its pauses of inaction or reaction. In these, strength of

inner life is needed. Without it a man is helpless in times of suspense and most likely to betray himself.

The old-fashioned idea of Lady Macbeth was, of course, that she was a fiend. "His fiend-like queen," Malcolm calls her, at the end of the play. But the text shows her clearly as a woman of insight into character; she knows Macbeth far better than he knows himself; her imagination is quick and vivid, and a source of great suffering as well as great exaltation to her. Experience has given it many pictures to harbor.

At our first sight of her, in the fifth scene of the first act, we understand at once that she is accustomed to make a fixed decision and to hold everything unwaveringly to it. "Shalt be what thou art promised" is the quick conclusion of her reading of the letter concerning the witches, and with this conclusion all the rest of her action throughout the play is consistent. Quivering nerves, shaking tenderness, pitiful sense of blood-stained hands, more pitiful recognition later of the whole moral disintegration of her lord, keep her before us always as a woman of delicate sensibilities, not a "fiend."

She has no conventional compunctions against killing Duncan. She reasons with a peculiar morality that, since they have agreed that they want Duncan out of the way and his crown upon their heads, it is cowardly, weak, immoral for them to draw back, *still wishing*, when the opportunity of seizing the crown comes to them. It is a terrible thing continually to want to do an evil act and continually to hold back through fear. And this terrible thing is the evil that she is keeping Macbeth from, according to her way of thinking, but which we forget

when we say that she drove him to the crime. This faltering, to her, is unmanly and mean; and as for crying about virtue, she feels that he renounced that long ago when he first entertained an evil ambition.

Before the play opens all this is established, for Macbeth had as much right to the crown as Duncan, and plainly he and Lady Macbeth had discussed possibilities of the future frankly together.

"What beast was 't then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?"

she says, at that crisis in the seventh scene of the first act, when he is so near to refusing to commit the murder. So the idea of the crime was plainly his: and hers was the terrible task of holding him to what he had agreed to do. To have done this through a period possibly of years would be enough in itself to develop her will and her inner strength.

Then the play opens and carries us through periods of temptation, of perpetration of crime, of attempts at concealment, and of final retribution. Is the contrast between a woman strong in the inner life and a man strong in outer action held consistently through these four phases? If it is, we can hardly deny that this contrast is Shakespeare's own great dramatic interest in writing this tragedy.

It must be to serve this purpose of contrast that Shakespeare brings immediate temptation to Macbeth and Lady Macbeth when they are apart from each other. Macbeth feels it closing in around him in the consciousness of his success in battle and the king's weak

inactivity, in the plaudits of the soldiers at his victory, and much more in the prophecy of the witches. So closely does this last reveal his innermost thoughts that he gives a perceptible start that rivets the attention of Banquo, to whom the predictions seem only interesting and curious.

Shakespeare had no intention of giving us a hero whose character could be turned from good to evil by the agency of the supernatural merely; but the man has played with evil so long that even slight sparks start a blaze. Suddenly to him it seems that his dream of years might become a reality. Have not the powers of darkness told him that his fate lies in that direction? His mind is not disciplined enough in thought to give the supernatural as little value as belongs normally to it.

In contrast, upon Lady Macbeth the supernatural makes hardly any impression. She reads her husband's letter in the fourth scene, with excitement intense enough to crush it in her hand when she has finished, clinching her fingers with the rigid determination that her lord shall have what has been promised, — shall have it by his activity and her help, not by waiting in passive expectancy for the supernatural to bring it. Just as she has finished the torture of thinking that Macbeth may not have the courage to seize this opportunity, the messenger enters to say that the king comes to her castle that night. That is her great moment. She is racked with feeling, and knows that Duncan's entrance under her battlements is to be fatal. It is the opportunity that makes her temptation — and the suddenness of the opportunity is a shock.

The great day, so intensely desired, is at hand, and she sees the deed in a moment. Her prayer to be unsexed and filled with cruelty is a wonderful reflection of what she really is, — a gentlewoman through and through, — and of what she must be changed into if she is to use the keen knife. At the height of her cry for help in doing what she knows her soul will abhor, Macbeth enters, and the moment her eyes meet his she starts on her terrible but devoted mission of holding him to his ambition. Right here at the end of the fifth scene and throughout the seventh there is a period of suspense which again brings them into contrast.

Macbeth's face, she says, "is as a book where men may read strange matters." For fear he may waver she pleads with him to put the "night's great business" into her dispatch, only, himself, to bear welcome to the king and leave all the rest to her. The king comes and she greets him with wonderfully controlled courtesy. Such gentleness of breeding, such concern for hospitality, such careful acknowledgment of late favors, whether they be sincere or not, no "fiend" could voice. Then, missing Macbeth from the supper chamber, she finds him weak, dissolved, at the end of his speech in which he counted the reasons against killing his king.

This is a moment of appalling danger to her. She appeals to his love, taunts him with cowardice, compares his present wavering with the manliness he had when he "broke the enterprise" to her, and finally avows that she would kill her smiling babe rather than be, as he is, on the point of cowardly refraining from a deed to which he had sworn his allegiance. There is nothing left for Mac-

beth to say but, "If we should fail?" Then she gives him an outline of every detail in the carrying out of the murder, even to the putting of the guilt upon the sleeping grooms.

And the man of action, with the details of action supplied him, and with the weight of decision taken from his own shoulders, suddenly finds himself again strong and settled to the terrible feat. Lady Macbeth is strongest here, at the outset, and Macbeth is feeblest. The strength of her trained mind can see every step of the way; but the delicacy of her mind, together with delicacy of body and sensitiveness of soul, could not endure the physical enactment of those steps.

So, in the carrying out of the deed she passes to weakness as Macbeth passes to strength. The taking of a stimulant to give herself fire shows she knew she would be weak when the actual bloodshed began. She waits in the court for Macbeth to come back from the king's chamber, agonized with fear that he may not succeed, agonized that she herself could not murder the king when she had gone into his room to lay the daggers ready. She could not because he resembled her sleeping father. This is not the compunction of a "fiend."

Then as Macbeth comes staggering back, there are only two words that she can say, and they tax the powers of any actor of the part, for they mean a thousand things in one, "My husband!" There is a quick moment of hysterical questioning and answering between them, for Macbeth, the deed done, is a baby again and needs all kinds of assurances that the grooms did not wake, and that he did not hear them cry "God bless us," and that

there is no time for him to debate why he could not say "Amen." The woman's trained mind must again fill in the gap, — strangely enough this time the exhortation not to think so "brain-sickly of things" has also to be strengthened by furnishing a direction for action·

"Go get some water
And wash this filthy witness from your hands."

But there is another complication. What desperate anxiety in

"Why did you bring these daggers from the place ?"

He refuses to carry them back; again she forces her unstrung nerves to fill up the gap. Her trained mind comes to the rescue. She has seen death before. She has her own philosophy about it. She says it is the "eye of childhood that fears a painted devil," and with what may possibly be a hysterical pun, *gild* and *guilt*, she carries the daggers back to the sleeping grooms. She returns to find Macbeth crying over the blood upon his hands. She tries to quiet him with

"My hands are of your color but I shame
To wear a heart so white,"

and when this does not avail, gives again a practical suggestion,

"A little water clears us of this deed,
* * * * * * * *
Get on your nightgown lest occasion call us
And show us to be watchers."

And how exactly she puts her finger upon his weakness, and yet how tenderly, when with "Be not lost so poorly

in your thoughts," she leads him away from the ominous knocking at the gate. So it was that the strength of her inner life came to their rescue and instinctively furnished to the man of outer life such practical details as made him immediately capable of action.

In the time of first concealment of the crime, when the castle is aroused to the news of the murder of the king, Macbeth seems much more at home than Lady Macbeth. He is dealing with men, he is concealing something from men of his own rank. He acts the part of innocence fairly well and carries everything along successfully until he announces that he was the one who killed the grooms. His defense of that murder, when Macduff questions him, shows that this was the mistake that might wreck the whole scheme. Without this, Lady Macbeth's plan would have worked perfectly.

There is silence after Macbeth's defense, a silence that is ominous until Lady Macbeth cries, " Help me hence." Is she appalled at the risk he has taken, and is her woman's delicacy so shocked by the thought of additional bloodshed that she faints naturally? Or is she again calling the strength of her mind to serve them in a pretended faint that shall distract attention from her husband? If the former, she showed wonderful control in holding out to the last moment; if the latter, she showed wonderful instinct in choosing the critical moment to create the diversion. Her fainting saved the situation. The sons of Duncan fly almost immediately and Lord and Lady Macbeth are crowned king and queen at Scone.

In the longer period of concealment — that period that covers the rest of the play — Macbeth's longing

for action and for those moments of feeling at home because he has "great deeds in hand" proves to be his downfall. He acts simply because he cannot keep still and face suspense. That is the real reason for Banquo's murder, and the real reason why he does not tell his plan to Lady Macbeth, who, he knows, would oppose it. Her way would be to wait for an opportunity of getting rid of Banquo if it was necessary.

But waiting is the one thing that Macbeth can never do. Into this longer time of concealment comes the whole of their retribution. Macbeth has relied in the beginning upon the supernatural, so his punishment comes largely from that realm. He faces Banquo's ghost as if he knew that it was his retribution. He has not the trained mind to reason about the ghost consistently. Lady Macbeth, true to her character, fights even then when it seems hopeless to keep up appearances for him. It is a beautiful revealing of her nature when, at the banquet, finding that her questions do not recall him to his senses, she protects him from the curiosity of his guests, dismisses them, and hurries them away.

When they have left the room she is all love as she leads him, as one leads a child, away to sleep, "the season of all natures." There is a whole picture of Lady Macbeth's love for her husband in scattered passages like these which we must take into account in appreciating her character. Tactics that she uses before others she drops for pure tenderness when she is with him alone. This was one of the hundred meanings in "My husband!" when he came from Duncan's bedside. She dedicated herself then to protect him with all the strength of her mind and heart forever.

As the months go on, her mind gradually breaks. We know that it breaks over just one thing, — that murder in which she was forced to take a physical part, for all her ravings are centered on that which was most repellent to her nature and which only her strength of mind could enforce her to endure, — blood. All the ravings about her hands, the wife of the Thane of Fife, the putting on of their nightgowns, the starting of her lord at the feast, show that night after night she had been living through these scenes; and the terrible struggle to keep her husband from betrayal added its own greater weight to their horror. Her sighs and cries come from a "sorely charged heart," a woman's heart not a "fiend's." The mind on which she had depended finally breaks and we are practically told that she takes her own life.

Macbeth's suffering in retribution is consistent, too. His mind is still no help to him for it still works along the path of fear and regret and the emptiness of life. There is irony in every seeming success. So little happiness has the crown brought him that he has looked back with longing upon Duncan, sleeping peacefully "after life's fitful fever." The death of Banquo held only a sting, for Fleance escaped and his issue is to inherit the throne.

Suddenly, too, he suffers from the supernatural, for, going to the witches for comfort, he receives only equivocal promises which in the end betray him. When Macduff tells him that he is in reality "no man of woman born" Macbeth sees, for the first time because his poorly trained mind could not foresee it, that he is doomed. Like a man of action he fights still with an old time trust

in bravery. Crying "Lay on, Macduff, and damned be him that first cries 'Hold enough,'" he enters a long, bitter, desperate, hand to hand fight, — a picture which brings vividly back to us the reports of his valiant courage against the enemy, in the first scenes. His feet slide, he fights on his knees, his sword is struck from his hand. The man of action has died in action.

The contrast in the natures and experiences of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth is carried out consistently even to their deaths. Both are admirable in their strength and both their forms of courage are necessary to the accomplishment of their plans. Both are pitiful, too, in their weakness. Her strength of soul has no counterpart in physical strength; his bodily vigor has no counterpart in spiritual force. But what each lacks the other supplies and that perfect partnership works with a terrible resistless force toward their common ruin. Her last thought in the sleepwalking scene is for him; his deepest grief is for her death, — devoted lovers throughout their whole career.

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VERSE AND PROSE IN MACBETH

What form of verse did Shakespeare use? Apparently a simple question, simply answered with: all of Shakespeare's plays were written in blank verse, — iambic pentameter without rhyme. But in reality there is romance in the words "blank verse" and "Shakespeare" written together — a romance of such beauty as engages all our wonder, if we will only see it apart from the barren technicalities of meter and rhyme.

Shakespeare admired Marlowe's verse: — he felt all its power and volume and its kind of sublimity. So he made Marlowe's line his ship of adventures and started on his own voyage of discovery. At first his venturings were cautious: he stopped his sentences at the end of the line — "end-stopped line"; he gave to every line a rhythm like that of every other; he made the last syllables of all his lines strong and accented, — as "vault" and "oak," masculine endings: and of course a certain monotonous tune showed, in spite of many passages of sheer beauty, in the earliest plays. The number of rhyming lines in these plays seems to indicate that he is not bold enough wholly to discard conventional rhyme.

Then he began to sail more fearlessly: his lines often "ran over," feminine endings appear — as "vaulting" and "oak-leaf," rhyme appeared much less often; and this variety in his newer manner gave the effect not of a

single tune, but of a music varying with the quality of what it wanted to express. This change is apparent enough if we compare almost any passage in the early comedies with almost any one from the later. Let us take two that have the same kind of beauty to express.

" But love, first learnéd in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immuréd in the brain;
But with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power,
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye, —
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopped:
Love's feeling is more soft, and sensible,
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails:
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste:
For valour is not Love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
Subtle as sphinx; as sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;
And, when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with Love's sighs:
O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility."

— Love's Labour's Lost, IV, iii.

"Now, my fairest friend,
I would I had some flowers o' the spring, that might
Become your time of day; — and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing: — O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength, — a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of; and my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er!

Flo. What, like a corse?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on;
Not like a corse; or if, — not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers:
Methinks I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun-pastorals: sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I 'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
I 'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,

To sing them too: when you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so,
And own no other function: each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens."

— The Winter's Tale, IV, iii.

These two passages lie some twenty years apart in Shakespeare's writing. There is beauty in both of them. There is to the eye the same form in both. But what a difference is there, when they are read aloud! Now Shakespeare wrote not for the eye to read, but for the ear to hear, — verse to be spoken aloud and to be spoken by human beings under the stress of some strong feeling. Would not he inevitably see that all that made for regularity in lines and endings would make against the natural life-like ways of human speech? If he set his sails to that wind of "truth to nature" would he toss without compass upon the sea? Possibly he may have questioned himself in some such way. If so, his answer evidently was in the spirit of his time — "I 'll take the adventure."

He did, — and his ship sailed beautifully — bent to the winds of feeling as they blew — but steadily keeping its course. His blank verse did what no poet's before had done — combined the melody, the loftiness, the dignity, the sublimity of poetry with the simple naturalness of human speech. So do his later plays surpass his earlier — in growing closer to nature, while losing none of the perfection of technical points — the life experience

of any artist. As a young artist he was controlled by his medium; through experience he became master, and played with it as he willed.

This freedom from form for the sake of getting closer to nature shows us in "Macbeth" many instances of what we are likely to speak of as irregularities in the verse. These are, of course, quite different from imperfections caused by errors or gaps in copy. Often these errors have been spoken of in the notes — but it is only the intentional irregularities that we are here concerned with.

The first great class we may call the "broken line." Take, for example, Act I, Scene v. There are in that scene eighteen broken lines; but in every case but one the unfinished last line of a speech finishes itself with the broken line at the beginning of the following speech, the two together forming the perfect pentameter. Why should Lady Macbeth, in the intense excitement of this moment when she hears of the coming of Duncan, finish any speech with the complete five accented lines? Would a real Lady Macbeth be so controlled? Then, logically, of course, one might ask why should the next speaker have to be careful to begin his speech with just enough accents to complement her broken line? True, he should not; but does not the beginning of a speech admit naturally of more temperate, measured expression? And since, after all, Shakespeare *is* writing blank verse, must he not perfect the line — but perfect it in the finest way possible? So "To have thee crowned withal" and "What is your tidings?" make one complete pentameter line; so do "The king comes here to-night," and "Thou 'rt mad to say it." We can go through the entire scene in this

way with no difficulty except an apparent one in line 32, which can be made perfect by reading "preparation" as a word of five distinct syllables.

But there are some broken lines that cannot be mended so easily: in Act I, Scene ii, line 41, we have only "I cannot tell" and a complete line following. Here, of course, the break, punctuated by the dash, is significant of the breathlessness of the boy, — but there is no evidence that Shakespeare ever did that intentionally without giving the full complement in the following line. One text makes the line read, "I cannot tell: but I am faint," which gives us only four accents and leaves dangling "My gashes cry for help." So there is evidently something lost here. So is there in line 51, "With terrible numbers." And in Act II, Scene ii, there is something either lost or put in, for the agitated questions of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth will not come perfectly into the measure of five beats. But for the most part one may easily verify for himself by scanning a page of the text here and there, that the really imperfect lines are very few. Shakespeare surely kept to his pattern, but his indifference about the preservation of his manuscripts as surely marred what was once perfect. Occasionally a group of short lines like the following seems impossible to handle:

> "For ever knit.
> Ride you this afternoon?
> Ay, my good lord."

We can make the first two together form a perfect pentameter; or the last two. So the middle line does double service, and has been named by some critics, "amphib-

ious" — literally meaning "leading a double life," hence "doing double duty." But there is a theory, also, that these are what may be called "legitimate short lines"; that single lines of four or five, or six or seven syllables, instead of ten, are in the intentional scheme of Shakespeare's verse. If so, Shakespeare was even freer with his medium than is ordinarily believed.

As with the word "preparation" already cited, so there are many instances when a word must be contracted or lengthened, or its natural accent thrown forward or backward to fit the meter. Here are two where the words are lengthened into three syllables:

"The newest state. This is the ser-ge-ant."

"Our cap-ta-ins, Macbeth and Banquo."

In the following the words must be contracted:

"Hover (hov'r) through the fog and filthy air,"

"I 'll be myself the harbinger (harbing'r) and make happy."

"Of horrid hell can come a devil (dev'l) more damned."

For the same reason of meter the natural accent is changed in the following:

"Or memorize another Golgotha,"

"Till Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill."

In such lines as

"Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make,"

and

"So they doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe,"

there is much slurring to be done with nimble tongue to make the lines smooth pentameters. But just such adjustments of our voices to our ears that hear inwardly the beating of rhythm of the measure are what we are thinking of when we say that Shakespeare and the Bible are the two best tests of good reading.

But would Shakespeare invariably bind himself to the pentameter, or would his instinct demand now and then another meter for some definite artistic purpose? The first scene of the first act he has plainly written with only four accents in a line; so has he written the third scene; and so the fifth scene of the third act, and the first part of Act IV, Scene i. Moreover, the accent is decidedly changed — thrown back to the first syllable of each foot, as —

"Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed,"

making the line trochaic tetrameter, instead of iambic pentameter. The whole point is, who is speaking? Witches, supernatural beings, "on the earth but not of it," therefore speaking a language of their own, to a rhythm of their own. The rhythm they choose is in contrast to the dignified pentameter, natural to their perverted minds agog over some mischief; and in the dance around the cauldron it suggests the very vibration of the

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The most int
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The next is the port
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night

heir gaze.
cduff *and* Ross.)"

Merely to read it shows us Shakespeare's sure instinct as to "what not to do."

But prose is not always a fall — it has its lofty moments as well as verse. So in the sleepwalking scene, in Act V, we find the waiting woman and the doctor talking — whispering — in prose. Is not "whispering" the whole reason for their prose, as "asleep and dreaming" is the whole reason for Lady Macbeth's? There is an atmosphere of human intimacy here in the prose that gives the perfect dramatic effect to the scene. Some critics have thought that the whole scene is really blank verse, can be scanned as such, and should be printed so. Read it as such, and judge for yourself, if you can keep the whispered intensity as strong.

Hudson's note on this prose and the change at the end of the scene into the blank verse of the doctor's speech is most appreciative of what we all feel: "I suspect that the matter of this scene is too sublime, too austerely grand, to admit of anything so artificial as the measured language of verse; and that the Poet, as from an instinct of genius, felt that any attempt to heighten the effect by any arts of delivery would impair it. The very diction of the closing speech, nobly poetical as it is, must be felt by every competent reader as a letting down to a lower intellectual plane. Is prose then, after all, a higher style of speech than verse? There are parts of the New Testament which no possible arts of versification could fail to enfeeble." Nor could we feel anything but utter fitness in the natural prose of the light prattle of Macduff's boy with his mother. What stupidity it would have been to have allowed this child of

ten years to talk in a carefully measured ten-syllable line!

Shakespeare writes his plays in blank verse, yes — but he knows when not to. When supernatural beings speak, when a drunken porter mumbles, when a gay-hearted little boy chatters, when an anxious doctor and maid "stand close" and whisper as they watch an over-strained soul off guard, and when that suffering soul dreams aloud — are these not times for something really *different* from the *measured* beat, wonderful as that may be in its adaptability to every emotion?

COMMENTS UPON THE PLAY AND THE CHARACTERS

The books and essays written about Shakespeare far exceed what he himself wrote; and they are by no means yet ended, — each year sees a new one. In all of these much time is given to discussions of "Macbeth," for, next to "Hamlet," it has held the attention of the world. In Dr. Furness's "Variorum Edition of Macbeth" there are criticisms quoted as far back as Samuel Johnson's, and as recent as those of our own Shakespeare scholars, — Hudson, Rolfe, Sherman, White, and a host of others. These cover some hundred and fifty pages; and every one of them is stimulating, and many are wonderful pieces of writing in themselves. Here it is possible to quote only a few, chosen to throw different lights upon the play.

"'Macbeth' seems inspired by the very genius of the tempest. This drama shows us the gathering, the discharge, and the dispelling of a domestic and political storm, takes its peculiar hue from the individual character of the hero. It is not in the spirit of mischief that animates the 'weird sisters,' nor in the passionate and strong-willed ambition of Lady Macbeth, that we find the mainspring of this tragedy, but in the disproportioned though poetically tempered soul of Macbeth himself.

"A character like his, of extreme selfishness, with a most irritable fancy, must produce, even in ordinary circumstances, an excess of morbid apprehensiveness; which, however, as we see in him, is not inconsistent with the

greatest physical courage, but generates of necessity the most entire moral cowardice. When, therefore, a man like this, ill enough qualified even for the honest and straightforward transactions of life, has brought himself to snatch at an ambitious object by the commission of one great sanguinary crime, the new and false position in which he finds himself by his very success will but startle and exasperate him to escape, as Macbeth says, from 'horrible imaginings' by the perpetration of greater and greater actual horrors, till inevitable destruction comes upon him amidst universal execration.

"Such, briefly, are the story and moral of 'Macbeth.' The passionate ambition and indomitable will of his lady, through agents indispensable to urge such a man to the one decisive act which is to compromise him in his own opinion and that of the world, are by no means primary springs of the dramatic action. Nor do the 'weird sisters' themselves do more than aid collaterally in impelling a man, the inherent evil of whose nature and purpose has predisposed him to take their equivocal suggestions in the most mischievous sense. And, finally, the very thunder-cloud which, from the beginning almost to the ending, wraps this fearful tragedy in physical darkness and lurid glare, does but reflect and harmonize with the moral blackness of the piece."

— FLETCHER, "Studies of Shakespeare."

"Beside the main subject of the midnight murder of a King sleeping in the house of one of his nobles, and surrounded by his guards, the death and appearance of the ghost of Banquo, and the whole machinery and prophecy

of the wayward sisters, with the interior view of a castle in which is a conscience-stricken Monarch reduced to the extremity of a siege, the Poet seems to have intended to concentrate in this play many of the more thrilling incidents of physical and metaphysical action. The midnight shriek of women; sleep, with its stranger accidents, such as laughing, talking, walking, as produced by potions, as disturbed by dreams, as full of wicked thoughts; the hard beating of the heart; the parched state of the mouth in an hour of desperate guilt; the rousing of the hair at a dismal treatise; physiognomy; men of manly hearts moved to tears; the wild thoughts which haunt the mind of guilt, as in the air-drawn dagger, and the fancy that sleep was slain and the slayer should know its comforts no more; death in some of its stranger varieties, — the soldier dying of wounds not bound up, the spent swimmer, the pilot wrecked on his way home, the horrible mode of Macdonwald's death, the massacre of a mother and her children, the hired assassins perpetrating their work on the belated travellers, — these are but a portion of the terrible circumstances attendant on the main events of this tragic tale.

"He goes for similar circumstances to the elements, and to the habits of animals about which superstitions had gathered, — the flitting of the bat, the flight of the crow to the rooky wood, the flights of the owl and the falcon, and of the owl and the wren, the scream of the owl, the chirping of the cricket, the croak of the prophetic raven, and bark of the wolf, the horses devouring one another, the pitchy darkness of night, the murky darkness of a lurid day, a storm rattling in the battlements of an an-

cient fortress, — we have all this before we pass the bounds of nature and enter the regions of metaphysical agency.

"There we have the spirits which tend on mortal thoughts, the revelations by magot-pies, the moving of stones, the speaking of trees, and lamentings heard in the air, and almost the whole of the mythology of the wayward sisters, — their withered and wild attire, their intercourse with their Queen, their congregating in the hour of storms on heaths which the lightning has scathed, the strange instruments employed by them, the mode of their operations, and their compelling the world invisible to disclose the secrets of futurity."

— HUNTER, "New Illustrations of Shakespeare."

"'Macbeth' can be divided into two distinct worlds, which are the threads of the entire action — the supernatural and the natural. These terms are not completely antithetic, but they are sufficient to convey the meaning which is intended to be conveyed. The supernatural world is that of the Weird Sisters, who seem to enter the action from the outside and direct its course. They appear to Macbeth twice; the essential turning-points of his career are thus marked.

"The first time they incite him to guilt, the second time they lead him to retribution. . . . The natural world is composed of two well-defined groups. In the first are those whom the Weird Sisters determine — Banquo, Macbeth, and, less directly and less strongly, Lady Macbeth. They manifest a regular graduation in their relations towards this external power; Banquo resists its

temptations wholly; Lady Macbeth yields to them wholly or, rather, brings to their aid her own strength of will; Macbeth fluctuates — resisting at first, but finally yielding. These characters also manifest the influence of imagination with greater or less intensity; they have, in particular, the double element above mentioned, for they are impelled both by external shapes and by internal motives.

"The second group of the natural world comprises Duncan and the remaining persons of the play who do not come in contact with the Weird Sisters, nor are directly influenced by their utterances. But this group is, for the most part, set in motion by the first group of the natural world; both move along together at first, and then collide. The external element thus reaches the entire play; the first impulse is given by the Weird Sisters; is received by one set of characters; through these is transmitted to a still different set of characters, who finally react, punish the usurper, and restore the rightful king.

"The first group, it ought to be added, disintegrates within itself, for Banquo refuses to listen to the advances of Macbeth, seeks to avenge the murder of Duncan, and at last is destroyed by his comrade in arms. . . . Shakespeare has not introduced a double guilt into this drama; hence the fate of only one set of characters is adequately motived. For the death of Duncan, of Banquo, and of Macduff's family, there can be found no justification from their deeds.

"Critics have sought to make out a case against them, but without success. They have committed no ethical violation worthy of death; they are innocent beings over-

whelmed in a catastrophe from without; and this is deeply consistent with the form and movement of the play, which exhibits fate, — external determination. The Weird Sisters, the instruments of destiny, give Macbeth his impulse; he is driven upon these guiltless victims, who fall because they stand in the way of a mighty force.

"Such is the outward form, though it must not be thought that Macbeth is released from the responsibility of his act. The inner truth is that these shapes are himself — his own desires, his own ambition. The peculiarity of the present work is that the ethical elements, usually the most prominent, are withdrawn into the background to make room for another principle. . . . The main interest is psychological; the activities of the mind seem to leap at once into independent forms of the imagination. Although Macbeth knows abstractly of his own ambition, still his chief temptation seems to spring from the phantoms of the air; and, though an external punishment is brought to him, still his retribution as well as that of his wife is mainly found in the fantastic workings of the brain. Judging by its language, its treatment, its theme, we may call this play the Tragedy of the Imagination."

— SNIDER, "System of Shakespeare's Dramas."

"In an essay upon 'Macbeth' may be found the following passage of criticism, in the sceptical school (as usual), relative to the Ghost of Banquo: 'If we believe in the reality of the Ghost as a shape or shadow existent *without* the mind of Macbeth, and not exclusively within it, we shall have difficulties which may be put under two heads: — Why did the Ghost come? Why did he go,

on Macbeth's approach, and at his bidding? . . . It is clear from the scene that Macbeth drove it away, and also that he considered it as much an illusion as his wife would fain have had him, when she whispered about the air-drawn dagger.' This piece of criticism is cited on account of its mode of testing the question of objective reality. With sceptics, by the way, very curiously, a ghost is always expected to be thoroughly reasonable in every one of its comings and goings, though uniformly men are not so.

"What, however, for the present we would earnestly request of the sceptic is, to do with these apparently abnormal things as he would with any branch of natural science; that is, inquire as to facts. He would then find the instances are indeed numerous in which persons, just deceased, appear to those whom they have known and then *quickly disappear*. These passing manifestations also occasionally take place when the person appearing is not either dead or dying; neither does it follow necessarily that the person seeing, or, as the sceptic would say, fancying that he sees, must always be thinking of the one seen. An examination into the general facts leads to the conclusion that thought of the person appeared to, on the part of the one appearing, is the cause, according to certain laws of the internal world, of the manifestations, which should therefore, it is conceived, be understood as having an objective reality. This theory and its facts must be considered in judging of Shakespeare's intentions. Of him we should always think as of the artist and student of nature, until it can be shown that he ever forgets himself in those characters.

"While treating upon this subject, let it be observed, that it is the scepticism as to the objective reality of Banquo's Ghost which has originated the question as to whether he should be made visible to the spectators in the theatre, since, as the sceptics observe, he is invisible to all the assembled guests, and does not speak at all. But for this scepticism, it would never have been doubted that the Ghost should be made visible to the theatre, although he is invisible to Macbeth's company, and although no words are assigned to him. This doubt existing, illustrates to us how stage-management itself is affected by the philosophy which may prevail upon certain subjects. Upon the Spiritualist view, Banquo's Ghost, and the Witches themselves, are all in the same category, all belonging to the spiritual world, and seen by the spiritual eye; and the mere fact that the Ghost does not speak, is felt to have no bearing at all upon the question of his presentation as an objective reality."

— ROFFE,
"An Essay upon the Ghost Belief of Shakespeare."

"As regards wealth of thought, 'Macbeth' ranks far below 'Hamlet'; it lacks the wide, free, historic perfection which in 'Julius Caesar' raises us above the horror of his tragic fall. It cannot be compared with 'Othello' for completeness, depth of plot, or full, rich illustration of character. But, in our opinion, it excels all that Shakespeare, or any other poet, has created, in the simple force of the harmonious, majestic current of its action, in the transparency of its plan, in the nervous power and bold sweep of its language, and in its prodigal

wealth of poetical coloring. He who, to illustrate this last particular, should attempt to make a collection of the striking passages of this wonderful poem, would be tempted to transcribe page after page. He would hardly find himself under any necessity of making selections where all is so fine.

"With especial mastery the Poet employs the colors of nature and of place to heighten at critical points the interest of the action. It is here, if anywhere, that we may test the correctness of the idea that, for the true poet, nature is of interest only as an element in which man lives and moves. Shakespeare employs her various aspects in a two-fold manner, and with equally excellent effect in his tragic scenes. First, as an antithesis, or contrasting background for human action, and, secondly, symbolically, as a magic mirror, reflecting the appearance of the moral world in imaginative, ominous indefiniteness. Both kinds of representation abound in 'Macbeth.'" . . .

— F. Kreyssig, "Vorlesungen über Shakespeare."

"The element of poetic justice is not absent from Shakespeare's representation of life any more than it is from life itself. But in both it at times never appears at all; in both it acts imperfectly when it does appear. In 'Macbeth' the punishment falls upon the guilty husband and the guilty wife. But that, after all, is a matter of subsidiary consequence; as an end in view it scarcely plays any part in the development of the drama. It is the gradual transforming power of sin, when once it has taken full possession of the soul, which here arrests the attention.

It is the different character of the devastation wrought by it in different natures which furnishes a study as full of psychological interest as it is of dramatic.

"Macbeth, at the opening of the play, the valiant general, the loyal subject, promises even then, though unfixed in principle, to end his career as honourably as it has begun. His wife it is who at the outset is the dominant character. In her dauntless hardihood she gives courage and strength to her husband's infirm purpose, which, while longing for the fruits of crime, shrinks from its commission. But before the play approaches its conclusion, the positions of the two have been reversed. The gallant soldier of the early part has become a cruel tyrant, as inaccessible to remorse as he is to pity. The man, who at his first entrance into crime was horrified by the phantoms of his own disordered brain, comes to encounter recklessly and defy undauntedly the terrors of the visible and invisible worlds. The moral nature has become an absolute wreck. But with the hardening of the heart and the deadening of the conscience have disappeared entirely the compunctions which once unnerved the resolution and the tremors which shook the soul.

"Not so with Lady Macbeth. Her nature, far finer and higher strung, though at the beginning more resolute, pays at last in remorseful days and sleepless nights the full penalty of violated law. While Macbeth grows stronger as a man by the very course which destroys his susceptibility to moral considerations, this very susceptibility on her part increases with the success of the deed she has prompted."

— Lounsbury, "Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist."

FAMILIAR PASSAGES

1. When shall we three meet again
   In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
2. Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
   Hover through the fog and filthy air.
3. Shall he dwindle, peak and pine.
4. A drum, a drum!
   Macbeth doth come.
5. To the selfsame tune and words.
6. What, can the devil speak true?
7. And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
   The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
   Win us with honest trifles, to betray 's
   In deepest consequence.
8. Present fears
   Are less than horrible imaginings.
9. Come what come may,
   Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.
10. Nothing in his life
    Became him like the leaving it; he died
    As one that had been studied in his death
    To throw away the dearest thing he owed,
    As 't were a careless trifle.
11. There 's no art
    To find the mind's construction in the face.
12. The rest is labor, which is not used for you.
13. O, never
    Shall sun that morrow see!

14. Only look up clear;
To alter favor ever is to fear.
15. The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love.
16. If it were done when 't is done, then 't were well
It were done quickly.
17. I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
And falls on the other.
18. Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'
Like the poor cat i' the adage?
19. I dare do all that may become a man.
20. But screw your courage to the sticking-place.
21. False face must hide what the false heart doth know.
22. Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
23. The attempt and not the deed
Confounds us.
24. Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more!'
25. The sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures.
26. The labor we delight in physics pain.
27. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had lived a blessed time.
28. Who could refrain
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage to make 's love known?
29. To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
Which the false man does easy.
30. There 's daggers in men's smiles.
31. Resolve yourselves apart.

32. Nought 's had, all 's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'T is safer to be that which we destroy
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

33. Things without all remedy
Should be without regard: what 's done is done.

34. Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy.

35. After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.

36. Gentle, my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks.

37. A deed of dreadful note.

38. Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
While night's black agents to their preys do rouse.

39. Whole as the marble, founded as the rock.

40. But now I am cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears.

41. The feast is sold
That is not often vouched, while 't is a-making,
'T is given with welcome: to feed were best at home;
From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony:
Meeting were bare without it.

42. Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

43. This is the very painting of your fear.

44. Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

45. What is the night?
Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

46. Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which must be acted ere they may be scanned.

47. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

48. He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace and fear:
And you all know, security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

49. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

50. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.

51. Macbeth shall never vanquished be until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him.

52. What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?

53. The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
Unless the deed go with it.

54. This deed I 'll do before this purpose cool.

55. When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

56. Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before.

57. I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world; where to do harm
Is often laudable, to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous folly: why then, alas,
Do I put up that womanly defense,
To say I have done no harm?

58. Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell.

59. And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more.

60. The king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude.

61. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once
'T is hard to reconcile.

62. I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.

63. Our lack is nothing but our leave.

64. The night is long that never finds the day.

65. Out, damned spot! out, I say!

66. More needs she the divine than the physician.
God, God forgive us all!

67. Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love.

68. I have lived long enough: my way of life
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honor, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.

69. Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?

70. I have supped full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.

71. To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life 's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

72. I pull in resolution.

73. I gin to be aweary of the sun.

74. Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back.

75. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword?

76. That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.

WHAT WE KNOW ABOUT SHAKESPEARE

The facts that we know with absolute certainty about William Shakespeare can be given in a few meagre paragraphs. Some bare, prosaic records in Stratford and in the Stationers' Register in London, a few signatures, a will, a deed or two, an application for a coat-of-arms, an occasional mention of his name in court proceedings, in lists of actors, and in the works of fellow authors, — this is about all we have as the basis for a life of one of the greatest men that the world has produced. Traditions and quaint fanciful stories exist, as we might expect, in infinite number and variety. Many of these date back to the poet's own time, and therefore may have in them at least an element of truth. By far the greater number, however, gained popularity nearly a century after his death, when the curiosity of an age intensely interested in the drama began to look back and talk about the most marvellous of all the makers of plays. Few of these later traditions can be relied upon. Yet from the few scrappy facts that we have, supplemented by the earlier legends, and above all by a study of the plays themselves, it is possible to make a story of the poet's life, which, though by no means complete, is full enough to give us a fairly clear understanding of his growth in fame and business prosperity, and his development as a dramatist.

Few facts known about Shakespeare.

It is not strange that we know so little about Shakespeare. His age was not one of biographical writing. To-day a man of not one tenth part of his genius is besought by reporters for interviews concerning his life;

he is persuaded by admiring friends to write his memoirs; as his end approaches, every important newspaper in the land has an article of several columns ready to print the instant that word of his death comes over the wire. Three hundred and fifty years ago nothing of this kind was possible. Newspapers and magazines, genealogies and contemporary history did not exist. Encyclopædias, dictionaries of names, directories, "blue-books," and volumes of "Who's Who" had not been dreamed of. Personal correspondence was meagre, and what few letters were written seldom were preserved. Above all, a taste for reading the lives of men had not been formed. In fact, it was not until fifty years after Shakespeare's time that the art of biographical writing in England was really born. When we remember, in addition to these facts, that actors and playwrights then held a distinctly inferior position in society, and by the growing body of Puritans were looked upon with contempt and extreme disfavor, it is not surprising that no special heed was paid to the life of Shakespeare. On the contrary, it is astonishing that we know as much as we do about him, — fully as much as we know about most of the writers of his time, and even of many who lived much later.

Why we know so little about Shakespeare.

In the records of the 16th century there are numerous references to Shakespeares living in the midland counties of England, especially in Warwickshire. For the most part, they seem to have been substantial yeomen and plain farmers of sound practical sense rather than men of learning or culture. Some of them owned land and prospered. Such a one was John Shakespeare, who moved to Strat-

The poet's father, John Shakespeare.

ford-on-Avon about 1550 and became a dealer in malt and corn, meat, wool, and leather. He is referred to sometimes as a glover and a butcher. Probably he was both, and dealt besides in all the staples that farmers about the village produced and brought to market to sell. The fact that he could not write, which was nothing unusual among men of his station in the 16th century, did not prevent his prospering in business. For more than twenty years after the earliest mention of his name in the Stratford records, he is spoken of frequently and always in a way to show us that his financial standing in the community was steadily increasing. He seems also to have been a man of affairs. From one office to another he rose until in 1568 he held the position of High Bailiff, or Mayor of Stratford. Eleven years earlier his fortunes had been increased by his marriage to Mary Arden, the daughter of a prosperous farmer of the neighboring village of Wilmcote, who bequeathed to his daughter a house, with fifty acres of land, and a considerable sum of money. It is not fair, therefore, to speak of the father of William Shakespeare, as some have done, as "an uneducated peasant," or as "a provincial shopkeeper." At the time of the birth of his illustrious son he was one of the most prominent men in Stratford, decidedly well-to-do, respected and trusted by all.

The year before John Shakespeare brought his bride from Wilmcote to Stratford-on-Avon, he had purchased a house in Henley Street, and there he and his wife were living when their children were born. It was a cottage two stories high, with dormer windows, and of timber and plaster construction. Though frequently repaired and built over during the three hundred and fifty years that

The house in which Shakespeare was born.

have passed, it still remains in general appearance much the same as it looked in 1556. Simple, crude, plain, — it is nevertheless the most famous house in England, if not in the world. Noted men and women from all parts of the earth have visited Stratford to see it. Essays, stories, and poems have been written about it. Preserved in the care of the Memorial Society, it is the shrine of the literary pilgrim and the Mecca of tourists who flock during the summer to the quaint old village on the Avon. For here, in a small bare room on the second floor, William Shakespeare was born.

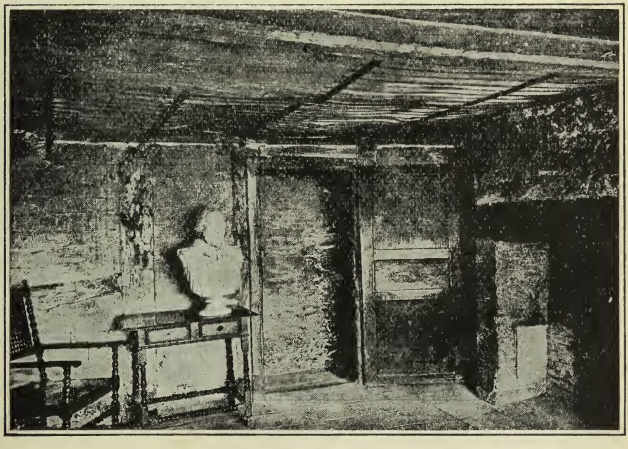
How little we know of Shakespeare, compared with even a minor poet of the 19th century, is shown by the fact that we are not certain of the exact date on which the greatest of all poets was born. The records of Holy Trinity Church in Stratford show that the child was baptized on April 26, 1564, and since it was the custom at that time for the baptism of children to take place on the third day after birth, it has been generally agreed that William was born on April 23, and that date is celebrated as his birthday. Tradition tells us, and probably truthfully, that it was also on this date, April 23, in 1616, that he died.

Date of the poet's birth, April 23, 1564.

Of the poet's boyhood we know next to nothing. It is a mistake, however, to assume that he lacked educational opportunities. There was in Stratford an excellent free Grammar School such as a bailiff's son would attend, and to which it is reasonable to suppose that the boy was sent. Here he studied chiefly Latin, for education then in England consisted almost entirely of the classics, especially Vergil, Ovid, Horace, and the comedies

Shakespeare's boyhood and schooling, 1571–1577.

Shakespeare's House at Stratford-on-Avon



The Room where Shakespeare was Born

of Plautus and Terence. The comment of Ben Jonson, his fellow dramatist of later years, that Shakespeare had "small Latin and less Greek," should not be taken too literally. Compared with the profound scholarship of a college-trained man like Jonson, the Stratford boy had, to be sure, but little knowledge of the classics. Yet there is every evidence to show that he understood both Latin and French pretty well, and that he knew the Bible thoroughly. It is clear, too, that by nature he was a boy of remarkable powers of observation and keenly retentive memory, who used every opportunity about him for acquiring information and ideas. Whether he went to school or not would have made but little difference to one whose mind possessed rare powers of developing and training itself. Like Burns and Lincoln, he was educated more by people and the world of Nature about him than by books and formal teaching.

Five years in Stratford after leaving school, 1577–1582.

Ordinarily a boy of the 16th century would remain at the Grammar School from seven to fourteen, but there is a well-founded tradition that Shakespeare left in 1577, when he was thirteen years old, and never attended school again. About this time the records show that his father's financial difficulties began. Another pair of hands was needed at home to help in the support of the family, and William was the oldest son. Just how he was occupied, however, between his fourteenth and eighteenth years we cannot say. Probably he assisted his father in his declining business. One of the bits of Stratford gossip, collected by the antiquarian Aubrey, states that he was "in his younger years a school-master in the country," and another tells us that "when he was a boy he exercised his father's

trade. When he killed a calf, he would doe it in a high style and make a speech." It may be, as another reference seems to imply, that he was employed in the office of a lawyer. But we must not put too much confidence in these traditions, which, like all stories passed on by word of mouth, grew and changed as the years went by. As much as we should like to know of his employment, his reading, and all the circumstances that were developing his mind and character during these five important years, we must remember that "there is no reason why anything should have been recorded; he was an obscure boy living in an inland village, before the age of newspapers, and out of relation with people of fashion and culture. During this period as little is known of him as is known of Cromwell during the same period; as little, but no less. This fact gives no occasion either for surprise or scepticism as to his marvellous genius; it was an entirely normal fact concerning boys growing up in unliterary times and in rural communities."[1]

His marriage to Anne Hathaway, 1582.

The first really authentic record we have of Shakespeare after his school days is that of the baptism of his daughter Susanna, on May 26, 1583. The previous year, when only eighteen, he had married Anne Hathaway, the daughter of a farmer in the neighboring village of Shottery. This picturesque hamlet was reached then from Stratford, as it is to-day, by a delightful foot-path through the wide and fertile fields of Warwickshire. Perhaps no other spot connected with the poet's life, except the house in which he was born, is dearer to people's hearts than the quaint old thatched-

[1] H. W. Mabie: "William Shakespeare, Poet, Dramatist, and Man," page 51.

ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE AT SHOTTERY

INTERIOR OF ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE

roof building known as "Anne Hathaway's cottage"; for it still stands, at least in part, as it was when the "youthful lover went courting through the meadows, past the 'bank where the wild thyme blows,' to Shottery." In February, 1585, two years after the birth of Susanna, twins were born, and soon after the youthful husband and father left his native town to seek his fortunes in London.

Reasons for leaving Stratford: the poaching tradition.

It would be most interesting to know when and how and just why Shakespeare left Stratford, but no documents have been found that throw any certain light upon this portion of his life. It has generally been assumed that he found his way to the metropolis soon after the birth of his twins. Probably he walked by the highway through Oxford and Wycombe, or if he rode it was on horseback, purchasing a saddle-horse at the beginning of his journey, as was the custom then, and selling it upon his arrival in the city. There is an old tradition that, with other young men of the village, he had been involved in a poaching escapade upon the estate of Sir Thomas Lucy. In the first regular biography of Shakespeare written by Nicholas Rowe in 1709, nearly a hundred years after the poet's death, the story of this adventure is given as an actual fact. "He had, by a misfortune common enough among young fellows, fallen into ill company, and among them some that made a frequent practice of deer-stealing, engaged him with them more than once in robbing a park that belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote, near Stratford. For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, somewhat too severely; and, in order to revenge that ill-usage, he made a ballad upon him, and though this, probably the first essay of his poetry, be lost,

yet it is said to have been so very bitter that it redoubled the prosecution against him to that degree that he was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire and shelter himself in London." No trace of this ballad has been found; indeed, the whole story rests on gossip, and must not be taken too literally. It is supported, in a way, by the fact that Justice Shallow in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" is unquestionably a humorous sketch, or caricature, of Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote Hall, thus suggesting that whether he had been prosecuted and harried out of town by his wealthy neighbor or not, the youthful poet had some personal reasons for ridiculing the head of the Lucy family.

Still another account explains Shakespeare's departure from Stratford by stating that he joined a company of strolling players. Though this may possibly have been the means of his finding congenial travelling companions, it seems more natural to suppose that he left his native village much as a boy to-day leaves a remote country town and goes to the city to seek his fortune. His father's affairs, we know, had been steadily declining; his own family was growing; business in many trades through the midland counties was poor; any ambitious and high-spirited youth would have become restless and discontented. What was more natural, under these circumstances, than the breaking of home-ties and moving to London for its larger opportunities?

Stratford too narrow a field for Shakespeare.

The traditions that Shakespeare, upon his arrival in the capital about 1585, was employed in a printer's shop and a lawyer's office, are extremely doubtful. It seems much more likely that he became connected with the

theatre at once, either as a call-boy in the building itself, or as one of those who held the horses on which gallants of the city rode to the play-house. That he should have turned to the theatre rather than to business to get a foothold in London is not strange. Companies of players had frequently visited Stratford in his boyhood. Indeed, the people of his native town seem to have been exceptionally fond of the drama, a fact, as Mr. Mabie has pointed out, "of very obvious bearing on the education of Shakespeare's imagination and the bent of his mind toward a vocation." As a lad of eleven he probably saw the pageant at Kenilworth Castle, in honor of Queen Elizabeth's visit to the Earl of Leicester. The processions and gorgeous costumes of this occasion, the tableaux and scenes set forth by the actors from the city must have made a profound impression on the mind of the imaginative boy. Moreover, it was a time of widespread interest in everything dramatic. When Shakespeare was born in 1564, there was not a single building in London devoted to the presentation of plays. At the time of his death, fifty-two years later, there were at least nine. The development of the drama from simple morality plays and historical pageants given in tavern-yards and on village greens, to "Julius Caesar" and "Hamlet," covered the period of the poet's youth; so that when he arrived in London, more than ever before or since in English history, the theatre was of compelling interest and attraction.

Shakespeare's first connection with the London theatres.

The six years after his arrival in London are a blank. We must imagine him rapidly rising through various positions at the Rose or the Curtain, for a young man of his genius and enterprise would not long remain obscure.

It is certain that he became an actor before he wrote for the stage. By 1592, however, he had evidently earned sufficient fame as a playwright to stir the jealousy of Robert Greene, a rival author, who in that year refers bitterly to him as "in his owne conceit the only *Shakes-scene* in a countrie," and then parodies a line from an early play that is attributed to Shakespeare. While as an actor he was learning stagecraft in the best possible school, he was undoubtedly trying his prentice hand by mending old plays and contributing bits to the work of his older companions. These earliest dramatic writings may have been numerous, but they are either entirely lost or hidden in plays credited to other men. His progress from a clerk in a country store to a writer of drama is thus admirably described by Sidney Lee: "A young man of two-and-twenty, burdened with a wife and children, he had left his home in the little country town of Stratford-on-Avon in 1586 to seek his fortune in London. Without friends, without money, he had, like any other stage-struck youth, set his heart on becoming an actor in the metropolis. Fortune favoured him. He sought and won the humble office of call-boy in a London playhouse; but no sooner had his foot touched the lowest rung of the theatrical ladder than his genius taught him that the topmost rung was within his reach. He tried his hand on the revision of an old play, and the manager was not slow to recognize an unmatched gift for dramatic writing.[1]

His earliest work as actor and playwright.

It was not until 1593, when Shakespeare was twenty-nine, that he appeared openly in the field of authorship. On April 18 of that year his long poem "Venus and

[1] Sidney Lee: "Shakespeare and the Elizabethan Playgoer," page 32.

Adonis" was entered at Stationers' Hall for publication. It was printed by Richard Field, a Stratford man who had come to London somewhat earlier than the poet, and though published without a name on the title-page, the dedication to the Earl of Southampton was signed "William Shakespeare." The same is true of "Lucrece," which was registered in May of 1594. These two long poems must have had wide popularity, for they are often praised by critics of the day, and in the poet's own lifetime several editions of both were issued. They were the means by which Shakespeare became known as an author, for though some of his dramatic work may have been printed before this, plays were not regarded then as literature to be read, whereas these poems were issued under the poet's supervision for the reading public, and were thus "the first fruits of his conscious artistic life."

The first books published under his name.

Both as actor and playwright, Shakespeare's fame rapidly increased after 1594; in fact, the eight years that followed saw him rise to the height of his powers. His name stands first on the list of "principal Comedians" who acted Jonson's "Every Man in his Humour" in 1598. Francis Meres in his "Palladis Tamia," published in the same year, speaks of the "mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare," and then proceeds to name twelve of his plays and compare him favorably with the Roman dramatists Seneca and Plautus. Even if this list is incomplete we see that already before 1598 he had written three of his most charming comedies, one of them "The Merchant of Venice," and at least one of the tragedies that ranks among his very greatest. From then until his retirement

Progress in fame and fortune.

to Stratford fourteen years later, there are frequent references to his plays which appeared with astonishing rapidity. The dates when they were written and first acted are often uncertain, but before 1612 he had produced more than twenty dramas which together constitute the most marvelous body of literary work that ever came from a human mind.

As an actor he did not continue to excel. If we may trust the sentiments of the sonnets, it is clear that he thoroughly disliked this part of his profession. Probably after 1604 he ceased to appear on the stage altogether. Financially it is certain that he was prosperous. We know, for one thing, that he owned shares in several London theatres, notably the Globe, where many of his own plays were first presented to enthusiastic London audiences. Then his successful application to the College of Heralds in 1599, on behalf of his father, for a grant of coat-of-arms; his purchase of several pieces of property in his native town; the records of lawsuits to recover debts which were owed him; numerous references which show us that he was looked upon as a man of means and standing; his friendship with Ben Jonson and other learned men of his day, — these facts, with the traditions of later generations, all convince us that the author of "Hamlet" and "Macbeth" was a successful man of affairs, as well as one of the most prominent and best-loved dramatists of his time.

Although Shakespeare made London his home after 1584 or 1585, it is probable that he often visited Stratford where his family continued to reside. An old legend states that he frequently put up at the Crown Inn in Oxford on his way to and fro. Documents exist, moreover, which

Holy Trinity Parish Church, Stratford-on-Avon

GOOD FREND FOR IESVS SAKE FORBEARE,
TO DIGG THE DVST ENCLOASED HEARE:
BLESE BE Ye MAN Yt SPARES THES STONES,
AND CVRST BE HE Yt MOVES MY BONES.

Inscription on Shakespeare's Tomb

IVDICIO PYLIVM GENIO SOCRATEM ARTE MARONEM
TERRA TEGIT, POPVLVS MÆRET, OLYMPVS HABET

STAY PASSENGER WHY GOEST THOV BY SO FAST,
READ IF THOV CANST, WHOM ENVIOVS DEATH HATH PLAST
WITH IN THIS MONVMENT SHAKSPEARE: WITH WHOME
QVICK NATVRE DIDE: WHOSE NAME DOTH DECK Y TOMBE
FAR MORE THEN COST: SIEH ALL Y HE HATH WRITT,
LEAVES LIVING ART, BVT PAGE, TO SERVE HIS WITT.

OBIIT ANO DÑI 1616
ÆTATIS 53 DIE 23 AP.

Inscription on Shakespeare's Monument, Trinity Church, Stratford-on-Avon

show that he was constantly investing money in real estate in his native village, to which he seems to have looked forward as a pleasant retreat after the strenuous days of actor, theatre-manager, and playwright were over. Probably the breaking off of London ties was gradual; but it is doubtful whether he was much in the city after 1612, the year in which "Henry VIII," the last of his plays, was written. He now appears in the records as "William Shakespeare, Gent., of Stratford-on-Avon"; and there he lived with his well-won honors, respected and loved, for four years.

Retirement from London, 1612.

In the early spring of 1616, Shakespeare's youngest daughter, Judith, was married. A month later he made his will, and on April 25 the register of Christ Church in Stratford shows that he was buried. According to the lettering on the monument he died on April 23, and that date, the date of his birth fifty-two years before, has been generally accepted as the day of his death. He was buried in the chancel of the fine old church, not far from the spot where he had been christened, and over the place where he lies may still be seen the quaint lines which tradition tells us he himself wrote to be inscribed above him:—

Death in Stratford, April 23, 1616.

> Good Frend for Iesus Sake Forbeare,
> To Digg the Dust Encloased Heare:
> Blest be Ye Man Yt Spares thes Stones,
> And Curst be he Yt Moves My Bones.

Whether the poet wrote these threatening words or not, no sexton has disturbed his remains, and the grave of William Shakespeare in the beautiful church by the river he loved has remained unopened.

Difficulties of determining the dates of the plays.

One of the problems of Shakespearean scholars for more than a century has been to determine the exact years in which the various plays were written. For just as we have no details of the poet's life, so are the records of his work either extremely meagre or entirely lacking. Not a single manuscript of anything that Shakespeare wrote has been preserved. The fire which burned the Globe theatre to the ground in 1613 may have destroyed the original pages of all the dramas: and yet, interesting and precious as they would be to us to-day, it is doubtful whether we can attribute to their loss our lack of knowledge as to just when each was written. We must remember that in Elizabethan times plays were not considered literature to be read. After they had served their purpose on the stage and passed out of popular favor, they were set aside and wholly neglected. As long as there was the slightest chance of their being in demand at the theatre, the author and companies of actors did their best to keep them out of print altogether, apparently in the belief that attendance at the playhouse would suffer if the drama in book form was in the hands of the people. Moreover, among the most cultivated men of the day, and especially among the growing body of Puritans, there was a strong prejudice against the whole theatrical business. By them, actors were held in low esteem, and plays were looked upon as things of light, or even questionable, character. The modern conception that regards the drama as a high and artistic form of literature had not been born.

Under these circumstances it is not surprising that during his own lifetime only sixteen of Shakespeare's thirty-seven plays appeared in print. These editions, which are known to-day as the Quartos, were small, cheaply-made, paper-bound pamphlets usually sold for a sixpence each. It is generally believed that they were issued without the poet's consent, and probably even against his wishes. Several of them were undoubtedly printed from shorthand notes taken slyly at a performance in the theatre. Others may have been set up from the soiled and tattered copies of a needy actor who had been secretly bribed to part with them. The confusion and strange blunders in the text show us that these Quartos were the careless and hasty work of piratical printers; indeed, it is almost certain that Shakespeare himself did not revise or in any way prepare a single one of them for the press.

The Quarto editions of the plays.

Inexact and inadequate as are the pirated Quarto editions, they would probably be the only plays of Shakespeare known to us to-day had it not been for a remarkable book that appeared seven years after his death. In 1623 two of the poet's friends put forth in a single volume his complete dramatic works. These men, John Heminge and Henry Condell, — names which are forever linked with Shakespeare's, — were actors in the same company with him, and, with Burbage, were joint owners of the Globe Theatre. The great dramatist, as a token of lifelong friendship, in his will bequeathed to them and to Burbage the sum of twenty-six shillings and eight pence to buy rings; and they in turn collected and edited his plays "to keepe the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow

The First Folio edition of the plays.

alive." It is a large volume of 901 pages in two columns of fine print, and on the title-page, besides a crude engraving of the poet, are these words:

Mr. William
SHAKESPEARES
COMEDIES,
HISTORIES, &
TRAGEDIES

Published according to the True Original Copies.

LONDON
Printed by Isaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount. 1623.

This is perhaps the most important volume in the whole range of English literature, for in it appeared for the first time in print twenty of Shakespeare's plays, among them "The Tempest," "Twelfth Night," "Julius Caesar," "Macbeth," "Cymbeline," and others of the dramatist's masterpieces. Heminge and Condell had access to stage copies of these plays which in another generation might have been lost or destroyed by fire; so that their work, coming when it did, saved for us a large portion of the finest poetry and deepest wisdom of Shakespeare's mind. It is no wonder that the 156 extant copies of this notable book are preserved as priceless treasures; for no other single volume ever did a greater service to literature than this Folio of 1623.

Although Heminge and Condell must have known in many cases the exact years in which Shakespeare was at work upon his various plays, they did not consider such

information of sufficient interest to include it in their edition. Well might we spare some of the tiresome eulogies, which they printed in their preface, for a page or two of facts that they so easily might have included. As it stands, however, the First Folio helps but little in arranging the chronology of the comedies and tragedies. And yet, in spite of all difficulties, by painstaking research scholars have come to a pretty general agreement upon the dates of composition of most of the plays. The evidence which they have used may be divided into two kinds, external and internal, — that is, evidence found outside of the plays, and evidence found within the works themselves. External evidence consists of such information as has been obtained from records of performances in diaries and letters; quotations and allusions in other books; entries in the register of the Stationers' Company, which for nearly three hundred years regulated the publication of all books in England; records of the Master of Revels at Court, and of course the dates on the title-pages of the Quartos themselves. A good illustration of this sort of evidence is the journal of a certain Dr. Simon Forman, in which he mentions the fact that in 1610 and 1611 he witnessed performances of "Macbeth," "Cymbeline," and "The Winter's Tale" at the Globe. Another is the celebrated passage in the "Palladis Tamia," or "Wit's Treasury," of Francis Meres, which was published in 1598: "As *Plautus* and *Seneca* are accounted the best for Comedy and Tragedy among the Latines, so *Shakespeare* among ye English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage; for Comedy, witness his *Gētlemē of Verona*, his *Errors*, his *Love labors lost*, his *Love*

Dates of composition: external evidence.

labours wonne, his *Midsummers night dreame*, & his *Merchant of Venice:* for Tragedy, his *Richard the 2*, *Richard the 3*, *Henry the 4*, *King John*, *Titus Andronicus*, and his *Romeo* and *Iuliet*." Such references as these give a definite year, later than which the plays referred to could not have been written. With a starting point thus settled, it is often possible to work backward and fix definitely the date of composition.

Dates of composition: internal evidence.

Internal evidence, though seldom as exact as external, and therefore more difficult to interpret, is much more abundant. It may be nothing more than a reference in the mouth of an actor to events or books the dates of which are known, such as the words in the Prologue to "Henry V" that refer to the expedition of the Earl of Essex to Ireland in 1599. More often it deals with considerations of the metre, language, and form of the work itself. By studying such matters as classical allusions, the use of Latin words, kinds of figures of speech, puns, variations of verse and prose, and many other changing peculiarities of the poet's method, scholars have been able to trace the development of Shakespeare as a writer, and thus assign many of his plays to their probable year on no other evidence than their style. For instance, the date of "Julius Caesar" is generally agreed to be not earlier than 1601 from the poet's use of the word "eternal" in the phrase "the eternal devil." As late as 1600 Shakespeare was using "infernal" in such expressions, but after that year he began to use "eternal," owing probably to the increasing objection among Puritans of London to the use of profanity on the stage. Even such a simple matter as the number of rhyming lines in a play may help to

place it approximately. In "Love's Labour's Lost," the earliest of the comedies, there are 1028 rhymes; whereas in "The Winter's Tale" and "The Tempest," written twenty years later, there are none and two respectively. It is therefore safe to assume that as Shakespeare's style developed he used rhyme less and less, so that tragedies with but few rhyming lines, such as "Antony and Cleopatra" and "Coriolanus," may be assigned, if on no other ground, to the later years of his life. Such matters of structure and style are by no means always certain. They are delicate to handle and require sound judgment and long experience. Yet it is by this sort of internal evidence, rather than by external facts, that the chronology of the plays has been determined.

Probable dates of the plays.

The following table gives the result of research and comparison, of proof and conjecture, on the part of Shakespearean scholars. There still remain, of course, many differences of opinion; some of the dates are less certain than others; a few are almost entirely the result of guesswork. Yet when we consider the meagre data upon which students have built their conclusions, their lack of agreement seems remarkably slight and insignificant.

Plays printed before 1623.

Of the thirty-seven plays in the following table, the sixteen which appeared in Quarto editions during the poet's life were "Titus Andronicus," 1594; "Richard II," "Richard III," and "Romeo and Juliet," 1597; "1 Henry IV" and "Love's Labour's Lost," 1598; "The Merchant of Venice," "Henry V," "Much Ado About Nothing," "2 Henry IV," and "A Midsummer Night's Dream," 1600; "The Merry Wives of Windsor," 1602; "Hamlet,"

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS AND POEMS

Period	Year	Poems	Comedies	Histories	Tragedies
I	1590		Love's Labour's Lost	1 Henry VI	
	1591		Comedy of Errors	2 Henry VI; 3 Henry VI	
	1592		Two Gentlemen of Verona	Richard III	Romeo and Juliet
	1593	Venus and Adonis		King John	Titus Andronicus
II	1594	Lucrece	A Midsummer Night's Dream		
	1595		Taming of the Shrew	Richard II	
	1596		Merchant of Venice		
	1597		Merry Wives of Windsor	1 Henry IV	
	1598		Much Ado About Nothing	2 Henry IV	
	1599	Passionate Pilgrim?	As You Like It	Henry V	
	1600		Twelfth Night		

III	1601	Phoenix and the Turtle?	Troilus and Cressida		Julius Caesar
	1602		All's Well that Ends Well		Hamlet
	1603		Measure for Measure		
	1604				Othello
	1605				King Lear
	1606				Macbeth
	1607				Timon of Athens
	1608	A Lover's Complaint?	Pericles		Antony and Cleopatra
	1609	Sonnets (Printed)			Coriolanus
IV	1610		Cymbeline		
	1611		Winter's Tale; Tempest		
	1612			Henry VIII	

1603; "King Lear," 1608; "Troilus and Cressida," and "Pericles," 1609. In addition to these, a Quarto of "Othello" was printed in 1622. The other twenty plays were not published, so far as we know, until 1623, when Heminge and Condell included them in the First Folio.

Periods of Shakespeare's development.

The periods shown in the table are, of course, wholly artificial. Shakespeare himself had no such division of his works in mind, and it is dangerous for us to-day to press very far the suggestion of clearly defined compartments for the plays. The development of the dramatist, like that of any artist, was gradual. Changes in style, in method, in views of life took place not in a single year, but were the result of slowly expanding power and growth of character. In that growth there were no sudden breaks or unaccountable transformations. The mind that created "Hamlet" in 1602 was the same mind that created "Twelfth Night" in 1600, no matter how black the line that separates them into two different periods. Yet a glance at the divisions in the table reveals two or three interesting facts.

The years of experiment, 1590–1593.

When Shakespeare has gained a foothold in the London theatres he first turns his hand to old plays, touching them up, remodelling, and improving. This is his natural work as an apprentice playwright. As he gains confidence and strikes out for himself, he experiments with all the forms of playwriting that then are known. Thus in "Love's Labour's Lost" we find one of the very few works the plot of which is his own invention; in "The Comedy of Errors" and "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" he imitates the Latin comedies of Plautus; in "Richard III" and "King John"

he attempts historical tragedy, and in "Romeo and Juliet" he gives us tragedy, full of romance and passion, drawn from Italy whence so many of his stories of later years are to come. The four years from 1590 to 1593 are evidently years of feeling about, testing himself, and experimenting. Naturally he writes with great rapidity: he is full of enthusiasm and the impetuous rush of youth. All that he does shows signs of a beginner and an unsettled purpose. We therefore do not expect to find highly finished work. As a matter of fact, with the exception of "Romeo and Juliet" and "Richard III," none of the plays of this early period are acted on the stage to-day or often read.

It is now that Shakespeare writes his two long story poems, — "Venus and Adonis" in 1593 and "Lucrece" in 1594. In them he retells classical legends taken chiefly from the Roman poet Ovid. Their elaborate and florid language reminds us of similar narrative poems of the period. In their spirit and style they resemble the early plays, but in one important respect they differ: they are published with their author's name on the title-page. Unlike the Quartos of the dramas, Shakespeare prepares these poems for the press. Their popularity surpasses even that of the comedies. Seven editions of "Venus and Adonis" are issued between 1593 and 1602, and five of "Lucrece" between 1594 and 1616. Among the reading public of his day he becomes more widely known by them than by his work for the stage. He is now, in the eyes of the learned world, an author and creator of real literature.

The poems.

By 1594 the years of apprenticeship are over; Shakespeare has found where his powers lie. He is still young

and ardent; the sadder and more serious things of life have not yet come to him; he sympathizes with the demands of the London populace to be amused. The results are the last of the histories and seven years of comedies, — the fullest, and we may well believe, the happiest time of his life as a dramatist. His power of expression, his skill in constructing a play, — above all, his keen insight into human nature, — develop with astonishing rapidity, until he is the favorite playwright of his day. In wit and enthusiasm, in pure poetry and "gusto," in creation of interesting and delightful character, the plays from "A Midsummer Night's Dream" to "Twelfth Night" stand unmatched. Not one of them has faded after three hundred years: they still are acted and read with profit and pleasure. Together they form "the rich period of unsurpassable comedy."

The great comedies, 1594-1600.

But youth and rollicking fun, high spirits and unbroken happiness, do not last. With the end of the century comes a turning-point in Shakespeare's life. Perhaps it is personal grief and suffering; possibly it is poor health and for the first time the thought that his own death may not be far away; possibly it is disappointment in his friends or his ambitions; or it may be simply a deeper wisdom coming with maturer years that now begins to make him think more and more of the greater and more serious things of life. The passions, the temptations, the moral struggles of mankind now absorb his interest. Naturally, comedy and history are inadequate for the expression of these deeper thoughts and emotions. With "Julius Caesar" begin the great tragedies, that "series of spectacles of the pity and terror

The great tragedies, 1601-1609.

of human suffering and human sin without parallel in the modern world."[1] Even the three comedies of these years are comedies only in name. Throughout them there is the atmosphere of suffering and sin. Their theme and spirit are more in keeping with "Hamlet" and "King Lear" than with the merrymaking and joyous fun of "As You Like It" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Thus every play of this period has a tragic motive, for during its nine years the mind and heart of the poet are concerned with the saddest and deepest things of human life.

The sonnets.

In 1609, toward the close of this period of tragedy, Shakespeare prints his volume of sonnets, one hundred and fifty-four in number. Some of them must have been written much earlier. Their style and youthful spirit show that; but besides, as early as 1598, Francis Meres spoke of Shakespeare's "sugred Sonnets among his private friends." Yet many of them show such power, such masterful handling of profound thought, such noble poetic form, that they seem to come from the years that produced "Hamlet" and "Othello." Probably the poet has been writing them off and on ever since he came to London, and now in 1609 he puts them at last into book form. It is well that he does so; for to-day every one who enjoys poetry reads them with delight. Unlike "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucrece" they do not fade; they are among the most perfect sonnets in our language, and they contain some of the finest lines that ever came from Shakespeare's pen. Here are two of the most admired:

[1] "The Facts about Shakespeare," Neilson and Thorndike. The Macmillan Company, 1915.

29.

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries
And look upon myself and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

116.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixèd mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken;
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

The storm and stress of tragedy, however, does not continue to the end. In the last years Shakespeare turns

away from the bitterness and sorrow of life, and leaves us as his final message three romantic comedies of delightful charm. The calm and quiet humor of these plays is very different from the boisterous farce of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" and the buffoonery of the clowns in the earlier dramas; but their beauty and sweetness and idealism make a happy and fitting close to the poet's work. In "Henry VIII," which shows brilliant flashes of his genius, and in "The Two Noble Kinsmen," which is not generally included among his plays, he writes in collaboration with John Fletcher, or with some other of the younger dramatists of these later years. He has made his fortune; he knows that his work is done; he is looking fondly toward his Stratford home, and so he turns over his place to other men.

The later comedies, 1610–1612.

First, — imitating, feeling his way, experimenting, rapidly and eagerly trying everything about him; then seven full years of whole-souled joy of living, enthusiasm, laughter, and fun; then deeper emotions and profound thought upon the saddest and most serious things of life; then a happier time of calm reflection and repose, followed by retirement from active work in London to the peaceful village home on the Avon; then, after four quiet years, the end. Thus, in a way, we begin to understand the development of Shakespeare's mind and character by a study of the years in which he wrote his plays and poems.

Summary.

SHAKESPEARE'S POPULARITY IN HIS OWN DAY

There somehow exists a quite general feeling that Shakespeare's genius was not properly appreciated in his own time; that dramatists, now ranked far below him, were more popular with audiences in the days of Queen Elizabeth and King James I. Whether this notion comes from the scarcity of facts which we have concerning the poet's life, it is hard to say. Certainly such a belief must be ranked among the most unfortunate of popular errors. There is ample evidence to show that he was not only popular with uneducated London tradesmen and apprentices who thronged the pit of the Globe, but in the best critical judgment of the day he was considered the first of poets and dramatists. "Throughout his lifetime," says Sidney Lee, "and for a generation afterwards, his plays drew crowds to pit, boxes, and gallery alike. It is true that he was one of a number of popular dramatists, many of whom had rare gifts, and all of whom glowed with a spark of genuine literary fire. But Shakespeare was the sun in the firmament: when his light shone, the fires of all contemporaries paled in the playgoer's eye."[1]

Shakespeare widely appreciated in his own lifetime.

Many bits of evidence have come down to us that show how high a place in people's hearts the plays of Shakespeare held in their author's lifetime. For instance, when he had been in London but ten years he was summoned by Queen Elizabeth to play before her and the court at Greenwich in the

Evidences of his popularity.

[1] Sidney Lee; "Shakespeare and the Elizabethan Playgoer."

Christmas holidays. The favor which King James showed his tragedies is well known. "Hamlet" was acted several times in the first year of its production, both in London and at Oxford and Cambridge. Four editions were printed in eight years,—an unusual demand for those times. Moreover, the name of Shakespeare appears in the works of contemporary authors more than that of any other dramatist, and almost invariably it is coupled with praise and admiration. He is the "mellifluous" and "honey-tongued" poet. One sets him above Plautus and Seneca; another prefers him to Chaucer, Gower, and Spenser; another declares that "he puts them all down, ay, and Ben Jonson, too." In the preface of the first complete edition of his plays, published seven years after his death, the compilers, who were his fellow-actors and friends, wrote of him that he was one "who as he was a happie imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand went together; and what he thought, he uttered with that easinesse that wee have scarse received from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our province, who onely gather his works and give them you, to praise him. It is yours that reade him. And there we hope, to your divers capacities, you will finde enough both to draw and hold you; for his wit can no more lie hid than it could be lost. Reade him, therefore; and againe and againe; and if then you doe not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger not to understand him."

Ben Jonson's praise of Shakespeare.

A part of the introductory material of this First Folio edition of the plays consists of poems of praise contributed by the poet's admirers. Among the most famous are the noble lines

of Ben Jonson, scholar, poet, and dramatist. Here are the words of a thoughtful critic who knew the theatre from the stage and from the audience, — a man who had been associated with Shakespeare throughout his London career and who understood, better than any other, his place in the hearts of English people.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED MASTER WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE AND WHAT HE HATH LEFT US

To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame;
While I confess thy writings to be such,
As neither Man nor Muse can praise too much.

* * * * * * * *

Soul of the age!
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage!
My SHAKESPEARE, rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further to make thee a room:
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so my brain excuses, —
I mean with great, but disproportioned Muses;
For if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line.
And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek
From thence to honour thee I would not seek

For names, but call forth thund'ring Æschylus,
Euripides and Sophocles to us,
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
To life again to hear thy buskin tread,
And shake a stage; or when thy socks were on,
Leave thee alone for a comparison
Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show,
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm!
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines,
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
But antiquated and deserted lie,
As they were not of Nature's family.
Yet must I not give Nature all; thy Art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.
For though the poet's matter nature be,
His art doth give the fashion; and that he
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat
(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Upon the Muses' anvil, turn the same,
And himself with it, that he thinks to frame;
Or for the laurel he may gain to scorn;
For a good poet's made, as well as born.

And such wert thou! Look how the father's face
Lives in his issue, even so the race
Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines
In his well turnèd and true filèd lines,
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
As brandished at the eyes of ignorance.
Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
To see thee in our waters yet appear,
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,
That so did take Eliza and our James!
But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanced, and made a constellation there!
Shine forth, thou Star of Poets, and with rage
Or influence chide or cheer the drooping stage,
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourned like night,
And despairs day but for thy volume's light.

Even without these lines and numerous other bits of unqualified praise from contemporary pens, the fact that the plays were financially successful, and that from them their author made for those times a small fortune, shows us that Shakespeare was truly appreciated by all sorts of people in his own day. Before his death he had taken the place which he now holds, — that of the foremost of English poets and dramatists.

SHAKESPEARE'S FAME SINCE HIS DEATH

During the three hundred years since Shakespeare's death the popularity of his plays on the stage has naturally varied somewhat with the changing taste of the times. Toward the end of his life a decline in the drama had begun, so that the generation which followed was more pleased by the coarse blood-and-thunder tragedies of Webster, Ford, and Massinger than by the more profound and more artistic work of Shakespeare. Certain ones of the plays that very early ceased to be popular on the stage have never since come into favor. Most of the histories, two or three of the earliest comedies, "All's Well That Ends Well," "Measure for Measure," "Pericles," "Timon of Athens," "Troilus and Cressida," and "Coriolanus" have seldom been acted since they were first produced. The subjects of some of these are not suitable to present in a modern theatre; in others, as in the histories, there is not enough action or dialogue to satisfy an audience to-day. Yet these make but a small portion of the poet's work. With the exception of the twenty years, 1640–1660, when all theatres in England were closed under the censorship of Cromwell's Puritan Government, there never has been an age that has not had the opportunity to see its foremost actors in the greater comedies and tragedies that came from Shakespeare's pen.

Shakespeare on the stage since 1616.

During the reign of Charles II, in the period known as the Restoration, and for the forty years that followed, literary taste was at its lowest mark. Naturally Shakespeare suffered at a time when the coarse and artificial

plays of Wycherley, Vanbrugh, and Farquahar fascinated both the nobility and the common people of London. His dramas, to be sure, were still presented on the stage, but they were generally worked over, or even rewritten, to suit the strange fancies of the age. With music, new scenes, and new characters they were mutilated almost beyond recognition. From one point of view they were spoiled; yet it is significant that even to the theatre-goers of 1680 they still had enough vitality and imaginative power to be made the foundation of popular and successful entertainments. Dryden, the chief poet of the time, admired the genius of their author, and wrote prefaces for them in their renovated form. Betterton, the greatest actor of the age, was regarded at his best as the Prince in "Hamlet," a part which he played on many occasions, and always to enthusiastic houses. Samuel Pepys, who kept a remarkable diary between 1661 and 1669, records in his journal three hundred and fifty-one visits to the London theatres during these eight years. On forty-one of these occasions he saw plays by Shakespeare, or plays based upon them. Though Pepys was entirely unable to appreciate the poetry and all the finer qualities of what he heard, — he speaks in especially slighting terms of the comedies, — still it is interesting to know that he had even the opportunity, in eight short years, to witness fourteen different works of the great Elizabethan dramatist. This, too, in England's darkest age of literary appreciation!

The feeling for Shakespeare during the Restoration, 1660–1740.

The middle of the eighteenth century saw a new and genuine enthusiasm for Shakespeare. Scholars began to study his life and his work. New editions were published,

with notes and comment. The plays were revived on the stage in their original and true form. A great interest in all that he had said and thought was born, — an interest which grew through the years that followed, and still is growing. The foremost actors of all times have turned to him for their most ambitious work, and the crowning of their professional achievement. Perhaps the greatest of them all was David Garrick. "From his first triumph in Richard III, in 1741, to his farewell performance of Lear in 1776, he won a series of signal successes in both tragedy and comedy, in Hamlet, Lear, Macbeth, Richard III, Falconbridge, Romeo, Hotspur, Iago, Leontes, Posthumus, Benedick, and Antony. Garrick's services to Shakespeare extended beyond the parts which he impersonated. He revived many plays, and though he garbled the texts freely, yet in comparison with earlier practice he really had some right to boast that he had restored the text of Shakespeare to the stage. Further, his example led to an increased popularity of Shakespeare in the theatre and afforded new incentives for other actors. Mrs. Clive, Mrs. Cibber, and Mrs. Pritchard were among the women who acted with Garrick. Macklin, by his revival of Shylock as a tragic character, Henderson, by his impersonation of Falstaff, and John Palmer in secondary characters, as Iago, Mercutio, Touchstone, and Sir Tobey, were his contemporaries most famous in their day."[1] After Garrick came Mrs. Kemble, Edmund Kean, Mrs. Siddons, Macready, and Booth, — names remembered to-day chiefly in connection with the Shakespearean rôles which they nobly played.

The great actors in Shakespeare's plays.

[1] Neilson and Thorndike: "The Facts about Shakespeare," page 174.

Shakespeare on the stage to-day.

Conditions have not changed in our own time. The greatest actors of our own generation, Sir Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, Helena Modjeska, Ada Rehan, Forbes Robertson, Beerbohm Tree, Julia Marlowe, and Edward Sothern, have been seen at their best in the comedies and tragedies of Shakespeare. Even in the twentieth century, with musical comedies, vaudeville, and moving-pictures to contend with, his plays are presented in greater number than are the plays of any other man who has ever lived. Nor are they revived merely for the sake of sentiment. They draw large audiences of all sorts of people. They still pay as purely business undertakings. "The Merchant of Venice," "Julius Caesar," "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "Twelfth Night," "As You Like It," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Romeo and Juliet," "The Taming of the Shrew," and "The Merry Wives of Windsor" still earn money for actors and theatre-managers as they did three centuries ago. What is far more important, they still give pleasure and amusement, they still stir laughter and tears and awaken the imagination as they did at the Globe in London in the lifetime of their creator.

Shakespeare's plays read, as well as acted.

Shakespeare, we know, wrote his plays to be acted: to him they were distinctly stage productions to be seen and heard at the theatre. So little did he think of their being read that he apparently had no concern about them in their book form. To-day, on the contrary, though they still are presented on the stage, it is in school and college classrooms, in libraries, and in homes that they are chiefly known. New editions are constantly appearing. Plays and novels that were popular twenty years

ago are out of print and difficult to find; the works of Shakespeare, in a dozen different forms, are in every book-store of England and America. Quite apart from their acting qualities, they have come to be regarded as the highest type of literature in our language.

This is not the place to give an extensive criticism of Shakespeare's works, nor a full analysis of the reasons why the world regards them so highly apart from their value as stage performances. It will be enough to remind the student that in nothing that has ever been written do we find a clearer or more faithful portrayal of all the varying moods and emotions of human nature. The characters which Shakespeare has created live in our minds both as individuals and as types of the ideal. He strips away the petty things from life and shows us the eternal elements underneath. He has that wonderful and rare quality called universality; for he expresses the thoughts and feelings of us all, — the things which we know to be great and true. Somewhere in his plays everyone finds himself, and the discovery, though he may not realize it at the time, makes a lasting impression. For Shakespeare is the supreme teacher: he suggests, but does not preach, the art of living. Other men have done all this. But Shakespeare has left us his wisdom and his interpretation of life in a more beautiful and stately diction, in phrasing more apt and pleasing, in poetry of greater imaginative power, than has ever come from the mind of man.

Why Shakespeare lives.

More books have been written about Shakespeare than about any other person who ever lived.[1] This is not surpris-

[1] For titles of those books on Shakespeare most interesting to students and teachers, see page 224.

ing when we consider that the interest in his plays, which has existed now for three centuries, is world-wide, and when we remember that the language in which he wrote often needs explanation and comment to make it perfectly clear to the average reader to-day. Almost every English and American poet of note has left a tribute to the greatest of all poets. Perhaps the best known are Milton's famous Epitaph, "What needs my Shakespeare" etc., — and Ben Jonson's lines contributed to the First Folio in 1623, which are given on page 190. Here are a few other short poems, or selections from poems, which give honor and praise to those characteristics that have made Shakespeare the inspiration and the guiding-star of poets since Elizabethan times.

JAMES THOMSON

FOR lofty sense,
Creative fancy, and inspection keen
Through the deep windings of the human heart,
Is not wild Shakespeare thine and Nature's boast?

Summer — 1727.

WILLIAM COLLINS

THE temper of our isle, though cold, is clear;
And such our genius, noble though severe.
Our Shakespeare scorn'd the trifling rules of art,
But knew to conquer and surprise the heart!
In magic chains the captive thought to bind,
And fathom all the depths of human kind!

On our Late Taste in Music — 1747

THOMAS GRAY

FAR from the sun and summer gale
In thy green lap was Nature's Darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face: the dauntless child
Stretch'd forth his little arms and smiled.
"This pencil take (she said), whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of joy;
Of horror that, and thrilling fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears."

The Progress of Poesy — 1757.

HENRY ALFORD

WE stood upon the tomb of him whose praise,
Time, nor oblivious thrift, nor envy chill,
Nor war, nor ocean with her severing space,
Shall hinder from the peopled world to fill;
And thus, in fulness of our heart, we cried:
God's works are wonderful — the circling sky,
The rivers that with noiseless footing glide,
Man's firm-built strength, and woman's liquid eye;
But the high spirit that sleepeth here below,
More than all beautiful and stately things,
Glory to God the mighty Maker brings;
To whom alone 'twas given the bounds to know
Of human action, and the secret springs
Whence the deep streams of joy and sorrow flow.

Stratford-upon-Avon — 1837

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

THERE Shakespeare, on whose forehead climb
The crowns o' the world: O eyes sublime
With tears and laughter for all time!

A Vision of Poets — 1844

LEIGH HUNT

. . . HUMANITY'S divinest son,
That sprightliest, gravest, wisest, kindest one . . .

Thoughts of the Avon — 1844.

ROBERT BROWNING

— I DECLARE our Poet, him
Whose insight makes all others dim:
A thousand Poets pried at life,
And only one amid the strife
Rose to be Shakespeare.

Christmas Eve and Easter Day — 1850.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE

GREAT poet, 'twas thy art
To know thyself, and in thyself to be
Whate'er love, hate, ambition, destiny,
Or the firm, fatal purpose of the heart,
Can make of Man. Yet thou wert still the same,
Serene of thought, unhurt by thy own flame.

To Shakespeare — 1851.

William Wetmore Story

. . . Shakespeare, whose strong soul could climb
Steeps of sheer terror, sound the ocean grand
Of Passion's deeps, or over Fancy's strand
Trip with his fairies, keeping step and time.
His, too, the power to laugh out full and clear,
With unembittered joyance, and to move
Along the silent, shadowy paths of love
As tenderly as Dante, whose austere,
Stern spirit through the worlds below, above,
Unsmiling strode, to tell their tidings here.

The Mighty Makers, II — 1851

Matthew Arnold

Others abide our question. Thou art free.
We ask and ask — thou smilest and art still,
Out-topping knowledge. For the loftiest hill,
Who to the stars uncrowns his majesty,
Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea,
Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling-place,
Spares but the cloudy border of his base
To the foil'd searching of mortality;

And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know,
Self-school'd, self-scann'd, self-honour'd, self-secure
Didst tread on earth unguess'd at. — Better so!

All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
All weakness which impairs, all griefs which bow,
Find their sole speech in that victorious brow.

Shakespeare — 1867.

THE THEATRE OF SHAKESPEARE'S DAY

When Shakespeare left Stratford and went to London, theatres were in their infancy. The first one had been built in 1576, when he was a lad of twelve, and on his arrival in the city there were but three small wooden structures devoted to the production of plays. Enthusiasm for the drama, however, was aglow. With the sanction of Queen Elizabeth, herself a lover of pageants and revels, and under the patronage of the powerful Earls of Leicester, Southampton, and Rutland, the popular demand for this form of amusement grew with amazing rapidity. Theatres shot up one after another until in 1633 there were at least nineteen in London, "a number," says Brandes, "which no modern town of 300,000 inhabitants can equal." Poets, courtiers, scholars, — everyone who could write, — turned to the making of plays. The art which Shakespeare found in its crude and humble beginnings, in the short period of his active life, that is, between 1585 and 1610, developed through every stage to its highest form, so that never in the three hundred years that have since elapsed has the drama of the Elizabethan days been surpassed. In this development Shakespeare was "a pioneer — almost the creator or first designer — as well as the practised workman in unmatched perfection."[1]

Popularity of the first theatres.

Though the first theatre in England was not erected until Shakespeare was twelve years old, long before his time there had been many different kinds of simple plays. The instinct to act out a story had existed from the child-

[1] Sidney Lee: "Shakespeare and the Elizabethan Playgoer."

hood of the race. With the earliest telling of legends and folktales by minstrels and bards there had often been occasion for dramatic recital, dialogue, and action. For centuries, too, there had been the solemn mysteries and quaint old moralities. Mummers and bands of strolling players had wandered over Europe throughout the Middle Ages. The drama, therefore, which flowered in the last half of the sixteenth century, was not a new and sudden birth, but rather came as the natural outgrowth of centuries of crude and humble plays. In the beginning these had been closely connected with the service of the church; in fact, they had been a means of religious instruction rather than a form of amusement. To understand this more clearly, let us compare their origin with that of the Greek drama in earlier ages still.

Plays before theatres were built.

Many, many centuries before Shakespeare was born, — five or six hundred years B.C., — the God Dionysus, or Bacchus, was worshipped in Greece at country festivals by boisterous groups of men who chanted and marched and exchanged bantering jests as they danced about the altar and acted out legends connected with the god. These actors, who represented the satyr followers of Dionysus, generally were clad in goatskins, whence we have our word "tragedy," from the Greek *tragos*, a goat, and *tragodia*, a goat-song. From these simple beginnings sprang the drama of Greece, which produced Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. The religious element persisted in ancient times much longer than in England, for the plays of the Greek dramatists who correspond to Shakespeare were still a form of worship. In the center of the orchestra

The religious origin of the Greek drama.

stood the altar of Dionysus, about which the chorus moved in solemn procession, chanting and reciting; before the performance began there were sacrifices to the god, and the plays were given in the spring on the days of the Dionysian festival. Greek tragedy was therefore not merely an entertainment, but a serious religious function. Beginning as a popular form of Nature worship, it finally became a means of expression for the most serious and finest of Greek thought and wisdom. As it spread from Athens to other towns, little by little it ceased to be a religious affair, until at last, as it gradually lost its vitality and splendor, its relation to the worship of Dionysus entirely disappeared. In similar fashion, comedy (from *comos*, a band of revellers, and *odé*, a song) developed from the ruder, more rustic elements in the worship of the same god, though here, as we might expect, the religious element did not persist as long as it did in its greater and more serious cousin, tragedy.

English drama begins in the Church.

More than eighteen hundred years later, in England, we find the beginnings of the drama again closely related to worship. At a time when few of the common people could read, the priests in the churches found no method of teaching their congregations the stories of the Bible so effective as the use of objects and pictures which appealed to the eye. The effectiveness of their teaching was enormously increased when they added movement, action, and talk to their picture lessons. Indeed, it was but a step from the impressive and beautiful service of the Mass to a dramatic presentation, in simple form, of the most solemn scenes in religious history. "In this manner the people not only *heard* the story of the Adoration of the Magi and of the

Marriage in Cana, but *saw* the story in tableau. In course of time the persons in these tableaux spoke and moved, and then it was but a logical step to the representation dramatically, by the priests before the altar, of the striking or significant events in the life of Christ."[1]

The Mysteries and Miracle Plays.

Thus in the services of the church at Christmas, Good Friday, and Easter were laid the foundations of our modern drama. These earliest performances, which were called Mysteries, dealt wholly with Bible stories, from the Creation to the Day of Judgment, and with the life of Christ; but as they became more and more popular with the masses, a broader field of subjects was sought, and lives of saints were used for dramatic material in the Miracle Plays of a century later. Not only were the priests the authors of both these simple forms of drama, but with the choir boys they were also the actors. For many years these plays were given on Holy Days and Saints' Days, either at the altar in the church itself, or in the enclosure just outside its walls. Their object continued to be largely religious instruction. In the Miracle plays, however, there were opportunities for a good deal of grotesque amusement. Incidents in the lives of the saints were not always serious or spiritual. The Devil gradually became more or less of a comic character. As the performances grew less solemn and awe-inspiring, the attitude of the people toward them changed. No longer did they attend them to worship, but rather to see a show and be amused. Gradually, therefore, they became separated from the service of the church, until finally they were banished once for all from the sacred walls, and but a few years after they had been

[1] W. H. Mabie: "William Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist, and Man."

given at the altar they were being denounced by the priests as base and wicked things. Indeed, the feeling that plays are devices and temptations of Satan, which still exists, may be traced to the time, four centuries ago, when the drama lost favor with the Church.

Trade-Guilds and the plays.

The Mysteries and Miracle Plays did not decline in popularity when they were abandoned by the various religious orders. On the contrary, with the greater freedom and larger opportunity which separation from the church gave them, they increased rapidly in the people's favor. They were now taken up by the trade-guilds which, by the fifteenth century, developed elaborate and systematic methods of presenting them. Often different groups of tradesmen, such as the weavers' guild or the goldsmiths' guild, would unite, each band or "company" presenting an act or scene in the play to be undertaken. Huge, two-story covered wagons, somewhat like our large moving-vans to-day, took the place of stage and property-rooms. The actors dressed in the enclosed part of the vehicle, and then mounted a ladder or some rough stairs to the top story, or roof, where they performed their parts. Announced by heralds, — sometimes even by proclamation of the Mayor, — these pageants, as they were called, were drawn through the town on holidays and occasions of special festival. In the course of its progress the moving-stage would stop several times, — at the corners of the principal streets, in a public square, often at the doors of a church or cathedral. Then the crowd which had been following in its wake gathered about it to witness again the drama of Adam and Eve and the Garden of Eden, of Noah, the flood and the ark, of Pilate and Herod, or one of the

numberless other stories with which they had been familiar from childhood.

Miracle Plays and Mysteries were followed by the Moralities in which abstract qualities such as Pleasure, Slander, Rage, Perseverance, and the Seven Deadly Sins took the place of characters from the Bible. This was a long stride forward. Now the field of subjects was greatly enlarged. Originality both in writing plays and in producing them was now first in demand. Opportunity had come at last for the creation of character, and for the use of everyday life on the stage. "Everyman," which has often been acted in our time, is a good example of what the Moralities at their best could be. Like the Miracle plays they were generally given by the guilds in marketplaces, enclosures of castles, and inn-yards where people could watch them from windows and balconies, as well as from the ground about the portable stage. Heavy, crude, and dull as these old plays now seem to us, they were intensely enjoyed by the populace of those far-away simpler times. From the eagerness and excitement with which they awaited their coming to town, or travelled long distances to see them, it is evident that a love of acting was inborn in the hearts of the people which sooner or later would develop a more finished and artistic drama.

The Moralities.

None of the performers in the Mysteries or Miracle Plays had been professional actors; but now with the Moralities came the opportunity for men to make a business of acting. As religious subjects gradually disappeared from the pageant stage, actors by profession came into existence. Wandering minstrels and story-tellers, mummers

Acting as a profession; companies of actors.

and strolling players, began to join together in troops for protection and companionship. "From the days of Henry VI onwards, members of the nobility began to entertain these companies of actors, and Henry VII and Henry VIII had their own private comedians. A 'Master of the Revels' was appointed to superintend musical and dramatic entertainments at court." A little later a statute of Parliament declared that "all actors who were not attached to the service of a nobleman should be treated as rogues and vagabonds, or in other words, might be whipped out of any town in which they appeared. This decree, of course, compelled all actors to enter the service of one great man or other, and we see that the aristocracy felt bound to protect their art. A large number of the first men in the kingdom, during Elizabeth's reign, had each his company of actors. The player received from the nobleman, whose 'servant' he was, a cloak bearing the arms of the family. On the other hand, he received no salary, but was simply paid for each performance given before his patron. We must thus conceive Shakespeare as bearing on his cloak the arms of Leicester, and afterwards of the Lord Chamberlain, until about his fortieth year. From 1604 onwards, when the company was promoted by James I to be His Majesty's Servants, it was the Royal arms that he wore."[1]

The first theatres in London.

For many years these companies of professional actors had no regular buildings in which to give their performances. Their plays were presented before their noble patrons in the great halls of their castles, and occasionally at court for the amusement of the king or queen. As late as Shake

[1] Georg Brandes: "William Shakespeare," page 99.

speare's boyhood they were witnessed by the common people in the yards of taverns, in the open streets, or on village greens. If the actors played in London, either in the guild-halls or out of doors, they first had to obtain a license from the Lord Mayor for each performance, and then they were obliged to surrender half of their receipts to the city treasury. These trying conditions, with the growing popularity of the drama among all classes, finally led in 1576 to the erection of the first building for acting purposes. This was called the Theatre. The following year the Curtain was erected; in 1587, the Rose; in 1594, the Swan; and in 1599, the Globe. Once begun they shot up with wonderful rapidity. When Shakespeare arrived in the city there were but three playhouses; in 1611, when he retired to Stratford, there were probably ten or twelve.

The location of the first theatres.

In one sense London even then did not possess a theatre, for the early playhouses were not in the city at all. They were built on a tract of open land across the Thames, at the further end of London Bridge, outside the walls and well beyond the jurisdiction of the Mayor. The capital was then a town of small dimensions, barely a mile square, with a population of nearly 200,000 crowded together in houses which were constructed largely of wood. The streets were narrow, crooked, and muddy. Adequate means of fighting fire and disease did not exist. The Corporation was therefore strongly opposed to the erection of dangerous and inflammable structures upon the few vacant spaces within the walls. Moreover, among the Puritans, who were coming to be a large and influential body, opposition to the drama was growing more marked

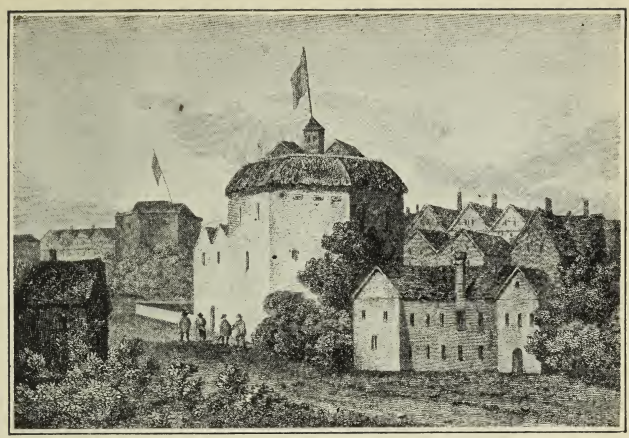
and open; so that the companies of actors were obliged to put up their theatres well beyond the reach of the city's laws.

Let us now pay a visit to the Globe, to us the most interesting of all the theatres, for it is here that Shakespeare's company acts, and here many of his plays are first seen on the stage. We cross the Thames by London Bridge with its lines of crowded booths and shops and throngs of bustling tradesmen; or if it is fine weather we take a small boat and are rowed over the river to the southern shores. Here on the Bankside, in the part of London now called Southwark, beyond the end of the bridge, and in the open fields near the Bear Garden, stands a roundish, three-story wooden building, so high for its size that it looks more like a clumsy, squatty tower than a theatre. As we draw nearer we see that it is not exactly round after all, but is somewhat hexagonal in shape. The walls seem to slant a little inward, giving it the appearance of a huge thimble, or cocked hat, with six flattened sides instead of a circular surface. There are but few small windows and two low shabby entrances. The whole structure is so dingy and unattractive that we stand before it in wonder. Can this be the place where "Hamlet," "The Merchant of Venice," and "Julius Caesar" are put on the stage!

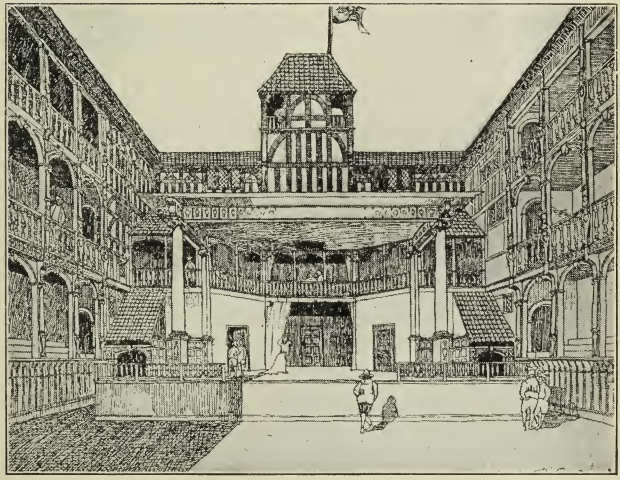
The Globe Theatre: its external appearance.

Our amazement on stepping inside is even greater. The first thing that astonishes us is the blue sky over our heads. The building has no roof except a narrow strip around the edge and a covering at the rear over the back part of the stage. The front of the stage and the whole center of the theatre is open to the air. Now we see how the in-

The Globe Theatre: the interior.



THE GLOBE THEATRE



INTERIOR OF AN ELIZABETHAN THEATRE

Godfrey's reconstruction of the Fortune Theatre

terior is lighted, though with the sunshine must often come rain and sleet and London fog. Looking up and out at the clouds floating by, we notice that a flag is flying from a short pole on the roof over the stage. This is most important, for it is announcing to the city across the river that this afternoon there is to be a play. It is bill-board, newspaper notice, and advertisement in one: and we may imagine the eagerness with which it is looked for among the theatre-loving populace of these later Elizabethan years. When the performance begins the flag will be lowered to proclaim to all that "the play is on."

Seating arrangements in the theatre: the pit.

Where, now, shall we sit? Before us on the ground level is a large open space, which corresponds to the orchestra circle on the floor of a modern playhouse. But here there is only the flat bare earth, trodden down hard, with rushes and straw scattered over it. There is not a sign of a seat! This is the "yard," or, as it is sometimes called, "the pit," where, by paying a penny or two, London apprentices, sailors, laborers, and the mixed crowd from the streets may stand jostling together. Some of the more enterprising ones may possibly sit on boxes and stools which they bring into the building with them. Among these "groundlings" there will surely be bustling confusion, noisy wrangling, and plenty of danger from pickpockets; so we look about us to find a more comfortable place from which to watch the performance.

The balconies and boxes.

On three sides of us, and extending well around the stage, are three tiers of narrow balconies. In some places these are divided into compartments, or boxes. The prices here are higher, varying from a few pennies to half a crown, according to

the location. By putting our money into a box held out to us, — there are no tickets, — we are allowed to climb the crooked wooden stairs to one of these compartments. Here we find rough benches and chairs, and above all a little seclusion from the throng of men and boys below. Along the edge of the stage we observe that there are stools, but these places, elevated and facing the audience, seem rather conspicuous, and besides the prices are high. They will be taken by the young gallants and men of fashion of London, in brave and brilliant clothes, with light swords at their belts, wide ruffled collars about their necks, and gay plumes in their hats. It will be amusing to see them show off their fine apparel, and display their wit at the expense of the groundlings in the pit, and even of the actors themselves. We are safer, however, and much more comfortable here in the balcony among the more sober, quiet gentlemen of London, who with mechanics, tradesmen, nobles, and shop-keepers have come to see the play.

The moment we entered the theatre we were impressed by the size of the stage. Looking down upon it from the balcony, it seems even larger and very near us. If it is like the stage of the Fortune it is square, as shown in the illustration facing page 210. Here in the Globe it is probably narrower at the front than at the back, tapering from the rear wall almost to a point. Whatever its shape, it is only a roughly-built, high platform, open on three sides, and extending halfway into the "yard." Though a low railing runs about its edge, there are no footlights, — all performances are in the afternoon by the light of day which streams down through the open top, — and strangest of all there is no curtain. At each

The stage.

side of the rear we can see a door that leads to the "tiring-rooms," where the actors dress, and from which they make their entrances. These are the "green-rooms" and wings of our theatre to-day. Between the doors is a curtain that now before the play begins is drawn together. Later when it is pulled aside, — not *upward* as curtains usually are now, — we shall see a shallow recess or alcove which serves as a secondary, or inner stage. Over this extends a narrow balcony covered by a roof which is supported at the front corners by two columns that stand well out from the wall. Still higher up, over the inner stage, is a sort of tower, sometimes called the "hut," and from a pole on this the flag is flying which summons the London populace from across the Thames. Rushes are strewn over the floor; there are no drops or wings or walls of painted scenery. In its simplicity and bareness it reminds us of the rude stage of the strolling players. Indeed, the whole interior of the building seems to be but an adaptation of the tavern-yard and village-green.

How, we wonder, can a play like "Julius Caesar" or "The Merchant of Venice" be staged on such a crude affair as this! What are the various parts of it for? Practically all acting is done, we shall see, on the front of the platform well out among the crowd in the pit, with the audience on three sides of the performers. All out-of-door scenes will be acted here, from a conversation in the streets of Venice or a dialogue in a garden, to a battle, a procession, or a banquet in the Forest of Arden. Here, too, with but the slightest alteration, or even with no change at all, interior scenes will be presented. With the "groundlings" crowded close up to its edges, and with young gallants

Use of the main stage.

sitting on its sides, this outer stage comes close to the people. On it will be all the main action of the drama: the various arrangements at the rear are for supplementary purposes and certain important effects.

Uses of the inner stage.

The inner stage, or alcove beyond the curtain, is used in many ways. It may serve for any room somewhat removed from the scene of action, such as a passage-way or a study. It often is made to represent a cave, a shop, or a prison. Here Othello, in a frenzy of jealous passion, strangles Desdemona as she lies in bed; here probably the ghost of Caesar appears to Brutus in his tent on the plains of Philippi; here stand the three fateful caskets in the mansion at Belmont, as we see by Portia's words,

> "Go, *draw aside the curtains*, and discover
> The several caskets to this noble Prince."

Tableaux and scenes within scenes, such as the short play in "Hamlet" by which the prince "catches the conscience of the king," are acted in this recess. But the most important use is to give the effect of a change of scene. By drawing apart and closing the curtain, with a few simple changes of properties in this inner compartment, a different background is possible. By such a slight variation of setting at the rear, the platform in the pit is transformed, by the quick imagination of the spectators, from a field or a street to a castle hall or a wood. Thus, the whole stage becomes the Forest of Arden by the use of a little greenery in the distance. Similarly, a few trees and shrubs at the rear of the inner stage, when the curtain is thrown aside, will change the setting from the court-room in the fourth act of "The Merchant of Venice," to the

scene in the garden at Belmont which immediately follows.

The balcony over the inner stage serves an important purpose, too. With the windows, which are often just over the doors leading to the tiring-rooms, it gives the effect of an upper story in a house, of walls in a castle, a tower, or any elevated position. This is the place, of course, where Juliet comes to greet Romeo who is in the garden below. In "Julius Caesar" when Cassius says,

Uses of the balcony over the stage.

"Go Pindarus, *get higher on that hill;*

* * * * * *

And tell me what thou notest about the field,"

the soldier undoubtedly climbs to the balcony, for a moment later, looking abroad over the field of battle, he reports to Cassius what he sees from his elevation. Here Jessica appears when Lorenzo calls under Shylock's windows, "Ho! who's within?" and on this balcony she is standing when she throws down to her lover a box of her father's jewels. "Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains," she says, and retires into the house, appearing below a moment later to run away with Lorenzo and his masquerading companions.

Besides these simple devices, if we look closely enough we shall see a trap-door, or perhaps two, in the platform. These are for the entrance of apparitions and demons. They correspond, in a way, to the balcony by giving the effect of a place lower than the stage level. Thus in the first scene of "The Tempest," which takes place in a storm at sea, the notion of a ship may be suggested to the audience by sailors

Other stage devices.

entering from the trap-door, as they might come up a hatchway to a deck. If it is a play with gods and goddesses and spirits, we may be startled to see them appear and disappear through the air. Evidently there is machinery of some sort in the hut over the balcony which can be used for lowering and raising deities and creatures that live above the earth. On each side of the stage is a flight of steps leading to the balcony. These are often covered, as plainly shown by Mr. Godfrey's reconstruction of the Fortune Theatre facing page 210. Here sit councils, senates, and princes with their courts. Macbeth uses them to give the impression of ascending to an upper chamber when he goes to kill the king, and down them he rushes to his wife after he has committed the fearful murder.

Scenery on the stage.

What astonishes us most, however, is the absence of scenery. To be sure, some slight attempt has been made to create scenic illusion. There are, perhaps, a few trees and boulders, a table, a chair or two, and pasteboard dishes of food. But there is little more. In the only drawing of the interior of an Elizabethan theatre that has been preserved, — a sketch of the Swan made in 1596, — the stage has absolutely no furniture except one plain bench on which one of the actors is sitting. Here before us in the Globe the walls may be covered with loose tapestries, black if the play is to be a tragedy, blue if a comedy; but it is quite possible that they are entirely bare. A placard on one of the pillars announces that the stage is now a street in Venice, now a courtroom, now the hall of a stately mansion. It may be that the Prologue, or even the actors themselves, will tell us at the opening of an act just where the scene is laid and what we are to imagine the platform to represent.

In "Henry V," for instance, the Prologue at the beginning not only explains the setting of the play, but asks forgiveness of the audience for attempting to put on the stage armies and battles and the "vasty fields of France."

"But pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraiséd spirit that hath dared
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
So great an object. Can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within *this wooden O* the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
Attest in little place a million;
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose within the girdle of these walls
Are now confined two mighty monarchies,
Whose high-uprearéd and abutting fronts
The perilous, narrow ocean parts asunder.
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance.
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth,
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times,
Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass."

In "As You Like It" it is an actor who tells us at the opening of the second act that we are now to imagine the Forest of Arden before us. In the first sentence which

the banished Duke speaks, he says, "Are not *these woods* more free from peril than the envious court?" and a moment later, when Touchstone and the runaway maidens first enter the woods, Rosalind exclaims, "Well, this is the Forest of Arden!" A hint, a reference, a few simple contrivances, a placard or two, — these are enough. "Imaginary forces" are here in the audience keenly alive, and they will do the rest. By means of them, without the illusion of scenery, the bare wooden stage will become a ship, a garden, a palace, a London tavern. Whole armies will enter and retire by a single door. Battles will rage, royal processions pass in and out, graves will be dug, lovers will woo, — and all with hardly an important alteration of the setting. Lack of scenery does not limit the type of scenes that can be presented. On the contrary, it gives almost unlimited opportunities to the dramatist, for the spectators, in the force and freshness of their imagination, are children who willingly "play" that the stage is anything the author suggests. Their youthful enthusiasm, their simple tastes, above all their lack of knowledge of anything different, give them the enviable power of imagining the grandest, most beautiful, and most varied scenes on the same bare, unadorned boards. Apparently they are well satisfied with their stage; for it is not until nearly fifty years after Shakespeare's death that movable scenery is used in an English theatre.

The performance of a play.

It is now three o'clock and time for the performance to begin. Among the motley crowd of men and boys in the yard there is no longer room for another box or stool. They are evidently growing impatient and jostle together in noisy confusion. Suddenly three long blasts on a trumpet sound. The

mutterings in the pit subside, and all eyes turn toward the stage. First an actor, clothed in a black mantle and wearing a laurel wreath on his head, comes from behind the curtain and recites the prologue. From it we learn something of the story of the play to follow, and possibly a little about the scene of action. This is all very welcome, for we have no programs and the plot of the drama is unfamiliar. In a minute or two the Prologue retires and the actors of the first scene enter. We are soon impressed by the rapidity with which the play moves on. There is little stage "business"; though there may be some music between the acts, still there are no long waits; one scene follows another as quickly as the actors can make their exits and entrances. The whole play, therefore, does not last much over two hours. At the close there is an epilogue, spoken by one of the actors, after which the players kneel and join in a prayer for the queen. Then comes a final bit of amusement for the groundlings: the clown, or some other comic character of the company, sings a popular song, dances a brisk and boisterous jig, and the performance of the day is done.

Costumes of the actors.

During our novel experience this afternoon at the Globe, nothing has probably surprised us more than the elaborate and gorgeous costumes of the actors. At a time when so little attention is paid to scenery we naturally expect to find the dress of the players equally simple and plain. But we are mistaken. The costumes, to be sure, make little or no pretension to fit the period or place of action. Caesar appears in clothes such as are worn by a duke or an earl in 1601. "They are the ordinary dresses of various classes of the day, but they are often of rich material, and

in the height of current fashion. False hair and beards, crowns and sceptres, mitres and croziers, armour, helmets, shields, vizors, and weapons of war, hoods, bands, and cassocks, are relied on to indicate among the characters differences of rank or profession. The foreign observer, Thomas Platter of Basle, was impressed by the splendor of the actors' costumes. 'The players wear the most costly and beautiful dresses, for it is the custom in England, that when noblemen or knights die, they leave their finest clothes to their servants, who, since it would not be fitting for them to wear such splendid garments, sell them soon afterwards to the players for a small sum.'"[1] But no money is spared to secure the fitting garment for an important part. Indeed, it is quite probable that more is paid for a king's velvet robe or a prince's silken doublet than is given to the author for the play itself. Whether the elaborate costumes are appropriate or not, their general effect is pleasing, for they give variety and brilliant color to the bare and unattractive stage.

Female parts taken by boys.

If we are happily surprised by the costuming of the play, what shall we say of the actors who take the female parts! They are very evidently not women, or even girls, but boys whose voices have not changed, dressed, tricked out, and trained to appear as feminine as possible. It is considered unseemly for a woman to appear on a public stage, — indeed, the professional actress does not exist and will not be seen in an English theatre for nearly a century. Meanwhile plays are written with few female parts (remember "The Merchant of Venice," "Julius Caesar," and "Macbeth") and young boys are trained to take these

[1] Sidney Lee: "Shakespeare and the Modern Stage," page 41.

rôles. The theatregoers seem to enjoy the performance just as much as we do to-day with mature and accomplished actresses on the stage. Shakespeare and his fellow dramatists treated the situation with good grace or indifference. Thus in the epilogue of "As You Like It" Rosalind says to the audience, "*If I were a woman* I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me." The jest, of course, consists in the fact that she is *not* a woman at all, but a stripling. In a more tragic vein Cleopatra, before she dies, complains that "the quick comedians . . . will stage us, . . . and I shall see some *squeaking Cleopatra boy my* greatness." It may be that the boys who take the women's parts this afternoon wear masks to make them seem less masculine, though how that can improve the situation it is difficult to understand. There is an amusing reference to this practice in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." When Flute, the bellows-mender, is assigned a part in the drama which the mechanics of Athens are rehearsing, he exclaims, "Nay, faith, let me not play a woman; I have a beard coming"; to which protest Quince replies, "That's all one: you shall play it *in a mask*, and you may speak as small as you will."

The audience at the Globe.

Though rapid action, brilliant costumes, and, above all, the force and beauty of the lines, may lead us to forget that the heroine is only a boy, it is more difficult to keep our attention from being distracted by the audience around us. It surprises us that there are so few women present. We notice, too, that many of those who have come wear a mask of silk or velvet over their faces. Evidently it is hardly the proper thing for a respectable woman to be seen in a public theatre. The people in the balconies are

fairly orderly, but below in the pit the crowd is restless, noisy, and at times even boisterous. Bricklayers, dock-laborers, apprentices, serving-men, and idlers stand in jostling confusion. There are no police and no laws that are enforced. Pickpockets ply an active trade. One, we see, has been caught and is bound to the railing at the edge of the stage where he is an object of coarse jests and ridicule. Refreshment-sellers push about in the throng with apples and sausages, nuts and ale. There is much eating and drinking and plenty of smoking. On the stage the gallants are a constant source of bother to the players. They interrupt the Prologue, criticise the dress of the hero, banter the heroine, and joke with the clown. Even here in the gallery we can hear their comments — far from flattering — upon a scene that does not please them; when a little later they applaud, their praises are just as vigorous. Once it seems as though the play is going to be brought to a standstill by a wrangling quarrel between one of these rakish gentlemen and a group of groundlings near the stage. Their attention, however, is taken by the entrance of the leading actor declaiming a stirring passage, and their differences are soon forgotten. It is, on the whole, a good-natured rough crowd of the common people, the lower and middle classes from the great city across the river, — more like the crowd one sees to-day at a circus or a professional ball-game than at a theatre of the highest type. They loudly cheer the clown's final song and dance, and then with laughter, shouting, and jesting they pour out of the yard and in a moment the building is empty. The play is over until to-morrow afternoon.

What a contrast it all has been to a play in a theatre of

the twentieth century! When we think of the uncomfortable benches, the flat bare earth of the pit, the lack of scenery, footlights, and drop curtains; when we hear the shrill voices of boys piping the women's parts, and see mist and rain falling on spectator's heads, we are inclined to pity the playgoer of Elizabethan times. Yet he needs no pity. To him the theatre of his day was sufficient. The drama enacted there was a source of intense and genuine pleasure. His keen enthusiasm; his fresh, youthful eagerness; above all, his highly imaginative power, — far greater than ours to-day, — gave him an ability to understand and enjoy the poetry and dramatic force of Shakespeare's works, which we, with all the improvements of our palatial theatres, cannot equal. Crude, simple, coarse as they now seem to us, we can look back only with admiration upon the Swan and the Curtain and the Globe; for in them "The Merchant of Venice," "As You Like It," "Julius Caesar," "Hamlet," and "Macbeth" were received with acclamations of joy and wonder. In them the genius of Shakespeare was recognized and given a place in the drama of England which now, after three centuries have passed, it holds in the theatres and in the literature of all the world.

Conclusions to be drawn.

BOOKS OF INTEREST TO STUDENTS OF SHAKESPEARE

[A bibliography of works on Shakespeare would make a volume of considerable size. Here are a few of the most useful books for students and teachers.]

Our Fellow Shakespeare.
HORACE J. BRIDGES. McClurg & Co.

Shakespeare's Workmanship.
QUILLER-COUCH. Henry Holt & Co.

Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist.
RICHARD G. MOULTON. Clarendon Press.

An Introduction to Shakespeare.
MCCRACKAN, PIERCE, AND DURHAM. The Macmillan Co.

William Shakespeare: A Critical Study.
GEORGE BRANDES. The Macmillan Co.

A Life of William Shakespeare.
SIDNEY LEE. The Macmillan Co.

The Facts about Shakespeare.
NEILSON AND THORNDIKE. The Macmillan Co.

William Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist, and Man.
H. W. MABIE. The Macmillan Co.

Shakespeare and the Modern Stage.
SIDNEY LEE. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Introduction to Shakespeare.
EDWARD DOWDEN. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Shakespeare.
WALTER RALEIGH. The Macmillan Co.

William Shakespeare.
JOHN MASEFIELD. Henry Holt & Co.
Shakespeare: The Boy.
W. J. ROLFE. Harper Bros.
Handbook to the Works of Shakespeare.
MORTON LUCE. George Bell and Sons.
Shakespeare: His Life, Art, and Characters.
REV. H. N. HUDSON. Ginn & Co.
Characteristics of Shakespeare's Women.
ANNA B. JAMESON. Houghton Mifflin Co.
Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines.
MARY COWDEN CLARKE. Page & Company.
Shakespeare's England.
WILLIAM WINTER. Moffat, Yard & Co.
Shakespeare's Manual.
F. G. FLEAY. The Macmillan Co.

An interesting story of Shakespeare's times is *Master Skylark,* by JOHN BENNETT, published by The Century Company. Another is *Will Shakespeare's Little Lad* by I. CLARK. Chas. Scribner & Son.

Scott's *Kenilworth* is a story of London and Warwickshire in 1575, and *The Fortunes of Nigel* gives a good picture of London in 1604, the year of "Othello."

NOTES

ACT I

Scene 1

The brevity of the first scene arrests then startles the eye the moment it rests upon the page. It is by no means a conventional beginning, introducing characters and initiating plot; it must not be looked upon as the forerunner of the second scene; but, rather, as an accompaniment of it, — and an accompaniment that had its beginnings before the play opens, and its real ending nowhere short of the final dénouement. That is, the world of the supernatural is intoning its own hollow music while all the other tunes of the play, — the martial strains, the songs of feasting, the tender tunes of intimate love and solicitude, — are singing themselves one after another. Realize that the conflict between the two armies has been raging all day; hear the din of arms; go, in thought, as the witches have been going all day, back and forth between their hidden place of meeting and the place where Macbeth has met foe after foe; remember that in those days men fought in the light of day only, — and this day is evidently toward its end; feel the evil solicitude of the witches hovering "through the fog and filthy air," and their ominous determination to meet the successful Macbeth as he comes back to his camp, bearing with him a victor's heart in which, their supernatural power told them, were all possibilities of good and evil. See how that evenly swaying balance between good and evil is suggested by "When the battle's lost — *and won*," and, "Fair is foul, and foul is fair." Sense the delight of the evil spirits in the thunder and lightning, — "fair" to them; see them now sharply outlined by a vivid flash and now hazy and gray in the darkness after; then when the roll of the thunder has died away, hear again that faint sound of arms, followed by the staccato

note, " Macbeth," spoken by a witch, — and by such a witch as can in her very next speech answer the call of her companion to some errand of mischief with a ready " Anon ! " Get the full force of the vanishing of the three, with a threat and a triumphant boast that whatever is evil to men is good to them, what is good to men — as the great success of the soldier Macbeth — is to them great opportunity, invitation, to work havoc. Is there not here, crowded into the small space of ten lines, a marvelous background, an unbroken atmosphere of tragedy, an awakened interest in the hero, and an unbounded pity already bespoken for him when he meets these instruments of darkness " upon the heath " " ere the set of sun "? The keynote of the whole drama is struck, — and struck boldly. Now let confusion work her masterpiece ! No other play of Shakespeare's opens so vividly, so compellingly, unless perhaps " Hamlet," — and is that, even, so poignantly dramatic? Can the second scene open quickly enough to satisfy the aroused interest? Is not the real test of the perfection of any first scene fully met?

The meter of the first scene is an interesting study. Whenever Shakespeare varied his iambic pentameter, he did so for some sufficient reason. He makes the supernatural beings talk a different measure from the human, just as, later on, he will make a drunken porter jibber and joke in jerky prose. The speeches were written to be spoken on the stage, and such variations have there their full effect. The meter of this scene is the iambic four-accent or tetrameter line. Apparent irregularities disappear when read aloud. " Where the place " " Upon the heath " makes one line, for example. In the eighth line there is an apparent irregularity; but we may give double stress to the word " meet," making it almost a word of two syllables, or we may say " Ma-acbeth " to give tone and volume to the one name of significance in the whole scene. Editors in the past — as far back as Johnson's day — have had their various ways of filling out the line:

" There to meet with *great* Macbeth,"
" There to meet and greet Macbeth,"
" There to meet with thane Macbeth,"

and even, "There to meet with thee, Macbeth," which, of course, in its assumed direct personal attack upon Macbeth spoils the fine impersonality of the witches. Steevens suggests that the third witch's speech was interrupted by a question, thus:

"There to meet with —

Another Witch: Whom?

Third Witch: Macbeth."

The ninth and tenth lines, again, make a complete whole, and "Anon" throws itself out of the scheme. "Hover" must be softened into one syllable — "ho'er," as we commonly say o'er and e'er. The rhyming couplet in lines eleven and twelve is the usual one at the end of a scene in the Elizabethan theatre where there was no curtain to fall and the flourish of an unexpected rhyme covered gracefully the exit of the characters.

8. Graymalkin: old cat.

9. Paddock: toad, or frog. These are the demons who control the witches, — their governing spirits who, for the purposes of communication, must take some tangible form, as cat or frog. We do not hear their voices, but the witches do — "Paddock calls," one says — and the reflection that Macbeth's fate is in the power of a supernatural being who, herself, is in the power of a mere toad or gray malkin intensifies the awfulness of the hero's situation, when his career is arrested by such diabolical interference.

DISCUSSION

Name five points that make this scene dramatic. Comment upon the character contrasts suggested between the three witches; and between the supernatural beings seen and those unseen. Name five points that make the scene a perfect opening for the play. Were you a producer, how would you make the scene effective as to drop, setting, lighting, costuming? Why would anything less than medieval barbaric ruggedness of setting spoil the atmosphere? How much time would the scene take in the actual performing? Would you retain it or discard it as making too many demands for the time it requires?

ACT I

Scene 2

One, J. Coleman, in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for March, 1889, writes: "Amongst the scenic effects of Kean's revival of *Macbeth* at the Princess's Theatre, I recall with pleasure Duncan's camp at Forres. The scene was discovered in night and silence, a couple of semi-savage armed kerns were on guard, prowling to and fro with stealthy steps. A distant trumpet-call was heard, another in reply, another, and yet another; a roll of the drum — an alarum. In an instant the whole camp was alive with kerns and gallowglasses, who circled round the old king and the princes of the blood. The Bleeding Sergeant was carried in upon a litter, and the scene was illuminated with the ruddy glare of burning pine-knots."

The king, Duncan, in absenting himself from the battle, in not feeling any too great anxiety about its outcome, in speaking his inquiries in somewhat stilted fashion, serves a fine dramatic purpose — that of bringing the hero to the front as much better material for a king. The dramatist must through this scene increase interest in his hero; and the first step is accomplished when we feel his strength and virility in comparison with his helpless, colorless cousin, Duncan. Malcolm, the king's son, is also unsatisfactory, — taken prisoner in the fight, set free by a sergeant, brought back of the battle line to a place of safety, — unworthy of the crown. Remembering that Macbeth and Duncan were first cousins, both grandsons of the old king Malcolm, having equal right to the throne, we find ourselves involuntarily hailing Macbeth, all through the scene, as the one who *should* be "king hereafter."

1. bloody man: one editor's splendid comment on this is: "The word 'bloody' appears on almost every page, and runs like a red thread through the whole piece; in no other of Shakespeare's dramas is it so frequent." — *Bodenstedt.*

9. Macdonwald: this rebellious spirit seemed to have had some of our feeling to-day against a king like Duncan. He called him, in the chronicle, a "fayntharted mylksop, more meete to govern a sort of idle monkes in some cloyster than to have ye rule of such valiant and hardy men as the Scottes were." Holinshed, however, called these "slanderous words."

12. western isles: Ireland, and the islands north.

13. kerns and gallowglasses: kerns were light-armed troops, carrying only daggers; gallowglasses wore coats of mail, helmets, long swords, and the famous gallowglass axes.

19. minion: darling. The word marked a sharp contrast to "Fortune-smiling" that shows that Macbeth puts his trust not in luck, but in valor.

21. Which: for *who*, as occasionally in the plays, referring to Macbeth.

21. ne'er shook hands: the rebel died without asking pardon, and Macbeth's rage and contempt could allow none of the courtesies often accorded a dying foe.

22. nave: navel. In ancient lore which Shakespeare knew, there are frequent accounts of such barbaric blows; as, in Nash's play, "Dido, Queen of Carthage": "Then from the navel to the throat at once he ript old Priam."

25. As whence the Sun: meaning, the same spring days give us both sunshine and storm. If we give *reflection* its Latin meaning of "turning back," it would mean the turning back of the sun at the spring equinox.

31. surveying vantage: seeing his opportunity.

32. furbished: freshly gleaming, untarnished.

35. Yes, As sparrows eagles: the irony of the sergeant is delightful.

39. bathe in reeking wounds: putting the emphasis on *bathe* will bring out the meaning of the line.

40. memorize another Golgotha: that is, make another as celebrated as the first. Read Matthew 27 : 33.

41. I cannot tell: the broken line speaks eloquently of the almost exhausted breath of the speaker. Coleridge's comment upon the fainting of the sergeant at the climax of his recital is:

" the poet's object was to raise the mind at once to the high tragic tone, that the audience might be ready for the precipitate consummation of guilt in the early part of the play."

Enter Ross: a mere boy sergeant might, in his enthusiasm, paint too highly the bravery of Macbeth, but now a noble lord comes, with more dignity but no less enthusiasm, bearing the same story. Because Ross is a somewhat shadowy character, appearing, disappearing, some of the old editors delighted in trying to prove him an errant intruder — possibly the murderer of Banquo, that mysterious third murderer, or the agent of disaster to Macduff's home, or, finally, traitor to Macbeth. But may not Shakespeare use characters frankly as secondary only, — to bear great news, as here, without accounting for their designs or their whereabouts when they are off the stage? Actors of such minor parts, when they are " off," behind the scenes between their lines, doze or play away their time. Why call Ross a villain for no other reason than that we cannot always keep an eye on him? Were Ross such a man of ambitious design as these old critics would have him, he would certainly have been the hero of another play — or of this one! Shakespeare indulged most sparingly in mysteries, — and never in mystery for the sake of arousing speculation.

54. Bellona's bridegroom: the god Mars; a compliment to Macbeth who so far indeed seems wedded to war.

54. lapped in proof: wrapped in flawless armor.

55. self-comparisons: matched himself against Sweno? Or is it against the disloyal Cawdor? Both were loyal service for the king.

57. lavish spirit: unbounded passion.

59. composition: from its Latin derivative, *agreement*.

61. St. Colme's inch: the island of St. Columba, now called Inchcolm, in the Firth of Forth.

62. Ten thousand dollars: this seems startlingly modern. The word *dollar*, first *thaler*, was used frequently in Shakespeare's day, but of course it was an anachronism to put it into the mouth of Ross.

64. bosom interest: closest interest, or perhaps merely intimate affection. Again Duncan is, to his disadvantage, in con-

trast with Macbeth. Evidently his subjects easily fall away from his light control into being traitors; and he allows others to inform him of these, and punish them, while he himself wears his title as an easy gentlemanly task in comparison with " doubly redoubling strokes upon the foe."

64. present: instant.

65. And with his former title greet Macbeth: Macbeth had been Thane of Glamis. Henceforth he will bear also the title of Cawdor with which title the witches will greet him.

DISCUSSION

Feel the picturesque quality of this scene, by seeing the setting of the royal camp and hearing the alarums of the trumpet; then visualizing three contrasting characters — the quiet Duncan and Malcolm, the eager sergeant fainting from his wounds, the disturbed Ross, " haste looking through his eyes." Does not the young sergeant remind you of the valiant wounded boy in Browning's poem, " bound on bound full galloping," holding " himself erect by just his horse's mane " until he had given his message to his chief? What is this poem? How does the atmosphere of this scene compare with that of the first? How does the scene further one's interest in the plot? in the hero? In the construction of the play how much is the scene worth? If exposition is the whole purpose of a first act, is the scene an achievement? What does Shakespeare add to the mere exposition, however? Are there any dramatic speeches? Any that are quotable? Comment on the last two lines of the scene. Are we waiting too long for our first sight of the hero? On this point, compare this with other plays you have read. Compare the witches' acquaintance with Macbeth in the first scene with the soldiers' acquaintance with him in the second. Is it going too far to say that the former, although they say little, have a supernatural insight into the inner man, and the latter behold only the outer man? If so, how can Shakespeare make these two points of view come together, and continue as dramatic contrasts throughout the play?

ACT I

Scene 3

2. Killing swine: in those days witches were suspected of a special malice against swine. May there be some connection here with the story of Christ's casting the devils out of the tortured Gergesenes into the herd of swine?

5. munched: all these words of the witches must be accompanied by one's imagination of their bodily movements as they talked. The venom this witch evidently feels against the sailor's wife can be made terrific by seeing her mumble her toothless gums.

6. Aroint thee: get thee away! Possibly a formula for banishing spirits.

6. rump-fed: this is supposed to be an insult to the woman, implying that she fed upon the offal — fat, kidneys, and the like — of the kitchens of the rich.

7. to Aleppo . . . master o' the Tiger: in Hakluyt's "Voyages" there is an account, about the year 1590, of the voyage of a ship *Tiger* to Tripolis and thence by caravan to Aleppo. In "Twelfth Night" Shakespeare speaks of another ship by this name: V, i, 65.

8. in a sieve: witches could sail the sea in any kind of perilous bark — egg shells, mussel shells, sieves.

9. without a tail: when a witch assumed the shape of an animal, it was believed in those days that she was betrayed by not being able to acquire the tail.

10. I'll do: is the threatening to gnaw through the planks of the ship, or to destroy the rudder, after having bitten off the pilot's thumb and having made a tiny leak somewhere that would keep the ship knocking about the seas, rudderless, for "weary se'nnights nine times nine."

11. give thee a wind: these witches who held control of the winds and the weather are more than ready to give freely to one another any aid for the works of darkness.

17. shipman's card: the chart, sometimes called the "sea-card." We use the word in describing speaking *exactly* as speaking "by the card."

20. pent-house lid: the eyelid slopes like the roof of a pent-house or lean-to. Cf. "The Merchant of Venice": II, vi, 1.

21. forbid: shunned because under the control of demons.

22. se'nnights nine times nine: eighty-one weeks was, in those days of slow-sailing vessels, not so long a voyage.

23. dwindle, peak and pine: Holinshed gives an account of this awful curse brought by witches upon King Duffe. They were found melting before the fire a waxen image of the king, and as the image wasted away so did the king's flesh; they intended that the king should die as soon as the wax was consumed. When these witches were put to death, says the chronicle, the king began to mend.

24. cannot be lost: this reminds us of the awful protracted suffering of the Ancient Mariner, exclaiming: "And yet I could not die!"

30. A drum, a drum: spoken with restrained excitement, measured, ominous, the rhyme having its full dramatic effect. Several critics have pointed out that this is the real beginning of the play, and that all that preceded might have been omitted. It is true that Ross and Angus soon tell Macbeth all that happened in the second scene, and that all the speeches of the witches up to this point *could* be omitted; but who would willingly give up the awful solemnity of the first scene, or the touching picture of the boy sergeant, or the portrait of a vapid king *who almost deserved to be killed?* The drum here speaks of an escort for Macbeth and Banquo, but they alone appear to the eye.

32. weird: the first folio printed *weyward* in place of *weird*.

33. Posters: swift travelers.

35. Thrice to thine, etc.: the witch numbers of three, and multiples of three. Imagine the sisters here taking hands, circling in one direction three times, in the opposite three times, then back again three times, — giving the effect of having turned the world topsy-turvy, all order and consecutiveness annihilated. The dance seems to infest the circle with evil just as Macbeth steps into it, and at the same time to bind the three sisters together in a common enterprise that required their united efforts. All this is directed against the hero of the tragedy!

38. foul and fair: this line is one of those speeches that contain a multiplied suggestiveness in view of what follows in the scene. Of course Macbeth merely means *foul* in regard to the weather, *fair* in regard to his victory. Dowden points out the significance of the fact that these words of Macbeth's are really a repetition of the witches' in Scene 1; as if a connection were already established between his soul and theirs even before he ever sees them. I do not take it that he is already bewitched by their spells, but rather that his nature is one that *may be* easily influenced, for the opportunity of making his own moral choice must still be left to the hero — otherwise he cannot be the hero of a tragedy.

39. What are these: this is genuine surprise; so these weird sisters are not, even in appearance, the ordinary hags of witchcraft. Banquo is absorbed in the way they look, and who they are; but Macbeth's first imperative "Speak!" shows his uncontrolled and overbearing habit of command. Banquo's questions give us our information of how they look — on the earth but not of it; bearded but not men; chappy fingers, skinny lips, wild attire, — and all wrapt in silence until their appearance has sunk into the eyes of the two soldiers.

"But we know, and Shakespeare has helped to teach us, that the very soul of horror lies in the vague, the impalpable; that nothing in the world or out of it can so daunt and cow us as the dread of *we know not what*. Of darkness, again — of such darkness as this tragedy is cast in — that its menace lies in *suggestion* of the hooded eye watching us, the hand feeling to clutch us by the hair. No, Shakespeare knew what he was about, when he left his witches vague." — *Quiller-Couch.*

48. Speak, if you can: since the witches respond to this order at once we may almost imagine their chuckle of satisfaction at the readiness with which Macbeth enters their world.

49. All hail, Macbeth! These three salutations must be given slowly and with real dignity, for they are the seed which must be planted with greatest care. The first tells Macbeth what he already knows; the second, what is true although he does not yet know it; the third, what is not yet true but may become so if . . .

It is interesting to note that in Holinshed both Banquo and Macbeth are afraid to speak; but Shakespeare gives his hero that initiative that a hero must have.

51. why do you start: what a dramatic way to let us see the effect of the salutation upon Macbeth!

55. present grace, etc.: how skillfully our minds are kept upon the threefold character of the prophecy!

57. rapt: lost in thought.

60. Speak then to me: Banquo is still cool, and describes a perfectly balanced mind that neither begs nor fears. His is honest human wonder and curiosity — for there is in his heart no lurking darkness to give it any other tint.

65. Lesser than Macbeth, etc.: the evasive equivocation in these answers might engender evil ambition in a heart not perfectly clear; so here Shakespeare gets his best contrast between Macbeth and Banquo.

71. Sinel's death: Sinel was the father of Macbeth, lately dead.

73. A prosperous gentleman: there seems to be no reason here to suppose Macbeth trying to fool the witches as to his knowledge of Cawdor's treachery, and so to test their knowledge. Why may he not be asking a perfectly honest question? He may have left the battle as soon as he was victor to report to the king, and so have been ignorant of Cawdor's treachery and of the king's sentence upon that individual. Even Angus was ignorant of just what Cawdor had done previous to his confession. Cf. his speech later, II, 109–116.

78. charge you: here the tone of authority apparently decides the witches to stand no further human questioning.

Witches vanish: the Variorum quotes here an interesting comment, author unknown, on Irving's acting of this scene: "We make bold to say that Mr. Irving as Macbeth in the heath scene accomplished what high authority has pronounced impossible. His whole attitude as the bewildering prophecy strikes upon his ear, and as the strange prophets vanish into thin air, is that of a man who has actually held converse with the spirits of another world. He is not only dazed, but scared; and when

Ross and Angus bring him their message from the king, it is some time before he can collect himself sufficiently to listen to their congratulations."

84. insane root: the hemlock, says Greene in one of his plays, " makes men's eyes conceit unseen objects."

92. do contend: he knows not how to express his wonder and to give the praise due Macbeth.

104. earnest: promise of.

104. greater honor: what could be greater except the crown? Is the king thinking of abdicating in favor of his cousin?

109. Who was the thane: that Ross is helping Macbeth to plan successfully now that the Thane of Cawdor is dead; that Angus listens innocently enough because he has never known anything about Cawdor except what Ross has told him; that Macbeth silences Banquo by, a few lines later, alluring him with the promise of the witches, so that he will stand with them. This interpretation would give more point to this long conversation, but on the other hand why try to read more into the speeches than the intelligence catches naturally at first?

120. trusted home: trusted to the uttermost.

123. And oftentimes: there is here not only a whole philosophy of the conflict between good and evil, but also the whole moral of this particular tragedy. Banquo is a perfect foil to Macbeth in the way in which his nature repels the " instruments of darkness " even from the first.

127. Two truths are told, etc.: from now on to the end of the scene Macbeth's action is wonderfully dramatic. Absorbed in the significance of these events, crowded into so short a space of time, he goes in imagination so far ahead as the actual scene of killing his king. True it is a suggestion that unfixes his hair, that makes his heart pound against his ribs, that shakes his manhood to its depths — and " nothing is but what is not." There seems here a good reason for not making Ross an instigator of the plot, — for then this passage would lose a dramatic point, the wonder and dangerous interest with which he and Angus look upon Macbeth's abstraction, and the anxiety of Banquo to call Macbeth to his senses while he is being so closely

observed. He who acts the part of Macbeth here must do a difficult thing, — give the impression of a man present in body, far away in mind, trying now and again to pull both together to meet the situation which demands courtesy and recognition of the favor done him by the messengers of the king.

128. swelling act: cf. "Henry V," Prologue, line 4.

"And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!"

137. Present fears Are less: this is our first proof of that morbidly active imagination of Macbeth's which inspires so often later those vividly poetic speeches which amaze even Lady Macbeth. We must notice here, too, that there is no genuine moral hesitancy in plotting the death of Duncan, but only a fear of what his excited brain shows him. This vision is also a kind of forerunner of those hallucinations which later so easily come before his eyes.

140. my single state of man: my mere manhood. It is said that Garrick, in acting the part, spoke this phrase with long pauses between the words, in a low undertone, showing how Macbeth's mind shuddered at what he must do.

140. function Is smothered: power of action is crushed under the appalling image in his mind, is crippled, disabled. Hudson says, at this point, that here "all the elements of evil, hitherto latent within him, gather and fashion themselves into a wicked purpose."

147. Time and the hour: as in Latin, *tempus et hora*, meaning time and the critical hour will bring through the foreordained outcome of even the most perplexing affairs.

151. Are registered: in my memory.

154. The interim: he spoke of the interval of time here almost as a person — a cool impartial judge.

154. let us speak Our free hearts: is Macbeth here, oppressed by the consciousness of his "single state of man," almost wistful of Banquo's coöperation?

155. Very gladly: this does not imply that Banquo was willing to enter into a conspiracy against Duncan. On the contrary that he would refuse to harbor any dishonorable designs against the king can be seen from lines 20–29 of Act II, Scene 1.

DISCUSSION

How does the scene compare in dramatic effect with the first and second scenes? What is its unified dramatic purpose? Is there anything of interest in the variety of characters in the scene? Do Ross and Angus become more definite here? What variation of meter here, and for what purpose? Is there anything that holds the presence of the witches all through the scene to the very end? What are the memorable lines? What speeches add most to your understanding of Macbeth's character? What points are pulling him toward the evil deed; what considerations are holding him back? In what speech does he seem almost decided to let events take their course? Should he hold to this attitude and still ardently desire his king dead, the crown upon his own brow, would his guilt be anything the less? Does he speak anywhere here as a strong man facing overwhelming and sudden temptation? From how many sources does his temptation come? How far back does his temptation lie? What is his weakness as he reveals it in his soliloquies? What does the reader really want to see in the next scene?

ACT I

Scene 4

Remember, this scene is a day later than Scenes 1, 2, and 3.

6. set forth: sincerely set forth, is meant.

7. nothing in his life: there is real thrill in these lines describing a brave man's death. It is possible that Shakespeare may have had in mind the death of Essex, his gallant prayer for pardon from his queen, his quiet dignity as he sacrificed his life to the severity of her judgment. If this were so, how affecting to the Elizabethan audience must these lines have been!

9. studied in his death: trained — a phrase Shakespeare is doubtless borrowing from his own profession of acting.

11. careless: unworthy of care.

11. There's no art To find: is there not, for a keen man? Libby says: "this speech is Duncan's death warrant" — and it certainly does put him in the class of incompetents, almost whining over his betrayed confidence.

14. O worthiest cousin: is not this exaggerated praise of Macbeth also a sign of senility? Macbeth as he enters must show in his face at least elation and confidence in his fate; but is the king, like one who has learned a lesson, looking now for "the mind's construction"? If one has no admiration for Duncan in the second scene, one has here almost a contempt for him.

25. children and servants: that is, owe you allegiance and service.

28. plant thee: by conferring Cawdor's title upon him.

35. drops of sorrow: again, the tears of old age and weakness.

39. Prince of Cumberland: that is, heir to the throne.

41. shall shine On all: the childishness of the king seeks in this way to bind all to him — as if his experience with Cawdor were a shock he could not endure again.

44. The rest is labor: that is, "resting when there is the possibility of doing something for you is a real labor to me."

45. I'll be myself the harbinger: we understand his eagerness to see her.

50. Stars, hide your fires: Macbeth's imagination foresees night is the time for carrying through the murder.

52. wink at: not see what the hand does, or is it approve it, prompt it?

54. True, worthy Banquo: evidently they have been appraising apart the great service the king thinks Macbeth has done him.

55. I am fed: it is, as we say, meat and drink to me to hear others praise him.

58. kinsman: Duncan and Macbeth were sons of two daughters of the old king Malcolm. Lady Macbeth was Macbeth's third cousin. It is easy to see from this relationship of Macbeth and his wife to the king, why they might aspire to the throne, since they felt that they had as much right to it as Duncan, the present incumbent.

DISCUSSION

Has the scene sufficient value to be worth the space it occupies? Why would you not wish to lose the account of Cawdor's death? What lines in that account are memorable? What is significant about Macbeth's entrance just as Duncan speaks the words "an absolute trust"? Is Macbeth's first speech to the king merely conventional, or is it overdone? Is it natural that court disloyalty should try to hide itself in a cloak of hyperbole? Is pity aroused by Duncan's speeches, or only a contempt for him? What speech of Duncan's is a problem that Macbeth must solve? Has Shakespeare made this unusual moment for announcing the heir to the throne seem natural? Account for Macbeth's eagerness immediately after to reach his wife before Duncan arrives. Watch in the next scene to see how Macbeth's word, when he said he would make her hearing joyful with the king's approach, is borne out. Does this haste homeward mean fear? a shrinking that he wants encouraged? a desire to share responsibility? a wonder as to whether or not he will make circumstance the right occasion? a wish that she shall initiate the murder? or a tangled combination of all these feelings? How important in the play is the king's appointment of his son as his successor? Is it possible, as some editors think, that Duncan had already made some agreement with his cousin Macbeth that he should inherit upon Duncan's death? If so, do you not think that this would become later in Scene 7 one of Macbeth's arguments to himself for not killing the king? Does Macbeth see now two lives instead of one between him and the throne? In what passage is Macbeth's strained imagination again keyed to poetry? What about the morality of the lines, —

> "Yet let that be
> Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see."

Do you agree with Coleridge's comment: "I always think there is something especially Shakesperian in Duncan's speeches throughout this scene, such pourings forth, such abandonments, compared with the language of vulgar dramatists, whose char-

acters seem to have made their speeches as the actors learn them." Where is the most satisfactory dramatic conflict in this scene between Macbeth and Duncan? How do you explain the king's embracing Macbeth? Is there anything about Malcolm which fits him to be king — or is Macbeth still the strong man? Has this announcement of the heir upset Macbeth's philosophy as to "time and the hour"? Does the scene leave one impatient to know what follows?

ACT I

Scene 5

The scene changes here to Inverness, Macbeth's castle, and we have there the first glimpse of the character toward whom events and Macbeth's thoughts have been leading us, — Lady Macbeth. She has evidently read the beginning of the letter, and reads aloud to us only that point where the actual concerns of the drama begin. An anonymous article in Blackwood, June, 1843, speaks of Mrs. Siddons' entrance here as being hurried, as if she had, in company, merely glanced at the contents of the letter, and then escaped to privacy, to go over it again alone. She read along in a "strong, calm voice" until she came to the word "vanished." Still it was mere wonder that made her pause — for to her the real "winding up of the spell" was "Hail, king that shalt be," pronounced with the grandeur of one already by anticipation a queen. Another report of Mrs. Siddons' acting, by Knowles, is: "The Lady Macbeth of Mrs. Siddons was the Genius of guilty ambition personified; — expressed in form, in feature, motion, speech. An awe invested her. You felt as if there was a consciousness in the very atmosphere that surrounded her, which communicated its thrill to you. There was something absolutely subduing in her presence — an overpowering something that commanded silence, or if you spoke, prevented you from speaking above your breath. It was a thing once witnessed never to be forgotten, more to be remembered than the most gorgeous pageant that ever signalized the

triumph of human pride, or fulfilled the misgivings of human admiration." Neither of these views exactly tallies with our later interpretation of her character — but it is interesting how she has always been a deep study to any one who plays on the stage her part, and how varying and contradictory have been analyses of her rich complex nature. Ellen Terry, in a later article in *The London Times*, 1888, is described as making her reading of the letter " intent and full of terrible significance, the wife's mind absorbing itself in that of her beloved husband, and interpreting the suggestion of his written words. Miss Terry at once shows us that Lady Macbeth is a woman whose very love for her husband subordinates to it every other consideration, so that the achieving of this ambition must be her first thought. She knows his nature, and as she takes up his miniature tenderly and talks to it in loving tones she reviews his kindness of heart, and indicates that she must assume masculine strength to support him in the fatal purpose that he has revealed to her, and which she knows involves the ambition of his life. When Macbeth comes she rushes lovingly to his arms, and with the woman's instinct at once commences to read his thoughts, and attempts to turn them to action."

2. perfectest report: the coming true of one prophecy.

10. partner of greatness: a perfect piece of evidence of their partnership is their ambition.

14. Glamis thou art: a record of the Lady Macbeth of Adelaide Ristori is that, as she begins these lines, " she crooned forth the opening words until the voice changed almost to the hissing of a serpent: anon it rose to the swelling diapason of an organ, her eyes became luminous with infernal fire, the stately figure expanded, her white hands clutched her bosom, as if she would there and then have unsexed herself, and turned her ' woman's milk to gall,' and it really required but little stretch of imagination to conceive that the darkness and smoke of hell would burst forth and environ her then and there."

16. human kindness: see the discussion of this word on p. 121.

19. illness: evil nature is too strong for the meaning of illness; it is rather the latent possibility of doing evil.

19. what thou wouldst highly: meaning the wish for something high that can be attained only by crime, and yet with the wish, the longing, to gratify it honestly.

22. That which cries: thou wouldst have the crown; and the crown cries: "If thou have me, *thus* thou must do — murder Duncan."

23. And that which: perhaps this is clearer in another reading — "An act which."

26. valor of my tongue: valor is a word of wonderful dignity — here, one of the expressions which forbid one interpreting Lady Macbeth's tongue as "shrewish."

27. golden round: the crown.

28. metaphysical: always in Shakespeare's time *supernatural*.

34. had the speed: kept ahead at a greater speed than Macbeth's.

37. raven himself is hoarse: even the hard voice of this bird, accustomed to foretell disaster, could not croak the entrance of Duncan in anything but doubly harsh tones. Or by "raven" may she mean the messenger? The servant says he is "almost dead for breath," and so she might follow with "naturally he would have no breath for such astonishing news — even the raven himself would croak it hoarsely." Mrs. Siddons is said to have stood immovable after the servant withdrew, for a long while silent, until her purpose settled itself to "the raven itself is hoarse."

40. mortal thoughts: thoughts of death.

40. unsex me here: she abjures her womanhood, suppresses all her natural instincts for the purposes ahead. The point to notice is that she possessed this womanly nature, — as she herself knows she was no "fiend," — but could only forswear her nature and consecrate herself, a changed self, to the passion that would carry her through all difficulties that she knew lay ahead. It is a prayer for consecration to purpose. Did Macbeth ever pray to have his nature changed? or need to, so far as entertaining the idea of crime is concerned?

43. remorse: relenting before the deed rather than repentance afterward.

45. keep peace between The effect and it: Hudson thinks that the word was space not peace; that is, she prays that no compunctions may keep space between her purpose and what it is to effect.

48. sightless: invisible.

49. thick night: the night that she invokes is not only dark, it is deepest dark with the smoke of hell.

51. keen knife: she, too, sees the details of the murder, adding to the setting of night, which Macbeth, too, saw, the details of the keen knife and its wound.

52. blanket of the dark: Hudson's note is: "The metaphor of darkness being a blanket wrapped round the world so as to keep the Divine Eye from seeing the deed, is just such a one as it was fitting for the boldest of poets to put into the mouth of the boldest of women."

56. ignorant present: ignorant of what is to follow.

57. instant: the present, fateful, critical moment.

58. Duncan comes here to-night: from here to the end of the scene Macbeth is tentative — not precisely wavering — but trying out her replies as if to see how his letter and the king's coming had worked in her mind. There is really no need for them to question each other: a look, a gesture, after so many conferences before the play opens, tells the whole story. Lady Macbeth sees his mind made up in his face — "a book where men may read strange matters" — and for fear he may betray himself she urges him to "look like the time," that is, as one should who is entertaining his king with ceremony. The first determination is clear enough in the slow words, "Oh, never shall sun that morrow see!"

61. Your face: as if for the first time she realizes how telltale it is.

67. into my dispatch: is this just what Macbeth has been wishing for? Plainly she takes generously the management of the plan upon herself — her unsexed self! Then as if his "We will speak further" might mean the ordinary wavering of humankind-ness she hurriedly begs him to leave all the rest to her.

71. To alter favor: to allow your countenance to change.

DISCUSSION

When did Macbeth write the letter that opens the scene? May a stage letter have any dramatic value? Or is it only a useful way of communicating information to an audience? Just how much revelation is in the soliloquy that follows the letter, — of Macbeth? of Lady Macbeth herself? What is Macbeth doing at the very moment his wife is analyzing his character? Is he not perhaps just then bearing out her fears in his determination to let "chance" crown him because, as she says, his eye is afraid to see what he must do? Why does she start so at the entrance of the messenger? at his news? How does she cover up her agitation with a simple explanation? After the messenger goes, by what steps does her excitement mount? What is her moment of greatest abandon? Why is it much more dramatic to see her acceptance of the "great news" when she is alone? Why are the words "To cry, hold! hold!" the really dramatic moment for Macbeth's entrance? What must pass between husband and wife in their first look into each other's eyes? If he is here dominated by desire to know her reaction upon the news, what is her great concern as she watches him? Her excitement is the greatest possible dramatic foil to his reticence. Does she divide the parts they must play that "great night" evenly — or does she undertake more than her share? Why? What might be her stage action when she greets him with all three titles? Does she echo anywhere the exact words of the witches whom she has not heard? Why do their experiences in the letter impress her so profoundly? Do you feel in any phrases the rapture she allows to the future? Take out Macbeth's three short speeches in lines 58, 60, and 69, and judge from them of the temper of his mind right here. As a whole how does the scene compare in dramatic power with all those that precede? Should the play be called, as has been suggested, "Lady Macbeth"? What qualities has she shown here that would entitle her to greatness in any age? What vivifying qualities has the entrance of her personality brought quickly into the play?

ACT I

Scene 6

There is little that is dramatic in this scene, — but much that is pleasant. The repose of the quiet conversation between Macbeth and Banquo, the repose of the seat of the castle as they describe it, gives us a breathing space after the intense passion of the preceding scene. Sir Joshua Reynolds writes in appreciation of it: "This short dialogue between Duncan and Banquo has always appeared to me a striking instance of what in painting is termed *repose*. Their conversation very naturally turns upon the beauty of (the castle's) situation, and the pleasantness of the air; and Banquo, observing the martlets' nests in every recess of the cornice, remarks, that where those birds most breed and haunt, the air is delicate. The subject of this quiet and easy conversation gives that repose so necessary to the mind after the tumultuous bustle of the preceding scenes, and perfectly contrasts the scene of horror that immediately succeeds. It seems as if Shakespeare asked himself, What is a prince likely to say to his attendants on such an occasion? Whereas the modern writers seem, on the contrary, to be always searching for new thoughts, such as would never occur to men in the situation which is represented. This also is frequently the practice of Homer, who, from the midst of battles and horrors, relieves and refreshes the mind of the reader by introducing some quiet rural image, or picture of familiar domestic life." Of course there is in the very quietness a dramatic interest — that of seeing the king, unconscious of his fate, walk to his death with praise and love of the beauty of its setting; and that of realizing how violent a deed is to outrage the peace of the castle.

4. temple-haunting: the martlet loves the quiet of temples — and finds it in this gentle castle of Macbeth's.

5. mansionry: masonry, building.

6. jutty: any abutting on any part of the house.

7. coign of vantage: convenient corner for building.

11. The love that follows us, etc.: these lines mean simply that the love which prompts our friends to visit us gives us

much trouble, yet we appreciate it as love. So you, Lady Macbeth, are to regard this occasion and thank us for the trouble we cause you.

14. All our service: how gracious a hostess she is, and how solicitous, — showing her natural charm in natural circumstances.

16. contend Against: to try to equal.

20. rest your hermits: that is, shall always pray for you, following up the king's suggestion that she should "bid God 'ild us for your pains."

20. thane of Cawdor: has the use of his recently acquired title any dramatic effect here?

22. purveyor: forerunner.

23. great love: was this all that helped him home first?

26. in compt: your servants hold all they have in readiness to use in your service, and are at any minute ready to give such account, or audit, of their possessions.

28. Give me your hand: so Lady Macbeth leads him into the castle — to what?

DISCUSSION

Coleridge's note upon this scene is: "The lyrical movement with which this scene opens, and the free and unengaged mind of Banquo, loving nature, and rewarded in the love itself, form a highly dramatic contrast with the labored rhythm and hypocritical over-much of Lady Macbeth's welcome, in which you cannot detect a ray of personal feeling, but all is thrown upon the 'dignities,' the general duty." How would you describe the atmosphere of the entire scene? What effect is gained by having Lady Macbeth alone welcome Duncan? How much interest do you feel in seeing her carry out the beginning of "this night's great business"? Is it a dramatic moment when she enters? Is it a dramatic picture when her youth and grace and beauty lead confiding old age to its undreamed-of doom? What makes her still charming in spite of the awfulness of this deception? What speech of hers almost echoes a former protestation

of gratitude from Macbeth? How many speeches has Lady Macbeth in the whole scene? What is the tenor of all? Does Duncan make any more appeal to you in this scene than before?

ACT I

Scene 7

This is one of the great scenes of the play. Macbeth is really suffering here from his conscience — commonplace as that conscience is. He cannot stay where he may see the preparations for the feastings; but has come away by himself to think and to argue with himself. It is commonplace arguing, too, — but arguing with his soul is not a thing he is accustomed to. He is genuinely agitated; speaks by fits and starts; and what he says is a complete and perfect revelation of his moral nature.

Sewer: server.

divers Servants: gives the impression that, as Lady Macbeth said, they really do hold all they have in readiness for their king. After the bustle of this preparation has passed there may be a long impressive pause before Macbeth enters.

1. If it were done, etc.: that is, if the deed, when done, were only followed by no consequences, but were *really* ended.

3. Could trammel up: could fetter, or net, the consequences, — prevent their naturally following.

3. catch With his surcease: could catch success, assured at the moment of the ceasing of the king's life, — or possibly the moment of the ceasing of the action of killing.

4. that but this blow: in the sense of, oh that this blow might be, etc.

6. shoal of time: possibly *school* of time — as is sustained by the "teach bloody instructions." If *shoal*, it must mean that human life in its shortness is like a narrow strip of land surrounded by the ocean.

6–7. But here . . . We 'ld jump: if only here we could jump, that is, escape, the life to come.

8. have judgment here: meet our retributions here in this present life.

8. that we: inasmuch as we, etc.

9. which, being taught: if he kills his king, then some subject of his, taught by his own example, may kill him when he becomes king.

11. Commends: offers.

14. Strong both: strong arguments both.

17. faculties: powers of kingship.

20. taking-off: murder.

21. pity, like a naked new-born babe: the comparison is difficult to explain word for word. The general meaning is that the tender pity a mother feels for a helpless child will become a messenger of vengeance to every part of the world.

23. sightless couriers of the air: the winds as they blow.

25–27. spur, prick, Vaulting, o'erleaps: all show the sustained metaphor of the rider jumping into his saddle with too great a leap which takes him over the other side of his saddle.

28. the other: the other side.

Enter Lady Macbeth: her speeches here are in an intense anxious whisper, as if she could not understand how he could run the risk of absenting himself from the feast.

35. Was the hope drunk: literally, were you then drunk when you first talked to me of becoming king?

39. Such I account thy love: then I shall think your love for me inspired only by wine. It is a severe taunt — but a telling one, cold, contemptuous, calculated to sting.

39. Art thou afeard To be: does she not know he is just that type of coward? Yet by such questioning do we not often reclaim a person?

42. the ornament of life: the crown.

43. a coward in thine own esteem: would this really affect Macbeth as it would affect her sensibilities?

45. Like the poor cat: the saying was, "The cat would eat fish but would not wet her feet."

45. Prithee, peace: all that she has said is more than he can understand.

47. Who dares do more, etc.: of course Macbeth's reasoning is perfectly good; but this is a crisis where Lady Macbeth's will must work even if with a quip. So she pursues, "What *beast* was it then," etc., taunting him again with the inconsistency of the position he is taking. The words should be spoken slowly, so that *beast* may hiss long upon Macbeth's ears.

48. break this enterprise: the clearest proof here of confidences upon this matter before the play opens.

51. Be so much more the man: is this safe argument?

52. adhere: were in accord with our designing.

54. I have given suck, etc.: that is, I am capable of cruelty now only because I have sworn a vow to do this thing. I am sacrificing my feelings, but I do it for the sake of consistency.

59. If we should fail: is there anything else but this weakest of weak objections he can make after the fire of her words?

59. We fail: scorn and impatience. *We fail;* we do but then stand for the consequences. *We fail!* how can you suggest such a thing? The inflection of the voice may give any of these three interpretations. But the voice should *not* fail to emphasize *we* — as if such partnership could possibly be unsuccessful.

60. screw your courage: as one screws up the chords of a stringed instrument to the point or pitch of proper tension, and finds the peg there fast in "the sticking place."

61. When Duncan is asleep: notice how rapidly she flies through the outline of the plan — all to give Macbeth courage.

64. wine and wassail: the drinking of a merry cup at the feast — such a feast as is going on this night.

64. convince: overpower.

65. memory, the warder of the brain: our memories do, from former experiences, warn the reason against similar dangers a second time. Wine converts the memory into a mere fume, or fog, that fills the brain, the receptacle of reason, which thus becomes like the condensing vessel, or "limbeck," alembic of a still, hazy with the fumes.

71. spongy: drunken.

72. quell: killing — from the Anglo-Saxon *cwellan*, "to kill."

72. Bring forth, etc.: how quickly she can supplement his weaknesses.

77. Who dares receive it other: spoken with the dignity and confidence of one who feels herself already a queen.

79. bend up Each corporal agent: bend all my physical, bodily powers — which he had in excess of hers surely — to carry through the terrible feat.

81. mock the time: Macbeth here echoes the admonition of Lady Macbeth in I, 5, line 62 and following. How long he is, though, in seeing the points she makes so resourcefully.

DISCUSSION

Quiller-Couch, writing of the "splendid audacity" Shakespeare shows in daring to make Macbeth a "murderer for private profit," — who can still engage always our pity for him — says: "Instead of using a paltry chance to condone Macbeth's guilt, he seized on it and plunged it threefold deeper, so that it might verily

'the multitudinous seas incarnadine.'

"Think of it: —

"He made this man, a sworn soldier, murder Duncan, his liege-lord.

"He made this man, a host, murder Duncan, a guest within his guests.

"He made this man, strong and hale, murder Duncan, old, weak, asleep and defenceless.

"He made this man commit murder for nothing but his own advancement.

"He made this man murder Duncan, who had steadily advanced him hitherto, who had never been aught but trustful, and who (that no detail of reproach might be wanting) had that very night, as he retired, sent, in most kindly thought, the gift of a diamond to his hostess.

"To sum up: instead of extenuating Macbeth's criminality, Shakespeare doubles and redoubles it. Deliberately this mag-

nificent artist locks every door on condonation, plunges the guilt deep as hell, and then — tucks up his sleeves."

Is Macbeth in the scene searching himself, his soul, or his chances of succeeding in the eyes of the world? Does he feel more compunction now that Duncan is about to feast and sleep in his castle? Make a list of his reasons against murdering the king, and note how conventional they all are. What is the one great reason that he seems unconscious of? When Lady Macbeth finds him lost in this maze of reasoning, how many keys does she play upon to try to recall him to a fixed purpose? — there are impatience, contempt, scorn, tenderness, bitterness, exaggeration of what she really knows is true, even resentment. What speech shows each of these? What do you think is the most telling of all her attacks? Just how in this scene is she the perfect complement of her lord? Just what terrible moments must there have been for her in this long discussion, uncertain in its outcome? Why is this scene the real end of Act I? The period of temptation now lived through — or rather, fought through — the next unit of construction must, of course, be the enactment of the crime. Which do you think will be the more engrossing to watch? Can there be as much intense human interest in watching the actual perpetration of a crime as in watching its inception in a human mind, or its consequences afterward? With the end of Act I we are at home with two great dramatic characters, and with them are plunged in a situation from which there is now no escape.

ACT II

Scene 1

Court of Macbeth's castle: probably some inner court which Banquo would cross between the hall of feasting and his chamber. Fleance attends him as his young squire, bearing the light, helping his father off with his armor. The darkness is lighted only by fitful flashes from the torch; and over us, as we watch, comes the consciousness that we are to move largely in

scenes removed from the real scene of action. The murders themselves we do not see; we see the mental agitation of those who go to kill, their abject terror the moment the deed is done — and the restless fever of those — like Banquo here — who are uneasily conscious that something terrible is about them. So we go through this tragedy of souls — not at all through a series of sensational crimes.

4. husbandry: thrift so far as the light of the stars goes; cloudy.

5. Take thee that too: giving Fleance another piece of armor.

8. cursed thoughts: do you think this means his own wonderment about the prophecy to himself — or has he actual fears for Macbeth?

10. Who 's there? An unknown person, in the dark, was always halted and challenged as an enemy. Hence the answer, "A friend."

14. largess to your offices: gifts to be distributed among Macbeth's servants.

16. shut up: is absorbed and at rest, as he turns to sleep, in his content over Macbeth's loyal entertainment.

18. became the servant: being unprepared we could not celebrate his coming as we would wish to do.

20. I dreamt: does this mean that Banquo's dreams are haunted by the prophecies? Are these the "cursed thoughts" he refers to in the beginning of the scene?

21. I think not of them: in what sense may this be true?

25. cleave to my consent: this must mean, if you will, when we come to talk together, stand by my side in all my plans, I will, as king, reward you with great honors.

26. lose none: no honor.

28. bosom franchised: free from guilt.

29. shall be counselled: shall be willing to talk things over with you.

Exeunt Banquo and Fleance: first Fleance bears away his torch, then Macbeth dismisses his torch bearer — imagine the darkness and the tense atmosphere of that darkness. Lady Macbeth is preparing for him the drink that shall give him courage for the deed ahead.

33. Is this a dagger, etc.: can we describe the tone in which Macbeth says this? It combines surprise, awe, dread, encouragement, confidence, a chance again to believe his fate is directed by something outside himself and to shift, in this sense, some of the responsibility.

34. let me clutch thee: what is the action here?

35. I see thee yet: why does the dagger grow alternately fainter and stronger as he talks?

41. As this which now I draw: what is his action, and what comparison does he make?

42. that I was going: put the emphasis upon *was*, meaning, that I was going anyway, with or without your invitation.

44. are made the fools: if the dagger is unreal his eyes are fooled; if it is real, then his eyes are worth more than his sense of touch, for he cannot touch the dagger.

46. dudgeon: wooden handle.

46. gouts of blood: drops; from the Latin *gutta*.

47. Which was not so before: why should the vision change as he proceeds?

49. Now o'er the one half-world: this hemisphere.

51. curtained sleep: while not an unusual epithet to apply to sleep then, does it not here bring vividly before us the picture of the sleeping king, the curtains of his bed drawn protectingly around him?

51. witchcraft celebrates, etc.: the rites paid by all demons of the night to Hecate, the pale queen of the lower world. A night of sorcery, murder, and rape is described in these lines, — as Johnson calls it, "the night of the murderer."

54. Whose howl 's his watch: who marks this watch through the night by his howls.

55. Tarquin's ravishing strides: can we not feel the suspense in those hushed long slow steps with which one moves among sleepers?

56. sure and firm-set earth: is it a comfort to him to feel it solid beneath his feet; and then does he realize that this very solidity makes it reëcho every one of his footsteps?

59. the present horror: it does suit the time of midnight.

61. Words to the heat, etc.: is it natural that he should be epigrammatic at this crisis?

A bell rings: that is, of course, the bell that Lady Macbeth was to strike to show that all is ready for him to go to Duncan's chamber. How symbolic of the whole situation it is that she, having prepared the details with her sure instinct, calls her lord to do the last thing that she could not! Kemble, in his production, substituted here the striking of the clock twice — to agree with the words of Lady Macbeth in the sleepwalking scene, "One, two, why then 't is time to do it!" But how much more significance there is at this point in her summoning Macbeth.

63. Hear it not: to be spoken with genuine sadness — but no lack of determination.

DISCUSSION

The opening lines of a scene always strike the keynote: what is it here? Both in nature and in the heart of Banquo? What does Fleance add to the scene? Are natural conversations in a low, even key like this between father and son necessarily undramatic?

To what degree may Banquo's mind be disturbed without detracting from the contrast between him and Macbeth? Why should Banquo immediately begin to speak to Macbeth about the king? Banquo is praying against thoughts of temptation in his sleep; Macbeth is moving "steadily toward his design"; is he too noble really to believe his suspicion of Macbeth? otherwise, would he not have tried to stop Macbeth, or warn Duncan? Where does his clear frankness receive in return an intentional obscurity from Macbeth? Does this add anything to the scene? What is the real cause for the apparition of the dagger? Would you represent the dagger to the audience? Is there, in the fact that it appears and disappears, any evidence of the cause of its appearing at all? Is the apparition necessary to spur Macbeth on to the deed, — or is it simply to keep in our minds the supernatural as an abiding element in this

tragedy? Why should the apparition change in appearance? Story says: "In this (soliloquy) we have Macbeth's three characteristic features brought out one after the other: the cloudy vision of the air-drawn dagger; then the strong fire of his poetry about Hecate and withered murder's sentinel, the wolf, and Tarquin's ravishing strides; and as these clear off, the stern, sullen resolution underneath — 'Whiles I threat, he lives.' 'I go, and it is done!'" How do you account for his "Straw fire" description of the night? Is it of real value here? What is the sharp note of reality that recalls him to himself? Where should the actor of the part make his aspect most lost and bewildered? Where should he quiet most his disordered imagination? Has Macbeth a dramatic appreciation of how the night fits the horror of the deed? Is it natural? Does Lady Macbeth give any such expression to her feeling about the night? Why should the *silence* of the night bear in upon him heavier even than the darkness? If we have commonly dramatic contrast, and dramatic grouping, why may we not have dramatic separation, — such a separation as this between Macbeth and Lady Macbeth? Are we not really conscious of her, and what she is doing throughout the scene?

ACT II

Scene 2

2. quenched them: put them to sleep.

2. given me fire: is there not a vivid glimpse here of the quick and delicate fire of which her nature is made?

3. fatal bellman: the owl, as always, the bird of ill-omen. The bellman sometimes had as his duty to summon condemned persons to their doom.

6. possets: the night cup of hot milk and ale.

9. Within: just where does this mean?

13. Had he not resembled: he is Duncan, of course. What light does the speech throw upon Lady Macbeth's nature?

14. My husband: a moment of terrible mutual understanding, like that when Macbeth comes back from battle just as she has finished reading his letter. It is said that Forrest's way of acting this was to come from the king's chamber backward, with his hands dripping with blood, and, not expecting to find Lady Macbeth standing in the court, he stumbles backward against her. They both start and gaze at each other in terror as she cries "My husband!"

21. This is a sorry sight: what pulls Macbeth away from this useless contemplation of his hands?

26. There are two lodged together: why does she give so simple and matter-of-fact an explanation?

27. Amen: realizing that the word means "so be it," and implies a spiritual harmony with the words that precede it throws light upon this agony of Macbeth's.

35. Sleep no more: these three words, spoken here for the first time, echo and reëcho through the entire play.

37. Sleep that knits up: what but a half-crazed brain could so swiftly rush through a list of metaphors? Lady Macbeth's "What do you mean?" indicates she thinks she must recall him to his senses or he will go mad.

39. second course: chief course in the feast.

42. Glamis hath murdered sleep, etc.: what is the effect of Macbeth's recital of his own name?

46. Go get some water: Lady Macbeth is really in terror for fear Macbeth's mind is breaking; so, as always, she calls him back with a simple thing — "Go, get some water" — and the danger is averted. It is not her belief that water can wash away the guilt, but it *is* her belief that only a commonplace action can recall Macbeth.

47. filthy witness: the blood on his hand.

48. Why did you bring, etc.: imagine the awful moment when she realizes the dangerous thing he has done in his agitation. I do not take it that she is contemptuous of his error, but that she feels in an instant that the journey must be made again back to the king's chamber. As she knew instantly, Macbeth could not do it. There is more feeling of criticism in "Infirm of pur-

pose!" and still, I think, no real exasperation as she takes the daggers.

53. the sleeping and the dead: how well her philosophy stands by her here!

55. painted devil: it was Macbeth's own idea to make these painted devils by smearing the faces of the grooms with blood.

56. gild the faces: to gild with blood was a common expression in those days. There may be here a quibble on *guilt* and *gilt* — which would have to be ascribed to hysterical strain.

57. Knocking within: "From my boyish days I had always felt a great perplexity on one point in *Macbeth*. It was this: the knocking at the gate, which succeeds to the murder of Duncan, produced to my feelings an effect for which I never could account. The effect was, that it reflected back upon the murder a peculiar awfulness and depth of solemnity; yet, however obstinately I endeavored with my understanding to comprehend this, for many years I never could see *why* it should produce such an effect. . . . At length I solved (the problem) to my own satisfaction; and my solution is this. Murder, in ordinary cases, where the sympathy is wholly directed to the case of the murdered person, is an incident of coarse and vulgar horror; and for this reason, that it flings the interest exclusively upon the natural but ignoble instinct by which we cleave to life; an instinct, which, as being indispensable to the primal law of self-preservation, is the same in kind (though different in degree) amongst all living creatures; this instinct, therefore, because it annihilates all distinctions, and degrades the greatest of men to the level of the 'poor beetle that we tread on,' exhibits human nature in its most abject and humiliating attitude. Such an attitude would little suit the purposes of the poet. What then must he do? He must throw the interest on the murderer. Our sympathy must be with *him* (of course, I mean a sympathy of comprehension, a sympathy by which we enter into his feelings, and are made to understand them — not a sympathy of pity or approbation). In the murdered person, all strife of thought, all flux and reflux of passion and of purpose, are crushed by one overwhelming panic; the fear of instant death smites

him 'with its petrific mace.' But in the murderer, such a murderer as a poet will condescend to, there must be raging some great storm of passion, — jealousy, ambition, vengeance, hatred, — which will create a hell within him; and into this hell we are to look. In *Macbeth*, for the sake of gratifying his own enormous and teeming faculty of creation, Shakespeare has introduced two murderers, and, as usual in his hands, they are remarkably discriminated; but, though in Macbeth the strife of mind is greater than in his wife, the tiger spirit not so awake, and his feelings caught chiefly by contagion from her, — yet, as both were finally involved in the guilt of murder, the murderous mind of necessity is finally to be presumed in both. This was to be expressed; and on its own account, as well as to make it a more proportionable antagonist to the unoffending nature of their victim, 'the gracious Duncan,' and adequately to expound the 'deep damnation of his taking off,' this was to be expressed with peculiar energy. We were to be made to feel that the human nature — *i.e.* the divine nature of love and mercy, spread through the hearts of all creatures, and seldom utterly withdrawn from man — was gone, vanquished, extinct; and that the fiendish nature had taken its place. And, as this effect is marvellously accomplished in the *dialogues* and *soliloquies* themselves, so it is finally consummated by the expedient under consideration; and it is to this that I now solicit the reader's attention. If the reader has ever witnessed a wife, daughter, or sister in a fainting fit, he may chance to have observed that the most affecting moment in such a spectacle is *that* in which a sigh or a stirring announces the recommencement of suspended life. Or, if the reader has ever been present in a vast metropolis on a day when some great national idol was carried in funeral pomp to his grave, and chancing to walk near the course through which it passed, has felt powerfully, in the silence and desertion of the streets, and in the stagnation of ordinary business, the deep interest which at that moment was possessing the heart of man, — if all at once he should hear the death-like stillness broken up by the sound of wheels rattling away from the scene, and making known that the transitory vision was dis-

solved, he will be aware that at no moment was his sense of the complete suspension and pause in ordinary human concerns so full and affecting as at that moment when the suspension ceases, and the goings-on of human life are suddenly resumed. All action in any direction is best expounded, measured, and made apprehensible by reaction. Now apply this to the case of Macbeth. Here, as I have said, the retiring of the human heart, and the entrance of the fiendish heart, was to be expressed and made sensible. Another world has stept in, and the murderers are taken out of the region of human beings, human purposes, human desires. They are transfigured: Lady Macbeth is 'unsexed'; Macbeth has forgot that he was born of woman; both are conformed to the image of devils; and the world of devils is suddenly revealed. But how shall this be conveyed and made palpable? In order that a new world may step in, this world must for a time disappear. The murderers, and the murder, must be insulated, — cut off by an immeasurable gulf from the ordinary tide and succession of human affairs, — locked up and sequestered in some deep recess; we must be made sensible that the world of ordinary life is suddenly arrested, — laid asleep, tranced, — raked into a dread armistice; time must be annihilated; relation to things without abolished; and all must pass self-withdrawn into a deep syncope and suspension of earthly passion. Hence it is, that when the deed is done, when the work of darkness is made perfect, then the world of darkness passes away like a pageantry in the clouds; the knocking at the gate is heard; and it makes known audibly that the reaction has commenced; the human mind has made its reflux upon the fiendish; the pulses of life are beginning to beat again; and the re-establishment of the goings-on of the world in which we live, first makes us profoundly sensible of the awful parenthesis that had suspended them."

—De Quincey's Essay on The Knocking at the Gate in "Macbeth."

59. pluck out mine eyes: draw my eyes out of their sockets.

62. multitudinous seas: the mass of waters on this globe — the multitude of seas, wave upon wave in multitude.

62. incarnadine: change to red.

63. Making the green one red: note the two readings possible, according as the comma is put after *green*, or after *one*.

Is there any real transition here in Macbeth's thought from his hands, both hands, to the one hand that did the deed?

64. I shame to wear: notice how this declaration of hers is almost shattered by the knocking. Again she suggests the practical thing to do.

73. To know my deed: if I must face my deed, I would better lose all consciousness of myself.

74. Wake Duncan: this is a genuine wish. It reminds us of the end of the preceding scene. He is rooted to the spot, in spite of the knocking. Lady Macbeth must pull him away.

DISCUSSION

"*Macbeth* (as I have said and as others have said before me) curiously resembles Greek tragedy in a dozen ways, of which I will mention but one more.

"Though it is full of blood and images of blood, the important blood-shedding is hidden, removed from the spectator's sight. There is, to be sure, a set scene for Banquo's murder: but it can be omitted without detriment to the play, and, in fact, always is omitted. Duncan is murdered off the stage; Lady Macbeth dies off the stage; Macbeth makes his final exit fighting, to be killed off the stage. There is nothing here like the 'blood-bolter'd' culmination of *Hamlet*." — *Quiller-Couch.*

It is difficult to realize the rapidity with which events follow one another in this scene. The bell rings, Macbeth goes to answer the king, Lady Macbeth fills the stage while he is gone, confessing that she almost committed the murder with her own hands, Macbeth comes back with the daggers in his hands, she goes to replace them, the knocking threatens discovery, and continues till she hurries him away lest they be discovered. It is a wonderful concentration of dramatic interest. It is also the scene which, so far, puts Lady Macbeth to the most agonizing test. In what speeches do you feel this? What brings her closer to your sympathy and pity here? How do you think she says "He is about it"? What is the effect of Macbeth's first

cry from within, "Who 's there?" What is the significance of those incoherent whispered questions and answers when Macbeth comes back from the murder? Booth, in acting here, made as if to stab Lady Macbeth as he staggered back, as if he thought she was the one he heard in his frenzy. Both are at the moment of collapse here — what practical thing to be done saves them? Is it the consequences of the crime, or the crime itself that affects her? that affects Macbeth? Why should Macbeth complain that he cannot say "Amen" to the prayers of the grooms, as if "murder and praying" could join hand and hand in friendly companionship? Is it not like Lady Macbeth's analysis of him — "What thou wouldst highly that wouldst thou holily"? Where does Lady Macbeth have to summon her strength most to call Macbeth back to his senses? What question of hers is a fine remonstrance? Where does she most need her strength for action? Is her remorse more real already than his? How does that affect her having to force herself back with the daggers? Is there anything significant in the fact that nowhere throughout the scene does either blame the other for the terrible situation in which they find themselves? What is the climax of the whole scene? How would you proportion the impatience of the four knockings at the end of the scene? By this threatened entrance of some one from the outside world, into the very courtyard itself, the dramatic tenseness is so heightened that there can be no pause between this and the following scene. Why is it necessary, however, to break this strain?

What are the memorable speeches in this scene?

ACT II

Scene 3

The first of this scene gives just time for Macbeth and Lady Macbeth to cover up their guilt before they are called by the general alarm. It so relieves for the first time the strain which we have felt since the very beginning of the play. Whether we like or not the interruption of comedy here, we must feel

its artistic value just as we appreciate the grave diggers in "Hamlet." Macduff and Lennox were appointed to call the king "timely" and they have been kept standing outside the gate until the fifth knock, as loud and startling as they could make it. The porter, maudlin drunk from the feasting which he has not yet slept off, comes stumbling out through the dark, cold courtyard, unable at first to find the gate, then fumbling at its fastenings. The longer he is, the greater the dramatic suspense.

2. porter of hell-gate: in the old Miracle Plays which Shakespeare knew, hell-gate had a porter, called Cerberus, a kind of counterpart of St. Peter.

2. have old: have a hard old time.

19. primrose way: Shakespeare uses the phrase many times. In "Hamlet," I, 3, line 50, Ophelia remonstrates with her brother for treading "the primrose path of dalliance."

20. remember the porter: give him his fee — a fine climax of humor. He is apparently sober enough by this time.

23, 29. lie so late; call timely: these phrases raise the question as to just when the king was murdered. A little before daybreak is the criminal hour of night, the hour of deepest sleep and greatest opportunity for crime. But why run these dramatic events by the hands of a clock?

24. second cock: just as night is really giving place to day.

28. the king stirring: how does the word *stirring* affect us as Macduff speaks it?

30. I 'll bring you to him: Macbeth, now dealing with men, is wholly alert to play his part well.

32. physics: cure by physic or medicine.

34. limited service: appointed service.

35. He does, etc.: again a wavering equivocal answer like those Macbeth gave Lady Macbeth in Act I, Sc. 5.

40. combustion: conflagrations.

41. New hatched to the woeful time: events about to happen, in keeping with the woeful time, and just prophesied "with accents terrible."

41. obscure bird: mysterious, or loving the dark.

44. cannot parallel a fellow: cannot remember its equal. These details are in Holinshed's account of this very night.

50. Lord's anointed temple: cf. 2d Corinthians, VI, 16: "Ye are the temple of the living God."

54. a new Gorgon: the classic Gorgons turned those who looked upon them to stone. Who destroyed the Gorgon Medusa?

60. great doom's image: an image, or sight, as terrifying as that of the Last Judgment.

61. sprites: rise from your beds as from your graves, walking like spirits, to match the horror of this moment.

64. hideous trumpet: harshly imperious.

64. to parley: to conference.

65. O gentle Lady: knowing what we do of the part played by Lady Macbeth in the murder, we can but feel the dramatic significance of Macduff's words.

75. serious in mortality: of any great moment in this mortal life.

77. mere lees: dregs, left this vault — life — to brag of.

80. The spring, the head, etc.: again Macbeth embarks upon a string of metaphors.

83. as it seemed: does this necessarily imply any suspicion?

84. badged: blotched.

85. unwiped . . . Upon their pillows: this does seem a suspicious situation.

90. That I did kill them: how well this intelligence has been kept from us all — even from Lady Macbeth — until this moment when it could serve as the critical situation of the scene.

91. Who can be wise, etc.: again Macbeth's mind overflows with fantastic imagery.

93. expedition: haste.

101. Help me hence, ho! Now is Lady Macbeth's presence in this scene justified. Upon the first reading does the fainting seem to you real or feigned?

103. argument: this matter.

105. Hid in an auger-hole: no place, even the tiny hole bored by an auger, is too small to hold danger to our lives.

106. Let 's away: how many purposes has Shakespeare in mind to serve in giving this conversation between the sons of Duncan. Is their sorrow very strong, to be so easily concealed? Or is their fear the great thing put immediately upon the foot of motion?

109. naked frailties hid: fully dressed, as there was no time to do when the "hideous trumpet" called them to parley. Might it mean "recovered our betrayed emotions"?

113. In the great hand of God I stand: this oath must be terrible to the murderers.

114. undivulged pretence: against this crime, and its inherent treason not yet come to light.

115. So all: Macbeth here hears all his friends take solemn oath against him.

116. briefly: quickly.

116. manly readiness: full dress and armor.

125. Hath not yet lighted: if one who wished the crown killed the king, he must also murder, for his purpose, the two sons of the king.

128. shift away: steal away.

DISCUSSION

This scene shows us the short period of immediate concealment, bound to come quickly, and bound — why? — to require the presence of both Macbeth and Lady Macbeth. Our eyes are fixed upon them and them only, the other characters are voices only to us. But for a breathing space, just for a second, we may laugh at the porter. Do you find him really amusing? Coleridge did not think Shakespeare wrote the porter scene, but allowed another's hand to insert it to appeal to the mob.

"To be brief, the Porter's speech is just such a discharge, vicarious, of the spectator's overwrought emotion; and it is quite accurately cast into low, everyday language, because that which knocks at the gate is not any dark terrific doom — for all the darkness, all the terror, is cooped within — but the sane, clear, broad, ordinary common work-a-day order of the world reas-

serting itself, and none the more relentingly for being work-a-day, and common, and ordinary, and broad, clear, sane."

— *Quiller-Couch.*

Has not Shakespeare many such a grotesque humorous character entering even his tragedies at the least expected moment? Name some of them. What do you think of the wording of Macduff's first two questions? Have you from now on any feeling of sympathy for the murdered king? Upon whom is Shakespeare turning all our sympathy? Why? Is the conversation between Macbeth and Macduff and Lennox natural? Where is Macbeth's first sign of weakening from his assured bearing? Should he, even at the beginning, be able to blot his internal horror from his face? He must not show any signs of desperation — except in his eyes. Fortunately he is talking here every moment. When before did he rather over-talk than fall short? What speech of his is most dangerously exaggerated here? What impulsive action of his has wrecked Lady Macbeth's carefully laid plan? The old acting versions used to omit Lady Macbeth's part in this scene: why was Irving keen to restore it? What are the arguments for and against her feigning a swoon when she hears it? What do you think of her first words when they say the king is murdered, — "What? in our house!" Does it sound like innocence or guilt? What dramatic action on the stage could follow the ringing of the alarum bell ordered by Macduff? Would you like a wild commotion on the stage, a confused gathering of half-dressed, dazed men, women, children — the retainers of the castle. Does Macduff impress you as genuinely horrified? Why does he give orders in Macbeth's castle? Is it too hard that Macbeth should be made by the imperious demand of Macduff to defend his killing of the grooms? Did he succeed in this defending of himself — or did Lady Macbeth accomplish that? Where is the real climax of this scene? What fills in the dramatic "let-down" and silence while Lady Macbeth is being carried out? Just how much sorrow do the sons of Duncan really feel? From a dramatic point of view why is their quick withdrawal from the action necessary? Has any one at the end of the scene

any definite idea of who killed the king? Or, as in life, is surprise too great as yet for conjecture? Is the descent of action during the dialogue of the sons too sudden? Would you to-day give the scene earlier? Where? What is the dramatic effect of an empty stage at the end of the scene?

ACT II

Scene 4

This scene might seem a useless interruption of intense tragic action, unless we remember that all through the play, beginning with the storm in Act I, Scene 1, Shakespeare is trying to establish a close affinity between spiritual and physical storm and darkness. The report of the old man here keeps close to Holinshed's version.

4. trifled: belittled.

7. travelling lamp: as a metaphor for the sun how does this appeal to us? Is there any comparison for the sun that would seem adequate? We are told that the word *lamp* was much more dignified then than now. Holinshed says that this fitful darkness and storm lasted six months.

12. towering: soaring above her prey — sighting it before she swoops down upon it.

13. mousing owl: by a mere owl used to no greater prey than mice found low upon the ground.

15. minions: the specially cared for of all of Duncan's horses.

18. eat each other: so Holinshed says.

21. see you not? Pointing to the stormy heavens.

24. pretend: intend.

24. suborned: bribed.

27. still: always.

28. Thriftless ambition, etc.: ambition that is so careless of the ultimate gains that it will devour the source of its own life.

31. Scone: the ancient residence of the Scotch monarchs, and on the famous "stone of Scone" they were crowned. The

stone was carried to Westminster Abbey by Edward I in 1296, and is now inclosed in the coronation chair there.

33. Colmekill: means the cell, or *kill* of the island St. Columba, now called Ionia, — one of the Hebrides. It was one of the earliest Christianized settlements, and a monastery and cathedral were built there. All the old monarchs of Scotland were buried there, down to Macbeth's time — but tradition says that no resting place was allowed his body there.

36. Fife: his own castle; Macduff was Thane of Fife.

38. Lest our old robes, etc.: recalls the lines spoken by Banquo in Act I, Sc. 3, line 145.

DISCUSSION

What is the dramatic value of the Old Man in this scene? Do you recall other "old men" in Shakespeare's plays? What purposes do they usually serve? Is there any symbolism in what he says of the "mousing owl" killing the falcon, and in Duncan's horses acting so against nature? In what tenor do you think all of Ross's speeches run throughout the scene? Do you find additional evidence here for seeing him as an intriguer, and now a time server, watching, for his own advantage, the course of events? Since his part must be actually acted, is it not necessary to decide just what is the bent of his nature, and the import of all his lines? What is implied in his emphasis on the word *now* in his first speech upon Macduff's entrance? What questions of his try to draw out Macduff? Is Macduff evasive in his answers? Nobly so? Which is his best answer? When he says "puts upon them suspicion of the deed" does he mean rightly so? How would you read all the *well's* in the last speeches of Ross and Macduff? What sentence of Macduff's implies that they may themselves sometimes have to face danger from Macbeth? Why will not Macduff go to Scone? Why does Ross go? Are you surprised at Macduff's refusal? What in the third scene prepared us for it? Do you think the scene of sufficient significance to be witnessed to-day in an acting version?

ACT III
Scene 1

4. stand in; stand established to thy posterity.

7. shine: Johnson's note on this word is amusingly Johnsonian: "appear with all the lustre of conspicuous truth."

Sennet sounded: a particular set of notes upon the trumpets distinct from and possibly more dignified, — often announcing royalty as here, — than the old stage direction "flourish."

Enter Macbeth, as king, etc.: this is the first time that we have seen them as king and queen. What a story may their faces ever so soon tell!

13. all-thing: altogether, in every way.

14. solemn supper: banquet of high ceremony.

15. Let your highness Command upon me: this could be *set*, etc., so as to make *command* a noun, the antecedent of *which* that follows; or *which* may refer to the idea of the entire preceding clause.

22. still hath been: always has been.

22. grave and prosperous: a moment's thought will show how well selected these words are.

26. go not my horse the better: if my horse go not better than usual. It has been suggested that Banquo thinks of his horse as running a race with the night, in which the horse may or may not prove the winner.

33. strange invention: strange tales of their own inventing.

34. cause of state: matters of government; affairs of state.

44. God be with you: to make the meter right this must be contracted almost into our present "good-by."

48. To be thus: to be king.

50. royalty: nobility of nature.

51. that which would be feared: a high-minded integrity which should be feared by me.

56. My Genius: my spirit, or soul.

57. Mark Antony's was by Cæsar: in North's "Plutarch" a soothsayer told Antony that "his fortune was altogether blemished and obscured by Cæsar's fortune." Also as in history

Antony feared Cæsar as a political rival, just so Macbeth here fears that Banquo will interfere with his kingship.

64. No son of mine: Macbeth had no children; those of whom Lady Macbeth spoke in the first act were hers by a former marriage.

65. filed: defiled.

67. rancors: bitterness.

68. mine eternal jewel: my immortal soul, or possibly as in "Othello":

> "Good name, in man and woman, dear my lord,
> Is the immediate jewel of their souls."

69. common enemy: the Evil One.

71. list: usually in the plural — lists.

72. champion me: not fight with me, in the usual sense of "champion," but be a champion against me.

two Murderers: plainly by the conversation that follows, not as yet murderers, but desperate characters ready for any crime.

80. passed in probation: passed from one point to another in the way of proof.

81. borne in hand: deluded by false promises. Cf. "Hamlet," II, 2, line 67:

> "That so his sickness, age, and impotence,
> Was falsely borne in hand."

88. so gospelled: as in the gospel of Matthew V, 44, "pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you."

91. We are men: we are not such saints as the gospel describes, — we are merely men, and feel these misfortunes as such.

92, 95. catalogue . . . valued file: putting the two phrases side by side instantly brings out their meaning.

96. the subtle: those especially cunning.

100. Particular addition: his own particular characteristic.

100. the bill That writes them all alike: that is, the general catalogue.

102. a station in the file: a position of distinction in the general list of men.

105. Whose: business is its antecedent.

112. tugged: handed about without respite.

116. bloody distance: in fencing this meant within such distance as could be covered by the combatants' swords.

118. near'st of life: my most vital parts.

120. avouch it: approve it to myself, and force my realm to accept it.

122. but wail: but instead I must bewail his fall.

127. Though our lives: perhaps he meant to go on and add "pay for it."

128. Your spirits: we should use the singular to-day.

129. advise: really means *instruct.*

130. the perfect spy o' the time: the person who will appear with more detailed instructions when the time comes to strike.

132. something from: some distance from.

132. always thought: always the important thing to keep in mind.

133. That I require a clearness: that no guilt appear to attach to me.

134. rubs: imperfections.

141. It is concluded: the plan is settled.

DISCUSSION

Since the third act usually contains the crisis of Shakespeare's tragedies it is absorbing here to see how Macbeth, in his every act, "winds up" quickly to its end the doom he began to bring upon himself in the murder of the second act, and even in the entertainment of temptation in the first. We feel in this act hurried up to a point whence we know a rapid and terrible descent will begin. Is there in Banquo's first speech any real longing for his oracle to come true? Is his "hush, no more" a guilty exclamation? Is it possible that one of Macbeth's fears is already come true — that he may "teach bloody instructions which return to plague the inventor"? This is the only act in the play where Shakespeare shows us the king and queen in their royal robes. Do they "sit easily"?

" Looking into the matter historically, I cannot find that the critics even began to do Lady Macbeth justice until Mrs. Siddons taught them. Johnson, for example, wrote that ' Lady Macbeth is merely detested.' An amazing judgment that seems to one who saw Ellen Terry rehearsing the part, and sat and watched John Sargent painting her, in her green robe of beetles' wings, as she stood in the act of lifting the crown to her brow!

" Exquisitely chosen moment! For reading the play carefully, let us observe how, for her, everything ends in that achievement. Up to it, hers has been the tiger nature, with every faculty glued, tense on the purpose, on the prey: her husband but a half-hearted accomplice. The end achieved, it would seem that the spring of action somehow breaks within her. It is Macbeth who, like a man, shoulders the weight of moral vengeance. *She* almost fades out. She is always the great lady; and while she can, she helps. They are both great: never one vulgar word of reproach or recrimination passes between them. But they drift apart. Macbeth no longer relies on her. Uncounselled by her, he seeks the Witches again; solitary he pursues his way; and *her* mental anguish is left to be watched by a Doctor and a Gentlewoman. It is but reported to her husband. When the wail of the waiting-women announces her death, he is busy arming himself for his doom. All he finds to say on the word ' dead ' is:

> ' She should have died hereafter:
> *There* would have been a time for such a word.' "
>
> — *Quiller-Couch.*

Is there any reason why Lady Macbeth should so flatter Banquo? In the dialogue between Banquo and Macbeth take out the three short questions that Macbeth buries in his speeches, and see how clever he is in getting the information that he wants. Looking back over the scene after the first reading, what is the dramatic power of all this conversation when Banquo's doom is already sealed? Why does Macbeth wish the horses " swift and sure of foot "? Is there any reason for Macbeth's not wishing to execute this murder himself? Does Lady Macbeth know he is planning it? What is the sad summary of Macbeth's so-

liloquy beginning "To be thus is nothing"? Is there any reason, other than half-formed fear and conjecture, for the second murder? Is there, then, a reason for such a murder's bringing about at once the real crisis in Macbeth's career? How does he speak of Banquo's "wisdom that doth guide his valor to act in safety"? Has he any regret for killing Duncan? What are the most bitter lines in his entire speech? Why does he summon two murderers, and a third later, instead of committing the murder himself? Why has one interview with these men already been held? And why are they again asked to "resolve" themselves apart? Is there anything in the *pace* of this murder quite different from that of Duncan? What is the real point in all Macbeth's involved talk with the murderers? It is said that Shakespeare never introduces even a minor character without making his personality clear. Just how well do you know these two murderers? Is there a real dramatic contrast between them? Where does Macbeth boast like a king, and then crumble under his own boasting? When people use the excuse "for sundry weighty reasons" which they do not give, what do we always think? Why is Macbeth so anxious to enrage the spirits of his hired assassins? Is not their pay guaranty enough of their will to succeed? Do you think he, not Banquo, was the cause of their disasters? Where before in the play has Macbeth shown his power to play upon the emotions of others? What are his methods? Why does he conceal the real reason for killing Fleance with such a flimsy excuse? Does the couplet at the end of the scene recall at once another significant ending of a dramatic scene? In watching this scene upon the stage what would enlist your attention most? Is Lady Macbeth's appearance disappointing? It is said that Booth had his Lady Macbeth leave her ladies and go to the king and touch him when he began to talk about the "bloody cousins" and "cruel parricide" — playing the same part, to avert attention to a dangerous topic, as her swoon played for her in the second act.

ACT III

Scene 2

Notice in this short scene how Macbeth, in this interim of inactive waiting, morbidly broods with a tortured mind; and how again Lady Macbeth, in the quiet pause, is the stronger of the two.

6. that which we destroy: has Lady Macbeth here a vision of the slaughtered Duncan?

10. Using: in the sense of becoming used to; nursing continually.

13. scotched the snake: bruised and cut. The old idea was that the halves of a snake cut in two could, while the blood was fresh, be cemented, or as Macbeth says: "close and be herself" again.

16. frame of things: the universe.

16. both the worlds: heaven and earth.

21. on the torture: on the rack.

22. ecstasy: any kind of excessive emotion, sorrow as well as joy.

25. Malice domestic, foreign levy: where, in the first act, did Duncan suffer from both?

27. sleek o'er: so Milton in "Comus," "Sleeking her soft alluring locks."

32. Unsafe the while, that we: we are in the precarious condition of having to flatter him whom we fear, while we mask our real hearts.

38. nature's copy 's not eterne: the deed by which they hold their lives from Nature is not eternal, — that is, it can be ended. Therefore, they are "assailable," not immortal.

40. jocund: can you prove from your own reading that this was a common word with Shakespeare and Milton?

41. cloistered flight: stealing about the cloisters.

42. shard-borne beetle: borne on its wings, hard and scaly as shards, bits of broken pottery.

43. yawning: same atmosphere as "drowsy hums."

46. seeling night, scarf up: technical terms in falconry; the falcon's eyes were seeled, or scarfed, to keep her blinded until she was tame.

49. that great bond: Banquo's life, referring back to "nature's copy"; or it may mean the bond of his destiny as given by the witches.

53. night's black agents: do you think this means all evil of the night, or the hired murderers for the "deed of dreadful note" of this night?

56. go with me: in spirit accompany me in this next undertaking.

DISCUSSION

Considering the scene as a study in contrasts, what is the difference between Macbeth's and Lady Macbeth's remorse? What speech shows hers at its bitterest? Which one shows Macbeth's? Is there a difference too in the thing which each laments? Do you think the two are drifting apart now in their daily experience? How? How do you account for Macbeth's frequent terms of endearment when he speaks to her? Do you find any indication that she suspected Macbeth of planning some evil against Banquo after listening to him in the first scene? Some commentators believe that her speech beginning "Nought's had, all's spent" should belong to Macbeth. Do you find, however, in it something much more like her than like him? These are the only lines in the whole play, except those spoken when she is asleep, when Lady Macbeth gives voice to her grief of soul. At the end of this speech, "Things without all remedy," etc., is she expressing her own philosophy or one that she manufactures for Macbeth? Is it the only one for him? What are the two simple fears which Macbeth expresses in lines 17–19? What, as poetry, do you find to admire in that speech of his? What lines make you feel real pity for him? Does Macbeth anywhere come near revealing his new intention to Lady Macbeth? What reasons are there for his wanting to keep all knowledge of it from her until it is done? What do you think is the significance of his phrase, "Till thou applaud

the deed"? Is anguish of remorse the real base of all Macbeth's feeling, or simply fear? What speech of his seems to have *unsafe* for its key word? Which would allow him to plunge deeper into crime? When he speaks of "terrible dreams that shake us nightly," what might Lady Macbeth's stage action be? Where does she assume a forced gayety, and enjoin the same upon him? Where before has she said almost the same words to him? Does Macbeth's last speech remind you of an earlier one? What seems always to make a poet of this soldier-murderer? Mrs. Kemble has a fine note on Macbeth's picture of oncoming darkness: "We see the violet colored sky, we feel the soft intermitting wind of evening, we hear the solemn lullaby of the dark fir-forest, the homeward flight of the bird suggests the sweetest images of rest and peace, and, coupled and contrasting with the gradual falling of the dim veil of twilight over the placid face of nature, the remote horror of 'the deed of dreadful note' about to desecrate the solemn repose of the approaching night, gives to these harmonious and lovely lines a wonderful effect of mingled beauty and terror." Dowden also says that the line, "Good things of day begin to droop and drowse," is the motto of the entire tragedy which opens, he points out, with "a terrible sunset in folded clouds of blood." Is there anything in this scene to sustain the "pity" and "admiration" due to tragic heroes?

ACT III

Scene 3

This scene, so short, does not lack dramatic power. The setting, dusk in the park; the extraordinary characters; the mystery of the identity of the third murderer; the simple unsuspecting speeches of Banquo — the third, his last; the flight of Fleance and all its significance; the sudden beginning and ending — all make it terribly quick and powerful.

1. But: what is the implication in the word?

3. offices: charges, duties.

4. To the direction just: accurately, according to what we were told to expect.

5. The west yet glimmers, etc.: we cannot say here that the poetry of these lines is inspired by Macbeth's excitement. Why should not the dramatist himself feel the poetic atmosphere of a moment like this? Is it symbolic of the fact that the eve of the day really has come now for Macbeth and Lady Macbeth?

8. Hark! Notice how the tenseness begins from this moment.

9. Give us a light there: if Banquo and Fleance take the foot path, while their horses "go about," as is implied in the third murderer's next speech, he is asking one of his body servants, or Fleance himself, for a torch. Note the dramatic effect of having the torch lifted here in the darkness. Was Shakespeare afraid to bring a horse upon the stage? What would he think of the stage mechanism of the chariot race in the dramatized version of "Ben Hur"? Hobby horses were common on the stage of his day, clumsy affairs made of hoops and laths and canvas. Is it not to his credit that he disdained the cheap device which only mocked and insulted the imagination of his audience?

22. let 's away: they had no orders to pursue Fleance, — and yet if Macbeth were the third murderer, would he have allowed him to escape so easily?

DISCUSSION

Allan Park Paton, in 1869, proposed the theory that Macbeth was the third murderer. What do you think of each of his eight arguments as follows? First, that Macbeth did not appear at the banquet until midnight; second, that he enters the banquet room at almost the moment when the murderers appear; third, that he could not have the heart to be at the feast, or anywhere except upon the scene of the murder to be sure of its success; fourth, that any third murderer, Macbeth's special confidant, would have been the one to announce the result; fifth, that the "twenty trenched gashes" sound not like the telling stroke of a hireling, but the personal vindictiveness of one who hated Banquo; sixth, that the third murderer showed exact in-

timacy with the park, and with the habitual way visitors approached the palace; seventh, that there was at first a light-hearted satisfaction in Macbeth's manner with the murderer when he appears at the door of the banquet hall; eighth, when the ghost rises at the feast Macbeth says, "Thou canst not say I did it," as if the darkness had concealed him from Banquo. There is a good answer to each of these points. Can you see what they are? And, in general, what would be the effect upon the audience — that audience which Shakespeare always held so carefully in mind — if this point were an intentional mystery? What do you think of the possibility of making Ross the third murderer? Why should Banquo's death be acted before our eyes when Duncan's was not? Does this connect at all with the appearance of the ghost of Banquo later?

Are there not better reasons in the fact that it is the third murderer who recognizes Banquo and is distressed at the striking out of the torch? Take out of the lines the speeches of the third murderer, — as you read them what seems evident? Might not Macbeth, according to his nature, have found it impossible at the last moment to trust so momentous a deed to mere hirelings — and so have hurried to the park? And, if so, why go in disguise? From your own reading of Shakespeare do you personally believe that it is his way to introduce mysteries and enigmas, — or shall we read the lines simply, as he writes them?

ACT III

Scene 4

Macbeth in this scene holds the "solemn supper" which he has tried to make secure in happiness by the murder of Banquo. How quickly our minds have shifted from watching his successes to watching *for* the irony that lurks in each seeming success. Banquo is killed — a success; Fleance has escaped — the irony of fate bound up in that success. Remember that this scene is acted entirely by the fitful light of torches!

1. degrees: your ranks at a formal banquet of the realm.

2. the hearty welcome: notice how at every perfunctory reiteration of these sounds of welcome the spirit becomes more and more hollow.

3. will mingle with society: is there a practical reason for his refusing to be seated at first?

5. keeps her state: sits upon the canopied dais, the throne of state. Does this make it more difficult for Lady Macbeth later to come to the side of her lord?

8. my heart speaks: the "o'ercharged heart," but valiant one, that has all our pity even as early as this. Why can she not trust her own voice further? Can she fail in little things, and still summon her strength for the greater?

9. encounter: meet, — with bows and curtsies.

10. Both sides: both sides of the table are filled; Macbeth will sit at the head then?

11. anon: his excuse for going to the door, where possibly he has just seen the murderer.

12. There 's blood upon thy face: said with satisfaction, or with fear lest it be seen by others?

14. 'T is better thee without, etc.: is there any real difficulty in understanding this?

19. the nonpareil: the peerless one.

23. casing: incasing, enveloping.

24. cribbed: still more constricted than "cabined."

25. saucy: impertinent, not suitable.

27. twenty trenched gashes: what incident in "Julius Cæsar" does this closely parallel?

29. worm: here, the young of the serpent.

32. hear ourselves: talk together.

33. the feast is sold, etc.: her meaning is that one might as well buy a feast at a public inn as to eat at a friend's home without that friend's hearty welcome; merely to eat were best at home, — away from home the "sauce to meat" is expressed courtesy and hospitality. A wonderful speech under the circumstances.

41. Were the graced person: why is this the moment for the ghost to enter?

43. pity for mischance: how far is Macbeth "over-winding" here?

46. The table's full: just his cursory glance, and unthinking reply. Was there no place then reserved for Banquo?

46. a place reserved, sir: to whose place does Lennox point?

49. Which of you have done this? What Macbeth sees is clear enough — but the fine dramatic point is the gradual recognition that the figure in the chair is Banquo's. Do any of the others around the table see it? "It is a piece of consummate art," says Knight, "that Macbeth should see his own chair occupied by the vision of him whose presence he has just affected to desire."

50. canst not say: can it be that Macbeth is childish enough to take some comfort in the thought of the way in which he planned the murder?

52. Gentlemen, rise: whether this is a sincere speech from Ross or a veiled desire to draw Macbeth out, the real point is that to break up the feast now would send away a suspicious gathering of lords. See how Lady Macbeth immediately senses this and comes to the rescue. Too heart-weary to join in the merriment of feasting, yet she must be drawn, weary yet alert, into its horrors.

57. extend his passion: prolong his perturbation.

58. Are you a man? I can feel no taunt, no bitterness here; only in a tense, concentrated undertone an anguished attempt to call him to his senses.

59. Ay, and a bold one: his answer, too, is tense, — but tense with fear and horror.

60. proper stuff: "proper" is a term of contempt, — oh, stuff and nonsense!

63. flaws: sudden commotions.

64. Imposters: when compared with real fear.

66. Authorized by: why not take this literally — a woman's story, the author of which was her superstitious old grandmother?

69. how say you? Addressed to the ghost.

70. speak too: does this not remind you of the old arrogant Macbeth who commanded the witches to speak, in the first act?

71. If charnel-houses, etc.: do you see a reason here for believing that the first ghost may have been Duncan's, the buried Duncan; and the second one, Banquo's?

73. maws of kites: let the kites so devour the bodies of the dead that fragments can never be reassembled to come back as ghosts.

Ghost vanishes: why, at this point?

76. gentle weal: do you think "general weal" is better?

83. Than such a murder is: has Macbeth any sense of the unnaturalness of the deed he has done?

84. do lack you: miss you, their host.

85. muse at: wonder at.

86. a strange infirmity: he must mean nothing less than that of hallucinations.

90. to our dear friend Banquo: what is Macbeth again sure to bring upon himself by *this* "over-winding"?

92. all to all: one general toast so that he may be spared the strain of drinking severally to his lords.

95. speculation: natural sight.

97. a thing of custom: his natural infirmity.

99. What man dare: still to the ghost.

101. armed: armored with his thick skin and tusks.

101. Hyrcan tiger: Hyrcania, the region south of the Caspian Sea.

105. inhabit then: continue then.

106. baby of a girl: a mere puppet, or doll; or possibly the tiny body of a young girl-mother.

Ghost vanishes: what in Macbeth's speech makes it vanish?

108. sit still: what movement had arisen among the lords?

110. admired: to be wondered at.

111. overcome: come over.

112. make me strange: you make me a stranger to my own disposition.

116. What sights, my lord: does Ross sound here curious, or like a friend who would give Macbeth a chance to explain his actions?

117. speak not: why must still stronger interference from Lady Macbeth come here?

122. It will have blood: murder will have its revenge.

123. Stones have been known, etc.: old tales of stones moving away from a grave and revealing a murdered corpse; of trees telling of murder, as in Vergil's tale of the murdered Polydorus. Auguries and their understanding of the relations between causes and effects have revealed even the most secret murderer through the voice of magpies, and choughs, or jackdaws, and rooks.

127. at odds with morning: what other scene in the play has been enacted at this same time?

128. How say'st thou, that, etc.: since she did not tell him so, Macbeth must mean, "What dost thou say to the news that Macduff refuses to come to our feast?"

129. Did you send to him, sir? Can you make out any reason why she uses "sir" in speaking here to her husband?

132. I keep a servant feed: so said Holinshed — "in every nobleman's house one slie fellow or other."

132. I will to-morrow: such a desperate determination of will is likely now to bring what upon Macbeth? Have the witches ever originated anything that was not already in Macbeth's mind?

140. ere they may be scanned: they must not be examined too carefully if I am to have the courage to carry them through.

141. season of all natures: the seasoning — that which gives relish and taste to life.

143. initiate fear: the fear felt by the uninitiated in crime.

DISCUSSION

The swift action of the tragedy is most apparent in this scene. The crime; the immediate punishment; the passing to a new crime, forecast in the questionings about Macduff; the resorting to the witches, — all in one scene. Booth's acting of the scene was perfect, and yet he omitted the ghost! He arranged that the first murderer should enter inconspicuously among the servants carrying dishes, and carry a goblet of wine to Mac-

beth. Thereupon followed the quick whispered dialogue — but at the door, whither Macbeth had followed his undertone direction as he passed him the wine. Later whenever Macbeth tries to drink the wine, it sickens him. He made tenderness the tone between Macbeth and Lady Macbeth after the guests had gone, — each trying to comfort the other; at his words of brooding, "The secret'st man of blood," he had her gently place her hand upon his shoulder to call him back — to the question "What is the night?" "Come, we'll to sleep," he spoke as one voicing a forlorn hope; and at the very end of the scene, "We are yet but young in deed," he lifted his hand in weariness to his brow, and touched there the crown. As if it stung him, he removed it, held it in his hand, gazed at it, as if to seek an answer to the question why had he ever cared so much for it. Lady Macbeth sinks to her knees, her eyes averted from him, lonely in the anguish of her soul. Why is Macbeth so poetic in his speech beginning "Then comes my fit again"? Since Lady Macbeth felt keenly enough Macbeth's suspicious preoccupation, why could she not fill in the space with lively conversation with their guests? Is her part more or less difficult because she does not exactly know what has been going on? Did you realize what a gruesome setting is that of the familiar quotations "Now, good digestion wait on appetite" and "Stand not upon the order of your going"? How do you feel throughout this scene about making the third murderer to be Macbeth? Do you think it possible to act Lady Macbeth as seeing the ghost of Banquo also? It is said that Mrs. Siddons so acted it. What might have been her purpose? Why is the ghost always brought upon the stage — when the "air-drawn dagger" is not? May not the "terrible dreams," the "sorriest fancies," the "torture of the mind," the "restless ecstasy" not be enough to justify Lady Macbeth in saying, "My lord is not well"? Does she fear actual insanity for him — and does her fear give that alternation of tenderness and sternness to arouse him from sinking into a kind of madness? What actual things does Macbeth plan to do, as his way of escaping from the madness? Is there anything in the alternate vanishing and coming of the ghost

that reminds you of the fading and appearing of the dagger? Is Macbeth most vulnerable in the superstitious side of his nature? What is babyish in his complaint that ghosts should appear at all? that other murderers have committed their crimes without their victims' appearing to them? What is the mood in which he calls for wine, "Fill full"? What would the scene lack without Lady Macbeth's presence? Where during the scene does Macbeth really show that he is not constitutionally a coward? Do you think the speech beginning "What man dare" keeps up its boldness to the very end? When Lady Macbeth takes control of the scene see how Macbeth fades away, and only she and the ghost are real to us. After the guests go, Irving acted the part by throwing himself down on a seat at the table, head on arms, while Ellen Terry, as Lady Macbeth, dropped limply on to the throne at the other end of the room. Do you like this separation of the two characters, — or would you keep her closer to him for comforting him as one consoles a child? What do you think of Macbeth's philosophy, "Returning were as tedious as go o'er"? What will be the effect of this night's experiences upon Macbeth's guests? What is fine about the quick ending of the scene?

ACT III

Scene 5

See the section on material not by Shakespeare in "Macbeth," pp. 92–93, for the discussion as to the authorship of this scene.

1. Hecate: this introduction of a pagan deity among the witches, a modern superstition, has excited many comments. The most remarkable, that of Warton, who says: "The Gothic and Pagan fictions were frequently blended and incorporated. The Lady of the Lake floated in the suite of Neptune before Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth; Ariel assumes the semblance of a sea-nymph; and Hecate, by an easy association, conducts the rites of the weird sisters in *Macbeth*." We recall also Hymen in "As You Like It."

7. close contriver: secretive planner of all those "harms" that the witches apparently questioned.

13. Loves: do you think the suggestion a good one that *lives* is the word Shakespeare wrote?

15. Acheron: while we know this as the name of one of the four great rivers of Hades in Greek and Roman mythology, Shakespeare probably means by using it to call up some dark cave or pit, deep enough to seem to reach down to the infernal regions. Perhaps it is on the heath where they meet Macbeth the first time.

24. drop profound: that is, deep, full, ready to drop, and full of hidden possibilities. There was an ancient belief, says Steevens, that the moon, if sufficiently solicited, would shed foam on particular herbs, full of enchantment.

26. sleights: one "sleight-of-hand."

32. security: the sense of inviolable security; over-confidence.

a song within: the song is taken from the play "The Witch" by Thomas Middleton. It runs as follows:

Come away, come away,
Hecate, Hecate, come away!

Hecate: I come, I come, I come, I come,
With all the speed I may,
With all the speed I may,
Where 's Stadlin?

Voice above: Here!

Hecate: Where 's Puckle?

Voice above: Here!
And Hoppo too, and Hellwain too;
We lack but you, we lack but you;
Come away, make up the count.

Hecate: I will but 'noint, and then I 'll mount.

(*A spirit like a cat descends.*)

Voice above: There 's one comes down to fetch his dues:
A kiss, a call, a sip of blood;
And why thou stay'st so long
I muse, I muse,
Since the air 's so sweet and good.

Hecate: O art thou come?
What news, what news?
Spirit: All goes still to our delight.
Either come, or else
Refuse, refuse.
Hecate: Now I 'm furnish'd for the flight.
Firestone: Hark, hark, the cat sings a brave treble in her own language.
Hecate (going up): Now I go, now I fly,
Malkin, my sweet spirit and I.
O, what a dainty pleasure 't is
To ride in the air
When the moon shines fair.
And sing and dance, and toy and kiss!
Over woods, high rocks and mountains,
Over steep towers and turrets,
We fly by night 'mongst troops of spirits;
No ring of bells to our ear sounds,
No howls of wolves, no yelps of hounds;
No, not the noise of water's breach,
Or cannon's throat our height can reach.

This song was inserted by Davenant in his acting version of "Macbeth," a great revival of interest in the play, published in 1674. In the Folio, "Music and a Song" is the direction at the 34th line of Hecate's speech; and

34. song within, "**Come away, come away,**" etc., comes after line 36.

35. I am called: Hecate has evidently been taking no part in the song.

DISCUSSION

Rolfe speaks of this scene as "this poor stuff thrust into the play by some hack writer at the suggestion of some theatrical manager." Can you express why the lines seem inferior to Shakespeare's? Are there touches, too, especially in the diction, that seem unlike Shakespeare? Does the scene seem necessary? Does it, if not needed, add anything we would not wish to lose from

the play? Is it put in, perhaps, to fulfill Macbeth's announcement in the last scene that he will betimes to the witches? What might the anger of Hecate contribute to our understanding of Macbeth's relations to the supernatural? Is he already marked for her chastisement? Then does the scene increase our interest in what is to come?

ACT III

Scene 6

Before the *crisis act* of the play ends, some scene must be provided to carry our interest well along toward the falling action. Notice how the conversation of the two lords and their report of Macduff's disaffection does this perfectly. The scene is usually omitted on the stage; and it has no action; but from the philosophic point of view it cannot be omitted.

Forres. The palace: if there, how boldly now are Macbeth's subjects discussing him?

another Lord: any reason at all for not giving his name, except that he is to stand for all lords in Macbeth's kingdom?

2. interpret further: go and make clear those things as well.

3. borne: managed, conducted.

6. you may say, if 't please you: in what tone is this whole speech said?

10. fact: Shakespeare uses this in the sense of an evil deed.

12. pious: in the sense of having respect and reverence to his sovereign Duncan.

12. tear: is it intentional that we shall see Macbeth here as a raging beast?

20. so should Fleance: does this mean that suspicion of killing his father has fallen upon Fleance?

21. broad words: bold accusing speech has the honest Macduff evidently used.

22. at the tyrant's feast: how swift and sure is the connection with Scene 4.

25. holds the due of birth: withholds his due by birth.

27. pious Edward: Edward, surnamed "the Confessor." He was king of the West Saxons. Born at Islip, Oxfordshire, about 1004, he died January 5, 1066.

29. his high respect: the respect paid to him, not by him.

32. with Him above To ratify the work: does the solemnity of this remind you of any speech of Banquo's in Act II, Scene 3?

36. free honors: honors which are the due of self-respecting free subjects or possibly honors that are not bribes.

40. an absolute: an unqualified bluntness.

41. cloudy messenger: was his face purposely concealed; or was it clouded with fear of consequences; or "clouded" in that it reflected the misery of his soul in bearing such messages; or simply "ominous"?

43. clogs me: he hates to bear this answer to Macbeth, so goes back with heavy feet.

DISCUSSION

What is your great interest all through this scene? At what point is it intensified? Do you feel that this scene is placed here too early in the play, and would be better after the first scene of the fourth act? Do you believe Shakespeare could have written it in that order, and then changed it to this position in his acting version so that the two witch scenes need not come together? Where do we get a union here of inside and outside information? Is the purpose to show what is now the general opinion of Macbeth in his own kingdom, as well as in the distant kingdom of Edward? Had we almost forgotten there were kingdoms ruled with equity? Is the same kind of rebellion being plotted against Macbeth as he helped to quell when Duncan was king? In what way is this pure poetic justice? Where did Macduff first impress us as a man of stubborn integrity? Does he seem here to you strong enough to be the human agent of fate in Macbeth's downfall? Retribution from the supernatural agencies, and retribution from human agencies are put steadily in motion before Scenes 5 and 6 end. Can there be material enough here for two more acts?

ACT IV

Scene 1

It is the use of the supernatural in this scene that really lifts Macbeth out of the rôle of mere murderer into the rôle of tragic hero, for this reason: all his black crime he commits under a fatal hallucination. It is not madness, he is not lunatic; but a certain illusion, a terrible mistake, seizes upon his mind and leads him on to a sure doom. From the moment when like Milton's Satan he says, "Evil, be thou my good," he never shakes off the delusion; the stronger his will is, the more terrible will be his deeds; the stronger his imagination, the more crimes it can conceive.

Macready suggested the following arrangement of this scene: Let the Witches be placed in different parts of the cavern. Suppose one at the mouth, intently on the watch; another near the cauldron, covering over the livid flame, which, by the way, should be placed under the charmed pot and not in it; the Third Witch on the side opposite the entrance, seated perhaps on a fragment of stone, her arms folded, and rocking to and fro upon the rock, as it were, in impatience. Let not a word be spoken, till the audience have had time to study the picture. 'T is to the point, and they are sure to feel it, if you will allow them. The familiars — the brinded cat, the hedge pig, and Harpier — are supposed to be stationed outside the cavern to give notice of the approach of Hecate. The First Witch hears her familiar: "Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed." The eyes of the other Witches are instantly turned towards her; a pause ensues during which they all remain motionless. The Witch near the cauldron hears her familiar; she starts from her cowering attitude: "Thrice, and once the hedge-pig whined." Another pause here. Now at length the Third Witch springs upon her feet: "Harpier cries"; and then addressing her sisters, and not putting words into Harpier's mouth, which Shakespeare never intended for him: "'T is time, 't is time."

1. brinded: brindled, spotted, tawny.

2. thrice and once: what would be the meaning if there were a comma after *thrice?* All odd numbers are the numbers of enchantment, therefore, if the passage means *four*, the witch would say *thrice and once.*

2. hedge-pig: the hedge-hog or urchin was an animal of demonology, supposed to poison cows and wither plants; urchin also later meant a mischievous little fairy, and hence still later, a child.

3. Harpier: what is your association with the word *harpy?* Shakespeare *may* have meant something like the classic name.

4. Round about the cauldron go: where before have we had the same dance to wind up the charm?

8. Sweltered venom: poison sweated out.

10. Double, double toil and trouble: what sound is suggested by the words?

12. fenny: dwelling in the fens.

14. newt: lizard.

16. blind-worm: the poisonous slowworm. Cf. the fairies' song in "Midsummer Night's Dream," II, 2, line 11: "Newts and blind-worms do no harm."

23. Witches' mummy: it is true, but horrible, that from Egyptian mummies chemists distilled a gummy fluid, which, in Shakespeare's day, was used as a medicine.

23. gulf: gullet.

24. ravined: ravin is to devour greedily — so here over-fed with its prey.

25. hemlock: what is your classic tragic association with the word?

27. yew: poisonous to birds as well as to human beings.

28. moon's eclipse: a time of bad omen. Milton says in "Lycidas":

> "It was that fatal and perfidious bark;
> Built in the eclipse."

31. drab: a harlot, hiding her child.

32. slab: slimy, gluey.

33. chaudron: entrails.

37. baboon's: where would the accent fall here?

Music and a song: with the first two words of the song given it is not hard to identify it as Middleton's, inserted as his other passages were in Davenant's acting version:

> Black spirits and white, red spirits and gray,
> Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may!
> Titty, Tiffin,
> Keep it stiff in;
> Fire drake, Puckey,
> Make it lucky;
> Liard, Robin,
> You must bob in,
> Round, around, around, about, about!
> All ill come running in, all good keep out.

44. By the pricking: an old superstition that still holds.

48. black, and midnight hags: doing the work of darkness only; white witches were supposed to heal human diseases, while the gray practiced either good or bad arts.

53. yesty: same as yeasty, foamy.

54. navigation: ships of every kind.

55. bladed corn: young, tender, in the blade, too light generally to be laid down by tempests, and a disaster to the farmers if this happened to it before it was ripe for harvest.

59. germens: all the seeds of earth, in a large figurative sense.

65. farrow: a scarce word, meaning *litter*.

65. grease that's sweaten, etc.: the most awful climax possible to the list of awful things that made the ingredients of the cauldron.

68. deftly: skillfully.

an armed Head: this is symbolic of Macbeth's head cut off by Macduff and fixed upon a pole.

69. knows thy thought: an added horror in this.

70. say thou nought: keep the silence due to the incantation.

72. Enough: where before were the witches impatient of questioning?

74. harped my fear aright: struck the very note of my fear.

a bloody Child: this is symbolic of Macduff "untimely ripped from his mother's womb."

78. Had I three ears, etc.: they should all be intent to hear thee.

84. take a bond of fate: by slaying Macduff he will, apparently, get perfect surety to add to this promise of the witches.

a Child crowned: the boy Malcolm; and the tree symbolizes the wood of Birnam which he later orders his army to hew down.

88. round And top: the crown.

93. Dunsinane: where lies the accent?

95. impress: command, as to impress seamen, or provisions, etc.

99. live the lease of nature: live out his natural term of life.

106. what noise is this: may be music, — or discordant sounds. Which do you think fits the setting the better?

112. the spirit of Banquo: that is, that terrible spirit I have just seen at the banquet.

113. sear mine eye-balls: scald my eyes.

121. two-fold balls and treble sceptres: a compliment to King James: the "two-fold balls" may mean the two islands making up the kingdom, or may refer to the double coronation of James at Scone and at Westminster. "Treble sceptres" may mean England, Scotland, and Ireland or the three titles of James, "King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland."

126. amazedly: stunned.

127. sprights: spirits.

130. antic round: or did Shakespeare write "antique round"?

144. anticipat'st: preventest, in its literal meaning of *coming before*.

145. flighty: speedy, too speedy for the execution to overtake it.

147. firstlings: first born thoughts.

155. sights: apparitions from the witches.

DISCUSSION

The real turning point of the play begins here — with the second appearance of the witches — retribution is the key word from now to the end. What a challenge to a poet's imagina-

tion is the mere enumeration of the ingredients of the caldron! Which ones seem most loathsome to you? What is the effect of the onomatopoetic refrain? Does Hecate add anything to this scene? Does Scene 5, Act III, require that she should appear here? Comment upon the second witch's couplet just before Macbeth enters. In what mood is Macbeth all through this visit to the witches? What does each impassioned speech of his seem to bring forth? Which speech of his is most desperate? Why is he poet again in his picture of the destruction of all nature? What figure makes the fine climax to that speech? Where is Macbeth most imperious? How does this compare with his attitude in preceding scenes? Why must these apparitions be visible to the audience? Describe the voice suited to each as it speaks. Where during their speeches does Macbeth again exemplify that "Security is mortal's chiefest enemy"? What is artistic about the *mounting* security of the prophecies? Notice that the prophecies throughout the play come in threes, arranged in order of climax. In what question does Macbeth reveal the real fear that gnaws at his heart? What is the evident result of his anger when the apparitions do not answer this question? What is finely dramatic in the procession of kings? Why did Shakespeare avoid stating the exact number of them? Are the witches merely spiteful when they say they will cheer up his spirits? Is their phrase, "this great king," ironical? Why is he so anxious to know if Lennox saw the weird sisters? Are not the steady answers of Lennox like a refreshing dash of cold water after the fevered speeches of Macbeth? What is the dramatic value of "Macduff is fled to England"? Coleridge called these words "the acme of the avenging conscience." When Macbeth answers that he will surprise the castle of Macduff we cannot help marveling at the rapidity with which his moral nature disintegrated. Where is the awful hesitancy he felt over killing his first victim in the great soliloquy of Act I, Scene 7, and his conversation with Lady Macbeth in that scene? Is there really any necessity for these new murders, directly after the solid assurances of the witches?

ACT IV

Scene 2

At first thought this scene may seem to break the artistic unity of atmosphere that has settled down upon the tragedy. But just as a dramatic contrast, especially at its beginning, it has no equal in any of the plays. The light grace of the prattle of the boy with his mother and her woman's anxiety over the unexplained absence of her lord give us a touch of affectionate home-life which is nowhere else in the play, and which throws our minds back instantly to the thought of the destruction of such life in the home of Macbeth since " thriftless Ambition " entered there. Many critics think the scene entirely unnecessary, and a revolting " massacre of the innocents " when we have already had enough of murder. But see what point it adds later when Ross tells Macduff what has happened to his wife and babes during his absence, and to Lady Macbeth's heartbroken cry in the sleep-walking scene, " The Thane of Fife had a wife, where is she now? " Coleridge's note on the scene is: " This scene, dreadful as it is, is still a relief, because a variety, because domestic, and therefore soothing, as associated with the only real pleasure of life. The conversation between Lady Macduff and her child heightens the pathos, and is preparatory for the deep tragedy of their assassination. To the objection that Shakespeare wounds the moral sense by the unsubdued, undisguised description of the most hateful atrocity, — that he tears the feelings without mercy, and even outrages the eye itself with scenes of insupportable horror, — I . . . answer boldly in the name of Shakespeare, not guilty ! "

4. Our fears do make us traitors: make us act in such a way as to be suspected of treachery.

7. his titles: those properties to which he has title.

11. Her young ones: an absolute clause, *when* her young are in the nest.

17. fits o' the season: a splendid phrase to describe the wild disorders Macbeth has set in motion. Cf. below: "Wild and violent sea."

17. dare not: it is hard to see why she could not be told Macduff had gone to England.

19. hold rumor, etc.: when our fears make us prey to every mere rumor.

22. Each way and move: does this mean simply move here and there without any direction or real headway?

30. Sirrah: used by parents to children as well as by masters to servants.

34. lime: a sticky substance smeared on trees to catch birds; possibly the word was *line* which fits in with *pitfall* and *gin*, or snare.

65. perfect: perfectly acquainted with.

67. homely: in the sense of humble, of no rank.

70. fell cruelty: murderous cruelty.

77. womanly: in the sense of womanish.

78. these faces: the hired murderers here disguised their faces, evidently in some horrible fashion.

82. shag-haired: the word is shag-ear'd in the Folio.

82. egg . . . young fry: offspring of traitors.

Exit Lady Macduff: Holinshed takes much space to describe what Shakespeare here manages with wonderful dramatic compression, — as if he had rammed the chronicle into the barrel, then shot it forth in one powerful discharge.

DISCUSSION

"The next victim, little Macduff — one of those gallant, precocious, straight-talking children in whom Shakespeare delighted — it may be because he had lost such a son, at just such an age. Be it noted how this boy is introduced close after Macbeth's purposed visit to the witches — *he* seeking *them*.

"Straight upon this foul scene in the cavern light breaks, for the last time in the drama, in the sunny wisdom of a child. Good gospel, too, as I take it —

" 'Was my father a traitor, mother?'

" 'Ay, that he was.'

" 'What *is* a traitor?'

— And so on. 'Now God help thee, poor monkey!' says his mother at length (irony again) even while the Murderer is at the gate, being admitted.

" 'Where is your husband? . . . He 's a traitor,' are the words in the Murderer's mouth.

" 'Thou liest, thou shag-haired villain,' answers up the proud, plucky boy, a moment before he is stabbed.

" All these pretty ones end tragically in Shakespeare: but surely this one in this play lives his few moments not wholly in vain."

— *Quiller-Couch.*

Do you feel that Ross is a tool of Macbeth here, or really comes of his own good heart to warn Lady Macduff? Could he have come as a spy, the forerunner of Macbeth's murderers, and then, on the spot, have found his heart melting? Yet he did not go from Lady Macduff's presence and prevent the murder: it happened within two or three minutes of his conversation with her. In his long speech what quotable lines echo a modern proverb of our own? Does Lady Macduff give a very flattering picture of Macduff? If it is natural that she should not, speaking in the mood of the moment, does what she says put us out of sympathy at all with him when his grief overtakes him? How can we account for the sharpness of wit in the young son? In whose company have his conversational powers been developed? Is there anything about the mother's questions that throws light upon the life of this boy? Why has Shakespeare made him so attractive? Is the part he plays at the very end of the scene to be expected? What influence has his gallant care for his mother's safety upon our sensibilities? He is perhaps five years old, yet he downs his terror at the masked faces and threatening daggers of the murderers. Is Shakespeare overdrawing nature here? Why is the messenger made too soft-hearted to do aught but warn them? How long would it be possible for Macbeth to find such instruments for carrying out his crimes?

Do you think it at all likely that this messenger could have been sent by Lady Macbeth? How complete an understanding do you get of Lady Macduff from her speeches? from Ross's to her? from the messenger's to her? How had she learned the philosophy in her speech beginning, "Whither should I fly?" Where do you most admire her spirit? Would you prefer this scene should be omitted? There is a scene at the end of Act V that will throw your memory back instantly to the beauty, although terrible beauty, of this scene. How much more pleasure, then, in reading the play twice, or twice twenty times!

ACT IV

Scene 3

There is now no dramatic thread of any strength in the play except the great avenging of the foul deed of Scene 2. In the natural course of events time must elapse before that can come; word of his loss must reach Macduff in England; and possibly the dramatist may feel that Malcolm is too shadowy a character, so far, to warrant any interest in him — and, indeed, he does not win it even at the end, when he is crowned. More than that, Shakespeare, the workman, knew that the dénouement must not be too sudden. So we have this long conversation between Malcolm and Macduff, so long, so tedious, so ludicrous in its design on Malcolm's part, that we feel much more like condemning it as the work of a bungling hack than any of Middleton's (?) scenes. Malcolm's very first speech is of that dull, gray color he always suggests. Weeping "our sad bosoms empty" seems hardly the battle cry of a man! With what artist's sense of values this prince has been subordinated to the real hero of the tragedy!

3. mortal: from your own observation in this play alone how does Shakespeare ordinarily use this word?

4. birthdom: birthright.

6. Strike heaven on the face: recall Macbeth's words in Act I, Scene 7, lines 21–25.

7. with Scotland: in reading place the emphasis on *with*.

15. You may deserve: his enmity may light upon you even because you are befriending me.

15. wisdom To offer: something is omitted here. We may supply *wisdom it were to offer*, or *I think it wisdom to offer*.

16. innocent lamb: meaning, of course, himself. Here begins Malcolm's attempt to test Macduff by making it seem impossible, in every way, that he should be king. So doing, he will find out how strongly Macduff wishes the old line of succession back upon the throne.

19. recoil In an imperial charge: may change when authority comes into his hands.

21. cannot transpose: my suspicions cannot change.

23. Though all things foul, etc.: though foul things may try to look fair, yet fair things are still unmistakable, genuinely fair.

24. lost my hopes: the patriotic Macduff has been hoping great things of Duncan's son.

25. even there: does he mean that he, too, has "lost his hopes" in Macduff? If so, why? Evidently the next lines mean because he has left wife and children unguarded.

26. rawness: unseemly rush.

27. motives: movers of conduct, as all we love must be.

29. jealousies: suspicions.

34. affeered: the title of tyranny seems to be secure.

43. England: meaning King Edward, as kings often give to each other the name of their countries.

47. Shall have more vices: one critic, Chambers, has the most human comment upon this speech. He says: "I think there is a touch of deeper psychological insight in this (than a trial of Macduff's patriotism). Is it not true that in the critical moments of life one is often suddenly oppressed with a sense of one's own weaknesses, and dormant, if not actual, tendencies to evil, which seem to cry aloud for expression, confession?"

49. What should he be? Who should he be, or may he be?

55. confineless: without confines, boundaries.

57–59. bloody, malicious, etc.: what are the seven deadly sins?

59. Sudden: violent.

62. continent impediments: restraining motives.

68. Convey: manage artfully.

69. hoodwink: blind, a term from falconry.

71. affection: nature.

72. stanchless: insatiable.

80. summer-seeming: think about this phrase a moment; its meaning, its wonderful condensation.

81. sword of our slain kings: also a wonderful phrase!

82. foisons: plentiful harvests.

83. mere own: only your own.

83. portable: may be carried, may be endured.

85. king-becoming graces: was Shakespeare complimenting his king, James I, there?

90. In the division: in my power to enact each crime many different ways.

93. confound All unity: here his words begin to smack certainly of insincerity, of some design.

97. No, not to live: these words, I believe, give us more admiration for Macbeth than any others he speaks.

101. interdiction: excommunication.

105. Died every day she lived: every day mortified her flesh.

112. these trains: these lines.

113. plucks me: keeps me from being too confident in men.

129. at a point: ready.

130. goodness: success.

131. warranted quarrel: warrantable because valuable in its outcome; *quarrel*, simply *difference*, or *discussion*.

136. stay his cure: wait for his healing.

136. convinces The great assay: overcomes every great attempt of the medical art to cure.

140. The Evil: this is only Shakespeare's attempt, as a loyal subject, to compliment the curative powers of Edward the Confessor, the "divine touch" credited to all good sovereigns. We recall that even as late as the middle of the eighteenth century, Dr. Johnson was "touched" by Queen Anne for "the evil," scrofula.

143. solicits: prays to, and works with, heaven.

146. mere: utter, as often in the plays.

147. golden stamp: a stamped gold piece. It is said that the coin used by King James was an "angel-noble." Later kings had special coins stamped for the purpose.

148. holy prayers: at first this prayer was printed on a single sheet; later it was incorporated in the Prayer Book.

154. My countryman: from his dress he is recognized.

157. means that makes us strangers: the woes, crimes.

164. modern ecstasy: everyday course of hysterical emotion. The Greek word for ecstasy means "insanity." *Modern* here is a disparaging, belittling term.

167. Dying or ere they sicken: they are killed so suddenly they know not there is any malevolence afoot toward them.

167. relation Too nice: account too exact, too true.

169. hiss the speaker: for telling stale news.

171. Why, well: read this and the two replies by Ross that follow in the light of "there is no way to break bad news gently."

176. heavily borne: carried with genuine grief.

177. were out: were in arms.

188. would be: should be, are only fit to be, etc.

189. latch them: fasten them, capture them.

190. fee-grief: a personal sorrow.

200. quarry: game killed.

206. must be: was destined to be.

213. Dispute it: contend, fight with it.

227. If he 'scape, Heaven forgive him too: this seems to mean that I could let him escape only if I forgave him for some unknown cause; if he goes from me, still a felon, Heaven must forgive him.

230. lack is nothing but our leave: all we lack is to take leave.

232. Put on: start to work their instruments.

DISCUSSION

What additional impressions of Malcolm do we get in this scene? Is he "his father's son"? What speech of Malcolm's early in the scene sounds to you like pretentious sanctity?

Just where do you really begin to suspect an ulterior motive in all he says? Does this strange proving of the integrity of Malcolm contrasted with the blackness of Macbeth give you any definite feeling for, or against, Macbeth? Should Macbeth's successor, for the purpose of the tragedy, be a stronger or weaker character than himself? Why did Shakespeare choose to model Macduff, rather than Malcolm, as the avenger of Macbeth? What speeches of Macduff's express sincere grief here? How greatly may a loyal subject be disappointed in the young heir to his country's throne? Where is Macduff most manly? Does he, in contrast to Macbeth, put real worth or reputation the higher? Where is Macduff most the heartbroken patriot? Is there anything peculiarly Scottish in this dialogue between him and Malcolm? Which speech of Malcolm's really has both poetry and passion? Is Macduff's reply to that speech affecting? Why did Shakespeare introduce the story of the king's act of healing? In how far is the account of the king used as a contrast for both Duncan and Macbeth? What is powerful, because natural, in the way in which Ross breaks the tragic news to Macduff, and the way in which Macduff takes it? What action of Macduff's is most indicative of the depths of his grief? Why " must " Macduff " be from hence "? Why could he not have told this duty to Lady Macduff? What is affecting in his speech " He has no children ! " and " I must also feel it like a man "? What pathos in " I cannot but remember such things were that were most precious to me," — which is really the deep cause of all lasting grief. Does Malcolm anywhere in the scene prove himself a tolerable king? Do you really feel any artistic need of a scene as long as this in this act? Is it true, perhaps, that later drama found it difficult to keep to the classic five acts, so far as actual material of interest is concerned? Does Macduff really need this personal motive to sharpen his enmity against Macbeth? Should he, or should Malcolm, have the last speech in this scene? Speaking very frankly, from the point of view of dramatic construction, what is your feeling about this scene, and its length?

ACT V

Scene 1

The change from verse to prose, when this last great act begins, stirs us profoundly. The preceding act has just closed in a rush and tumult of grief and frenzied vows of vengeance — a tumult that lifted even Malcolm to heights of poetry. This opens with the quiet intense thrill that close and awed intimacy gives. The kindly doctor, who, from his two nights' watching, knows that Lady Macbeth " more needs the divine than the physician," the devoted lady-in-waiting, locking in her troubled heart the words she has heard night after night from her sleeping mistress, their whispered consultations, as Lady Macbeth walks by them with her lifted taper, and the smothered heart-broken exclamations of the guilt-oppressed soul, incoherent but pitifully revealing, make material in itself so affecting that it needs no grandeur of verse to heighten it. It is a piece of that perfect prose that often tempts critics to debate whether, after all, prose is not a higher form of speech than poetry. We feel ourselves, as we read, standing in the presence of some great power, that moves the feet and hands and lips of the guilty one without her knowledge, telling us things that we have no human right to know. To be a listener at such a confessional in that quiet room at night is enough to stop our breathing. Never has woman been so defenseless! How quickly we go back to Macbeth's old cry, " Sleep no more," in the second act!

1. two nights: evidently poor Lady Macbeth did not suffer these awful " perturbations of nature " without some nights of respite between. Macbeth has called the doctor in to watch and cure her of the " thick-coming fancies that keep her from her rest," and his first speech to the maid implies that he has been told what to expect.

4. went into the field: there is much discussion over the apparent contradictions in the places where Shakespeare has placed his hero. Plainly he and Lady Macbeth are besieged in the castle that is the " trap " situation of the entire act. Yet may not Macbeth find it necessary to " go into the field " some short

distance, perchance, to see his fortifications, to place the few men who are still fighting on his side, to get his own soldier-eye on the situation of his battle ground? "The English power are near," not yet on the scene. And, from a purely dramatic point of view, how much more powerful is this scene with Lady Macbeth alone, — as if with the support of her lord gone from sight, she were doubly assailed by her terror. In such moments of remorse as have unnerved him, he has always had her ready wit or her affectionate solicitude to rely upon — she has nothing. She is absolutely alone, in another world from that in which the doctor and attendant move.

10. effects of watching: the actions one performs when awake.

20. stand close: stand back, close against the wall of the room possibly.

25. their sense: their power of seeing.

37. none can call, etc.: as king and queen none can question what we do.

45. Go to, go to: not so much scorn or reproach, I think, as surprised grief at what he gathers from Lady Macbeth's words.

49. smell of the blood: might not this easily have been the one point about the blood on her hands that clung to her awful memory of the murder — to smell for the first time warm human blood of one's own shedding — what could be more terrorizing?

52. sorely charged: heavily oppressed.

55. dignity of the whole body: for the dignity of being queen.

56. Well, well, well: how else can even his professional mind express its surprise and its helplessness?

58. yet I have known, etc.: the gentle heart of the doctor would grasp at the merest possibility of seeing all this, and yet not taking it as proof positive of the queen's guilt.

64. Even so: every speech of hers reveals a new certainty of guilt, and makes it harder not to condemn.

74. God forgive us all: this speech is perfect warrant that the doctor feels deeply awed by what he has seen and heard.

75. annoyance: doing herself harm, — a stronger meaning than the word has with us to-day.

77. mated: checkmated, — utterly stopped its motion.

DISCUSSION

Is it like Macbeth's unthinking practicality to call in a doctor to cure an ill like this sleep walking? Were the former nights that Macbeth had seen, or that the lady-in-waiting had witnessed, anything as compared with this? What evidence have we that they could not have been? Much of the power of the scene depends upon the way in which Shakespeare makes every one of Lady Macbeth's ravings bring back vividly to us the great moments of all the preceding scenes. In the folding and writing upon paper what letter has she in mind? Why should that letter have made strong enough impression upon her to mark the beginnings of her nightly ravings? Why does she rub her hands, and what is the spot she cannot rub away? What bell does she hear when she says: "One, two; why then 't is time to do't"? Who before said, "Hell is murky," and when? What moment is called up by "a soldier and afeared"? Who is the "old man"? Where was the "starting" that marred all? When did she order Macbeth to wash his hands and put on his nightgown? What awful night is in her mind when she says Banquo "cannot come out on's grave"; when she says "there 's knocking at the gate"? Why should she suffer over the death of Lady Macduff — since she knew nothing of, and took no part in, that murder? Notice how all the important evidence comes out in her own words, "old man," "Thane of Fife," "Banquo." In what tone of voice does she speak throughout the scene? How does one move who is walking in sleep? When we remember that people in their sleep walk safely in most perilous places — edges of roofs, for instance — would there be any need of her groping her way with one hand, or holding her candle uncertainly, or going aimlessly from one part of the room to another? There is decision and surety in all she whispers and does, — and yet all the agitation, fear, shakings, gaspings that betray that gentle woman's nature she had so abused. Why are her three "Oh's" most difficult to read with the right expression? What should they convey? What did they evidently convey to the doctor, from his speech which follows? Is the Lady Mac-

beth of this scene consistent with the Lady Macbeth of the second scene of the second act? Do you feel that the lady-in-waiting is wholly sympathetic and loyal? Why do both she and the doctor say that they " will not report " and " shall not speak " of what they have seen? Is the doctor's taking down of what he hears of any significance? Why is the washing of her hands the continued action of the whole scene? When had she said " a little water clears us of the deed "? What new evidence of her fine sensibilities do you find in this scene? Is there any reason why the last speech of the doctor should change to verse? Do you yourself find it as lofty or powerful as the preceding prose? Did the poet mean this to be a scene in which two people should merely discover the perpetrators of those crimes that had shaken the kingdom, or in which a human soul should unconsciously bare itself, defenseless, to night and darkness? Why should there be any doctor or waiting-woman in the scene? What must be their feeling toward the sufferer if the perfect unity of the scene is to be maintained? Is our feeling for Lady Macbeth changed by this scene? Just why is it the one great scene in Shakespeare that challenges all the powers of a great actress?

ACT V

Scene 2

The alternation of the many short scenes, first in the castle, then outside, helps wonderfully in accumulating an atmosphere of great confusion and " time growing shorter and shorter " as we move toward the final conflict.

2. uncle Siward: Malcolm's mother's brother.

3. dear causes: close, personal causes.

4. the bleeding: deeds of blood.

5. mortified: the man dead to all feeling.

10. unrough youths: smooth-faced lads.

15. distempered cause: disorganized body of subjects.

18. minutely revolts: revolts every minute.

18. faith-breach: his usurpation of Duncan's crown.

23. pestered senses: entangled, encumbered feelings.

24. all that is within him: all the evil in him condemns itself for being in one who was once an honorable soul.

26. truly owed: to Malcolm.

27. the medicine: him, the person, who is to cure our country, — Malcolm, again.

28. purge: process of being cured by medicine.

DISCUSSION

Notice that these are not Malcolm's soldiers who speak in this scene, but soldiers just in the act of deserting Macbeth to meet and join Malcolm's army. What artistic purpose does this arrangement well serve? Can you tell yet whether you echo heartily all that they say in disparagement of Macbeth, or have you still sympathy for him? What does the poet show us in Macbeth, even now, that those actually with him do not see? Why is Macbeth so sure still that he is right to keep still in Dunsinane and let the enemy make the attack? How has Shakespeare twice refreshed our memories with the mention of "Birnam wood"? What condition of the kingdom do these men picture for us? What epithet do they apply to Macbeth? What former speeches in the play come into your mind as you read "Hang loose about him like a giant's robe upon a dwarfish thief"? When had they seen Macbeth's "pestered senses" "recoil and start"? What thrill comes with the words, "Well, march we on"?

ACT V

Scene 3

We have not seen Macbeth since he last went to the witches, and in a mood of arrogant desperation vowed to "give to th' edge o' the sword" Macduff's wife and babes. And yet we have not been conscious that the play has moved forward without his presence, so much has he become the subject of expressed abhorrence, the tyrant whose sole name blistered the tongues

of every character who has been upon the stage, except Lady Macbeth. So does dramatic law deal with the daily course of events. What does his implicit trust in the prophecy of the witches signify to us as we listen to his first words?

1. reports: of the desertion of his own soldiers.

3. taint: show a shade of fear.

5. consequences: events that follow events, — in the literal Latin meaning of the word.

8. epicures: there is no doubt what a Scotchman means when he calls an Englishman an epicure; but Dr. Johnson's note here is interesting. He says: "The reproach of epicurism is nothing more than a natural invective uttered by an inhabitant of a barren country against those who have more opportunities of luxury."

9. I sway by: I rule my motions by.

10. sag: be weighed down.

11. cream-faced loon: the pallor of fear on the boy's face throws Macbeth into a panic of fear that expresses itself in angry irritation.

15. lily-livered boy: it was the belief that a coward's liver was white.

15. patch: fools may have been so called first from the patched and mottled garments that they wore. Puck calls Bottom's players "a crew of patches, rude mechanicals."

16. linen cheeks: in "Henry V," Act II, Scene 2, line 74, Shakespeare says, "Their cheeks are paper."

17. counsellors: they counsel all who see them to fear.

19. Seyton! Notice how many times Macbeth calls his servant during this speech, and how the querulousness of his voice would increase.

20. This push Will cheer me ever: several authorities agree that *cheer* should be *chair*, to correlate with *disseat*, and to mean insure my security on my throne. *This push* means, of course, this action set in motion by the coming of the English army.

30. gracious pleasure: is required only by ceremony; *gracious* is a strange word, otherwise, for the king's tone in calling Seyton, his armor bearer.

35. skirr: scour the country, we would say.

42. written troubles: engraved deep upon an agonized conscience.

43. oblivious: causing oblivion.

44. stuffed bosom: the "o'er fraught heart," as Malcolm described Macduff's in IV, 3.

52. pristine health: its former health — before what events?

59. bane: ruin.

DISCUSSION

How can you account for Macbeth's unshaken confidence still in the prophecies of the witches? Considering, again, the way in which he jumps at the entering servant and speaks to him, do you think he really does confide in them as much as he says? Is it natural that his temper should fly into shreds at the look on the servant's face? Is the boy's fear because the enemy are at hand, or because he must carry that news to the king? How would Macbeth's tone change in "Take thy face hence"? In his speech beginning "I am sick at heart," what speech earlier in the play is echoed? Why is Macbeth always enumerating risks and losses, as he has done all through the play? Can he never face the consequences of his acts like a man? Is there real pathos, too, in this speech? What line seems most pitiful to you? What is the effect of this cry from his heart, while he is three times calling to his armor bearer? What is his instant change in mood when Seyton brings in his armor? Why will he get into it before there is need of doing so? What is the effect just here of the doctor's report of Lady Macbeth? How would you have the doctor look at Macbeth in speaking to him? Is Macbeth's cry to him one of impatience or real longing for help? Is his language too poetic here? Having thrown "physic to the dogs" is it natural that Macbeth should again begin to cry for his armor? What is his tone in "Doctor, the thanes fly from me"? Why does Seyton linger? Has Macbeth's impatience gotten him into his armor wrong, when he says "Pull 't off"? How natural his action is here as a matter of human conduct — each irritable moment bringing another still more so, until in

despair he tells Seyton to bring the armor after him! Does his "I will not be afraid of death and bane" mean that he really is afraid? What great difference is there between Lady Macbeth when completely unnerved, as we have just seen her, and Macbeth in the same state? To which belongs the greater dignity of action and expression? Was this to be expected from the beginning of the play? Is the doctor conscious of this difference? Does he seem the same man here as he did when watching Lady Macbeth? Are any of Macbeth's subjects now natural in his presence?

ACT V

Scene 4

Irving in his acting version of "Macbeth" says that he has the invading army seen approaching Dunsinane by moonlight, thereby carrying out Holinshed's narrative: "Malcolme following hastilie after Makbeth, came the night before the battell unto Birrnane wood."

2. chambers: refers to the murder of their father.

3. wood of Birnam: twelve miles from Dunsinane.

4. hew him down a bough: this is no twisting of probability on Shakespeare's part to perfect the construction of his play; old records are full of instances when armies concealed their numbers in this way. The question arises, then, could the prophecy of the witches afford such security to Macbeth's mind as we modern readers feel in it?

10. setting down: beginning the siege.

11. advantage to be given, etc.: wherever advantageous offers were made to Macbeth's soldiers they revolted from him, great and small.

14. Let our just censures, etc.: Let us suspend our judgments until the outcome of the battle is determined, and in the meanwhile let us fight like good soldiers.

18. What we shall say we have and what we owe: what we have rightful title to, and what we loyally owe to our king.

19. Thoughts speculative, etc.: all our speculation until the battle is over can be only uncertain.

20. strokes must arbitrate: strokes, and not words, will decide the issue.

DISCUSSION

Is Malcolm in his first speech still harping upon the theme of his personal safety, as he was in the first act? What is the dramatic action in Siward's first speech, and Malcolm's direction to his soldiers? Have the witches cast enough spell upon us that we, too, find we have been trusting to their oracles? What is signified by Siward's "confident tyrant"? Was Macbeth confident when we last saw him? What fine description is here of "constrained" service? Is there anything fatal in the sound of the words "due decision"? Is Macduff's note of *acting* in distinction here to Macbeth's note of *waiting* in exaggerated security? Why is not Malcolm *ever* made attractive to us? Do Macduff and old Siward really fight for him, or for their "bleeding country"? Does Macduff or Malcolm appear the real leader of the army?

ACT V

Scene 5

Watch here for the dramatic effect of disaster *before* Macbeth in the approach of Malcolm's army, and disaster *behind* him in the castle in the "cry of women." Has he not every right to say "she should have died hereafter"? Yet there is wonderful, almost deathless, spirit in Macbeth's opening speech.

5. forced with: reinforced with.

10. cooled: we speak of marrow *freezing* in bones, as a result of horror.

11. To hear a night-shriek: how clearly this speech of Macbeth's expresses for us the quality of that cry of women!

11. fell of hair: literally, *fell* is skin, with hair upon it.

12. dismal treatise: tale of horrors.

13. supped full: does this, whether with the poet's intention or not, bring back to us one particular supper of horrors?

15. Cannot once start me: what a career of crime this signifies! Recalling how every "noise appalled" him in the murder of Duncan, what a long way has he traveled to this moment when "direness cannot start" him! Was he tortured by apparitions after the murder of Macduff's family?

16. is dead: what heavy, ominous fatality in those two monosyllables!

17. She should have died: just what does this mean to you,—that she *should* have died when there was time to mourn for her, or that she *would* have died some day, so why not to-day, since the days go on creeping in an endless procession that leads but to our graves?

23. dusty death: dust to dust.

24. a poor player That struts and frets: how perfect a characterization is this of the part Macbeth has played!

Enter a Messenger: Shakespeare has surely accustomed us in this play to start ourselves at every entrance of every messenger. Count up these dramatic entrances!

40. cling thee: shrivel thee, or string thee.

42. pull in: pall in, or weaken in.

43. equivocation: double speaking.

43. of the fiend: has Macbeth used the word *fiend* before in speaking of the witches?

44. lies like truth: the perfect definition of equivocation.

50. estate o' the world were now undone: when did Macbeth dare nature to utter destruction ere he would give up hearing all he could from the witches?

51. Ring the alarum bell: do you think this might be a stage direction printed by mistake as part of Macbeth's speech? Notice the directions for "alarums" that follow.

51. wrack: the old word for wreck.

52. harness: armor.

DISCUSSION

Is Macbeth's mood in his opening speech of this scene one in which we have seen him often in the play? How would this "cry of women" sound? What would Macbeth's stage action

be upon hearing it? Do you think he really knows the meaning of the noise? What is its effect upon Seyton? How would Seyton's manner have changed when he comes back to give his report? Do you appreciate the value of having Macbeth alone during Seyton's absence? Along what line of thought does his mind revert to the past? Is he now less a victim to his imagination than he was? Is this part of the tragedy of his career? He used to argue that all his visions came because he was yet young in crime — was he right? Could Lady Macbeth ever have hardened as he confesses he has? Is it possible for the mind to be so desolated that it cannot react upon any outward stimulus? Do you feel it is right, from the dramatic point of view, that Lady Macbeth should die here, so that the utter loneliness of Macbeth at the end shall be appalling? Do you not here begin that feeling of intense pity for him which makes you admire his last fight, and his fall, as a good soldier? Is there not a touching wistfulness for the proper time for " such a word " as the queen's death that he might give her the honor due her, that he might fittingly, with reverence, take time to mourn her properly? And then he recollects that some one dies every day, always has, always will, and that he should have been schooled long ago to meet this in his own experience. It is said that Salvini, in his acting, made a very appealing pause, after the first " to-morrow " — what would that suggest? In just what connection here does he speak of all men as " fools "? Does " brief candle " mean his life, or Lady Macbeth's? Is " shadows " a good term to describe actors? How many passages can you quote where Shakespeare has used the metaphor of the stage to describe life? Is Macbeth's treatment of the messenger here more or less impatient than in Scene 3? What is the accumulation of disaster upon Macbeth here? From the arrogance of security, to what mood has Macbeth passed in the last speech of the scene? Does that draw him nearer to his tragic end, or was the former attitude better for that? How do you interpret the lines, " I gin to be aweary of the sun, And wish the estate o' the world were now undone" ? Is there anything to admire in his last speech?

ACT V

Scene 6

Notice through this short scene how Malcolm's assurance, in such sharp contrast to Macbeth's mood at the end of the preceding scene, seems to bring the final catastrophe close upon the king with one great leap.

2. show: appear.

4. first battle: first line of attack.

6. our order: as agreed upon by us.

DISCUSSION

Is this scene worth staging in a modern presentation of the play? Can you see two definite points Shakespeare intended the scene to convey to us? What do you think would justify the attention he has been drawing upon old Siward and his son? Is there any point in the Siwards, father and son, fighting in one line, and Macduff and Malcolm together in another? Is Macduff rightfully given the last speech of the scene?

ACT V

Scene 7

The keynote of this scene is still Macbeth's desperate reliance upon the witches. The battle has evidently progressed far enough for him to realize that he is defeated, — but cut off from all chance for flight. His first speech is breathless from the hard fighting — on the rough field in and about clumps of furze, in hand-to-hand encounters with one after another of those deserters many of whose faces must have once been friendly to him. Perhaps no greater punishment could come to Macbeth, who was the darling of all soldiers in the beginning of the play, than his consciousness that before them all now he wavers, a defeated and broken soldier-king.

2. fight the course: the language of bear-baiting. The bear was tied to a stake, and tormented (baited) by the dogs; and each round of attack was called a "course."

16. still: ever.

17. whose arms Are hired: how much in regard to the raising of the king's army is here suggested by one touch?

20. undeeded: unused.

22. bruited: noised, indicated.

24. gently: without any stubborn resistance.

24. rendered: surrendered.

29. strike beside us: side by side, instead of *against us;* or, possibly, try to strike one side of us so as to miss us.

29. Enter, sir, the castle: The castle having been surrendered, the gates can be entered without further fighting.

DISCUSSION

What is Shakespeare's purpose in allowing his hero this one last success in killing Siward? How would it affect his reliance upon the prophecy? Do you think it strange that, since Birnam wood has now come to Dunsinane, Macbeth should trust the witches further? Knight's comment upon this line is: "the gambler who has lost thousands still believes that his last guinea will redeem them, and that the last of a long series of perishing delusions is as firmly trusted as if the great teacher, Time, had taught nothing." Does the unequal fight and Siward's boy-like courage remind you of any other scene in the play? How would Macbeth speak, "My name's Macbeth"? Should the fight between them be a long and stubborn one, or a short easy victory for Macbeth? How would Macbeth stand as he speaks the last lines of the scene? Why has Macduff left the line to seek out Macbeth alone? What phrase shows the deep incentive of his determination that it shall be his own sword that strikes down Macbeth? How picturesque are his words that suggest his searching with sheathed sword, fighting with no one, unless he may find Macbeth! Where in his speech does he stop to listen? Can you see his fiery leap on "Let me find him, fortune!" Are you sympathetic now with him or with Macbeth? What significance has the news of the surrender of the castle in the dramatic position of Macbeth at the end of this scene?

ACT V

Scene 8

Evidently from his first speech, Macbeth now knows that his castle is surrendered; and yet, like all habitually invincible soldiers, he scorns to die in any other way than by fighting to the last.

1. play the Roman fool: such self-destruction as we know was the noble Roman fashion, — Cato, Brutus, Cassius, Mark Antony are all examples.

8. terms: mere words.

9. intrenchant: the air cannot be permanently cut by a sword.

12. must not yield: do not need to yield.

14. angel: bad angel here, or demon.

14. still: always, invariably.

16. Untimely ripped: Vergil says that children who were brought to birth in this manner were sacred to Apollo, and so could not be killed in battle.

18. better part of man: the greater part of any manly courage.

26. Painted upon a pole: as animals were labeled in a show.

29. baited: hectored, worried, as in V, 7, line 2.

36. go off: a euphemism for *die*.

42. unshrinking station: position from which he did not shrink.

48. sons, hairs: do you think this could have been intended for one of those Elizabethan puns, like Lady Macbeth's *gild* and *guilt* in II, 2, line 57?

49. fairer: more honorable.

With Macbeth's head: as Holinshed reported it. This gives light on Macduff's speech in the preceding lines 23–27.

56. kingdom's pearl: does he mean the loyal men about him, or the round of pearls usually set in a king's crown?

65. planted newly: newly planned to fit the time.

74. each one: the final word of the line, *one*, was often pronounced then to rhyme with atone, alone; so here it is a perfect rhyme for Scone, and gives the right strong ending to the scene.

DISCUSSION

Can you think of any possible disaster that has not come upon Macbeth that could place him in more desperate loneliness than when he first speaks in this scene? Does he now want to escape death, or simply to die fighting? Why is it consistent that he should fight to the end? If Lady Macbeth has taken her own life, what dramatic purpose is served by making Macbeth choose differently here? Why is it more dramatic that Macduff should approach Macbeth from behind, — and yet call Macbeth to turn before he would strike him? What pause is there before Macbeth speaks? How would his voice change in his first words? What is the full significance of Macduff's "I have no words"? Imagine this fight as a long, desperate, uncertain one — each man fighting for all that meant life to him. There are pauses for breath. Macduff forces Macbeth to his knees, — finally Macbeth almost faints backward and yet feebly and uncertainly strikes upward at Macduff. Never does he yield in spirit. As they fight they go closer and closer to the edge of the stage, and we do not actually see the final stroke that kills Macbeth. We know he is vanquished by the alarums that indicate a sharp change in the fight. Why did Shakespeare arrange this so? From one speech does it seem that one short moment of success comes to Macbeth in this fight? Where is it? Why is it dramatically so planned? Is there anything poetically menacing in the very sound of the words "untimely ripped"? Upon whom falls Macbeth's strongest curse on hearing them? Why does he refuse to fight further at first; then what thought brings him back with renewed spirit? What pathos in this speech of his, lines 17–22? Many actors have objected to playing through to the end of the scene; where do you think they would place the real climax? Is there any argument for giving the entire scene? Are the two reasons Macbeth gives for not yielding consistent with his line of thinking throughout the play? How would his voice sound at the end of his last speech? Considering it as his last speech in the entire play, is it adequately significant of his fate? Of course some actors

change the lines and represent Macbeth dying on the stage; does not Shakespeare's own arrangement emphasize more the loneliness of Macbeth? Why have we this touching tribute from Ross to Siward's son? Does the tenseness of the tragedy need the relief of tears here? Is there any reminder here of the Spartan mothers' parting words to their sons, "Come back with your shields or on them"? Is Siward's speech "He 's worth no more" too cold for a father; is Shakespeare perhaps making us feel strongly the patriot in contrast to the usurper? Do you think Ross is still a time-server? Is there any point in having Macduff alone hail Malcolm as king, and then desire the others to join him? What lines in Malcolm's last speech remind you of speeches of Duncan's in Act I? What do you think of the characterization of the king and queen in line 69? Does the theory of Lady Macbeth's death satisfy you? Do you like Shakespeare's epilogues in other plays? In this? Has the play ended with as great a degree of tragedy as you would expect? How would you compare it with "Hamlet" in this respect? Have you any feeling that Shakespeare may not have written the last part of this final scene? Where do you feel the end of his hand? Thinking backward, what seems now the full significance of Macbeth's very first speech in the play: "So foul and fair a day I have not seen"? Is there anything you wish to know left unanswered by the end of the last scene? Did you really wish to know anything after Macbeth's death? If all that follows is merely conventional, why should Shakespeare have held to a convention so inferior to his own sense of the dramatic?

SUBJECTS FOR ORAL AND WRITTEN COMPOSITION

[Other subjects for themes can be drawn from suggestions in the notes on each scene. Subjects marked with a star (*) are taken from college entrance examinations of recent years. Be sure to use freely in the themes quotations from the text of the play.]

1. The Dramatic Power of the Opening Scene of "Macbeth."

[The notes on this scene give many suggestions for this; but try, first of all, to describe the effect the scene produces upon you as you read it, or as you think it would affect one who sees it acted.]

2. The Ambition of Lord and Lady Macbeth in the Years preceding the Death of Duncan.

[Combine here what you know of actual history with the mere suggestions you find in the text of Acts I and II.]

3. The Dramatic Contrast between Macbeth and Lady Macbeth during the Period of Great Temptation.

[Follow this through only as far as the actual murder of Duncan.]

4. The Dramatic Contrast between Macbeth and Lady Macbeth during the Perpetration of their First Crime.

[Follow this through the murder of Duncan only.]

5. The Dramatic Contrast between Macbeth and Lady Macbeth in the Period of Immediate Concealment.

[Let this cover only the time of the discovery of Duncan's death.]

6. The Dramatic Contrast between Macbeth and Lady Macbeth during the Prolonged Period of Concealment.

[Let this cover all the time of the play to the fifth act.]

7. The Dramatic Contrast between Macbeth and Lady Macbeth during the Period of Downfall and Death.

[Let this cover the entire fifth act.]

8. Subjects 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7, especially if they have been taken separately for oral composition, can be combined into one long theme on: The Dramatic Contrast between Macbeth and Lady Macbeth.

9. The History of Macbeth's Ambition.

[This may be divided into three parts: the rise of his ambition; its career; its downfall.]

10. Qualities in Macbeth that Mark Him for a Tragic Death.

11. The Dramatic Possibilities of the Drunken Porter Scene.

[Discuss here the setting of this scene, its atmosphere, its contrast with what precedes and what follows; why it appealed so strongly to Elizabethans; whether or not it should be omitted in modern acting.]

12. Why Our Sympathy Is with Macbeth and Not with His Victims throughout the Play.

[Discuss here, by way of contrast with Macbeth, the lack of dramatic qualities in Duncan, Banquo, and Macduff.]

13. The Dramatic Climax of "Macbeth."

[Point out the dramatic qualities of the setting of the scene, the spirit of Macbeth in his last fight, the spirit of Macduff, the length and fierceness of their hand to hand fight, its final outcome.]

14. The Attitude of the Witches throughout "Macbeth."

[Trace the changes in their feelings toward Macbeth, accounting for each, and its effect upon him.]

15. Humorous Scenes in "Macbeth."

[Discuss especially the quality of their humor compared with humorous passages in other plays you know, and their fitness here.]

16. Minor Characters in "Macbeth."

[Are they essential to the play? what do they add to it? are they human beings or lay figures? are they varied or monotonous?]

17. Who Was the Third Murderer?

[Give all the reasons for and against its being Macbeth, and state your own personal opinion.]

18. How Does Macbeth's Tragedy Differ from Shylock's?

[Consider here the difference between the two characters, their careers, their temptations, their retributions.]

19. "Nought 's had, all 's spent."

[Picture the mind and heart of Lady Macbeth as she speaks these words.]

20. Memorable Passages in "Macbeth."

[Are these merely quotable lines? or dramatic speeches? or both? What lines are known to every one although their settings may be forgotten? Compare with "Hamlet" and "The Merchant of Venice" as to the number of quotable lines.]

21. The Most Thrilling Scene of "Macbeth."

[Having made your choice, describe what about the scene appeals to the outward senses, to our emotions, to our imagination.]

22. Dramatic Night Scenes in "Macbeth."

23. "Macbeth does murder sleep."

24. Womanly Strength and Womanly Weakness in Lady Macbeth.

25. Dramatic Noises in "Macbeth."

[Battle, storms, animal cries, alarums, knockings, calls from sleep, cries of mourning, clatter of hoofs, sword play, etc.]

26. The Most Severe Demand upon the Will of Lady Macbeth.

[Show how her will is her perfect servant while the strain exacts it.]

27. The Ghost of Banquo.

[Would you represent it, or not? Why does it alternately appear and disappear? Compare as an apparition with the "air-drawn dagger."]

28. The Weird Sisters.

[Discuss their appearance, their influence upon the hero, their equivocations, their punishments.]

29. The Fatality in Macbeth's Taking Double Assurance of Fate.

30. Parts of "Macbeth" That Have No Dramatic Value.

[Discuss why they are in the play.]

31. The Sleep-walking Scene.

[Discuss this from the point of view of acting.]

32. Birnam Wood.

33. False Points in Macbeth's Philosophy of Life.

34. The Tragic Loneliness of Macbeth in Act V.

35. Show how the outcome of some tragedy of Shakespeare is determined by the character of the hero.*

36. Select the hero of some drama you have studied; mention the qualities that distinguish him, and refer to incidents in the plot that bring each of these into prominence.*

37. Mention a drama in which the supernatural plays a significant part. Comment specifically on the influence of this element upon character and plot.*

38. Show that a tragedy of Shakespeare represents a conflict between opposing forces.*

39. Show that the tragedy in some Shakespeare play that you have read consists not merely in death, but also in mental suffering, moral weakening, and defeated purpose.*

40. In a Shakespeare tragedy the hero is usually called upon to make a momentous decision which is to affect his future action. Illustrate this from any tragedy of Shakespeare's which you have read, stating the question at issue, and showing what influences determine the hero's decision. How does the hero's character affect his decision?*

41. How does Macbeth suffer for his crime otherwise than by meeting death at the hands of Macduff?*

42. Does Macbeth gain or lose in promptness of resolve and capacity for crime as the play progresses?*

43. Lady Macbeth's Madness.*

44. Discuss the changes in Lady Macbeth's character between the time when she receives her husband's letter and the time when she sits at the table and he sees the ghost.*

45. A great critic has described the ideal hero of a tragedy as a man "who is not eminently good and just, yet whose misfortune is brought about not by vice and depravity but by some error or frailty. He must be one who is highly renowned and prosperous." With this definition in mind, discuss one of Shakespeare's heroes.*

LITTLE BLUE BOOK NO. 91
Edited by E. Haldeman-Julius

Manhood: The Facts of Life Presented to Men

Clement Wood

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MANHOOD: THE FACTS OF LIFE PRESENTED TO MEN

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MANHOOD: THE FACTS OF LIFE PRESENTED TO MEN

I.

THE THRESHOLD OF MANHOOD

Adolescence.—It is usual to say that youth, from its pinnacle, surveys the promised land of manhood as Moses on the mountain top saw another promised land. But Moses was old, and was prohibited entry into the land; youth is young, and, but for premature death, will know every detail of the valley of manhood for long years. Youth sees the valley, which has its heights too, not clearly, but through mists of illusion: especially romantic mists of misconception of love and of his probability of success, and gross mists due to early perverted education. This book will aid in clearing away some of these mists, that the true beauty of the valley may better appear.

The period of adolescence usually occurs between fourteen and sixteen, although it may be hastened or retarded in exceptional cases. The altered physical nature is reflected in the mental and spiritual nature. G. Stanley Hall, in his notable work, "Adolescence," speaks of this period as "a new birth," and proceeds:

> "Powers and faculties, essentially non-existent before, are now born, and of the older instincts and impulses some are reinforced and greatly developed, while others become subordinate, so that new relations are established, and the ego finds a new center."

Heredity has played its chief part; the childish environment, especially the intricate and often hidden ties between son and parents, has started the development; now a physical change takes place in the youth, which slowly lifts him from boyhood to manhood. Physically, mentally, morally, the man is being slowly shaped; out of the plastic material of youth, as played upon by the outside world, the youth himself is shaping what the man will be. A puppy is born with its eyes closed; the usual youth faces life with his eyes largely closed. Tactful and skilful handling by others, intelligent direction by himself, may make a rounded and developed man of him; cramming, bullying, and ignorance or false teaching concerning the things which most vitally concern him, may warp and twist him for the rest of his days.

Education in Life.—In much of the world, education in sexual matters is the accepted thing. Savage tribes usually have it. Oriental civilizations practice it today. Our ancestors, down to Christianity, knew it. But the pendulum went so far in this direction that Christianity adopted the opposite extreme. The body, it held, was worthless, along with all of this world; only the next world was important. Everything of the body was vile, everything of the soul sacred. Out of this grew the taboo or prohibition of discussion upon this vital subject, from which Christian culture has suffered ever since.

For this teaching is not true; the earth, the body, are not vile. Man in a wholesale way

can not long live a lie; accordingly, the practice of men from the beginning contradicted the theory, and the excessive devotion to things of the body wormed its way throughout mankind, and even to the inmost heights of the church itself. The parent, if he or she is to aid the son best to face life, must face reality here, and disregard the taboo; the parent must educate the son about his body.

Suppose the parent keeps silent, as too many do; does this mean that the son will grow up, a pure and unstained Galahad, until somehow instinctively, on his marriage night, the truth is revealed to him in a lightning flash of inspiration? The contrary is usually the case. Boys will and must learn of sex and their bodies. They learn from chance hints dropped by their elders; they learn from books, even the Bible and the dictionary; most of all, they learn from the more corrupt and less restrained of their companions. Undirected, they are almost sure to get a gutter conception of sex: masturbation or onanism, relations with other boys, and relations with women without real love, will be taught the average boy during grammar school days, if he is not guarded by the one sure defense, a knowledge of the facts.

This knowledge is the more valuable, if to it be added to a restrained example on the part of his parents. If the boy has a father whose life he can admire, if the girl has a mother whose actions are restrained, this example is a louder preachment than words spoken or read. The simple mysteries of life can be pointed out in the life-stories of plants and animals; the mys-

tery of new-hatched birds and animals becomes a clean and simple symbol of the boy's own origin, and points to him the role that he will, in the normal course of nature, fulfil.

Training of the Adolescent.—The first great essential in training the adolescent is keeping the body fit. The sexual nature will be strong enough; have no fear of that. Nature's method is, in the male, an insatiable desire; in the female, an almost insatiable receptivity. A female gnat can create 1,000,000,000 individuals in one month; a normal woman could have more than thirty children, and a normal man could be father to many thousands. The conditions of our life have made this unnecessary and indeed economically impossible; the task is to rein human reproduction, not to stimulate it. Normal exercise drains off excess energy, and postpones the boy's inevitable sexual insistence. This is even more true of the boy forced to work in office, workshop, or factory during the day. Beyond the negative restraint thus bred, there is a positive result in bodily well-being. For the man will regret to the end of his days if he has let himself develop into a weakling. Sport is an admirable regimen, both for its self-development and for its production of social spirit, or team work, which is so essential to a happy participation in human society.

Keeping the mind fit is almost as important; and that means adequate education, especially in the facts of the universe; in acquiring a scientific framework in which to fit the facts, and in cultivating hobbies of investigation in

appropriate places in this frame. Too much coddling of the ego is incompatible with a real understanding of the vastness of the universe, and of the relative permanent unimportance of the individual. Out of this will grow the moral virtues, truth, straightforwardness, desire for the noble and good, and that temporary unselfishness which is the highest form of selfishness.

At adolescence, the boy's organs of generation alter especially. In addition to the deepening in his voice, the squareness of his shoulders, the increased firmness in the muscles, there comes the growth of hair under the arms and elsewhere on the body, and the increased size of the reproductive organs. The boy who understands this in advance is forearmed. During the whole adolescent stage, the seminal fluid is pre-eminently needed by the growing body. The body secretes it, and reabsorbs it; that which it cannot absorb is rejected by a natural process, usually during sleep. The boy, unprepared for this, will surely be worried by it; misinformation from ignorant companions, the advertisements of quack doctors, will alarm him with threats of loss of manly vigor and other mainly imaginary ills. If the boy indulges his sexual nature at this time, in onanism or intercourse, the body may be and in most cases is permanently weakened and stunted. There is a time for all things; and the time for sexual reservation is during the growing period of adolescence.

The growth of sentiment at this period will induce the boy to turn to the poets, the phi-

losophers, and the nobler forms of literature; for he is shaping high ideals, which will to some extent control his life afterwards. All of these are helpful, if contact with them is based upon a root knowledge of his own body and of the scientific facts of the universe. Armed with a knowledge of sex, he cannot be too severely harmed by the smutty gossip of companions, or by pornographic books and pictures which may come before his attention. The ignorant boy is unhealthily stimulated by such books; the sting is taken out of them by a comprehension of the facts of life.

Growth of Sentiment.—Now begins an alteration in his way of regarding women. As a child, he has not bothered especially about his difference from girls; now they become collectively the desired ones, and he is sure sooner or later to pick out one of them as his beloved one. As Mantegazza says in his "The Book of Love," "Rarely is the first love true love"; the youth fixes his affections on the most convenient and nearest girl, as a rule; only a process of trial and error will eliminate those unsuitable as life companions from those suitable.

If he has been properly aided in his thinking, he will neither make the mistake of shrining woman as a deity, or of debasing her as a mere sex vehicle; or, worse yet, combining these two false notions into a morality which isolates a few women as angels, and lowers others into demons. The truth is that they are neither essentially lower nor higher than he himself; they are shoulder to shoulder with

him, in a relative equality. A father can do much here, in the way in which he treats his own wife. Children insensibly absorb the real home attitude of their parents; if this be vicious, all the moral platitudes in the world cannot school the boy.

Along with this attitude at home, the wise parent will keep an eye upon his son's companions. He will not look for fine clothes or the reverse, but for straightforward manly boys and decent girls, the more intelligent the better.

Sex in Life.—Early in the history of life, at about the stage of the barnacles, the primitive female gave birth to a male separate from herself, and the long procession of the males had commenced. The influence of female sexual selection, which controlled down to the time of man, slowly evolved the male from his diminutive size and limited functions to a being as large as herself, or larger; and the development of an artistic sense in her gave what is called male efflorescence, or the gorgeous colors of male birds, the beards and manes of goats, men, lions, and horses, the branching antlers of stags, and many another ornamental sex differentiation. When the stage of man is reached, sex has assumed an importance which cannot easily be over-estimated. On the obvious side, it concerns much of the contact during the period of adolescent and young maturity, in all of the details connected with the selection and winning of a mate. After the mate is obtained, it plays its important part in controlling the whole love life of

the man and woman. Underneath all this, it is the driving force that impels to many of life's activities. A man makes and increases a competency or a fortune, builds a house, succeeds in his private or public business, to earn the good will and continued love of some woman; tunnels are driven through mountains, oceans united by great canals, hills levelled and deserts watered into rose gardens, largely for the same motive.

Reproduction is one of the primary tendencies of life; to prohibit it is a perversion. Enforced celibacy of a priesthood or brotherhood or sisterhood of religious persons is contrary to the obvious tendency of life, and is a serious biological blunder. Below the stage of man, throughout all the plant and animal kingdoms, this omnipresent reproductive instinct, supplemented by the later mating instinct, is exercised without conscious volition. In man, the instincts are still present, but the conscious will has taken hold of the reins, and guides toward the consummation desired. These instincts are essential to life and its continuity; they are normal, clean, universal. They are not shameful things, but splendid things. The shame lies in man's mis-vision of them as things vile; the splendor lies in their conscious and intelligent voluntary use.

II.

THE EVOLUTION OF LOVE

Primitive Man.—The modern world accepts the fact of man's evolution from the animal world, without understanding things that necessarily flow from this. Among animals, sexual relations take place at proper times and places, in such unions as have proven most valuable to the particular species; we attach no blame to these. Among animals, moreover, there is no conception of any relationship between coitus or mating, and parturition or the birth of the child. The fact of paternity is unknown.

One of the secondary sexual characteristics developed by female selection was increased brain mass, evincing greater shrewdness. Thus female choice developed in the higher mammals, and especially in man, a reasoning power; and this in the end dethroned her. Among primitive races, paternity is unknown; there are races existing today which do not understand it. An African chief was asked by a puzzled Christian missionary, "But have you no children?" In good-natured tolerance he corrected his inquisitor; "Among us, men do not have children." When the idea slowly dawned on man's mind that he was related to his child, we may be sure that the promiscuity, widespread among races, of early sexual matings had been broadened to include at least some mating pairs. For, in a state of promiscuity, fatherhood could not be established; any one of a number of males might be the father of the

child. With a mating couple, the thing was different; and the idea came, and came again.

Savage reasoning is a slow and tortuous thing. When the man protested, "But I am kin to the child!" the wise ones of the tribe would answer, "But you were not sick!" In their minds childbirth (and hence relationship to the child) was always accompanied by sickness. Accordingly, the awkward savage mind invented a queer custom known as the *couvade*, still found among certain backward tribes. By means of this, when the wife became ill in childbirth, the husband took to his bed, and was nursed just as assiduously by the medicine men as the wife was. He could now answer, triumphant, "I have been sick! This proves that I am kin to my child."

This idea, once gaining ground, completely overturned the former status of women and men, which had been largely a matriarchate, or mother-rule. Up to this time, woman had had the sole choice of mates, and the leading place in the tribe; for the young were hers, and fatherhood was unknown. Now, with paternity acknowledged, the man, part kin to the child, thereby had the right to part control over it. His wishes conflicted with the mother's; this led, for the first time in the history of life, to a conflict between the male and the female. No male animal ever fights or abuses his female; it is left for man, made, he confesses, in the image of his creator, to oppress his mate. The male was stronger; and he soon reduced to subjection not only the child, but his wife as well. The patriarchal period, or age of

father-rule, commenced; the subjection of women started, the blackest period in human history.

Natural Love.—Love, the innate interest in male and female to secure fertilization and cross-reproduction, appears first as natural love, or sheer animal passion. Religion itself has one of its roots deep in the erotic nature of man; the widespread primitive worship of the love force and of sexual symbols is evidence of this. The phallic origin of such symbols as the cross and the trinity, the yonic derivation of the sacred seven-branched candlestick, are instances known to every anthropologist.

It must not be forgotten that, in its natural state, natural love is worthy to be called pure and noble. It embraced both monogamy and polygamy, depending upon the wishes of the parties concerned. It must never be overlooked that monogamy has developed as a female ideal, not a male one. For the compulsion on the male is: Fertilize! That on the female; Select! The male's biological imperative is to fertilize as many females as he can; that of the female, is to select only the best and finest male as her mate. Monogamy spread as a property right, to insure that the sons of a man should be legitimate, in order that they might inherit his property. But this meant monogamy for the wife only; the husband was still at liberty to have concubines and harlots.

There are those who state that the coming of Christianity elevated woman, especially in the worship of the Virgin Mary. After all, she is distinctly inferior in power to the great

mother goddesses, Demeter (dea-mater, goddess-mother), Cybele, Astarte, Ashtoreth, who sprang up during the matriarchate. In fact, early Christianity definitely lowered pagan conceptions of womanhood. Christ himself said, "there be eunuchs, which have made themselves eunuchs for the kingdom of heaven's sake. He that is able to receive it, let him receive it." This lifted the mutilated man above the man who was mate of a woman. Paul praised celibacy above mating. Early Christian authorities were even more outspoken. Tertullian exclaims, "Woman, you are the gate to hell!" Again, "Celibacy must be chosen, even though the human race should perish." Hieronymus says, "Matrimony is always a vice." Origines declares, "Matrimony is impure and unholy; a means of sensual passion." Christianity; then, had swung the pendulum too far toward giving all worth to things of the next world, and holding things of this world as vile. The growth of common intelligence has altered this, and the purity and nobility of natural love is now generally recognized.

Romantic Love.—The savage had no conception of romantic love, and neither did the classical world. It grew amid the unnatural conditions of the age of roving knighthood, with its long separation of mated couples, and the danger to isolated highborn women from attacks. Romantic love was a sublimation, or emotional substitute, for the intense sexual need grown during such absences; it grew in proportion to the greater equality and independence of women during the period. It differs from natural love

in one thing: natural love requires the possession of the person of the beloved; romantic love is satisfied with the presence of the beloved.

There was often the touch of outlawed love in romantic matings. At the Court of Viscountess Ermengarde of Narbonne it was stated and approved that:

> "Nature and custom have erected an insuperable barrier between conjugal affection and the love which unites two lovers. It would be absurd to draw comparisons between two things which have neither resemblance nor connection."

Here it is assumed that the love between two lovers must be an outlawed thing, apart from the love of wife and husband, or conjugal love. The romances of great geniuses, Abelard and Heloise, Dante and Beatrice, Petrarch and Laura, Tasso and Eleanora, and a hundred others, go to indicate, with the romantic literature of the whole world, that love is a higher law, that will and should prevail over the laws of men and the conventions of society. In this it is in harmony with the teachings of biology and a sound sociology.

Conjugal Love.—Also a late growth is the love of husband and wife, or conjugal love. This requires monogamy, and a certain strong self-control. It is, as has been indicated, often at war with romantic love. In certain lands, as generally in France today, the two are separated, and wife and mistress are rarely united in the same person. Anglo-Saxon custom is the reverse of this, and there is a strong tendency here to unite the love for a lover with

the love for a wedded mate. There is no doubt but that this is the higher, although the more difficult, solution of the conflict. More will be said on this subject later.

Freud's Analysis of Love Development.—Freud, who with his disciple Jung has delved deeply into the hidden origins of the love force, has divided the normal development of love in the human being into three stages:

1. Auto-eroticism, or self love.
2. Homosexuality, or love of the same sex.
3. Heterosexuality, or love of the opposite sex.

The infant at first secures its erotic pleasure through the practice of sucking to obtain its food. The instincts have not yet been separated; the same act that satisfies hunger also satisfies love and other primitive instincts. Soon the child begins to recognize the pleasure in suckling apart from obtaining food, and, even after he has had enough to eat, he will continue the motions of suckling, because of the satisfaction that this gives to the erotic instinct. Then the child discovers his own body, and passes into the stage of auto-eroticism, narcissism, or self-love. He obtains a pleasure from handling his genitals and other parts of his body—a pleasure for which he is soon punished, by his elders, as something naughty. Normally he will grow out of this stage into the next; but he may become fixed erotically at this stage, and continue for life an auto-erotic. Such rare cases find their sole sexual pleasure in onanism; and some vestiges of the stage persist throughout life.

The second stage is when the child realizes that there are other people in the world, children especially, and that he can obtain erotic pleasure from contact with genitals similar to his own. Of course, he does not yet know that the opposite sex has differing organs; and he attributes to every child organs the same as his own. This gives rise to the period of homosexuality. In its lowest manifestation, this is put into physical practice. It should normally be sublimated; that is, the child should develop as an emotional substitute a strong affection for members of his own sex. Strong friendships between boys and boys, boys and men, and men and men, as well as between females of various ages, are the ways in which this force is drained off constructively. For, despite the opinion of Edward Carpenter and others among moderns, and Sappho, Socrates and others among ancients, that this is a high form of love, whose disciples are called Urnings or heaven-creatures, it is clear that those who never pass beyond homosexuality are instances of development arrested at the second stage. In the normal development of the child today, this is entirely sublimated into friendships.

At the same time, it should be emphasized here that childish practices of onanism or homosexuality, even when carried over into adolescence, are not what they are painted by medical quacks and superficial thinkers. They are not vicious sins, or even sins at all; they are merely preliminary and sterile steps in love. The reason that they are not high forms of love is that they are contrary to the ten-

dency of life itself, which has developed the reproductive organs, not for sterile stimulation, but for reproduction. Both onanism and homosexual love are barren. The normal human love life must go beyond them.

The third stage is heterosexuality, or love for members of the opposite sex. Here the bodily organism comes into harmony with the tendency of life itself; this is the highest stage of bodily usage in contact with other human beings. The rest of this study will be devoted to an elaboration of its proper development.

Bousfield, in his "The Elements of Practical Psycho-Analysis," has indicated statistically the evolution of the sexual components of the normal child in the following table:

Infant

Autosexuality	100%

Child of 12

Autosexuality	40%
Homosexuality	50%
Heterosexuality	10%

Normal Individual at Puberty

Autosexuality	20%
Homosexuality	30%
Heterosexuality	50%

From this it will be seen that vestiges of the lower stages persist in the higher. These do no harm, if the individual flowers well in his environment. Any serious obstacle in life,

which cannot be overcome or passed, may dam up the flow of the life source, and cause a regression to one of the earlier stages. And, of course, in abnormal cases, there may be fixations at either of the earlier stages. But these are sterile stages, and the normal boy will soon step out of them into the third stage, which means manhood.

III.

THE ETHICS OF MATING

Toward Equality.—The whole course of woman, for the last hundred years, has been toward a relative equality with man. It will be recalled that the first situation was a female superiority, in all essential matters; she had sole choice of her mate, as among animals, and was in charge of all important tribal matters. This was followed by man's dominance, and the subject of women. Now the scales are swinging back toward justice, toward a situation in which the peculiar merits and abilities of each sex will complement the other, and in which mankind can go forward, man and woman hand in hand, toward a realization of the noblest dreams yet dreamed by the race.

There can never be more than a relative equality; for absolute equality is unknown in nature. Woman, by the very essence of her purpose as mother of posterity and keeper of the home, is now, and may forever be, bound to deal with lesser and more intimate affairs than men; that is, to think more personally and concretely, and less impersonally and abstractly, than men. Many women have shown a tendency to negative this; yet even in the works of such brilliant women as George Sand, George Eliot, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, Mary Wolstonescraft, and others, the typical woman's note is not wanting, of brilliant de-

tail rather than lofty generalization. Men have made our civilization, such as it is. They have made a government and a social system which judges by dollars, and not by persons; a government which spends vast sums yearly for better pigs, and nothing, or comparatively nothing, for better babies. The influence of woman in our politics and our body social will be to counterbalance this by an emphasis upon persons rather than dollars. Prostitution will largely be ended; wars will be lessened and perhaps abolished; the conservation of human life and happiness will rank higher than the conservation of cotton plants and oil wells.

The struggle has, in the main, already been won. A hundred years ago, a woman could not vote or hold office. We have seen women in state legislatures; in the national legislature; upon the state and federal bench; and seated in the capitol of the largest state in the union. We may yet see a woman in the president's chair. A hundred years ago, woman could not receive a general education, or engage in industry, professional, or artistic life, on the same terms as man. Today, there is no field in which she is not seen; no important institution of learning which withholds from her the human heritage of the rich achievements of men. A hundred years ago, she was dependent upon a man for a meal-ticket; he held the purse strings. Her choice lay between wife of a man who would feed and house her; mistress of a man who would feed and house her; or harlot of many men who would feed and house her. Today, she

has conquered the economic field, and can afford to buy her will of the world. She does not need to marry for a meal-ticket; she has control of her own purse-strings. She is still incapacitated temporarily by child-bearing; but motherhood pensions by the state are a step toward removing this disability, which is so vitally helpful to the state. She can afford, let it be said again with all impressiveness, to buy her will of the world; and she will do so.

What the standpatters and regressives, who oppose woman's entry into the world of affairs, fail to take into account, is the difference between sex and human affairs. Man is fitted to be a mate, a husband, a father; that is his sex business. Woman is fitted to be a mate, a wife, a mother; that is her sex business. Men and women both are fitted to go beyond this, into spheres neither male nor female, but human. Such matters as industry and business, in all of its phases; as professional life, in all of its ramifications; as the world of art and literature, in all of its beauties,—these are all human concerns, and not sex affairs. They are neither male nor female: they are human. In them both the man and the woman of the future will find themselves at home.

Choice of a Mate.—The standpatters and regressives are especially exercised over the fear that the woman will seek to wrest from man the right to select a mate. Having lost everything else, they still cling to the idea that it is immodest for a woman to propose, and proper

for a man to propose. During all the matriarchate, woman did the choosing; as she does throughout the animal kingdom. There was nothing immodest here. Indirectly, match-making mammas and designing daughters do much of the actual choosing here; when this is covered over with a veil of hypocrisy, a pretense that the male victims are really the choosers, the standpatters find nothing immodest here.

There is an essential difference between male choice and female choice. The man, following the biological imperative to fertilize at all costs, starts out after a group of women, determined to capture one of them for his mate. Which does he capture? Of course, the one he catches up with first; and that means, the slowest of the group, the one least fleet of foot, the one least fit to be the mother of his children and of the future. When a woman is wooed by a number of men, which does she choose for her mate? Not the weakest, the slowest, the one least fit to be the father of her children; but, to the very contrary, she chooses normally the finest, strongest, best, wisest, of all of her suitors. Woman marries upward; man, downward. So it will be a good thing for the race when the choice is no longer, in public esteem, essentially a male prerogative; but is at least a matter of mutual agreement. There is nothing immodest, and everything modest, in a woman's letting a man know, in all seriousness, that she is willing to marry him. The proposal, as well as the acceptance, would ideally be a mutual thing.

As to Children.—The tendency of life, and the purpose of mating, is to have children. Economic organization today makes children a hardship, and indeed a luxury, in all but the very poorest homes. The very poor, at times impelled onward by their religion (which subserves the ruling economic class, ever desirous of a large number of the working class), proceed to have many more children than they can raise even with the bleakest necessities of life. The educated classes, with more background of culture, adjudge that they cannot afford to have any children at all, or can have only one, two, or three. Statistics not so long ago indicated that half of the children born in this country died before reaching manhood; which means that the educated and cultured classes do not even replace themselves, while the country and the world is populated with the haphazard offspring, children born in filth and poverty, and yanked up rather than reared, of the poorest, most inefficient, least intelligent and least cultured of the community. More than this, the very wealthy, through their wealth-disease and natural inertia, elect to have few or no children, as a rule. If men had deliberately set about framing a system of reproduction which would breed down the human stock, they could not have arrived at a better one than the present system.

The intelligent co-operation of men and women in politics and social planning will inevitably alter this condition; lifting the poor, and seeing to the continuation of the species by the most fit. In fact, the despised poor, the

past few decades, in various countries, have shown a commendable ability to lift themselves; it may ultimately be their efforts that raise the social level. The wise couple, having educated themselves as well as possible, and with some of the economic load of today removed, will mutually decide to have a normal family, of four or five children. Fewer is unfair to the children themselves; and the fact of parenthood is one of the great helpful shaping influences on the life of any adult man or woman. It is an indispensable experience toward complete manhood or womanhood.

Double and Single Codes.—Down to the last two decades, men have insisted upon a double code of morality. By this, men were expected, as adolescents, to sow their wild oats, to enjoy women sexually; and then to marry a pure woman, and after marriage to have the right to continue their varied sexual experiences. Meanwhile, women were to be absolutely pure, if they were to be on the market as wives; and, if these were proposed to by no man, they were to gratefully accept the lot of spinster or old maid, and wither into a vinegary sterile branch, diseased with ingrown sex. The woman who took one step aside from the narrow path, who sowed one smallest oatling, was thereafter damned, outlawed, a social pariah, the prey of every man. Needless to say, any woman who could be seduced by a man was at once lowered into the level of the prostitute; and virtuous women and ordinary men united in casting stones upon her in the daytime,

while the men visited her at night. Saintly old Augustine phased the vicious teaching:

> "Take the prostitutes out of human things, and you will disturb the whole world with lust."

The prostitute, then, was to be kept in a living hell, to render the lot of the virtuous women the easier; not that men eased up in their attempts on the honors of wives and maidens. Needless to say, with the altered status of woman, with her economic ability today to buy her will of the world, she will not buy the iniquitous old double standard of morality. She may essay to buy a single standard for both, a standard of monogomy, pure and simple. It is doubtful if she could compel men to follow this, even if she had sole control of the purse-strings, which she has not. But her actions, since her financial liberation, have not indicated that this is her universal desire. She will probably achieve a single standard for men and women, more elastic than the one mentioned: a standard by which men and women can select monogamy, a limited promiscuity, or whatever arrangement they prefer, so long as it is voluntary, and no advantage be taken of the young and the untaught.

Duration of Courtship.—It is obvious that true mating must be contemporaneous with true love; true conjugal love, with as much of the element of the romantic as the parties can acquire. When love ends, mating becomes immoral. Yet it should not be lightly surrendered by either party. Any love relationship is a social thing, affecting parents and

relatives, and properly including the production of children, in most cases. All this should be soberly considered; it does not make love, but it should cause parties to consider carefully, in order not to give up love for a light or frivolous cause. Marriage is a difficult matter of readjustments, on both sides. Friction is inevitable, as in any human association. There must be a mutual give and take, a tolerance and forbearance on both sides.

One of the soundest methods of prolonging normal love is a continuation of the courtship, on the part of both men and women. Wives are too prone, having become married, to assume that their chase (the sole object of their life being, they are taught, to marry a meal-ticket) is over; and that the husband, tied to them for life, can not escape. Accordingly, they neglect him, give all their attention to clubs, social affairs, and what not, or, more commonly and seriously, give an inordinate amount of attention to their children, shutting their husbands out from the love and attention they are entitled to. This is one of the surest methods of killing conjugal love. Men, on their part, too often regard the winning of the woman as the completion of their chase; they have her, have her locked and tied with a marriage ring and license, and can now stray and play outside the marriage fence with impunity. Or they may remain sexually faithful, while discontinuing their courtship, and substituting their business affairs for the former important matter of courtship. This is just as sure a method of ending conjugal love.

The ideal arrangement means a continuance of the period of courtship as long as the mating lasts. Each party must make the effort —a pleasant one, with rich rewards—of keeping the desire of the mated partner alive and eager. At times there is an advantage in a similarity of interests without the house, as well as concerning their joint home affairs. Husband and wife who can collaborate in any work are, as a rule, in a more advantageous position to retain their conjugal interest in each other. Each mating is an experiment, with the odds somewhat against continuing happiness, as life develops today. Only a fine and consistent attempt, a constant sight of the other's needs and wishes, a genuine sympathy or feeling with the partner, will preserve the average marriage. Yet the gain is no slight thing; there is perhaps no human gain, in the love field, as high.

IV.

PROPER MATING

The Purpose of Mating.—Even from the individual standpoint, mating has more purpose than merely satisfying the love instinct. It is one of the two undisputed methods of human immortality. Even after death, a man or woman lives on in the lives of others who have been affected by what he has been, or done, or said, or written. As Samuel Butler words it,

> Yet meet we shall, and part, and meet again,
> Where dead men meet, on lips of living men.

But more than this, men and women live on in their children. There is an actual continuity of life here, in the germ passed on from the parents to the child. In the race, we have been alive since life began; in the race we shall live as long as our human strain persists, which may be as long as life exists. Since this is one of our conscious purposes, it lies upon us to make sure that our children have parents fit in every way to bear the future. This brings up the matter of the selection of the mate, from a broader angle.

If this is our conscious purpose, there is a deeper unconscious, instinctive purpose which is the same as the tendency of the social body, the race, itself: namely, the perpetuity of the race. It can only reproduce itself through its individual members; each man or woman is an outpost in the eternal struggle of the liv-

ing organisms to continue to alter as much as possible of the lifeless into the living. From the standpoint of the race, the choice of fit mates to give birth to the future generations of men is all essential.

Our matings, it must be remembered, are largely haphazard. Accidents of propinquity, property-determined provisions of our parents, sentiments of pity or anger at another woman or man, these often determine a life mate. There is little opportunity granted today for the young man or woman to know truly the proposed mate, although this situation is clearing; there is no methodical investigation as to whether the mate in mind is unfitted physically or otherwise. This demands more attention than man has yet given it. Marriages are not made in heaven, despite the wide belief; they are blundered into on earth, in the majority of cases. Mere desire, mere animal passion or natural love, comes easily; unfortunately or fortunately, it often goes as easily; and if, in the meantime, marriage has been entered into, a wreckage of happiness is inevitable. It is not easy for man or woman to develop an abiding conjugal love. Marry at leisure, and do not repent, is no fool's counsel.

Eugenics.—The young man, then, is confronted with the question, what sort of woman should I mate with? His own deepest instincts will aid here; but they are far from enough. In general, the greatest happiness comes from a union of opposites, in appearance, temperament, and all. Yet individual needs often run counter to this. Nor, from the standpoint of

the future, should an immense and overpowering love always control, unless the man is willing to forfeit in some cases all chances of having children. The racial aspect of the question is gradually being studied by the science and practice of eugenics.

Eugenics is the science of good breeding; of having children well born. Its formulator, Francis Galton, defined it as "the science which deals with all influences that improve the inborn qualities of a race." In another work Galton expended this, saying that the aim of eugenics is

> "to check the birth-rate of the Unfit, instead of allowing them to come into being, though doomed in large numbers to perish prematurely. The second object is the improvement of the race by furthering productivity of the Fit, by early marriages and healthful rearing of their children."

There is matter for investigation here, rather than wholesale acceptance. This cuts right across the personal aspect of selection for marriage; it comes perilously close to being an unwarrantable attempt to interfere with human freedom. Yet to an increasing extent this science is coming into the world's legislation; and, while it will work some hardships, even unnecessary ones, the aim is no hardship.

Saleeby, pupil of Galton, divided eugencies unnecessarily into (1) positive, or encouraging worthy parenthood; (2) negative, or discouraging unworthy parenthood, and (3) preventive, "efforts made to stand between parenthood and racial poisons, that is, substances

which are liable to originate degeneracy in healthy stocks." His (3) is really a subhead of (2). Extreme advocates of eugenics say flatly that "we should rather bring the propagation of the race to the level of the stud farm, than that it should go on in the old haphazard way which surely leads to catastrophe." Luckily, mankind will hardly follow this demagogic platform, even though we recall the legislative enactment of prohibition and the creation of the statutory crime of teaching Darwinism in an American college or school. It is true that we do not want science for domestic animals, and chance for men; but there is such a thing as attractive legislation, as opposed to prohibitive legislation; legislation offering an inducement to conduct held socially desirable, rather than legislation affixing a penalty to conduct held socially undesirable.

Scientifically, such legislation is based upon the Mendelian conception of heredity. And there are extreme cases where science should, tentatively at least, insist upon the enactment of statutory prohibitions, not of mating, but of child-bearing. A simple operation today alters man or woman so as to render them incapable of having children; in the cases suggested below, this may have to be applied. Switzerland, in ten years, largely abolished a particular type of cretin, or feeble-minded, that had flourished there, by negative eugenics. It is a matter for scientific investigation as to whether such traits as feeble-mindedness, insanity, epilepsy, dipsomania, and syphilis are inheritable in such proportion that prohibition

of offspring should be applied. Science, which once held consumption inheritable, has reversed its position today; on any of these questions it may reverse itself, thereby requiring an alteration in the eugenics law.

Eugenics in the Future.—There are shrewd observers who do not view eugenics as tolerantly as we have done. Bertrand Russell, in his "Icarus," says the eugenics will undoubtedly be adopted.

> "This power will be used, at first, to diminish imbecility, a most desirable object. But probably, in time, opposition to the government will be taken to prove imbecility, so that rebels of all kinds will be sterilized. Epileptics, consumptives, dipsomaniacs and so on will gradually be included; in the end, there will be a tendency to include all who fail to pass the usual school examinations."

The result, he says, will be to increase the average intelligence, and to decrease really exceptional intelligence. With charming impertinence he proceeds to the alteration that may take place in moral standards, by which one man may be permitted to be the sire of a vast progeny by many different mothers. Yet such reforms, he mourns, will be handed over to the average official to administer; it will not be the type desired by the modern eugenist who may be selected as the father of the future, but Prime Ministers and Bishops may be picked to be the fathers of half the next generation. His serious point is that government control of the matter will probably be used to produce a servile population, convenient to rulers but incapable of initiative.

Viscount Haldane, a greater scientist (at least in biological fields) and a more brilliant critic, indicates that eugenics may come in by a pleasanter though more startling route. By 1950, he anticipates the production of the first ectogenetic child, or child born from a womb withdrawn from the mother's body, for all of the embryonic period. By a simple operation, he prophecies that science will be able to remove an ovary from a woman, and keep it growing in a suitable fluid for as long as twenty years, producing a fresh ovum every month, of which 90 per cent can be fertilized, the embryos grown successfully for nine months, and then brought out into the air. The falling birthrate among many nations will be a strong argument for the adoption of this ectogenesis, and birth from the woman's body may become as antiquated as the horse-buggy in an era of motor cars. This total separation of sexual love and reproduction will, he holds, profoundly affect current morality. The choice of superior parents for the next generation will advance each generation,

> "from the increased output of first-class music to the decreased convictions for theft,"

as he wittily summarizes.

So the foremost thinkers of today deal with eugenics. What the scientists will offer is suggested here; what the state and national legislatures may do with scientific discoveries is a far different matter. Things may not move as briskly as Russell and Haldane anticipate. But the individual should favor all positive

eugenics, that is, adequate medical inspection of each prospective party to a mating, and mating only with the physically and mentally fit, in the widest sense.

Birth Control.—The question of birth control, disputed as it is, should be mentioned here. Knowledge of methods of artificial prevention of conception is now widely known among the rich, and largely among the well-to-do. It is in many localities a crime to furnish this information; even a doctor may not disseminate it. The poor, who need the information most, do not generally possess it; and at least one great religion teaches that it is immoral.

Any form of abortion, or killing the growing embryo still in the womb, has aspects resembling murder. Its morality is a matter for investigation. But the prevention of conception is on another footing entirely. Continued continence is impractical and contrary to the best interests of the individuals who compose the social group; contra-conceptual devices are harmless, and economically and physically necessary in many instances. The laws on the subject will be repealed by an enlightened community.

V.

EDUCATION FOR LIFE

In Our Schools.—The conventional taboo upon all matters connected with sex is nowhere more strikingly illustrated, than in the vast dumbness upon the subject in our ordinary system of education. Great strides have been made in some subjects taught; methods and matter taught concerning the physical universe, ancient and later times, languages, and mathematics, have improved amazingly in recent years. But, after all, our happiness or unhappiness in life depends more upon our sex life than upon all of these subjects put together. What do our schools teach upon this vital subject? To answer concisely and succinctly, Nothing.

There is often a course in personal hygiene; but this avoids all matters connected with sex. Human physiology is taught only descriptively: that is, the child is taught to distinguish between his cerebellum and his small toe. But the important generative organs, their normal functions, their use and abuse, is left an immense gap in our pedagogic systems. This is based upon ideas which any educator will at once denounce: namely, that the body is vile, that it is nasty, that it is shameful, that it is wrong to talk about it, that it will stimulate undesirable conduct to have scientific information imparted about it. Meanwhile, we have the conduct without the stimulus. Yet the very

educators who see that these root-ideas of the taboo are wrong, hem and haw when it comes to advocating proper sexual education.

Surreptitiously the matter is being partially remedied by subjects known vaguely as nature study: especially botany, zoology, and physiology. Here we have the proper introduction to the study of human sexual organs and their development. The world of botany, with its flowers and trees constantly around us, does not provoke our sense of shame; the promiscuity of a pine tree, with its manifold wind-scattered pollen, does not shock even a ladies' club. The strange development of sex in the plant kingdom is a good start for the subject. Below the comparatively simple fertilization of the flowering plants, we have the lower forms, with their queer complicated matings. Ferns and club mosses, to take objects easily observable, contain many a lesson, with their sex-producing thallic stage, and the tiny male fertilizer wiggling itself upward toward the female ovum in a drop of water. Among the flowering plants, the elaborate devices of nature to secure cross fertilization, by flower arrangement and adaptations to insects, are amazing and thought-provoking. The presence of hermaphroditic flowers will loosen something of the rooted taboo idea that so-called sexual perversions are innately shameful things. The development of the young from the fertilizated ovum to the production of the seed and of the plant gives a symbolic picture to the learning mind of what he is to expect in the human world.

Zoology offers the next step; and here the sense of shame comes in. There is ordinarily held to be something shameful in observing a cock treading a hen, or any sexual act among animals. Yet the slow hatching of the eggs by a hen is not regarded as shameful; and the pet cat's production of a litter of kittens, or the dog's bringing forth puppies, or the cow's calving, are simple steps that lead the way directly toward an understanding of human sexual nature. The sense of shame connected with seeing the mating of chickens or animals is a thing which may with benefit be lost; it is no more unclean than the opening of a flower, or the sight of a rainbow after a storm. From zoology may be gathered a direct sense of sexual functions, organs, and their products; the second main step in the school of education of the young.

The third step will be a study of human physiology, including the generative organs. These will not be emphasized; and the initial tendency to giggle at this part of the subject will disappear in the cool detachment of the teacher's presentation. If thought best, this subject may be taught independently to boys and girls. The teaching should be comprehensive both as to the organs and their use and abuse.

In the Home.—Pending a wholesale adoption of this in our schools, and even after such adoption, these subjects should be taught to the growing child, as soon as he manifests curiosity about them, in the home. The normal child asks quite early, "Where did I come from?" The conventional answer about the

stork or the rosebush is soon enough corrected, by the child's reading or his companions; the result of parental deception will be to shake the child's faith in his parents. The simple truth is best: just as the flower holds its little egg, which the bee quickens to life by bringing a gift from the father flower; just as the mother hen has her egg, fertilized, in her body, and brings it forth, sets on it, and produces her young; just as the mother cat carries her egg, duly fertilized, in her body, and brings out the kittens; just so the mother carried baby in a little egg just under her heart, and at the proper time brought her out. It need not all be taught at once; but without evasion the story ought to be filled in.

This will call first, of course, for education of the parents. You who are a parent or a prospective parent, make it your business to acquaint yourself thoroughly with the whole history and evolution of sex and its practices; all knowledge gained will aid you in directing your own life, as well as holding a torch to those who come after you.

As the child approaches and undergoes adolescence, it is even more necessary that, preferably both parents, and certainly the one of his own sex, should deal fully, frankly, and without shame, with all the details of the child's sexual development. Knowledge is the surest protection the child can have. The duty of the wise teacher is to enlighten his pupils thoroughly about the possible ways before him, and what good or ill will be gained by following each. With this information thoroughly

comprehended, the child may be depended upon, in the majority of cases, to decide far more correctly and helpfully problems connected with the sexual urge, than the child who grows up in darkness, as far as his parents are concerned, and receives his information from doubtful sources, with the slime of the nasty mind upon the clean theme.

Education in Love.—Yet all of this is too elementary, to be enough for the adolescent, and for the young man and woman. For love is more than a matter of human psychology and its functioning: love is an art. There must be education, ultimately, in the art of love. Savage races usually have such education; the great initiation ceremonies and dances, at the time of puberty of the young men and women, are merely the culmination of an education in love-making that is given frankly and openly to all in the tribe.

The average man or woman, barring such stray and often fouled hints as he receives from friends and companions no wiser than he in the subject, enters upon mating or the marriage state with no understanding of what he is called upon to do. In the usual marriage today, the girl is presumptively at least virginal, and the young man is not. He has had his contact, perhaps, with prostitutes, who have mastered the technique of stimulating passion in the man and of suppressing it in themselves, until they desire to release it in themselves. He has no understanding of the needs of the virginal nature before him. Frequently he is profoundly disappointed in the fact that his shy and

embarrassed young wife, who looks to him for the enlightenment he cannot give, does not stimulate him as the prostitute did. The prostitute regarded him as a matter of business, and did not call upon him to put forth his best efforts to see that she was physiologically satisfied. The wife's ideas are a vague blank upon this subject; but her physiological need is there.

This poem is a concentrated statement of the usual outstanding differences:

Love, to man, is leaping fire,
Dying with his fed desire.

But in woman it will glow
Most, when man would have it go.

Hope no more of man than this,
Maiden, when you take his kiss,—

That his loving will be done
When its victory is won.

Do not scold her drowsy ardor,
Lover; she will cling the harder,

Taught that your love, even at ending,
Lights a life for her long tending.

The life lit at the end is her own life, as well as the generated child's. In other words, there is a profound physiological difference in man and woman, in the practice of love. The average man comes to his passion quickly; and, after his orgasm, it dies as quickly. The average woman mounts far more slowly toward the crest of her passion; and long after the man's normal passion is gone, she is desirous. Maidenly shame will make her incapable of explaining this, even if she understands it. The duty is on the man to understand the delicate human instrument, and to see that the chords are not jangled.

For love, it must be repeated, is an art. It should never be a hurried routine on the man's part, which leaves the woman unsatisfied; least of all, should it be a hastened satisfaction of his own desire, upon an inexperienced woman, who may thereby suffer a shock that renders her frigid for life. Medical records contain case after case where the experiences of the nuptial night have wrecked the whole subsequent content of the woman, or, indeed, her reason itself. Young wives who commit suicide on the honeymoon are often impelled by the man's initial and sometimes unconscious brutality. Love is an art, calling for infinite tact and understanding on the part of the man, as well as the woman. Both lovers may go into it timidly at first; there will come soon enough, if love develops normally, when it will be splendid and wholesome and naked and unashamed. In the matured love, there is all consideration for the wellbeing of the beloved one, and a complete giving on both parts, with no withholding.

It will require an immense change in popular conceptions before any wholesale education in the art of love can be given in this country, indispensable though it may be to a right living and a happy loving. But the wise individual will educate himself, by extensive reading of literature upon the subject, and by personal contact with those in position to know. It is Utopian to expect such education now; the general history of Utopian ideas, however, has been that they were proposed, cried down and persecuted, and ultimately adopted.

VI

PENALTIES OF MISTAKES

Restraint in Youth.—There is no more common gossip, at the time the young man reaches puberty, than that sexual intercourse is at once necessary to him. This is a false teaching that not only reaches him from his companions, but it also spread by many of the old-fashioned medical men and more up-to-date quack doctors. The youth man is told that, if he does not indulge, his organs will wither and atrophy; that he will suffer that largely imaginary ill, "loss of manly vigor" or "loss of manhood," and will, by his restraint render himself thereafter unable to be a father.

This is, luckily for the race, a stupid falsehood. Until full physical growth is reached, the body needs to reabsorb the seminal fluid, and use it for growth. The young adolescent who proceeds at once to gratification of his awakening desires in many cases never reaches his possible physical height and size, but remains to some extent a stunted weakling. The case is similar to excessive practice of smoking or drinking before growth is fully attained; the body is at time stunted permanently. The same thing is true of the adolescent girl who marries and has a child too young, or has a child without marriage. Such children are proverbially weaklings; Macbeth can think of no lower phrase to apply to himself, if he fails to meet the ghost of Banquo in some terrible

form, than that he be called "the baby of a girl." The offspring of immature men and women are more than immature; self-restraint, during the body-forming period of adolescence, is the only way of securing a rounded flowering into manhood.

The matter of sexual restraint for life, however, is on a vastly different footing. A certain misguided medical backing can be found to support the idea that a man or woman can abstain for life, without damage to them. There are occasional high bloodless ascetics, who can change the suppressed sexual desire into a mysticism soothing to themselves and to others of the human race. But for the ordinary man and woman, a life of abstinence is a physiological crime. Such people are warped, and twisted out of normal humanness; they are afflicted with ingrowing sex, as unnatural as an ingrowing nail. A life of abstinence runs counter to the deep physiological demands implanted in every individual; it is, on a large scale, suicidal to the race; in an individual case, it is destructive of a rounded normal development. The woman, denied for life, becomes the thing caricatured as the "old maid," bitter against the slightest sexual failing in another woman; she is often the waspish school teacher, who teaches successive generations of young people that anything connected with the body is nasty. The man becomes the unnatural old grouch. Not the typical bachelor: for he is an example, as a rule, not of lifelong abstinence, but of furtive indulgences, without permanence, and without a development of the higher forms

of romantic and conjugal love. In both man and woman, a life of abstinence is worse than a mistake: it is, in the truest sense, a perversion.

If abstinence for life is unnatural, abstinence during adolescence is valuable for more than the reason given, namely, that the seminal fluid is needed for reabsorption into the growing body. A further reason comes from the necessary conditions of adolescent sexual experience. It is rarely practicable for the youth or young girl to marry this early; it is certainly not wise, for usually the normal youth goes through a series of tentative love illusions before one of the opposite sex is encountered who is especially fitted to become a life partner of more rather than less permanence. Since the young man or woman will hardly marry at this time, the intercourse enjoyed must be socially illicit. If both parties to the intercourse are untried in love, there is no actual danger of disease; although, with such untried lovers, ignorant of contra-conceptual methods as a rule, the danger of unintended pregnancies is great, which will result either in an unwise marriage, or in a heavy social burden on the girl.

The more usual method is for the young man to go to a prostitute, or to a more or less private mistress. Here the danger of venereal disease, to be elaborated hereafter, comes with especial force. All the medical inspection in the world cannot keep a prostitute clean. The very customer preceding the young man in question may have transmitted to her the germs of

syphilis, gonorrhea, or some other affliction; and on many occasions the first sexual experience has cost the young man one of the diseases, whose influence and poisons plague him not infrequently for life, and may reappear as a hideous blight upon his descendants. The same is true of the woman not a regular prostitute; there is no medical inspection as a rule for such a woman, and the young man must take the heavy risk.

Self control during adolescence can be acquired by various contributory methods. A hearty indulgence in all forms of athletics and field sports goes a long way toward draining off the erotic energy crying elsewhere for direct liberation. A devotion to any branch of learning, a hobby of any kind, acquaintance with the world of nature, all these keep the mind in safer channels. On the other side of the fence are excessive attendance at burlesque shows, over-stimulating movies, typical gang-life with premature smoking, drinking, and sophisticated gossip, and reading which tends to inflame the erotic nature. The wise young man will avoid these, not in a panicky way, but calmly and intelligently, until he has stored his body with the wealth of physical strength, and his mind with the wealth of counter-irritating knowledge.

Over Indulgence.—Over indulgence in anything is the chief sin, from the standpoint of the individual. Too much ice cream is no less costly than too much sexual intercourse. We have mentioned onanism, which is almost universal among the young of both sexes, as a first

experiment in erotic experiences. This habit, if abandoned soon or rigorously controlled, does not do any of the dreadful things the medical quacks assert of it: it does not, physiologically, weaken the spinal cord, cause lost manly vigor, or bring about insanity. These may follow excessive indulgence in onanism, not because the onanism causes them—its result is merely an intensification of the unsocial side of one's nature, and a punishing weakness or general debility; but because, in the weakened state, other ills find easy lodgment; and because, being told that these things will follow, the individual of little intelligence self-induces the ills by a sort of auto-suggestion or self-hypnotism. The cleanest course is to avoid onanism altogether; the next best thing is to go in vigorously for physical and mental distractions, and rigorously control it or end it.

Over-indulgence in heterosexual intercourse, that is, intercourse with members of the opposite sex, is just as costly. This may either be socially illicit intercourse, or intercourse in the marital state. At times a married couple contains one or both members with a tendency toward nymphomania, or excessive desire for men, in the woman, or toward satyriasis, or excessive desire for women, in the man. If the tendency is too powerful, society is saved, because the parties so weaken themselves that reproduction is impossible, and death or complete physical or mental incapacity results. If it is merely a tendency, it should be and must be controlled. Every man and every woman must determine for themselves the frequency of sex-

ual intercourse, including that in the married state, which satisfies the erotic desires, while maintaining the individual at the peak of his powers as man or woman. The average man does not need sexual intercourse more than twice a week; once is enough, in many cases. During the woman's monthly incapacity, this should be restrained. If this rule of common sense is disregarded, the bodies will be so weakened that any sort of disease may secure a foothold.

Venereal Diseases.—Many medical authorities who speak loosely, and many lay purists, say flatly that any illicit intercourse is attended with punishment in the shape of venereal disease. A typical phrasing of this was Bryan's, in a recent popular magazine of over a million circulation. This is, of course, untrue. If both parties to the intercourse are healthy, and it be not excessively promiscuous, there is no more danger of venereal infection than with one's married mate. We have not considered the ethics of what is commonly called seduction; that is, the intercourse of an older man or woman with a younger woman or man, the latter being either married or unmarried. It is of course inethical, in such cases, to take advantage of the young woman or man. Ideally, in all such cases the younger party should be well over legal age, of at least average intelligence, and with a definite understanding of the course she or he is about to enter upon. Any intercourse achieved by deceit or trickery, or taking advantage of the other person, is inethi-

cal. The matter should be faced squarely, and the responsibility should be a joint one.

The two chief veneral diseases are gonorrhea and syphilis. This book has been permeated with an outcry against popular lies concerning the sexual organs and their functions, lies which secure their chance to become widespread through the harmful social taboo upon intelligent discussion of the subject. Now we come to another of these lies, as harmful as any of the previous ones: namely, that gonorrhea is "no worse than a cold." This is common gossip among men and some women, and many a good-hearted old family medico will reassure the troubled young man or woman with the same poisonous mental soothing syrup. Gonorrhea, once contracted, is extremely difficult to eradicate. It is easily communicated to the party with whom one has sexual intercourse; many a man, acquiring it from a prostitute or general woman, has infected his innocent wife; many a man has infected an otherwise clean prostitute or general woman. Medical inspection of prostitutes answers only half of the need. There should at least be medical inspection of each male customer of the prostitute, before the intercourse.

There is more penalty than this to gonorrhea. The germs of the disease, or *gonococci*, often attack the eyes of children of parents, one or both of whom are afflicted with the disease. Twenty-five per cent of all cases of blindness are attributed to gonorrhea; for blindness to children is one of the byproducts of this disease misranked as "no worse than a cold."

Syphilis, the other chief venereal disease, has been called by eugenists one of the racial poisons. Any competent medical treatise will go into details concerning its three stages, its powerful hold, once contracted, and the details of symptoms and the long, painful, and expensive method of cure. Enough to say here that it causes general debility, affects every tissue and organ, causes skin and bone diseases, as well as arterial diseases. In its later stages it produces paralysis, blindness, deafness, disorders of speech, mental enfeeblement, and locomotor ataxia (a wasting disease of the spinal cord). And this does not exhaust the list. The penalty of careless pleasure is heavy.

The British Royal Commission engaged in the study of venereal diseases reported, for the year 1912, the following:

	Personnel.	Working Days Lost.
Home Army	107,582	216,445
Navy	119,520	269,210

Men in the army and navy are required to live frequently an unnatural life, remote from their wives and regular mates; this stimulates the so-called sexual perversions, and all forms of illicit sexual intercourse. Yet the figures for civil life, acquired by many authoritative commissions, are almost as high.

Worse than the physical ills, in both cases, are the mental ills that follow the acquiring and gradual development of these diseases. The man or woman becomes imbued with the idea of his physical unworthiness, luckily for mankind, but destructively to himself or herself.

If intercourse is indulged in while the disease is in the system, this requires a brutalizing and hardening of the moral nature, sufficient to allow the man or woman to run the risk of infecting another woman or man with the horrible diseases and their attendant evils. The governments of the world are now stepping into this tabooed field, and doing much toward eradicating the diseases. In their first stages, a cure is comparatively sure; in the latter stages, the case is often hopeless. It is well, therefore, to act promptly, on any suspicion of having acquired the disease. Go, not to some medical quack, but to a reputable physician; and sooner or later you may be able to clean yourself of the serious mistake in your sex life. Having once passed through the living hell of venereal affection, it is a safe bet that you will not willingly undergo it again.

VII.

THE PURITY IDEAL

Chastity.—The average mind defined chastity as abstinence; in this sense lifelong chastity is, in most cases, a perversion. The dictionary defines it as "pure from all unlawful sexual intercourse." This brings up at once the question of what is unlawful. If by "unlawful" is meant "contrary to statute law," this definition is inaccurate; and there is not always virtue in such chastity. For there is a higher law, of which the statutory law is merely a tardy crystallization. The actual law changes before the limping legislature alters the statute. One State, South Carolina, denies divorce for any cause whatever. Yet parties legally divorced and remarried outside that State, who return to it and live in the second mating, are certainly not unchaste. If love has left a married couple, their intercourse thereafter may be called unchaste; and if one or both of the parties find love elsewhere, and live it, this is chaste in the better sense.

More than this, a female animal, even living in a state of promiscuity, as some by their natures do, is never unchaste. For she has always the power of selecting her mate or mates. Charlotte Perkins Gilman follows the best thought when she defines chastity, "not as abstinence, but as selection." In this higher sense, chastity is a virtue.

It may just as well be recognized that the moral standards of our culture are changing, at a greater rate than for the last thousand years. It has taken that long and much longer for woman to acquire enough inner power to set on foot the forces that could liberate her from her world-wide subjection to man. Now the forces have been liberated, and for better or for worse the woman of the future will be a freer, finer, and better rounded human being than the woman of the past was. She has acquired education, a share in the knowledge of the universe in which she lives. She has acquired a sound body, fit to bear strong children. She has acquired a strong and well-functioning mind, thereby giving a better heritage of mental aptitude to her children, and thereby making herself more fit as a mother to direct them in their formative years. She has acquired a part control over the essential purse-strings, the pocket-book, the economic power; she can no longer be bought and sold as a horse or a plough, but can herself buy her will of the world.

The old double standard of morality, of wild oats, marriage, and post-marital indulgence for men, and strict monogamy or prostitution for women, has already been thrown overboard by the new woman. She can dictate to her prospective husband now: "Come to me with a clean body, or do not come at all. Do not expect, either before marriage or afterwards, to indulge in sexual wanderings that I may not share." She is not insisting, shrewd observers say, in an absolute monogamy, which runs counter to

the sexual nature of the race; she is, instead, lifting man higher toward the strict monogamy enforced upon her, and at the same time is stepping consciously and intelligently a little lower than this strict monogamy into a world that will permit intelligent and regulated erotic experiments and experiences. For the sexual morality of the future will not be handed down in a ready-made decalog by some future Moses from a White House Sinai, but will gradually evolve and crystallize out of sober and intelligent experimentation. It will never be a hard-and-fast series of "Thou-shalt-nots"; it will be much more liberal, offering more than one way of allowed love life.

Sexual Morality, Today and Tomorrow.—The keynote of the new sexual morality is freedom, on both sides. This means, first, freedom from financial considerations. Love is a deep-rooted instinct, whose fruition means years or a lifetime or happiness or unhappiness for the individuals concerned, and the creation, in progeny, of the men and women of the future. None of these things can be purchased ready-made in the market for cash. A man can not buy a woman's love, or a child to do him honor; neither can woman or man sell these things. Yet under the present system, as a hangover of the past, these things must be bought. A woman, contemplating marriage, had to consider almost primarily whether her prospective husband could feed and house her and her children satisfactorily. All three, wife, kept woman, and prostitute, had to consider the financial: all three were lowered by the consideration. This

element has been and is being taken out of the love life entirely. The result of this elimination will be wholesome all along the line. Love will be experienced for love, and not for money.

Second is the realization that marriages are not made in heaven, but on earth, and are, accordingly, human relationships, of a contractual or quasi-contractual nature, which may be terminated like any other human relationship. Our whole method of mating is haphazard in the extreme; there is no provision for adequate knowledge of the proposed partner; there is the reverse of a certainty that this woman or man, thrown in contact with man or woman through proximity or unplanned causes, is a human organism so sensitive physically, mentally, and spiritually that it can co-operate helpfully with our own. Man and woman make mistakes, in love choice as elsewhere. The new morality will propose a dignified way of terminating such mistakes. At the present time, the divorce laws hold in practice that the man and woman who realize their unfitness for each other, and determine to secure a divorce, are criminals, guilty of collusion; this, at least, is the law in many states and nations. Divorce laws in harmony with the new morality will permit a man and woman, who have erred in their love choice to part as friends, rather than as enemies.

Thirdly, the new morality will by no means insist that all mating be within the strict palings of monogamous marriage. If a man or a woman, having carefully considered what will be lost and what gained by a wider type of love

relationships, determines to risk the experiment, without taking advantage of other women or men, this is an individual choice; and the new morality in all matters is giving the individual as much intelligent choice as it can, consonant with social safety. Such relationships are like laboratory experiments in eugenics for the good of the race; they may result in unhappiness, but the very discovery that unhappiness has resulted is a social fact which may aid future decisions. If, to the contrary, happiness results, this is also a social fact which may aid future decisions.

The question of the home and the children is linked with this. Neither of these, as at present conducted, are matters of great human glory; Charlotte Perkins Gilman's extended studies of each should be read, to get a new and intelligent slant upon our homes and our child-rearing. Motherhood is a great benefit to society; motherhood pensions and similar remedies are steps toward a social repayment for this benefit. More than this, if Haldane is at all correct, reproduction and sexual union may be separated in fact in the future; in which case, much greater liberality of union will be the usual thing. These matters are all experimental; the important thing is to look at them with something of a scientific detachment, rather than with a bitter bias and prejudice, based upon what Moses reported was said to him out of the thunders above a South Arabian mountain, or what the English common law or the Latin ecclesiastical law provided a thousand years ago. We are tending toward effi-

ciency in all human concerns upon the industrial field; we are tending, more slowly but no less certainly, upon the extension of efficiency to matters connected with the home.

Woman's labor, or rather, the labor in the home, will not always remain upon the low domestic stage: man's labor moved out of the domestic stage into the stage of factory and commercial house several centuries ago. Scientific information and the care of experts are invaluable in home management and child rearing, no less than in the rotation of crops and the development of fatter hogs or slimmer dahlia stems. Child rearing will slowly be included in matters where efficiency and modern methods will prevail; and, if this involves in the end some form of institutional raising, in greater or less degree, it should be understood in advance that this will date from a period where our culture is determined by human beings as well as by money; and that the institutions of the future will be administered by those who today make a success of their individual establishments, rather than by those who today make a failure of the institutions committed to their care. The fact that institutions for the feeble-minded today are a failure is no proof that institutions for the sound-minded tomorrow will be failures. No one recommends that the business of the U. S. Steel Company or the great railroad lines be taken out of the office, and put back in the individual homes. No one, in a more enlightened age, will desire to see the anarchic and haphazard era of domestic rearing of children and of domestic

home management, by paid or unpaid domestics, ever return to a world that has known a better system.

The Ideal of Purity.—To the man facing the future, these things may be said in conclusion. First, guard well your youth; it is your day of growth, and not your day for sexual indulgence. Second, guard well your mating period. It is not an hour for excessive indulgence. It is an hour for engendering mutual happiness and satisfaction in yourself and your mate; and an hour for intelligent direction of the upbringing of your children, so that they may be free from the poisonous and vicious ignorance that may have blighted or come near blighting your own life. Third, broaden yourself constantly. Keep your body at the peak of its physical fitness, and your mind at the peak of its mental fitness. Bodily fitness will go far toward preparing you for mental fitness; if you will feed your mind as carefully as you feed your body, with the food of man's best knowledge of the facts concerning the whole universe, and his highest dreams as embodied in art and literature, you will thereby make your soul or spirit fit as well.

You will, if you are wise, elect an ideal of purity. Purity means a recognition that love is a matter, not of barter and sale, but of desire permeating body and mind and spirit. Love looks backward, around it, and forward: it is built upon the past, it controls today, it builds for the future. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see god, said a great ancient teacher. It may well be that the pure in heart will be blessed, because they shall see god

within. Only by a life fit in every particular shall man attain to a development of that inner light, that innate godhead, that contribution toward the development of the race's highest idealism in practice and thought, which is perhaps man's highest achievement on this dusty planet.

TEN CENT POCKET SERIES NO. 324
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Life of Abraham Lincoln

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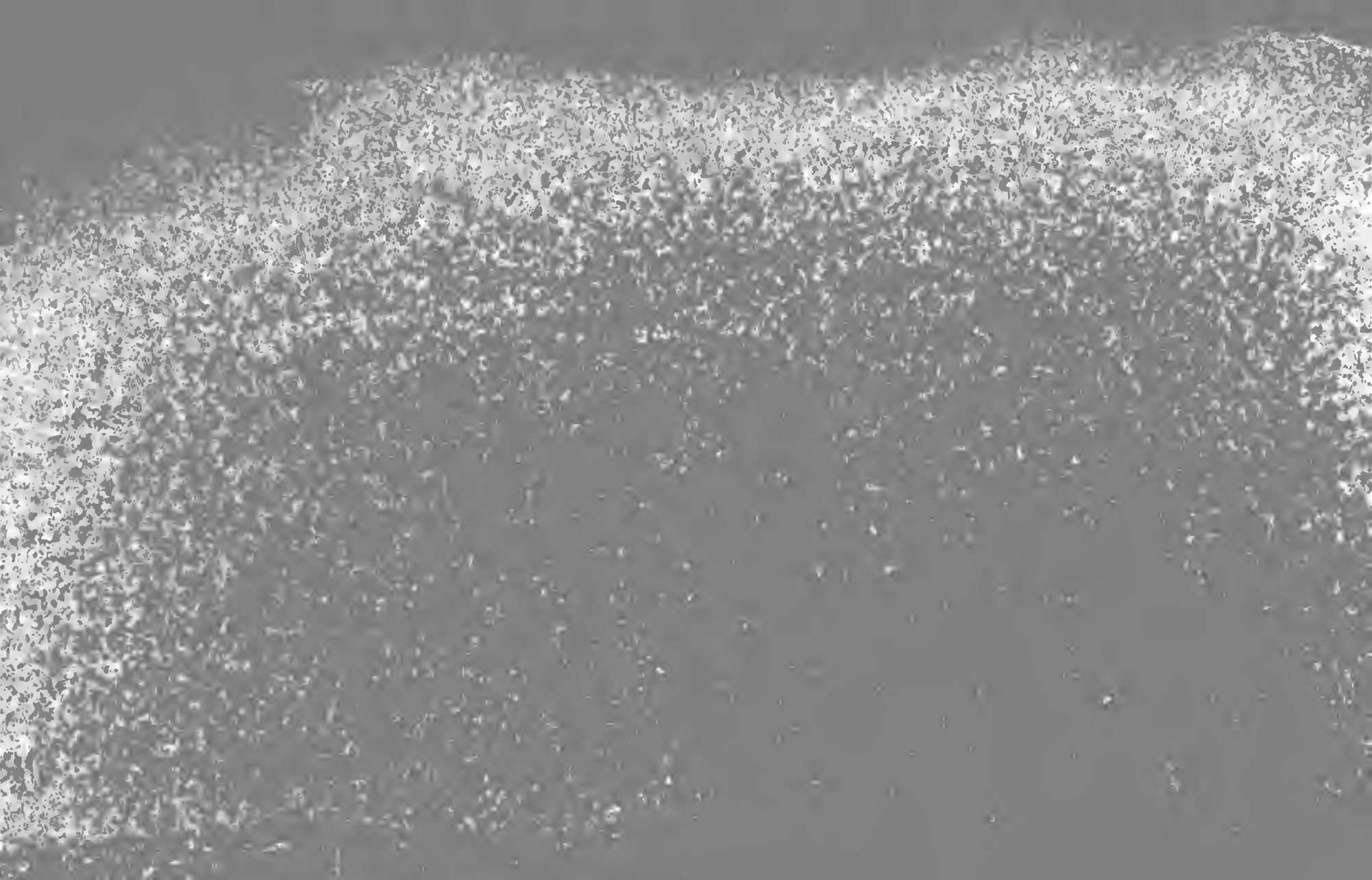

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LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The story of Lincoln, revealing how one American, by his own honest efforts, rose from the most humble beginning to the most high station of honor and worth, has inspired millions and will inspire millions more. The log cabin in which he was born, the ax with which he split the rails, the few books with which he got the rudiments of an education, the light of pine knots by which he studied, the flatboat on which he made the long trip to New Orleans, the slave mart at sight of which his sympathetic soul revolted against the institution of human slavery—these are all fraught with intense interest as the rude forces by which he slowly builded his great character.

Great suffering taught him great sympathy. His great sympathy for men gave him great influence over men. As a lonely motherless little boy living in the pitiless poverty of the backwoods he learned both humility and appreciation. Then from a gentle stepmother he learned the beauty of kindness.

As a clerk in a small store that failed, as a defeated candidate for the legislature, as Captain in the Black Hawk War, as student of Law in his leisure moments, as partner in a small store that failed, as Postmaster at

the little village of New Salem, as Deputy Surveyor of Sangamon County, as successful candidate for the legislature, as member of the legislature and as country lawyer, he was learning to love his fellow men and to get along well with them, while keeping his own conscience and building a reputation for honesty. When as a member of Congress and as a successful lawyer his proved ability brings him a measure of security and comfort he is not elated. And when his fellow men, reciprocating his great love for them, and manifesting their confidence in his integrity, make him President of the Republic he still remains the humble brother of the common people.

But fate did not decree that he should enjoy the honors he had so richly deserved. The White House was not a resting place for him. In the hour of his election the Nation for which he prayed was divided and the men that he loved as brothers were rushing headlong toward fratricidal war. He who loved peace was to see no more peace except just a few hopeful days before his own tragic end. He who hated war must captain his dear people through their long and mighty struggle and share in his gentle heart their great sacrifices. As the kindly harmonizer of jealous rivals, as the unifier of a distracted people, as the sagacious leader of discordant factions, he proved his true greatness in the hours of the nation's peril. In many a grave crisis when it seemed that the Confederacy would win and the Union be lost the almost superhuman wisdom of Lincoln would see the

one right way through the storm. For good reasons, the followers of Lincoln came to believe that he was being guided by God Himself to save the Union.

The genealogists of Lincoln trace his ancestry back to Virginia and to Massachusetts and to those Lincolns who came from England about 1635. The name Abraham recurs frequently among the Lincolns and our President seems to have been named after his grandfather Abraham who was killed by the Indians in Kentucky in 1778, when Thomas, the father of the President, was only ten years of age. Thus left fatherless at a tender age in a rude pioneer community, Thomas did not even learn to read. He worked about as best he could to live, became a carpenter, and in 1806 married his cousin, Nancy Hanks, the daughter of Joseph Hanks and his wife, Nannie Shipley, a sister of Thomas Lincoln's mother, Mary.

The first child of Thomas Lincoln and his wife Nancy was a daughter. Our President, the second child, was born February 12, 1809, in a log cabin, three miles from Hodgensville, then Hardin, now LaRue County, Kentucky. When little Abraham was seven years old his father moved to Indiana and took up a claim near Gentryville, Spencer County, and built a rude shelter of unhewn logs without a floor, the large opening protected only by hanging skins. In this discomfort they lived for a year, when they erected a log cabin. There was plenty of game, but otherwise the fare was very poor and the life was hard. In

1818 little Abraham's mother, delicate, refined, pathetic and too frail for such rude life, sickened and felt that the end was near. She called her little children to her bed of leaves and skins and told them to "love their kindred and worship God," and then she died and left them only the memory of her love.

Thomas Lincoln made a rude coffin himself, but there were no ceremonies at that most pathetic funeral when he laid his young wife in her desolate grave in the forest. Little Lincoln was nine years old, and the mystery of death, the pitiless winter, the lone grave, the deep forest—shivering with his sister in the cold cabin—it all made a deep impression on the sensitive boy.

Late in the year 1819 Thomas Lincoln went back to Kentucky, and there courted and married a widow named Sarah Buck Johnston, who had once been his sweetheart. She brought with her some household goods and her own three children. She dressed the forlorn little Lincolns in some of the clothing belonging to her children. She was described as tall, straight as an Indian, handsome, fair, talkative and proud. Also she had the abundant strength for hard labor. She and little Abraham learned to love each other dearly.

Abraham went to school in all less than a year, but this good stepmother encouraged him to study at home and he read every book he heard of within a circuit of many miles. He read the Bible, Aesop's Fables, Murray's English Reader, Robinson Crusoe, The Pilgrim's Progress, A History of the United States,

Weem's Life of Washington and the Revised Statutes of Indiana. He studied by the firelight and practiced writing with a pen made from a buzzard's quill dipped in ink made from brier roots. He practiced writing on the subjects of Temperance, Government, and Cruelty to Animals. The unkindness so often common to those frontier folks shocked his sensitive soul. He practiced speaking by imitating the itinerant preacher and by telling stories to any who would give him an audience. He walked fifteen miles to Boonville to attend court and listen to the lawyers.

At nineteen he was six feet and two inches tall, weighed one hundred and fifty pounds, had long arms and legs, slender body, large and awkward hands and feet, but not a large head. He is pictured as wearing coon-skin cap, linsey-woolsey shirt, and buckskin breeches that were often too short. He said that his father taught him to work but never taught him to love it—but he did work hard and without complaining. He was said to do much more work than any ordinary man at splitting rails, chopping, mowing, ploughing, doing everything that he was asked to do with all his might. It was at this age that he went on the first trip with a flat boat down to New Orleans. This was an interesting adventure; and there had been sorrows, also; his sister Sarah had married and died in child-birth.

In the spring of 1830 the roving spirit of Thomas Lincoln felt the call of the West and they set out for Illinois. John Hanks met them five miles northwest of Decatur in Ma-

con County, where on a bluff overlooking the muddy Sangamon they built a cabin, split rails, fenced fifteen acres and broke the prairie. Young Lincoln was twenty-one and free, but he remained at home during the summer, helping his father and his devoted step-mother to establish their new home. The following winter he split the historic rails for Mrs. Nancy Miller—"four hundred for every yard of jeans dyed with walnut juice necessary to make him a pair of trowsers."

In the spring, a pioneer adventurer, Denton Offut, engaged Abraham, with Hanks and one other helper, to take a boat load of provisions to New Orleans, for the wages of fifty cents a day and a bonus of sixty dollars for the three. This and the preceding trip down the river gave Lincoln the sight of slavery which caused him to say, "If ever I get a chance to hit that thing I'll hit it hard."

New Salem was a very small village destined to be of only a few years duration. Here Offut erected a small general store and placed Lincoln in charge while Offut having other unimportant business ventures went about the community bragging that his clerk, Lincoln, was the best man in the country and would some day be president of the United States. Offut's boasting attracted the attention of the Clary's Grove boys, who lived near New Salem, and they determined upon a wrestling match between Lincoln and their champion bully, Jack Armstrong. Lincoln did his best to avoid it, and a prominent citizen stopped the encounter. The result was that Armstrong and his gang

became Lincoln's friends and later gave him the most hearty political support at times when the support of just such men as Armstrong was an important political asset.

During this time Lincoln continued his studies, and feeling the need to study English Grammar he ransacked the neighborhood until he found trace of one some six miles away and walked over to buy or borrow it; brought it back in triumph and studied it exhaustively.

About this time we have some narratives concerning his honesty that compare favorably with the story of Washington and the cherry tree. While he was keeping Offut's store a woman overpaid him four pence and when he found the mistake he walked several miles that evening to return the pennies before he slept. On another occasion in selling a half pound of tea he discovered that he had used too small a weight and he hastened forth to make good the deficiency. Indeed one of his chief traits all his life was absolute honesty.

He was chosen to pilot the first steamboat, the Talisman, up the Sangamon. At Springfield they held a banquet to celebrate the event but Lincoln was not invited because they only invited the "gentlemen" and Lincoln was only the pilot.

He spent all his spare time studying Law or History, and had been from his youth an admirer of the romantic figure of Henry Clay. He adopted most of Clay's principles as his own, especially that of the gradual, compensated emancipation of slaves, to which ideal he clung all his life. With such interests, it was

natural that when Offut failed and his job as store clerk ended, he should announce himself as a candidate for the legislature. His campaign was interrupted by the Black Hawk War. Lincoln volunteered. The Clary's Grove boys enlisted and elected him captain. He showed his kindness and courage when during the campaign he found his whole command, mutinous and threatening; and facing them he placed his own body between them and a poor friendly Indian, who, with safe conduct from General Cass, had taken refuge in camp. He saw no fighting and killed no Indians but was long afterward able to convulse Congress with a humorous account of his "war record." The war ended in time for him to get back and stump the county just before the election in which he was defeated.

In partnership with a man named Berry they bought out the little store in New Salem; but Berry drank and neglected the business. Lincoln was strictly temperate, but he spent all his spare moments studying Blackstone, a copy of which legal classic he had fortunately found in a barrel of rubbish he had obligingly bought from a poor fellow in trouble.

With both members of the firm thus preoccupied the business "winked out." Berry died, leaving Lincoln the debts of the firm, twelve hundred dollars,—to him an appalling sum, which he humorously called "the national debt"; and on which he continued to make payments when he could for the next fifteen years. For a time he was postmaster of New Salem, an office so small that Andrew Jackson

must have overlooked it. But the experience shows how scrupulous he always was; for when years afterward a government agent came to Springfield to make settlement Lincoln drew forth the very coins that he had collected in the postoffice, and though he had sorely needed the loan of them he had never even borrowed them for temporary use.

For a time he had a better position as Deputy Surveyor of Sangamon County. His work was accurate and he was doing well when in 1834 he again announced as a candidate for the legislature and was elected.

At Vandalia at the session of the legislature he first saw Stephen A. Douglas, then a lobbyist, and said of him, "He is the least man I ever saw." Lincoln at this session seemed to be learning, studying men and methods and prudently preparing for future success rather than endeavoring to seize opportunities prematurely.

This is the time when Lincoln fell in love with Ann Rutledge, a beautiful young woman of New Salem who was already betrothed to another. The other lover went East and did not return. Lincoln had hopes, but Ann took sick and died of brain fever. He was allowed to see her as she lay near the end, and the effect upon his kindly nature was terrible. There settled upon him a deep despondency. That fall and winter he wandered alone in the woods along the Sangamon, almost distracted with sorrow. When he seemed on the verge of insanity a friend, Bowling Green, took him to his own home and nursed him back to

health, and the grief settled into that temperamental melancholy, which, relieved only by his humor, was part of the deep mystic there was in him, part of the prophet, the sadness that so early baptised him in the tragedy of life, and taught him to pity a suffering world.

Again he ran for the legislature, announcing his policy: "for all sharing the privileges of the government who assist in bearing its burdens; for admitting all whites to the right of suffrage who pay taxes or bear arms (by no means excluding females). If elected, I shall consider the whole people of Sangamon as my constituents, as well those that oppose as those that support me. While acting as their representative I shall be governed by their will upon all subjects upon which I have the means of knowing what their will is; and upon all others I shall do what my own judgment teaches me will best advance their interests." He was always fundamentally democratic, was so close to the heart of humanity that he felt its mighty pulsations and knew intuitively what his people were thinking. His contemporaries thought that he had a dependable occult sense of public opinion.

One incident of this campaign shows Lincoln's versatility at repartee. George Forquer, who had been a Whig, changed over to be a Democrat and was appointed Register of the Land Office. His house, the finest in Springfield, had a lightning rod, the only one that Springfield had ever seen. At a meeting near Springfield, Lincoln spoke, and when he had finished, Forquer replied with some conde-

scension, calling Lincoln the "young man." Lincoln listened to the attack with folded arms and then made a spirited reply ending with the words: "The gentleman calls me a young man. I am older in years than I am in the tricks and trades of politicians. I desire to live and I desire place and distinction, but I would rather die now than, like the gentleman, live to see the day that I would change my politics for an office worth three thousand dollars per year, and then feel compelled to erect a lightning rod to protect a guilty conscience from an offended God."

The Whig ticket was elected, Lincoln leading, and the Sangamon delegation, seven representatives and two senators all over six feet tall were called the "Long Nine." At Vandalia Lincoln was the leader of the Long Nine and labored to advance legislation for public improvements to be financed by the sale of public lands. He confided to a friend that he was dreaming of the Governorship and was ambitious to become the "DeWitt Clinton of Illinois."

The Assembly voted for a colossal scheme of railroads and canals, and authorized a loan of twelve millions. These vast projects afforded unlimited opportunities for special legislation and in all this atmosphere of manoeuvre Lincoln was most skillful. He knew human nature and how to handle it. Log-rolling was the order of the day and so skillfully did the Long Nine function that they succeeded in removing the capital from Vandalia to Springfield. Though Lincoln did prove that he knew

"the tricks and trades of the politician" he was true to his convictions; as shown by the fact that, when the legislature passed resolutions "highly disapproving" of the formation of abolition societies and the doctrines promulgated by them, he voted against the resolutions; and furthermore he drew up a protest against the resolutions, and inducing his colleague, Dan Stone, to sign it with him, had his protest entered on the journal for March 3, 1837. While this protest was cautiously worded it did declare "the institution of slavery is founded upon injustice and bad policy." This was a real gratuitous expression of a worthy ideal contrary to self interest, for his constituents were at that time certainly not in any way opposed to slavery. It was only within a few months after this very time that the atrocious persecution and murder of Lovejoy occurred in the neighboring town of Alton.

When the Long Nine came home bringing the capital with them Springfield planned such a celebration as had not been seen since the day the Talisman came up the Sangamon. To this banquet Lincoln was not only invited but placed at the head of the board; having been only the pilot of the enterprise this time did not exclude him. He made a speech and made many friends in Springfield. The time was now opportune for him to move to Springfield. So in the year 1837, Abraham Lincoln, being twenty-eight years of age and a lawyer, packed his meager possessions in a pair of saddlebags and moved to the new Capital, then a town of less than two thousand inhabitants,

here to begin a new era in his life. Besides being very poor he still carried the burden of the "national debt" left to him from the failure of the partnership with Berry, but he had friends and a reputation for honesty. In time he pays the debt, and his friends increase in numbers.

The morning that Lincoln went into the store of Joshua Speed in Springfield, and indicated that he was looking for a place to stay, Speed said: "The young man had the saddest face I ever saw." Speed indicated that Lincoln could share Speed's own bed in a room above; Lincoln shambled up, dropped his saddle bags, shambled down again and said: "Well, Speed, I am moved." With John T. Stewart, his comrade in the Black Hawk campaign, he formed a law partnership. Lincoln and Stewart were both too much interested in politics to give their undivided devotion to the law. During their four years together they made a living, and had work enough to keep them busy but it was not of the kind that proved either very interesting or lucrative.

He spent much time making public speeches on a variety of occasions and subjects, obviously practicing the art of eloquent address for his own improvement. In 1838 he was again elected to the legislature and was minority candidate for Speaker.

Now Mrs. N. W. Edwards was one of the local aristocrats of Springfield, and her sister, Mary Todd from Kentucky, came to visit her. Mary Todd was beautiful and Lincoln and

Douglas were rivals for her hand. Observers at the time thought that with a brilliant and talented girl the graceful and dashing Douglas would surely be preferred. But Miss Todd made her own selection and she and Lincoln were engaged to be married on New Year's day, 1841.

The day came and the wedding was not solemnized. Now there came upon him again that black and awful melancholy. He wandered about in utter gloom. To help him, his good friend Joshua Speed took him away to Kentucky for a trip. Upon his return a reconciliation with Mary Todd led to their marriage, November, 1842. To Lincoln's kindly manner, his considerateness and his self-control, she was the opposite. The rule "opposites attract" may explain the union, and if the marriage was not ideally happy it may be conjectured that one more happy might have interfered with that career for which Destiny was preparing him.

In 1841, Stewart went to Congress and Lincoln dissolved the partnership to form another with Judge Stephen T. Logan who was accounted the best lawyer in Illinois. Contact with Logan made Lincoln a more diligent student and an abler practitioner of the law. But two such positive personalities could not long work in harmony, so in 1843 Lincoln formed a partnership with William H. Herndon, a man of abolitionist inclinations who remained Lincoln's junior partner until Lincoln's death and became his biographer. But they were very poor. The struggle was hard, and Lincoln and

his bride were of necessity very frugal. In 1841 he might have had the nomination for Governor, but he declined it; having given up his ambition to become the "DeWitt Clinton of Illinois." It will be remembered that the internal improvement theories had not worked so well in practice. The panic of 1837 had convinced both him and his supporters of the unwisdom of attempting such improvements on too large a scale at one time. Though he had been mistaken he seems not to have lost the support of his followers, for they were mistaken with him; and the experience shows that "it is more popular for a politician to be with his constituents in the wrong than to be in the right against them."

Though he declined the nomination for Governor, his ambitious wife encouraged his natural inclination to keep his eye on the political field, and to glance in the direction of Congress. His ambitions were temporarily thwarted. On Washington's birthday in 1842, during the Washington Temperance movement he made a speech on temperance. While the whole address was admirable and conceived in a high humanitarian tone it did not please all. He was full of a wise and gentle tolerance that sprang alike from his knowledge and his love of men.

When accused of being a temperance man he said "I don't drink."

He was criticised, and because of this, and because his wife was an Episcopalian, and an aristocrat, and because he had once accepted a challenge to fight a duel, which friends pre-

vented, his congressional ambitions had to be postponed. Also there were other candidates. He stood aside for Hardin and for Baker. In 1844 he was on the Whig electoral ticket and stumped the state for Henry Clay whom he greatly admired.

Finally in 1846 the Whigs nominated him for Congress. The Democrats nominated the pioneer Methodist preacher, Peter Cartwright, who used the Washington's birthday address against Lincoln and even the charge of atheism, which had no worthy foundation, for Lincoln was profoundly religious, though he never united with any church. He said that whenever any church would inscribe over its altar as the only condition for membership the words of Jesus; "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy strength, and thy neighbor as thyself;" he would join that church. Lincoln's life proved his sincerity in this statement.

Lincoln made a thorough campaign, watching most carefully all the many interests which can contribute to the success of a candidate, and was elected by an unusual majority. Moreover, he was the only Whig who secured a place in the Illinois delegation that year.

In 1847, when he took his seat in the thirtieth Congress, he saw there the last of the giants of the old days,—Webster, Calhoun, Clay and old John Quincy Adams, dying in his seat before the session ended. There were also Andrew Johnson, Alexander H. Stephens and David Wilmot. Douglas was there to take his new

seat in the Senate. The Mexican War was drawing to its close. The Whig party condemned the war as one that had been brought on simply to expand slave territory. Generals Taylor and Scott as well as many other prominent army officers were Whigs. This fact aided materially in justifying the Whig policy of denouncing the Democrats for entering into the war and at the same time voting adequate supplies for the prosecution of the war. Lincoln entered heartily into this party policy.

A few days after he had taken his seat in Congress he wrote back to Herndon a letter which closed humorously: "As you are all so anxious for me to distinguish myself I have concluded to do so before long." Accordingly, soon after he introduced a series of resolutions which became known as the "Spot Resolutions."

These resolutions referred to the President's message of May 11, 1846, in which the President expressed the reasons of the administration for beginning the war and said the Mexicans had "invaded our territory and shed the blood of our own citizens on our own soil." Lincoln quoted these lines and then asked the President to state the "exact spot" where these and other alleged occurrences had taken place. While these resolutions were never acted upon, they did afford him an opportunity to make a speech; and he made a good speech; not of the florid and fervid style that had characterized some of his early efforts; but a strong, logical speech that brought out the facts and made a favorable impression, thus saving him from being among the entirely unknown in the House.

With reference to his future career a paragraph concerning Texas is here quoted. He says: "Any people, anywhere being inclined and having the power, have the right to raise up and shake off the existing government, and form a new one that suits them better. This is a most valuable, a most sacred right,—a right which we hope and believe is to liberate the world. Nor is this right confined to a case in which the whole people of an existing government choose to exercise it. Any portion of such people, that can, may revolutionize, and make their own of so much of the territory as they inhabit." This political philosophy, so comfortably applied to Texas in 1846, is just what the Confederacy wished in 1861; and just exactly what Lincoln did not wish in 1861.

As Lincoln knew all along, his course concerning the war and the administration was displeasing some of his constituents; some of whom would rather be warlike than to be right, others honestly favored expansion. Like most of the other Whigs he had voted for the Ashmun amendment which said that the war had been "unnecessary and unconstitutionally commenced by the President." He learned that some of the people of Springfield would be displeased with an attitude that seemed to weaken the administration in a time of stress, but with Lincoln it was a matter of conscience and he met it fairly without evasion or any sort of coloring. And later when Douglas accused him of being unpatriotic he replied that he had not chosen to skulk, that he had voted for what he thought was the truth, and also reminded his

hearers that he had always voted with the rest of the Whigs for the necessary supplies to carry on the war after it had been commenced. He would have liked renomination, but Judge Logan was nominated and was not elected.

He was on the electoral ticket and stumped New England and Illinois for Taylor, as soon as Congress adjourned. The New England speeches were full of moral earnestness. In Boston he heard Governor Seward speak and said: "I reckon you are right. We have got to deal with this slavery question and give more time to it hereafter than we have been giving." In December he went back to Washington for the second session and worked consistently for the Wilmot Proviso, designed to exclude slavery from territory acquired from Mexico. At this second session he voted against a bill to exclude slavery from the District of Columbia, because he did not like the form of the bill and then introduced a measure himself designed to serve the same purpose.

When his term as Congressman expired he sought but failed to obtain the position of Commissioner of the General Land Office. He was offered the position of Governor of the newly organized territory of Oregon, but this, due somewhat to the sensible advice of his wife, he declined. Then he went back to Springfield to practice law again, and to travel the muddy roads of the old Eighth Circuit, a somewhat disappointed and disillusioned man; but as ever the same sincere, kindly brother to all his fellow men.

During the years from 1850 to 1860 the tall

figure of Lincoln, garbed in black, continued to be familiar to the people of Springfield, as he strode along the street between his dingy law office on the square and his home on Eighth Street. He was clean in person and in dress, and diligent in his law practice, but he was not good at collecting what was coming to him; badly as he needed money in those days. He had finally paid off his debts, but the death of his father had left his devoted stepmother needing some help; and his shiftless stepbrother to be expostulated with in letters full of very kindly interest and wholesome advice.

He worked hard and was rapidly becoming known as an excellent lawyer. He made friends of the best men in the state, and they referred to him affectionately as "Honest Abe" or "Old Abe," but they always addressed him respectfully as "Mr. Lincoln." His humor, never peccant, was related to his brooding melancholy, and was designed to smooth out the little rough places in life, which he so well understood, with all its tragedies and tears. Men loved him, not alone for his stories, but for his simplicity of life, his genuine kindness, his utter lack of selfishness. There was a fascination about his personality. He seemed somehow mysterious and at the same time simple. In fact he was always trying to make ideas seem simple and clear, and told stories to accomplish that purpose. He tried to make the case clear to the jury, and the issues clear to his hearers. In all his life which had ever its heavy sorrows, these years were probably the

brightest for him. He enjoyed the confidence of his people and the devotion of his friends. His fellow men of whatever degree in life, judge, lawyers, witnesses, jurors, litigants, all gathered affectionately around him to hear him talk and to tell stories. But he was not a mere story teller. His conversation was such as to draw men to him for its very worth. He was fundamentally serious, dignified, and never given to uncouth familiarities.

Though so notably kind, so deeply sympathetic, and at times so given to humor, when he was aroused he was terrible in his firmness, his resolution to win for the cause that was right, his stern rebuke for injustice, his merciless excoriation of falsehood and his relentless determination to see the truth prevail. False or careless witnesses dreaded his cross-examinations, and his opponents dreaded his effectiveness in handling a case before a jury.

Though he was called homely, there was a commanding dignity about his presence; his appearance inspired confidence; and when in the heat and passion of forensic effort, his features lighted up with a strange and compelling beauty and attractiveness. He was never petty, never quibbled and never tried to gain an unfair advantage or even use an unworthy means of attaining a worthy end. Consequently courts and juries believed what he said. He was a poor lawyer when on the wrong side of the case, and would not take a bad case if he knew it. Upon one occasion, when, in the very midst of a trial, he discovered that his client had acted fraudulently, he left the courtroom and when the

judge sent for him, he sent word back that he "had gone to wash his hands." He had too much human sympathy to be the most effective prosecutor unless there was a clear case of justice on his side; and he was too sympathetic to make money—for his charges were so small that Herndon and the other lawyers and even the judge expostulated with him. Though his name appears in the Illinois Reports in one hundred and seventy-three cases,—a record giving him first rank among the lawyers of the state, his income was probably not much over two or three thousand a year. And he was engaged in some of the most important cases in the state, such as Illinois Central Railroad Company v. The County of McLean, in which he was retained by the railroad and successfully prevented the taxation of land ceded to the railroad by the State,—and then had to sue to recover his modest fee of five thousand, which was the largest he ever received. In the McCormick reaper patent litigation he was engaged with Edwin M. Stanton, who treated him with discourtesy in the Federal Court at Cincinnati, called him "that giraffe," and prevented him from delivering the argument which he had so carefully and solicitously prepared. Such an experience was, of course, very painful to his sensitive nature, and it shows how great he was that he could forgive the injury entirely as he did later when he appointed Stanton as his Secretary of War, despite the protest of friends who recalled it all to him.

In one of his most notable murder cases he defended William or "Duff" Armstrong, the son

of his old friend, Jack Armstrong. It was a desperate case for William and for his mother Hannah, who had also been a warm friend to Lincoln when he was young. The youth was one of the wildest of the Clary's Grove boys, and a prosecuting witness told how, by the light of the moon, he saw the blow struck. Lincoln subjected the witness to one of his dreadful cross-examinations and then confronted him with the almanac of the year in which the crime was committed to show that the moon had set at the hour at which the witness claimed to have seen the blow struck by Armstrong. The boy was acquitted and Lincoln would accept no fee but the tears and gratitude of his old friends.

Another interesting case was one in which a principal witness was the aged Peter Cartright who had more than ten years before waged a campaign against Lincoln for Congress. Cartright was the grandfather of "Peachy" Harrison who was charged with the murder of Greek Crafton. It was a dramatic moment when the old Methodist minister took the stand in front of Lincoln, and as his white head bowed, Lincoln had him tell how, as Greek Crafton lay dying, among his last words were "I want you to say to the man who killed me that I forgive him." After such a dying declaration and such a scene Lincoln was sure to make a speech that would move the hearts of any jury with pity and forgiveness such as he himself always felt for all souls in trouble; and Harrison was acquitted. It was such experiences at the bar that made him the great lawyer that he was;

and the great advocate of whatever he believed to be right; and prepared him to win the great cause of humanity before the whole people of the nation and of the world.

In 1852 Lincoln campaigned for Scott. In 1854 he seemed to be losing interest in politics when the news of the abrogation of the Missouri Compromise aroused him. This had been brought about by Douglas, the new leader of the Democrats, then one of the most influential men in Congress, and after the days of Webster, Clay and Calhoun, one of the foremost politicians in America. Douglas came back to Illinois to find many of his constituents in the North displeased with what they thought he had done to please the Democrats of the South. They thought that he was sacrificing the ideal of limiting slavery in order to advance his ambitions to become President. He set about to win back his state. He spoke in Springfield; and a few days later, Lincoln replied in a speech that delighted his friends and convinced them that in him they had a champion afire with enthusiasm for the cause of freedom.

Somewhat against his will he was nominated and elected to the legislature in the fall of 1854, but when he saw the dissatisfaction in the Democratic party he was encouraged to resign from the legislature and become a candidate for the United States Senate. The Democrats, though not in perfect harmony, had a majority, and he could not be elected, but helped to turn the tide for the revolting faction of the Democrats. Though disappointed he knew that the struggle was only begun.

The nation was aroused over the question of slavery. While many good people desired peace rather than agitation concerning such an irritating problem, the question of slavery in the territories had to be decided and the whole question of slavery would not down. In 1856 the Republican party was organized for the state of Illinois in a big convention at Bloomington at which Lincoln made a strong speech; and in the Republican National Convention held in Philadelphia a few weeks later he was given 110 votes for Vice-President. He was committed to the new Republican party and campaigned vigorously for Fremont, their candidate for President.

Lincoln's enthusiastic friends said he was already on the track for the Presidency. As the contest of 1858 for the Senate approached, it again appeared that the Democrats would be divided and Lincoln had some confidence of success. Out in Kansas the proslavery men, by an unfair vote, had adopted the Lecompton Constitution favoring slavery; President Buchanan urged Congress to admit Kansas with that fraudulent constitution; Douglas opposed that constitution and voted against the admission of Kansas as a slave state; thus angering the President and the South and delighting the Republicans of the North.

Now the time was approaching when, in the 1859 session of the Illinois legislature, Douglas would have to stand for re-election to the United States Senate. The legislators would be chosen in the campaign of 1858 largely on that issue. Douglas had become the foremost

man in the Democratic party, and any man who could beat him would have national recognition. The Republicans of Illinois nominated Lincoln, who challenged Douglas to a series of joint debates.

The famous Lincoln-Douglas Debates are full of interest and repay a full and careful study. but they will be treated very briefly in this volume.

Lincoln entered upon these debates in a lofty spirit and to the end pursued a high course, fraught with kindness, fairness, magnanimity and most commendable dignity. He said, "While pretending no indifference to earthly honors, I do claim, in this contest, to be actuated by something higher than anxiety for office," and apparently he was.

Lincoln looked into the future and foresaw the coming campaign of 1860 for the Presidency. He foresaw that Douglas would be the leader of the Democrats in that campaign and conducted the debate accordingly.

Lincoln thought not alone of momentary issues, but also of eternal verities. Some things which his friends wished him not to say, for fear it would lose him votes, he said, because they were things that were true and ought to be said: for example, "This nation cannot endure half slave and half free . . . A house divided against itself cannot stand. . . . I do not expect the house to fall. . . . I do not expect the Union to be dissolved. I do expect it to cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the

further spread of it and place it where in the public mind it is in the course of ultimate extinction; or its advocates will push it until it will become alike lawful in all the states, old as well as new, North as well as South." While such utterances probably did cost him votes at the time, later his people could see that his prophetic vision had been right and their confidence in him, always strong, was accordingly increased.

Lincoln, with the training of the lawyer, the wily cross-examiner, the profound jurist, the farsighted statesman, forced Douglas into a dilemma between the northern Democrats of Illinois and the southern Democrats of the slave states. Lincoln was warned by his friends that Douglas would probably choose to please the Democrats of Illinois and be elected United States Senator; but Lincoln replied to his friends: "I am after larger game: the battle of 1860 is worth a hundred of this." Time proved that Lincoln was right. While Lincoln's friends guessed wisely as to the prediction that Douglas would choose to secure the Senatorship by pleasing the Democrats of Illinois, many of whom were opposed to slavery, Lincoln was wise in his prediction concerning the effect on the campaign of 1860 for President.

For example, one of the questions Lincoln asked was: "Can the people of a United States Territory, in any lawful way, against the wishes of any citizen of the United States, exclude slavery from its limits prior to the formation of a state constitution?" If Douglas should answer, "No," he would alienate Illinois; and

if he should answer "Yes," he would alienate the South. In a remarkably adroit manner Douglas answered, "Yes," and delighted his friends in Illinois; but later the effect in the South was clearly against him.

In the Unitd States Senate Douglas had proved a match for the best debaters in the land, but he remarked after his series of debates with Lincoln that in all his sixteen years in the Senate he had not met one whom he would not rather encounter than Lincoln.

To the very end of the debate Lincoln kept the argument pitched on a very high plane of dignified logical search for clear truth; which was something unusual in political contests. He kept referring to such ideas as, "Is slavery right or wrong?" "It is the eternal struggle between right and wrong." Lincoln was pleading for humanity.

The debates were continued in seven of the largest cities of the states, and between the joint engagements the protagonists were speaking daily under circumstances of great strain. The prestige of being a Senator gave to Douglas comforts of travel not always accorded to Lincoln and at the end of the campaign he was worn out. When the election was over the popular vote was very close, but the members of the legislature gave Douglas a majority and he was returned to the Senate. But the campaign split the Democratic party and made Lincoln a national figure.

Lincoln, tired and disappointed and financially embarrassed by his personal expenses, could still cheer his friends with a joke. He

said, "I am like the boy that stumped his toe—it hurt too bad to laugh, but he was too big to cry." He added, "However, I am glad I made the race. It gave me a hearing on the great and durable question of the age which I could have had in no other way; and though I shall now sink from view and be forgotten, I believe that I have made some marks for the cause of civil liberty which will endure long after I am gone."

But he was not to be forgotten. He received ongratulations from all parts of the nation. He got many calls to come and speak in the largest cities, most of which he declined, because he must return to his law practice and earn some money. However, when Douglas appeared in the Gubernatorial contest in Ohio, the temptation was too great, and he accepted calls to reply in Columbus and Cincinnati before very large audiences. He also accepted a call to speak in Cooper Union Institute in New York City, where he delivered a notable speech before a large and distinguished audience presided over by William Cullen Bryant. Lincoln says that he felt uncomfortable and "imagined that the audience noticed the contrast between his western clothes and the neat fitting suits of Mr. Bryant and others who sat on the platform." He spoke with great earnestness, and the next day in the Tribune, Horace Greeley said: "No other man ever made such an impression in his first appeal to a New York audience." From New York he went on a speaking trip through New England where he made a deep impression. He went home with

a national reputation. The strange story of his early life appealed to the masses of the people of the North; he was the subject of conversation and of inquiry. A friend sought data for a biography.

He said, "I admit that I am ambitious and that I would like to be President. I am not insensible to the compliment that you pay me and the interest that you manifest in the matter, but there is no such good luck in store for me as the Presidency of the United States. Besides, there is nothing in my early history that would interest you or anybody else." He also added, "I do not think that I am fitted for the Presidency"; and that, "men like Seward and Chase were entitled to take precedence." But the editor of the Central Illinois Gazette brought him out and after that the movement spread strongly.

Such friends as Davis, Sweet, Logan and Palmer and also his faithful partner, Herndon, continued to urge him to become an active candidate. He finally consented and became busy at the work of marshalling the support of his friends. He used all his well-known skill as a politician to forward his campaign, though nothing derogatory is to be inferred from these words concerning his methods, which were entirely honorable. He wrote a friend: "I am not in a position where it would hurt me much not to be nominated on the national ticket; but it would hurt me not to get the Illinois delegation . . . can you help me a little in this matter at your end of the vineyard?" The allegiance of his own state

was soon assured. At Decatur, May 9 and 10, 1860, the Republican state convention met in the big Wigwam, and Governor Oglesby, who presided, said, "A distinguished citizen whom Illinois is delighted to honor is present and should be invited to a place on the platform." Amid tumultuous applause Lincoln was lifted over the heads of the crowd to the platform. At that moment John Hanks theatrically entered bearing a couple of old fence rails and a flag and a placard on the rails, "Made in Sangamon bottom in 1830 by Abraham Lincoln and John Hanks." Again there was a sympathetic uproar and Lincoln made a speech appropriate for the occasion. When the tumult subsided the convention resolved that "Abraham Lincoln is the first choice of the Republicans of Illinois for the Presidency and their delegates are instructed to use every honorable means to secure his nomination, and to cast the vote of the state as a unit for him."

One week later, May 16, the national Republican convention met at Chicago in the "Wigwam," which had been built to hold ten thousand persons. Lincoln's friends, Davis, Judd, Palmer, Swett, Oglesby, were there working "like nailers," night and day without sleep. The candidates were Seward of New York, Lincoln of Illinois, Cameron of Pennsylvania, Chase of Ohio, Bates of Missouri; and others of less note. Seward's friends hoped, as Lincoln's friends dreaded, that Seward might be nominated by a rush on the first ballot. Lincoln's followers, contrary to his wishes, made a "necessary arrangement" with Cameron of

Pennsylvania by which he was to have a cabinet place in return for giving his support to Lincoln, who was nominated on the third ballot. William M. Evarts, who had led for Seward, made the usual motion to make the choice unanimous, which was done with tremendous tumult of applause. Hannibal Hamlin of Maine was nominated for Vice-president. Blaine says of Hamlin, "In strong common sense, in sagacity and sound judgment, in rugged integrity of character, Mr. Hamlin has had no superior among public men."

Down in Springfield, Lincoln was waiting, and when he got the news, he said, "There is a little woman down on Eighth Street who will be glad to hear this news," and he strode away to tell her.

Douglas was in Washington when he heard the news, and remarked, "There will not be a tar barrel left in Illinois tonight."

At once a committee of the convention were deputed to go to Springfield and give Lincoln formal notice. This ceremony, so elaborate in later days, was then very simple and immediate. They called upon Lincoln at his own home, where he was already feeling gloomy with the responsibility. The committee felt much misgiving as they noted his appearance and got their first impressions; but later, when he became aroused and spoke fitting words to which life were added by the fire of his earnest countenance, they felt reassured, and went away delighted.

In all the history of America, the selection of George Washington to lead the army of the

Revolution, is the only event to be compared in good fortune with this nomination of Abraham Lincoln; but to the country as a whole he was comparatively obscure and unknown. The "wise men" of the nation had some misgivings. While "Honest Abe, the rail splitter," might sound well to the masses, the party leaders could not be assured that rail splitting and mere honesty were sufficient qualifications for the President of a great republic in a great crisis. Nevertheless Seward and Chase supported him with a sincerity that delighted him, and the entire party entered into the campaign with great enthusiasm.

And very early in the campaign it seemed that the Republicans were quite likely to win; for the Democrats, in their convention at Charleston, divided; the Northern Democrats being for Douglas and the Southern Democrats against him. They adjourned to Baltimore, where Douglas was nominated, after which the extreme Southerners bolted and nominated Breckenridge. Also the border states organized a new party which they called the Constitutional Union Party and nominated John Bell.

Douglas made a most energetic campaign, even making speeches in the South, but the questions that Lincoln had made him answer in the great debate in Illinois in 1858 were not forgotten by the Southerners, who would have nothing to do with him, but supported Breckenridge.

Lincoln remained quietly in Springfield during the campaign, exercising most careful discretion as to what he said and the little that

he wrote. The Governor placed his own rooms at the statehouse at Lincoln's disposal, where he met callers and talked and joked pleasantly with all who came, but was careful to say nothing that would add to the confusion of tongues that already existed.

Some of the most radical abolitionists of the North were not at all pleased with Lincoln because he was conservative, practical, recognized slavery as existing under the constitution, stood for preserving the Union as the first consideration, restricting the extension of slavery, and hoped for gradual compensated emancipation, but favored nothing revolutionary or threatening to the integrity of the Union.

Many of the most ardent, but reasonable, abolitionists supported him as having the most practical policy for the time being.

The total popular vote was 4,680,000. Lincoln got 1,866,000; Douglas, 1,375,000; Breckenridge, 846,900; Bell, 590,000. Of the electoral vote, Lincoln got 180; Douglas, 12; Breckenridge, 72; Bell, 39. Lincoln carried the Northern States, Breckenridge the Southern States, Bell the border states of Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee, and Douglas New Jersey and Missouri. To show how the people were divided, Douglas, Breckenridge and Bell had some votes in nearly all states both North and South. Lincoln had no votes in the states farthest south, but carried all states north of the border states.

The career of Lincoln as President was made infinitely more difficult as well as all the more creditable to him by reason of the fact that he was not the choice of the majority of the peo-

ple, but of less than half of them; even less than half of the people of the Northern States.

South Carolina "hailed with delight" the news of the election of Lincoln as a justification for immediate secession, which they desired, rather than compromise or postponement; their Senators resigned; before Christmas the Palmetto flag floated over every federal building in that state, and early in January they fired on the ship "Star of the West" as she entered Charleston harbor with supplies for Fort Sumpter. By February seven of the Southern States—South Carolina, Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana and Texas—had seceded from the Union and formed "the Confederate States of America," with Jefferson Davis of Mississippi as President, and Alexander H. Stephens of Georgia as Vice-President.

Lincoln could, meanwhile, only wait in Springfield, during this most trying interregnum; while the uncertain and impotent Buchanan allowed the reins of government to slip from his weak hands, and many influential men at the North counselled for peace at any price. Lincoln was distressed, absent-minded, sad but also calm as he worked on his inaugural address—a tremendous responsibility under the circumstances; for in that address he must announce a policy in one of the gravest crises that ever confronted a ruler in this world—sorrowful unto death, he said, "I shall never be glad any more." Also he was beset with office-seekers and troubled with his cabinet appointments; for the agreement that

Judge Davis had made at the Chicago convention with Cameron of Pennsylvania was not to his liking.

As the time approached for his inauguration he visited his step-mother, made a pilgrimage to the grave of his father, and on February 11 started for Washington, after taking leave at Springfield, of his old friends, who gathered at the station early in the morning and stood bareheaded in the rain while he spoke these beautiful words of affectionate farewell from the platform of the coach:

"My friends, no one not in my situation can appreciate my feelings of sadness at this parting. To this place and the kindness of these people I owe everything. Here I have lived for a quarter of a century and passed from a young man to an old man. Here my children have been born and one is buried. I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him, I cannot succeed. With that assistance I cannot fail. Trusting to Him who can go with me, and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

On the way he made short informal speeches —tactfully avoiding any announcement of policy—at Columbus, Cleveland, Buffalo, Albany and New York. On Washington's birthday at

Philadelphia, he celebrated the admission of Kansas as a free state by raising over Independence Hall a new flag of thirty-four stars. He was deeply moved and spoke fervently of "that sentiment in the Declaration of Independence which gives liberty, not alone to the people of this country, but also hope to all the people of the world for all future times; which gave promise that in due time the weights would be lifted from the shoulders of all men, and that all should have an equal chance." And finally, "If this country cannot be saved without giving up that principle, I was about to say I would rather be assassinated on this spot than to surrender it."

His reference to assassination may have been due to the report of detectives that they had discovered a plot to kill him as he went through Baltimore. Contrary to advice concerning his personal safety, he kept his engagement to address the legislature at Harrisburg before going on to Washington. In the Capital and the country thereabout were many Confederate sympathizers.

Even during the few days that he was in Washington before his inauguration, men over the country were betting that he would never be inaugurated. March 4, 1861, dawned in bright sunshine. At noon the aged Buchanan called upon Lincoln to escort him to the Capital, there to place upon the shoulders of the great Westerner the burden which had been too heavy for the infirm old diplomat. Together they drove down Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol where the ceremony was held

in the east portico. Distinguished officials were there, but the crowd was small, because of the rumors of tragedy—and the aged Commander Scott had posted troops with instructions, "if any of them raise their heads or show a finger, shoot to kill."

The moment came for the new President to take the oath of office. Lincoln, attired in clothes obviously new, was plainly embarrassed, and stood for an awkward moment holding his high hat in one hand and in the other a gold-headed ebony stick. Douglas, his old rival, stepped promptly forward with delightful grace and relieved him of hat and cane and held them for him—a beautiful incident the significance of which was long remembered. Senator Baker of Oregon—one of his old Springfield friends—formally presented him, and after he had read his address, the aged Chief Justice Taney, who had written the Dred Scott Decision, administered the oath of office.

His address, for which the nation had long been waiting, was read distinctly, so that all could hear—hear him say that "misunderstandings had caused differences;"—disavow any intentions to interfere with the existing institution of slavery, and even declare himself in favor of a new fugitive slave law. But concerning the Union he was firm. He clearly put the Union above any issue concerning slavery. He said: "The Union of these States is perpetual. . . . No state upon its own mere motion can lawfully get out of the Union. . . . I shall take care, as the Constitution itself

expressly enjoins me, that the laws of the Union be faithfully executed in all of the States," and he was determined "to hold, occupy, and possess the property and places belonging to the Government and to collect the duties and imposts." And he closed with the beautiful peroration founded upon one of Seward's suggestions: "I am loathe to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break the bonds of our affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

The four years and forty days that remain of Lincoln's life is but the story of his wonderful part in our great Civil War.

When Lincoln turned from his inauguration to take up the duties of his office he faced a responsibility greater than that which had rested upon Washington, as great as had ever rested upon any man on this planet in all the ages. His own dear country—that nation which lovers of mankind had hoped would lead the world in advancing human welfare, was already rent asunder and everywhere the men who had been accustomed to lead in thought and action were divided. Men of influence at the North advised peaceful separation. Radicals at the South declared that they would take Washington and make it the Confederate

Capital. Prominent men at the North declared that the South could not be and should not be coerced. And with these terrible problems puzzling him, Lincoln was also pestered with office-seekers until he remarked, "This struggle and scramble for office will yet test our institutions." For his Cabinet he chose William H. Seward, Secretary of State; Salmon P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury; Simon Cameron, Secretary of War; Gideon Wells, Secretary of the Navy; Caleb B. Smith, Secretary of the Interior; Edward Bates, Attorney-General; Montgomery Blair, Postmaster-General.

The first day after inauguration the whole problem was presented to him in a letter from Major Anderson with his hungry soldiers at Fort Sumpter. He wanted provisions and reinforcements; twenty thousand soldiers would be necessary to hold the fort, and the whole standing army numbered sixteen thousand men. General Scott advised evacuation. Lincoln said, "When Anderson goes out of Fort Sumpter I shall have to go out of the White House." The military advisers differed: the cabinet differed; and while Lincoln pondered over the problem, Seward acquiesced in the general assumption that he rather than Lincoln was the real head of the Government; and accordingly prepared and laid before Lincoln "Some Thoughts for the President's Consideration," in which after complaining of the "lack of policy" he boldly proposed to make war on Spain and France, and seek "explanations from Great Britain and Russia," and sug-

gested that the direction of this policy be devolved by the President "upon some member of his cabinet," and indicating with modest significance "it is not my especial province; but I neither seek to assume or evade responsibility." Lincoln met this proposal in a magnanimous spirit, saying, "As to the proposed policy, if this must be done I must do it. . . . When a general line of policy is adopted, I apprehend that there is no danger of it being changed without good reason, or continuing to be a subject of unnecessary debate; still, upon points arising in its progress I wish, and suppose that I am entitled to have, the advice of all the cabinet."

Thus Seward came to understand, as the nation later understood, who was the head of the government, and how wise and capable he was; and this superiority, Seward was great enough to freely acknowledge two months later in the words: "Executive force and vigor are rare qualities. . . . the President is the best of us."

On April 12 the Confederates fired on Fort Sumpter, and by that act of aggression unified and aroused the North. Douglas promptly assured the President of his support and telegraphed his followers that he had given his pledge "to sustain the President in the exercise of his constitutional functions to preserve the Union, maintain the government and defend the Federal Capital." Thus ended the talk of compromise, conciliation, concession, and also the discussion of the right or wrong of slavery. The President in his patient, kindly wisdom

had substituted the issue of Union, and had waited until the Confederacy was the aggressor. On April 15 he called for 75,000 volunteers and called Congress to convene in extra session July 4.

The response was immediate and resolute. The North, glad that the long suspense was over, offered hundreds of thousands of men for the Union. The Confederates threatened to capture Washington and make it the Confederate capital, and for a few days there was grave fear that they would do so. The Sixth Massachusetts was assaulted by a mob in the streets of Baltimore, four soldiers and twelve rioters killed and many wounded; and the Southern sympathisers in Maryland objected to the passing of soldiers through that state. The President, as usual conciliatory and patient but firm, said, "there is no piece of American soil too good to be pressed by the foot of a loyal soldier as he marches to the defense of the capital of his country."

Among the President's great tasks then were to prevent the secession of any more states, to prevent European recognition of the Confederacy, and to create an army and navy. His diplomacy saved for the Union Maryland, Kentucky and Missouri.

With increasing confidence and power the President watched over men and events; cautiously and patiently, with mistakes and successes; amid acrid criticism, noisy abuse and malignant misrepresentation, he made his slow sure way.

The first disaster at Manassas staggered and

steadied the North. The President called to the command of the army of the Potomac, General George B. McClellan, who had been winning small successes and sending large telegrams in Western Virginia. He was brilliant, bold, spectacular, a good organizer and soon trained the strong young raw recruits—farmers and artisans—into one of the finest armies the world had ever witnessed. While McClellan was drilling and preparing in the East, Fremont in the West assumed the authority to issue a proclamation emancipating the slaves of all non-Union men in Missouri; an act which delighted the abolitionists of the North but created consternation in the border states and added to the perplexities of the President. In order to save for the Union cause the border states of Maryland, Kentucky and Missouri the President had to revoke the proclamation of Fremont and suffer the thoughtless abuse of the abolitionists who even talked of impeachment. They saw only the immediate and moral issue of slavery rather than the ultimate political issue of Union—in their premature haste to free a few slaves they would have lost the whole cause both of freedom and of Union. Lincoln loved freedom as much as they but was more wise; nevertheless the patient President suffered much from the misunderstanding. His patience was never exhausted though terribly tried by the unjust criticism from many sources, by the piques and prides of new-made Generals who felt able to command armies though they could not command their own tempers; by the impertinent Buell who failed to

move into East Tennessee and stop the Confederate depredations against loyal citizens; and by the unappreciative McClellan who was too young to understand the President's fatherly solicitude, and who drilled and drilled but did not go forward to fight.

In the light of the troubles that the President had with embryo-Generals one can appreciate the narrative that a caller finding him pondering over some papers asked what he was doing and got the reply, "O nothing much—just making a few Generals." And once when a message bearer gravely told him that the enemy had captured a couple of Generals and some mules, he replied, "What a pity to lose all those mules."

Bull Run had made the people more cautious about crying "on to Richmond," and so all Washington took holidays and enjoyed going out to see McClellan's grand army manoeuvres—all except the President for whom there was to be no more joy—no more holidays. To a sympathetic friend he replied, "I want not sympathy for myself but success for our cause."

Again the wisdom of the President was tested and proved in the case of Mason and Slidell, the Confederate commissioners to Great Britain, whom a Federal warship had taken from a British mail packet. A British ultimatum demanded immediate restitution and apology, while public sentiment at home demanded that they be retained; but the President averted trouble with England by sending the commissioners on their way.

In the President's message to Congress, some

days later, he made no reference at all to this affair because he knew when to be silent as well as when to explain.

Evidence of the true greatness and the forgiveness of the President and that he put the cause far above any personal consideration is in the fact of his appointing Edwin M. Stanton Secretary of War, to succeed Cameron to whom he had given the post as Minister to Russia. Stanton was a Democrat, a friend of McClellan, and had never ceased to speak of Lincoln with that gross abuse with which he had greeted Lincoln the lawyer in the McCormick case at Cincinnati in 1859. But with all Stanton's injustice to Lincoln—his revilings and his insults—he accepted the cabinet place when Lincoln offered it to him. But if Stanton was truculent, a tyrant and a bully—infinitely more important—he was honest and strong in office and broke the ring of grafters who had been robbing the government, and did his work heroically. That was what the President wished. And Stanton soon learned as others learned that Lincoln was master of every situation. Lincoln's friends opposed the appointment of Stanton and reminded the President of how crudely Stanton had treated him at Cincinnati, but the President had no thought for himself or his own future. He was concerned only to get the men who could best serve the great cause.

Lincoln's peculiar fitness for the tremendous tribulations of the Presidency at that time is further proved by his experiences with the recalcitrant McClellan. The General had been

drilling and getting ready for six months,—both President and public desired action; but the General wished to become so fully prepared that an assured and decisive victory would end the war. The President was patient, persuasive, reasonable: the General was querulous, petty and sometimes actually insulting. The two differed as to their plans for advancing upon the Confederates. While the General assumed a contempt for the opinions of a civilian, time has shown that the President was wise.

Burdened as the great heart was with the weight of the nation, additional sorrows came into the White House when his two boys, Willie and Tad, fell ill with typhoid fever. By day and by night the grief-crazed father divided his time between watching the bedside of his boys and watching over the struggling nation. Though always religious in the deepest sense, the death of Willie seemed to strengthen his insight into the mysteries of the spiritual life. For awhile he seemed grief-crazed, and ever after, the great soul that had always been compassionate was even more tender in its broodings over all the people of the nation, both South and North, and in many beautiful instances he softened the severities of war.

During the early part of the war the North was not at all unanimous in its opposition to slavery, and could only be united in the purpose to save the Union; but slavery could not be ignored. From the Southern standpoint the war was caused by slavery, and even the Union generals were compelled to deal with fugitive slaves that came within their lines. Halleck

sent them out of camp; Buell and Hooker allowed their owners to come and take them; Butler held them as "contraband of war." As the war dragged on longer than the people had anticipated the abolition sentiment in the North grew until from press and pulpit there came adjurations to "free the slaves." The politicians told the President the "will of the people," and the preachers told him the "will of God"; but the great mind of the President held his own counsel, for he knew that the slave-holding but loyal border states presented a peculiar problem.

Early in 1862 he recommended to Congress the adoption of a joint resolution that the "United States co-operate with any state which may adopt gradual abolishment of slavery, giving to such state pecuniary aid." The resolution was adopted, but the border states would have nothing to do with the plan. Later General Hunter in proclaiming martial law over certain Southern territory, proclaimed "the persons in these states, heretofore held as slaves, forever free." The President revoked the order as he had revoked a similar action on the part of Fremont, adding firmly, "whether it be competent for me as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, to declare the slaves of any state or states free, and whether at any time, in any case, it shall have become a necessity of government to exercise such supposed power, are questions which, under my responsibility, I reserve to myself." And again he appealed to the people of the border states to adopt his plan of gradual compensated emancipation, proved

the wisdom of his plan by unanswerable logic, and showed that the cost of such compensation was much less than the cost of the probable prolongation of the war. The loyal slave-holders of the border states were not ready to give up their slaves.

Then the President began to contemplate emancipation, but kept his purposes to himself; kept his secret so well that even after he had determined upon emancipation and was being criticised for not taking that step he replied to his critics, "My paramount object is to save the Union and not either to save or destroy slavery." Horace Greeley retorted with abuse, indicating that Greeley was unable to see the wisdom of the President's policy—for those whose support was necessary to win the war were not yet ready for emancipation.

When preachers called to reveal to him, "the will of God" he replied, "If it is probable that God would reveal His will to others on a point so connected with my duty, it might be supposed He would reveal it directly to me."

All these months he had been at work with his slow but accurate thought, framing in secret the most momentous document in American history since the Declaration of Independence. He did this in the cipher-room of the War Department telegraph office, where he was accustomed to spend anxious hours waiting for news from the boys at the front, and also to seek what rest he could in thus hiding away from the never-ending stream of tormentors, office-seekers, politicians and emissaries of sage advice.

Emancipation was in his mind even while, for good reasons, he made no reference to it. He waited for the right time—waited for victory—waited in great patience and great anguish. And when he did first announce his purpose of emancipation it was to apply only to those "persons held as slaves within any state or designated part of a state the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States." Thus sparing the loyal border states holding slaves, and allowing a way of escape for others that should cease their rebellion. It was conservative but wise. On the one hand the radical abolitionists were not satisfied, and on the other hand the masses were not all ready to give him hearty support in it. But he said, "I must do the best I can and bear the responsibility of taking the course which I think I ought to take." It was thus this silent self-reliant man, without intimates, without supporting friends, bore almost alone on his resolute shoulders, the mighty weight of responsibility. Once more he urged upon Congress his old policy of gradual compensated emancipation. He plead:—"We say that we are for the Union. The world will not forget that we say this. We know how to save the Union. The world knows that we know how to save it. We—even we here—hold the power and bear the responsibility. In giving freedom to the slave we assure freedom to the free,—honorable alike in what we give and what we preserve. We shall nobly save or meanly LOSE THE LAST BEST HOPE OF EARTH. Other means may succeed, this cannot fail. The way is

peaceful; generous; just; a way which, if followed, the world will forever applaud and God must forever bless." But they would not, and the lonely man in the White House,—kind eyes more deeply sunken, bronze face more deeply furrowed, sad tones more deeply affected—went about his duties asking sympathy nor counsel of anyone.

On New Year's Day, 1863, after the great reception was over, he signed the final Proclamation of Emancipation. Though at home there was still ridicule and abuse, in England the effect of the Proclamation was significant; for there the laboring men were in dire distress because they could get no cotton for their mills; but these English laborers—hearing of the Emancipation Proclamation—felt that the cause of the Union was the cause of freedom and of labor—and though the wealthy mill-owners of England, who were not suffering would, some of them, gladly have destroyed the Union and perpetuated slavery to get cotton; the laborers—even while starving—brought pressure to bear upon the English government to prevent further aid to the Confederacy, heroically preferring starvation in the cause of freedom. Lincoln referred to these actions on the part of England's laborers as "an instance of Christian heroism which has not been surpassed in any age or any country." And later those English laborers built a monument to Lincoln on which they inscribed, "Lover of Humanity."

Everyone but Lincoln had lost patience with McClellan's overcautiousness and when he failed to follow Lee's retreat from Antietam,

Lincoln removed him and placed in command Burnside, whose defeat at Fredericksburg caused him to be replaced by Hooker, whose defeat at Chancellorsville caused him to be replaced by Meade, who disappointed the President in not following up the victory at Gettysburg.

July 4, 1863, Gettysburg and Vicksburg, decisive victories, coming together should have ended the war. The Confederates could not win after that, but still they fought on. On November 19, 1863, the National Cemetery at the battlefield of Gettysburg was dedicated; and after Edward Everett had delivered the formal oration of the occasion, Lincoln delivered the most notable short speech that has ever been delivered in the English language. A copy of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address is given in another volume of this series called "Speeches of Lincoln."

The tide has turned but much costly fighting is still necessary, first in East Tennessee, and later in Virginia, and also Sherman must fight his way into the very heart of the South and break its lines of communication before the resolute Confederates will yield.

In the West, Fort Henry, Fort Donelson, Pittsburgh Landing, and Vicksburg were the victories that made Grant known as the most successful Union general. The President advanced him to the rank of Lieutenant General, brought him East, placed him in command of all the armies, and gave him the task of beating Lee, taking Richmond and ending the war.

In the fall of 1864, notwithstanding some opposition, Lincoln was re-elected President. Again during this campaign, his attitude toward his critics and his opponents attested still further his true greatness, magnanimity and devotion to duty. Though he desired to be re-elected he would make no effort toward that end, but instead gave his entire energies to the work of saving the Union. Chase in the cabinet was an open candidate against his chief. Lincoln proved that he had no resentment by later appointing Chase as Chief Justice in the place of the aged Roger B. Taney who died. When friends told the President that he would surely be defeated for re-election if he approved another draft of soldiers, he replied that the cause did not require his re-election but did require more soldiers—and at once ordered a new draft for 500,000 additional men.

Lincoln breathed a most beautiful spirit of forgiveness in his Second Inaugural Address which is printed in full in the volume of this series, "Speeches of Lincoln."

In March, 1865, Grant sent a message saying that he was about to close in on Lee and end the war, and invited Lincoln to visit Grant's headquarters. And that is how it was that the President, being at Grant's headquarters, could enter Richmond the day after the Confederates retreated. So Lincoln, with his small son Tad and Admiral Porter, escorted by a little group of sailors, simply, on foot, entered the abandoned capital, not as one bringing the vengeance of a conqueror, but the love of a liberator. One of the great moments of all history

was when an aged negro, baring his white wool, made reverent obeisance to the President, and Lincoln in recognition took off his high hat.

He remained two days in Richmond discussing the plans for the restoration of federal authority, counseling kindness and forgiveness. "Let them down easy," he said to the military governor; "get them to plowing and gathering in their own little crops." Thus he was preparing to "bind up the nation's wounds," with a spiritual development so far beyond his contemporaries that they could not even understand him.

Then he went back to Washington where he heard of Lee's surrender, and two days later, to a large crowd at the White House, delivered a carefully prepared speech outlining his policy of reconstruction, such as he had already begun in Louisiana. Already he was being criticised for being "too kind to the rebels."

That was the last speech he ever made.

Little Tad said, "Father has never been happy since we came to Washington." His laughter had failed, he had aged rapidly, his shoulders were bent, dreadful dreams had haunted him and on the night of the 13th he had one which oppressed him. But the next day was the fourth anniversary of the evacuation of Fort Sumpter, —Good Friday, April 14. And at last he was happy, sharing with his people the joy that came with the end of the war.

He took a drive with Mrs. Lincoln and they planned for the future—they would save a little money and go back to Springfield and he

would practice law again. To his wife this unnatural joy was portentous—she remembered that he had been like this just before little Willie died. In the evening they went to Ford's Theatre. Stanton tried to dissuade them because the secret service had heard rumors of assassination. Because Stanton insisted on a guard Major Rathbone was along. At 9 o'clock the party entered the President's box —the President was very happy—at 10:20 a shot was heard—Major Rathbone sprang to grapple with the assassin and was slashed with a dagger. The assassin fell as he sprang from the box to the stage, where he brandished his bloody dagger, yelled with terrible theatricalism, "*sic semper tyrannis*," and stalking lamely from the platform disappeared in the darkness and rode away. The President was unconscious from the first, and as they bore him from the theatre a lodger from a house across the street said "Take him up to my room," where he lay unconscious until next morning when he ceased to breathe; and Stanton at his bedside said, "Now he belongs to the Ages."

Someone had recognized the assassin as John Wilkes Booth, an actor, a fanatic in the Southern cause. And in killing Lincoln he did his people of the South the greatest possible harm.

The North had been decorated with celebration of victory; now it was bowed and dazed with grief and rage. Those that had abused him and maligned him and opposed him now came to understand him as in a new light

they saw him transfigured by his great sacrifices.

They reverently folded the body in the flag and carried it first to the White House and then to the Capitol where it lay in state; and then they began that long journey back to Springfield over the very route he had come on his way to the Capital in 1861. Everywhere in cities and in towns great crowds gathered, heedless of night or rain or storm, and even as the train sped over the open country at night little groups of farmers could be seen by the roadside in the dim light watching for the train and waving their lanterns in a sad farewell.

Whatever anger and resentment the North may have felt, the weeping thousands who looked upon the face of Lincoln as it was borne homeward saw only forgiveness and peace.

But his beautiful dream of amnesty was not to be realized. Mutual forgiveness and reconciliation were ideals too high for many of his contemporaries at that time, and their spirit of revenge bore its inevitable fruit of injustice and bitterness in the days of reconstruction that followed. How different it might all have been had Lincoln continued to live. How his great influence would have helped in the solution of the nation's problems after the war. A besotted wretch snuffed out the most important life on earth that day.

Misguided men of his time ridiculed him because they were unable to comprehend his lofty ideals or see the practical wisdom of his

great purposes. They measured him by their own puny standards and in condemning him only condemned themselves. His sad life, his tragic death, his immortal glory are one with all the reformers, prophets and saviors of the world. As war scenes receded, as men's prejudices cooled, as the mighty issues were better understood, men came to see how truly great he was. He finished successfully the most important and most difficult task ever bequeathed to one mortal man in all history.

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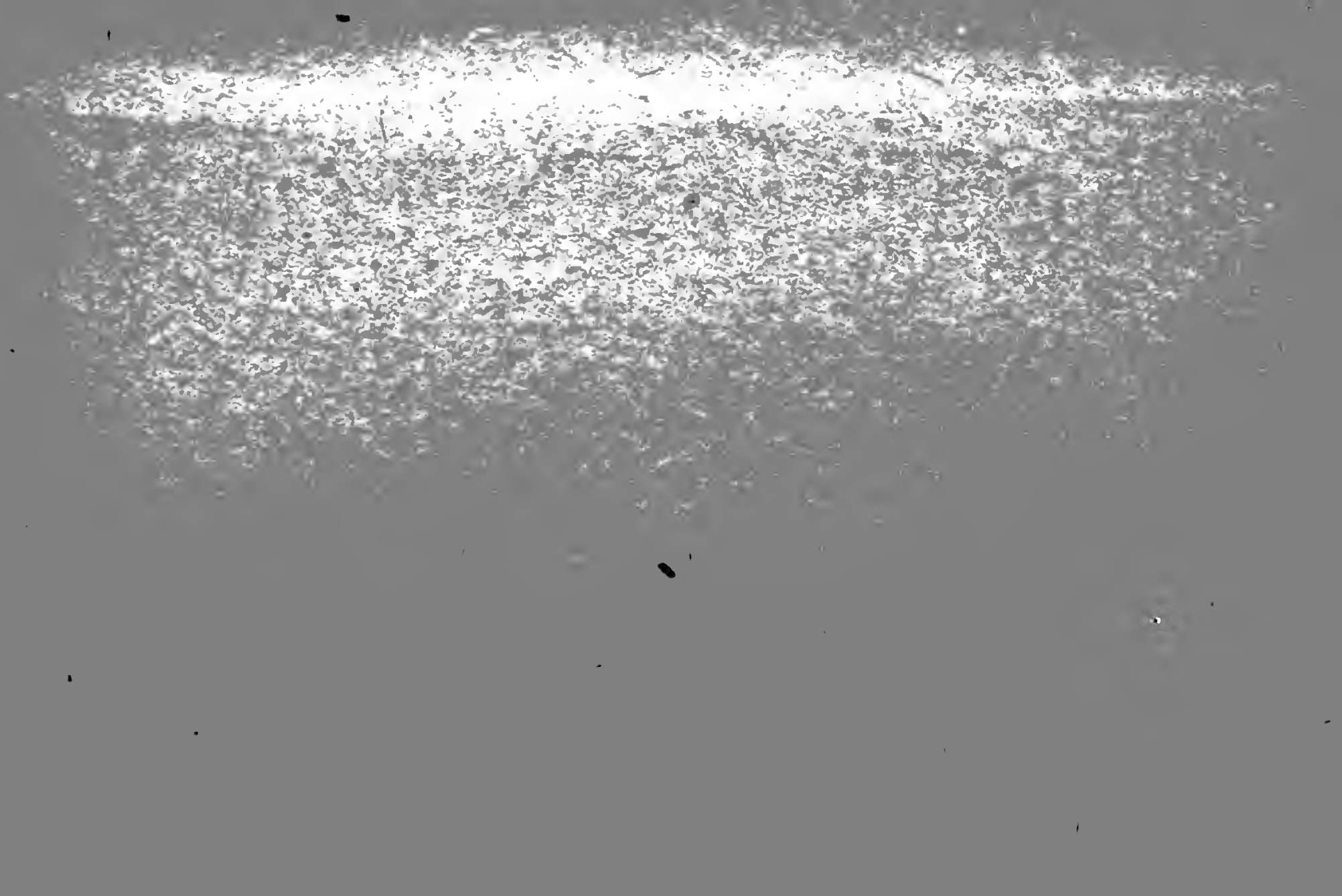

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King Œdipus

Sophocles

Translated from the Greek by
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KING ŒDIPUS.

CHARACTERS IN THE TRAGEDY:

ŒDIPUS: King of Thebes.

A PRIEST.

CREON: A member of the reigning family, afterwards himself King of Thebes.

CHORUS: A group of elderly Thebans.

TEIRESIAS: A famous seer who is blind.

Messenger from Corinth.

Messenger from the Palace.

A Herdsman.

JOCASTA: Mother and wife of Œdipus.

ANTIGONE: Daughter of Œdipus.

ISMENE: Daughter of Œdipus.

A Boy.

Suppliants at the altar of Apollo—retinue of Œdipus—attendants upon Jocasta—escort of Creon.

Scene: Before the palace of King Œdipus at Thebes.

Time: The heroic age of Greece prior to the siege of Troy.

KING ŒDIPUS.

ACT I.

The palace of Œdipus at Thebes stands quite in the background. It is an ambitious edifice of stone, with columns, adorned with a frieze, sculpturally embellished. A large door, now closed, affords entrance into the palace. There are likewise two smaller doors. All are impressive because of the broad steps leading up to them.

An imposing altar stands well to the front of the scene.

The high priest of Jupiter or Zeus enters slowly from the right. His retinue is made up of some small boys. Their hair is wreathed in fillets and their garb is the tunic over which a cloak is thrown. All bear olive branches to which flakes of wool are affixed. The procession comes next in order—youths, elders and last of all the extremely aged, everybody garbed in white and bearing olive branches. They wend their way past the palace and to the altar, on the steps of which they seat themselves, having deposited the branches in a mass.

The palace doors are thrown open and the attendants and ministers of the court appear. The high priest of Zeus stands up, an impressive figure on the altar in his elaborate robes. The attendants from within the palace stand outside its doors in deferential attitude.

Œdipus makes his appearance from the central door. He is a man in the vigor of manhood, vestured in flowing purple and red, decorated with gold. He wears a crown and carries a sceptre. There is a moment of profound silence before Œdipus begins to speak.

ŒDIPUS

Oh, children, modern offspring of ancient Cadmus, why hasten you before me to these seats with suppliant branches crowned? The city is filled with incense as well as with prayers and groans. And I, deeming it best and right not to hear you, children, through messengers or ambassadors, have come myself here—I deemed glorious Œdipus by all. (*A pause.*) But speak, venerable man, for you are grown fit to speak for these people, with what disposition have you sat down here—fearing or longing? I am willing to help in everything. I would be unfeeling indeed not to feel compassion for this seated throng.

Priest. Oh, Œdipus, ruling my country, you see us pressed forward to your altars—all ages here, some by no means yet strong enough to fly far, some weighted with the years, priests (I of Jupiter), and some the choicest unwed youths. The remainder of the populace, sit crowned with suppliant boughs in the public square before the twin temples of Minerva where the waters of Ismenus mingle with prophetic embers. The city, as indeed you may see for yourself, is much shaken and scarcely lifts its head from the depths of the dire surge. The earth is dying in the unripened buds of the fruit, dying in the herds of cattle, dying through the children and through the barrenness of women. The fire-bearing god, in form of a hateful plague, has rushed down upon the city. The house of Cadmus is devastated but sorrowful Hades is enriched with groans and lamentations. I do not deem you equal to the gods nor do these youths seated here around me, but in the woes of life and in the vicissitudes divinely sent we judge you to be first among men—he who, coming to

the city of Cadmus, delivered us from the tribute we yielded to the cruel singer. (*An allusion to the riddle of the Sphinx which Œdipus solved for the Thebans.*) And regarding these things you got no knowledge from us and were not taught a thing but with the help of a divinity it is said and believed that you re-established our life for us. And now, supreme Œdipus, most powerful of all, we, everyone in petition here entreat you to find a remedy for us, whether you hear of it in a message from the gods or learn it from a man. From the experienced and those who have lived through vicissitudes I anticipate the best of counsel. Come, oh, best of men, restore our city! Live up to your fame! This land hails you as its savior for your foresight in the past. Let us not have to remember of your sway that we were set first upon our feet and later fell. Restore the city once for all. You brought us luck like a bird of good omen then and now be equal to the past performance. For if you are to rule the land, as you are its sovereign, it is better to hold sway over living men than over a void. For neither tower nor ship is anything if it be destitute of men within.

Œdipus. Oh, pitiable children, known, not unknown to me is the hope in which you have come longingly before me. Well did I know already that you were all ill. Yet while you suffer there is not one among you who suffers as I do. The pain of every one of you comes to himself for him alone to feel and not another. My soul grieves for the city, for myself and for you all together. Thus you do not rouse me from sweet sleep. You should know that I have shed tears for many things and traveled many paths in a labyrinth of thought. After much keen looking, I have found one cure only and that I

have wrought. The son of Menœceus, my own brother-in-law Creon, I have despatched to the Pythian abode of Apollo that he might learn how we may save the city either by doing something or voicing something. And this day, considering the time that has passed, causes me anxiety as to what he is doing. He is absent beyond the due time. When he arrives, I would be evil indeed if I did not do all that the god makes plain. (*Interested gestures on the part of some of the youths seated on the steps of the altar suggest the approach of a newcomer.*)

Priest. You speak well to the point. They have just been signalling to me that Creon is coming here.

Œdipus. Oh, king Apollo, may the luck he brings be as good as his eye is bright!

Priest. He looks favorable, at any rate! Otherwise he would not be stepping this way having a head crowned plenteously with the fruitful laurel.

Œdipus. Soon shall we learn. He is within earshot. Oh, Prince, my kinsman, son of Menœceus! Bringing what tidings from the god have you come to us? (*Creon enters, slightly breathless and revealing his excitement in his gestures. He is a tall, fine looking man of mature years, vigorous and conscious of his rank and importance. The wreath upon his brows has conspicuous berries in its leaves, a favorable sign. He wears a short tunic of yellowish tint over which a bright cloak hangs easily.*)

Creon. A lucky omen! I will even say that things difficult to bear will all end in good fortune if they happen to be rightly managed.

Œdipus. What is the message like? I am neither encouraged nor intimidated by such tidings.

Creon. If you must hear while these (*indicat-*

ing the throng) are present, I am ready to speak or else to walk inside.

Œdipus. Speak to all. For them I bear more of sorrow than for the sake of my own soul.

Creon. Let me tell what things I heard while at the abode of the god. King Apollo openly bids us expel the pollution from the country, for it is a thing actually nourished in this soil—we must drive it out and not foster the incurable.

Œdipus. With what purge? What is the nature of the affliction?

Creon. A man must be exiled. Otherwise slaughter will be repaid with slaughter for that blood which curses the city.

Œdipus. For what man does he thus proclaim misfortune?

Creon. We had, oh King, Laius for ruler of this land before you administered our state.

Œdipus. That I know from hearsay. I never saw him.

Creon. He being dead, we are plainly enjoined to execute vengeance upon his murderers.

Œdipus. In what land are they? Where there shall we find the worn trace of this old guilt?

Creon. In this very land, it is said. That which is sought is secured. What we do not look out for, gets away from us.

Œdipus. Was it while at home or while he walked the fields or while he was abroad that Laius fell victim to this murder?

Creon. I was told that it happened while he was away to consult the god, but on the way back home, to which he never returned, although he started.

Œdipus. Was there no messenger or no fellow voyager on the road from whom information might have been gained and used?

Creon. They are dead, except one who, flying

in fear, can tell with certainty but one of all the things he saw.

Œdipus. What thing was it? One thing might show us how to find out many if we could get but a little beginning of hope.

Creon. He said robbers met and slew him—not one but in the might of many hands.

Œdipus. How dared the robber go to such a length of boldness if something was not done with money here?

Creon. That was thought of. Laius having been slain, no rescuer appeared to us in our woes, none to avenge him.

Œdipus. Such an ill having befallen the king in that fashion, what prevented a discovery of everything?

Creon. The subtle Sphinx kept us from seeing what lay at our feet in order that we might be the more intent on what was made to seem obscure to us.

Œdipus. I will myself make all things plain from the beginning. Quite rightly has Apollo and rightly have you bestowed this glance backward upon the dead. It is but right that you should behold an ally in me, avenging the land and the god at the same time. Not merely for the sake of remote friends, but in my own behalf I will put an end to this evil. Whoever it was that slew might yet wish to strike at me with the same hand. In avenging the victim I therefore really help myself.—But arise from these steps, my sons, as quickly as possible and remove these suppliant branches some of you, while others assemble the Theban populace here. For I am undertaking everything. We shall be happy with the god or we shall perish.

Priest. Oh, children, arise! For the sake of the very things he promises we came here. Oh, that Apollo, who despatched these oracles

hither to us, may arrive as our deliverer and end the plague!

Œdipus walks within the palace followed by Creon and the attendants upon the King, who close the doors. The Priest and the suppliant youths go off in a slow procession.

The elders of Thebes, venerable men of the city, forming what is known in Greek tragedy as the Chorus, now enter on the right. They are clad in somewhat long robes, reaching to the feet, over which are cloaks worn in the gracefully negligent Theban fashion. All proceed to the altar.

Chorus. (*We are to assume, although it is by no means certain, that the Theban old gentlemen making up the so-called chorus have by this time entered the place called in the ancient Greek theatre "orchestra." The old gentlemen do not speak in chorus throughout—the modern word "chorus" being misleading as to this—but in alternate groups, and one of them may carry on a conversation with a leading character.*) Oh, honey-worded oracle of Jupiter, why have you left Pytho, the rich in gold, and come to flashing Thebes? I am all suspense, shaking my timid soul in fear, oh, Delian physician Apollo! What fresh crisis do you destine for me, standing in awe of you, or what old woe to return with the encircling years? Speak to me, oh, child of golden hope, thou divine voice of Fame! First I call on you, daughter of Jove, divine Minerva, and upon your sister, the guardian of the land, Diana, the chaste, sitting on the round throne of the market place, and upon far-darting Apollo. Oh, three times a foiler of fate, appear to me if ever before on account of some impending curse you rushed to the city to banish with a nod the fire of plague and come again now!

Alas!
I bear countless woes. The whole people are sick on my hands nor does counsel bring a means by which help is rendered. Neither the offspring of the glorious land increases nor with the birth of children do the women sustain their shrieking agonies. You may see one well-winged bird after another, more powerful than irresistible fire, making for the shore of the evening god. The innumerable host of these is destroying the city. A remorseless, death-bearing breed lies on the plain unmourned. Among them are wives with gray-headed mothers at the foot of the altar and elsewhere other suppliants groan for pitiful woes. The healer is entreated and the voice of pain is heard at the same time.

Wherefore, oh, golden and fine-faced daughter of Jove, send us a healing!

And the fiery Mars, he who is now unbrazen in shield, yet sets me afire with loud cries, may he run backward from our land, either driven by a mighty wind to the vast depths of Amphitrite or to the hostile Thracian harborless tide. In the end, if night deserts us, all will come to pass in the daytime. Oh, ruler of the lightning bolt amid the fire-bearing groves, oh father Jove, destroy him beneath your thunder!

Lycian king, Apollo, how I wish your arrows, showered from your bow bent with its golden string, were sent as unconquerable auxiliaries of ours, as well as the fire-bearing flashes of Diana, with which she races among the Lycian mountains. I invoke him of the golden snood, him who is named for this land, Wine—visaged Bacchus, the god hailed with shouts of "evoe," the intimate of the Bacchantes, to approach as an ally with burning and bright flamed torch against the deity the gods despise.

ACT II

Œdipus enters from the main door of his palace at Thebes. He is unattended. This division of the play into acts corresponds to the "episodic" suggestions in the original. It indicates no interruption of the action although the play was written by Sophocles in what we would now call a series of "acts." The Theban elders forming the chorus stand in attitudes of silent expectation. They had barely finished the lines with which the chorus ended when Œdipus appeared in obvious agitation, exercising a control over his gestures and his features, which renders his words doubly impressive.

Œdipus. (*He addresses one individual in the chorus, who carries on the dialogue.*) You are asking. The thing you ask for, a healing of the plague, you shall have if you will listen to my word and, having heard it, receive it with a lightening of your woes. I will say that I am a stranger in this affair and a stranger to the deed. Hence I could not trace it far myself, not having a record or a key. Now—and I will make the least citizen among the citizens heed —let me say this to you and to all Thebans.

Whoever of you saw Laius, the son of Labdacus, slain by any man, I command him to reveal everything to me.

If he be afraid, I myself will purge him of the offense. He will suffer nothing severe except that he must certainly leave the country. If anyone else knows the murderer to be in or of any other country, let him not keep silent. I myself will bestow the reward and there will be favor into the bargain.

If yet you remain silent and if anyone from fear for some friend or on his own account disregards my word, it behooves all to hear me.

Of the man himself, I say this, whoever he is in this country; (the country of which I am the ruler and which I administer) let no one give him hospitality or speak to him nor join with him in prayers to the gods nor in sacrifice associate with him nor even use the same wash basin. Let all repel him from their doors, as a plague to all of us, as the Pythian god Apollo has just declared oracularly to me. Thus will I prove an ally to the spirit of the dead man.

And I pray that the guilty, whether it be but one who did the deed secretly or whether there were many together, may spend an accursed life, an evil man living evilly. And I pray, if he should be on my own hearth or in my own home as my associate, that I myself may suffer the things I have just declared. I recommend you to fulfill these things for my own sake and for the sake of the god and for the sake of the land thus perishing godless and fruitless.

Even were this thing not of divine origin, it would ill become you to tolerate the pollution thus unpurified—the slaughter of the best of men and kings—but to seek it out and end it. So I take the matter in hand myself, having the ruling power which he had before me, and having his wife and his home. We would even have children to share on both sides if his offspring had not come to grief—if any were actually born—and now it has pleased fortune to bestow his power upon me.

Hence I will do these things just as if he had been my father, and fight for his cause and arrive at my goal in this quest of the slayer of the son of Labdacus, son of Polydorus, who was son of Cadmus who came before him, son of Agenor.

As for all who will not do these things I bid, I pray the gods to send them no crop when they plow the land and no children from their

wives, and to such a doom wasting them away to add something yet worse. To you and to the rest of the Thebans to whom these words of mine are pleasing, may Justice herself be an ally and all the gods generally be with you forever.

Chorus. (*One individual among the aged men of Thebes talks with Oedipus.*) I will speak, oh, King, as if you held me bound with a curse. I am not he who slew nor can I point out the slayer. Whoever may have done the deed, it is the business of the bestowing Apollo to answer the question.

Œdipus. You have spoken truly. But to force the gods to do what they do not wish—that is a thing no man is strong enough to do.

Chorus. Regarding a second point, I would like to say something that seems proper to me.

Œdipus. If there be yet a third point, don't omit to put it into words.

Chorus. In seeing through a matter of this sort, I think Teiresias more like Apollo than one king is like another. By investigating this thing with his aid, oh, King, you will find out certainly all about it or at any rate with most prospect of success.

Œdipus. Even this detail is not neglected. I have attended to it. At the suggestion of Creon, I even despatched a double escort. It is strange that he is so long in appearing.

Chorus. As for the other points, they have long since been involved in vague words.

Œdipus. To what purport? I would like the whole tale.

Chorus. He was said to have been put to death by someone on the road.

Œdipus. That I heard, too. Nobody knows who witnessed it—none sees the man who saw the deed.

Chorus. But if he has his due share of fear,

he will not stay in town after hearing your curses.

Œdipus. He who did not shrink from the deed will not fear a word.

Chorus. (*Indicating the approach of a new arrival on the scene.*) Here is the one who can point him out. Here they are leading in the sacred prophet in whom alone among men the truth was implanted.

Teiresias enters, led by a boy. Teiresias, the seer, is an old man with a long white beard. He is vestured from head to foot in white and he leans upan a staff. The boy wears a bright-colored cloak. Both have sandals. The escort stand a little apart from the pair. Teiresias is led straight to Œdipus from whom he is at last separated by a slight interval.

Œdipus. Teiresias, you who study everything, those things which are taught and those which must not be even told, things heavenly and things mortal, you know what a plague is in the city, even if you can not see. In you, oh, seer, we find our only savior and protector from this woe. Indeed, Apollo—if you have not heard it already from the messengers—told us in reply to our embassy that the only deliverance that can come from this evil consists in our slaying the slayers of Laius when we discover who they were, unless we expel them from the country. Do not be sparing either of the omens afforded by birds or of any other means of prophetic insight. Protect yourself and the city. Protect me. Save all from the contagion of the dead. We are in your hands. The sweetest of labors is that of helping our fellowmen with what we have or however we are able.

Teiresias (*his expression is keen despite his blindness*). Ah! how terrible it is to know when knowledge is unavailing! These things

I willingly dropped from my memory. Otherwise I should not have come here.

Œdipus. What is that? You came reluctantly?

Teiresias. Allow me to return home. It is best for you to bear your burdens while I bear mine—if you will be persuaded by me.

Œdipus. You do not speak lawfully nor do you show love for this city, which bore you, when you thus deprive it of the use of your prophetic gift.

Teiresias. I do not see that you are lifting up your voice in time and I do not want to endure the effects of the same tardiness.

Œdipus. In the name of the gods, do not turn us off, since you know about this matter and since we are all as suppliants at your feet!

Teiresias. You are all uninformed. I did not when it was timely reveal my own woes then, to say nothing of your own now.

Œdipus. What do you say? Having the information, you will not tell anything but will betray us all and devastate the city?

Teiresias. I will give pain neither to you nor to myself. Why do you ask questions about these things? You will learn nothing from me.

Œdipus. Vilest of the vile, you would vex the heart of a stone! Will you never speak out but forever seem thus untouched and indisposed to make an end of this matter?

Teiresias. You condemn my anger but you do not detect the fury dwelling within you as you find fault with me.

Œdipus. Who would not be furious at having to listen to such words as those with which you now dishonor this city?

Teiresias. Things will come around though I go home in silence.

Œdipus. These things will not come of themselves and therefore you ought to tell me.

Teiresias. I do not want to talk further. If

you like to do so on that account, your soul may explode into its most violent rage.

Œdipus. My anger is such that I will omit nothing of what I understand. Know then that it seems to me you conspired in the deed and did it except as regards the actual slaughter with your own hands. If you saw I would even say that the deed was yours alone.

Teiresias. Really? I bid you stand by the proclamation you have made and from this day forth speak neither to these people nor to me for you are the unholy polluter of this soil.

Œdipus. How shamelessly you have burst into all this speech! And where do you think you will find a refuge by fleeing?

Teiresias. I have a refuge. I am strong enough to support the truth.

Œdipus. Who taught you? Not your prophetic gift?

Teiresias. It was yourself. You provoked me into speech although I was not willing.

Œdipus. With what word? Say it again that I may be the better informed.

Teiresias. Did you not understand me before? Are you luring me into speech?

Œdipus. Not to have you tell what is known already. But speak again.

Teiresias I say you are the murderer of the man whose murderer you are looking for.

Œdipus. You will not speak words so woful a second time with impunity.

Teiresias. Shall I say something else that you may rage the more?

Œdipus. As much as you like—it will be said in vain.

Teiresias. I say you do not know that you live now shamefully with those who are dearest to you, that you do not see the evil you are in.

Œdipus. Do you expect always to be able to say that without paying a penalty?

Teiresias. If there be any power in the truth —I do.

Œdipus. There is power in it for all but you and it is not so for you because you are blind in your mind and in your ears as well as in your eyes.

Teiresias. You are foolish to heap scorn on the things for which all here will soon be heaping scorn on you.

Œdipus. You dwell in one unbroken night and hence you could injure neither me nor anyone else who can see.

Teiresias. It is not your destiny to fall by my hand since Apollo is strong enough and it is his affair.

Œdipus. Are these inventions your own or Creon's?

Teiresias. Creon is no source of woe to you but you are to yourself.

Œdipus. Oh, wealth and power and art of art supporting the life that is most admired, how much envy you store up! For the sake of this power which the city gave unasked into my hands, the faithful Creon—friend from the first—longs to expel me by coming upon me in stealth. He has prevailed with this ingenious magician, a wily priest, who can see only his own gain but in his true art was born blind. (*He turns fiercely upon Teiresias.*) But tell me where did you ever show yourself a wise prophet? Why did you not, when that watchful rhapsodist, the Sphinx, was here, say something to the citizens as their means of emancipation? Indeed, the riddle was not one for the casual man to find an answer. There was need of a seer. You did not appear to be one either with the birds or from knowledge gained through the gods. But I, arriving, the unknow-

ing Œdipus, put an end to the Sphinx, using my common sense and learning nothing from birds. He it is whom you now seek to expel, thinking you will be able to stand close to the throne of Creon. You will yet weep, it seems to me, for thinking to rid the land of pollution in this way—you and the one who devised this with you. If you did not seem to be such an old man you would learn by suffering the sort of thing you meditate.

Chorus. It seems to us that these words are spoken in anger and your own likewise, Œdipus. It is not necessary to look into that but how the prophecy of the god may most accurately be interpreted.

Teiresias. Even if you are a king, we must be on the same plane as regards the privilege of retort. In this respect I too am sovereign. I do not live a servant to you but to Apollo. Nor am I inscribed or registered as one under Creon's protection. I will therefore speak, since you reproach me with being a blind man. You, indeed, have eyes but you can not see the evil in which you dwell nor how you live nor those with whom you make your home. Do you really know your own origin? Unsuspected by yourself, you have become the enemy of your people in the shades below and upon the earth above. The twofold scourge of the frightful curse of your father and your mother will yet drive you from this land. Although you see now, then you will be in darkness. Where shall the haven of your lament not be? What slope of Cithaeron is not to echo it speedily when you understand the marriage through which, having had a fair voyage, you though shelterless, entered a home! A multitude of other evils you do not yet feel though they will yet bring you down with your children. Because of these things you heap insult upon Creon and upon my words. Yet there is not

among mortals any who will be cast forth more wretchedly than yourself.

Œdipus. Must these things thus said by this man be endured? Is he not to be sent to execution? And quickly, too? Will you not turn your back upon these doors and go?

Teiresias. I would not have come if you had not summoned me.

Œdipus. I did not know that you would speak mad things or it would have been a long time before ever I brought you to my home.

Teiresias. I was born, as it appears to you, a lunatic but to the parents who were the authors of your existence I seemed sane.

Œdipus. What? Stay! Who among mortals begot me?

Teiresias. Life begot you and will destroy you!

Œdipus. How enigmatically and foolishly you put everything!

Teiresias. And are you not the best endowed to find out what such things mean?

Œdipus. Heap scorn upon me for the very thing in which you find me superior.

Teiresias. It was that very circumstance that destroyed you.

Œdipus. Yet if I save this city I do not care.

Teiresias. I'm going now. You, boy (*speaking to the lad*) lead me.

Œdipus. Take him! When you are here you make trouble and are in the way. When you are gone you can cause no further annoyance.

Teiresias. I'm going, having said the things for which I came and not because I am frightened by your looks. You are not the one to destroy me, I tell you! This very man whom you sought with threats, proclaiming the killing of Laius, is right here now, a stranger come to dwell here, although by birth he will

be found a Theban—without any joy in that circumstance. Changed from a man who can see into a man who is blind, poor instead of being rich, he will go forth into a strange land feeling his way with a stick. He shall appear to his children, with whom he now lives, their brother as well as their father, while to the woman who gave him birth he will prove a son as well as a husband, his father's flesh and blood as well as his father's murderer! Go inside and ponder these things. If you detect what is false in them, say then that I am a seer without understanding! (*Teiresias is led off by the boy, both in a state of extreme agitation. The escort who brought Teiresias in march off with the blind seer. The fifteen old men of Thebes who form the chorus manifest their agitation in more subdued fashion. When Teiresias has disappeared from view, Œdipus, whose rage and dismay are most obvious, retires slowly within the central door of his palace.*)

ACT III.

The scene is still laid in front of the palace of Thebes. The elders who form the chorus are in solitary possession of the stage. They have had a brief interval in which to recover their composure. We are now at the beginning of what is known technically as the first "stasimon," a name for a song sung usually while the chorus are at their station in the orchestra. A stasimon has a characteristic measure and will here be followed by an "episode." The episode corresponds somewhat roughly to a modern "act." The word episode as used in Greek tragedy means "entrance."

Chorus. Who may he be of whom the oracle-speaking Delphian rock says he accomplished deeds unspeakable with murderous hands?

The hour has come for him to set his pace for flight swifter than that of horses in a storm.

Armed with fire and lightning flash, the son of Jove darts after in pursuit, and with him are the unavoidable woes.

There flashed from snow-clad Parnassus the command newly made known that all should track the hidden man.

He wanders through the forest wilds and through the caves and over the rocks like a bull, heavy-hearted and heavy-footed in solitude, keeping aloof from the oracular rock of the earth's centre. (*The poetical thought is that this oracle was thus geographically situated.*)

For all living things fly about it ever. (*We must all consult an oracle at last, the chorus seems to suggest.*)

Terrible things, terrible, indeed, are set in motion by the wise interpreter of bird omens some intelligible and some incredible. What I am to say I can not think. I am beset with anticipations although looking neither forward nor backward.

What could possibly have occasioned conflict between the family of Labdacus and the offspring of Polybus I never ascertained either in time past or in the present. There is nothing for the sake of which I could impeach the public character of Œdipus or help the Labdacians in clearing up the mystery of the death.

But Zeus and Apollo are keen and they understand human affairs. The judgment of him who as a prophet is estimated more highly than myself is not necessarily true. In wisdom a man may go beyond wisdom (*be too sophisticated*).

Yet never will I, until I have valid evidence, join in condemnation.

The Sphinx, that winged maid, went openly

against him once and he was seen to be a wise man by actual demonstration.

Never through any judgment of mine shall evil be ascribed to him.

Creon, clad in bright garments that contrast markedly with his attire hitherto, comes in haste upon the scene from the right. He proceeds in agitation to the centre of the stage and gazes anxiously at the group of old men forming the chorus.

Creon. Townsmen, having learned that King Œdipus condemns me with terrible words, I have come here in haste. If he considers that in this crisis he is the victim of my words or deeds, then, in case I were deserving of such condemnation, I should not care to have a long life. Blame of this kind is not a simple matter for me to bear but the greatest of burdens, for if I am an evil doer to the city, I must be deemed an evil doer to you and to my friends.

Chorus. But this insulting language resulted from vehemence of temper rather than mature deliberation of mind.

Creon. The charge appeared to be that the seer spoke falsely because he was persuaded by my arguments.

Chorus. He did say those things but I do not know for what reason.

Creon. With a normal expression and a right mind he charged this guilt upon me?

Chorus. I do not know. Things done by rulers I do not comprehend. But here he is coming out of his house himself. (*Œdipus emerges from the palace door in the center, which has been swung back by two attendants, who wait. Œdipus is now attired in a flowing silken robe thrown carelessly over his shoulders and trailing the ground as he paces some-*

what heavily and wearily. He has sustained a mental shock and he halts mournfully at the edge of the steps in front of the palace.)

Œdipus (*after a long stare at Creon*). You —how did you come here? Are you so bold-faced that you dare to come to my very home —you who must manifestly be the slayer of that man—you who are plainly the usurper of my authority? Tell me in the name of the gods do you see something sinister or silly in me that you think you can do such things? Did you think I could not detect this stealthy craft of yours overwhelming me or that I could not help myself if I did detect it? Now, is not your undertaking a mad one, to seek without friends and without the multitude that sovereignty which can be obtained only with the aid of money and the mob?

Creon. (*Ironically.*) You know how it is done. In reply to what you have said will you now try to be a listener and pass judgment when you are informed?

Œdipus. You are terrible in talk and I am poor at learning from you. I have found you disagreeable and oppressive.

Creon. First hear what I have now to tell of this thing.

Œdipus. Don't tell me in regard to this thing that you are not in fault.

Creon. If you think obstinacy without intelligence is a good thing, you do not understand.

Œdipus. If you think you can wrong a man who is related to you and not be brought to justice, you do not understand either.

Creon. I grant that this is well said. But let me know the nature of the ill you are suffering from.

Œdipus. Did you urge or did you not urge

that it was necessary for me to send for that holy man?

Creon. I am of that opinion still.

Œdipus. How long a time has passed since Laius?

Creon. Since he did what? I don't quite understand?

Œdipus. He passed away unseen through a deed of violence.

Creon. The date to be learned would be an old one and the time that has passed long.

Œdipus. Was this seer then practicing his art?

Creon. As wise and as esteemed as he is now.

Œdipus. Did he refer to me at all in those days?

Creon. Not while I was standing by.

Œdipus. Did you have no investigation into the death?

Creon. We did—how could we have neglected one? We heard nothing.

Œdipus. How came it that this seer did not say these things then?

Creon. I don't know. When I do not understand a thing I like to keep silence regarding it.

Œdipus. Something you know and could tell if you were well disposed.

Creon. What? I shall not deny it if I know it.

Œdipus. For what reason, if he did not consult you, did he never mention my killing of Laius?

Creon. You know whether he is saying that. I have a right to learn from you the very things you asked just now of me.

Œdipus. Find out everything. I shall never be caught in murder.

Creon. Indeed? Have you not married my sister?

Œdipus. [*Ironically*]. There is no denying what you say.

Creon. You rule this country with her—on equal terms?

Œdipus. She goes along with me willingly in everything.

Creon. And am I not as a third party the equal of you two?

Œdipus. In that capacity you seem to be a poor friend.

Creon. Not if you were frank with yourself, like me. But first consider this. Do you think anyone would seize a sovereignty he would hold in fear rather than sleep unterrified with the same degree of power? I was not born desirous of being a king rather than to act like a king—nor was anyone else who understands what wisdom is. Today I have all things from you without fear. If I were ruler myself, I would be doing many things unwillingly. How could I possibly find it sweeter to be king than to have sovereignty and power without their responsibility? I am not of such bad faith as to long for anything else than the things that are good while gainful. Now I am glad to meet everybody, now everybody hails me, now those who have business with you greet me graciously, seek my intercession. Their good fortune is assured by that means. How would I receive them if I gave up all these things? A man does not become evil while he thinks of the good. For I am no lover of this sophistication and I would not presume to be guilty of it with another. For the evidence of this seek out the Pythian oracle and ask if I have reported it accurately to you. If, again, you think I have planned something in common with this seer, do not find me guilty by one vote but by two—your own and mine. Do not find me guilty

without an open mind. It is not just either to stigmatize the good as evil or to consider the wicked good. To reject a good friend seems to me like putting an end to one's own life which is even dearer. However, in due time you will know this with certainty. Time alone reveals the good man. You may detect the bad one in a day.

Chorus. He has spoken brilliantly, oh King, to one on guard lest he err. Those who are swift to judge are not safe.

Œdipus. When the alert conspirator is stealing towards me, I, too, must be quick to plan retaliation. If I wait for him passively, his purposes will be accomplished and mine will have failed.

Creon. What do you wish? To exile me from the land?

Œdipus. By no means. I would put you to death, not banish you. [*The text is in disorder here*]. I would like to show what malice is by making an example. [*A line seems to have dropped out of the original text at this point*].

Creon. You speak as disposed neither to make concessions nor to give credit for good faith. You don't seem to be in your right mind.

Œdipus. I can do my own thinking about my own affairs.

Creon. You should do the same about mine.

Œdipus. You are evil by nature.

Creon. You don't understand.

Œdipus. The voice of authority must be heeded.

Creon. Not when authority is wrong.

Œdipus. Oh, my city, my city!

Creon. This is my city as well as yours.

Chorus. Stop, oh, rulers! It is time you did! I see Jocasta stepping from the doors. This present quarrel should be composed with her aid.

Œdipus and Creon, thus warned, desist from their debate and glance backward towards the door at the right of the main portal of the palace. The female attendants have opened a door and are now ranged outside it respectfully as Jocasta herself emerges. Jocasta is a well proportioned woman in somewhat advanced years but of extreme distinction of aspect and deportment. She is so well preserved that no suggestion of excessive age is in her features or in her pace as she thrusts from her bosom the folds of a yellow silken robe and reveals an under vestment trimmed in silver. On her feet are white sandals and on her head is a coronet. One of her arms, bared by her gesture, is adorned with bracelets and around her neck is a string of gems. Jocasta stands for a moment a little in front of her attendant maidens. There is a silence.

Jocasta. [*Emerging from the shock occasioned her most obviously by the violence of the scene she has interrupted*]. Unhappy men, why have you provoked this senseless medley of tongues? Are you not disgraced to cause evils on your account when the land is thus plagued? Why do you not go into the house? [*This question is addressed to Œdipus and then she turns to Creon*]. And you, Creon, go inside and do not swell a trifling pain into a great one.

Creon. Sister, your husband Œdipus threatens me with one of two evils—either to exile me from the land or to seize me and slay me.

Œdipus. I admit it. I have caught him in the very act of injuring me bodily with his evil arts.

Creon. May I never be blessed but cursed if ever I did a thing of all he accuses me of.

Jocasta. In the name of the gods, Œdipus, believe it! Respect an oath sworn by the gods as well as myself and those who are near to you.

Chorus. I implore you, oh King, to be persuaded, to reflect to yield.

Œdipus. What do you want me to do?

Chorus. Heed him who did no folly in the past and who is now bound by a great oath.

Œdipus. Do you know what you ask?

Chorus. I know.

Œdipus. Say what you mean.

Chorus. Heap no dishonor upon an oath-bound friend by accusing him with a light word.

Œdipus. Understand thoroughly that in asking this you seek my destruction or my exile.

Chorus. By that sun-god who is brighter than all the other gods—never! May I die godless, friendless and in the last extremity if I have that thought! But to wretched me the wasting land weighs heavily upon the soul if to the familiar ills are joined those that you two endure.

Œdipus. Let him go even if I must utterly perish or be thrust forth from this land dishonored. It is your mourning voice I heed, not his. This fellow, wherever he goes, will be hated.

Creon. It is you who are hateful even when you yield but dreadful when you go to an extreme in your anger. Those who have such temperaments are rightly compelled to bear the most painful things.

Œdipus. Will you let me alone and depart?

Creon. I will take my leave and set out—inglorious to you but to these [*indicating the chorus*] as glorious as ever.

Creon takes his departure in violent agitation, Jocasta gazing after him but not otherwise showing a trace of anxiety. In another moment, the chorus rouse her from her preoccupation with her own feelings by directly addressing her.

Chorus. Madame, will you not go with him inside?

Jocasta. [*Starting from her reverie*]. When I have learned about this affair.

Chorus. There came a fantasy of words between them and that which is unjust rankles.

Jocasta. Were both equally involved?

Chorus. Yes, indeed.

Jocasta. What was the dispute?

Chorus. Enough! It seems to me enough when the land is bowed down in woe to let the subject rest where it was dropped.

Œdipus. See to what you have come, good man, as you are in intention, by disregarding and moderating the wish of my heart!

Chorus. Oh king—and I have said it not once only—know that I must be beside myself. I would seem to myself destitute of understanding, if I separated myself from you who gave my dear country, raving in its distresses, the right direction and henceforth may prove its mentor.

Jocasta. And tell me, in the name of the gods, oh king, for the sake of what thing is your anger so warm?

Œdipus. I will tell, for I regard you more than those things which Creon has deliberated against me.

Jocasta. Tell—if you can explain the cause of the quarrel intelligibly.

Œdipus. He declares me to be guilty of the murder of Laius.

Jocasta. Does he know this himself or did he learn it from another?

Œdipus. He sent a wicked prophet, for he keeps his mouth free as regards responsibility on his own account.

Jocasta. Drop the subject you are talking about and listen to me, and learn why, so far as you are concerned, no mortal ever had the

prophetic gift. I will show you concise proofs of that. An oracle—I do not say from Apollo himself but from his servants—came to Laius once—that the doom of death by a son's hand was to overtake him. The son would be born to him and myself. Now he, as the story goes, was slain by bandits where three roads cross one another. Less than three days after the birth of the child he bound the joints of its feet together at the ankles and had it thrown away by the hands of others in a deserted mountain. Thus Apollo did not permit that one to become the slayer of its father or let Laius die by the hand of a son—the horror he dreaded. Such were the things prescribed by the prophetic sayings which you need not consider at all. Whatever the god wants looked into he can easily make manifest himself.

Œdipus. What a wandering of the spirit and what an agitation of mind, madam, are yours while you listen to me.

Jocasta. From what anxiety do you yourself speak as you consider this affair?

Œdipus. I thought I heard you say that Laius was murdered where three roadways meet.

Jocasta. So it was said nor has the tale yet come to an end.

Œdipus. And where is the district in which this calamity occurred?

Jocasta. The land is called Phocis. From Delphi and from Daulia the forked road leads to the same spot.

Œdipus. How long a time has elapsed since these events?

Jocasta. Just before you appeared as ruler of the land, this thing was proclaimed to the city.

Œdipus. Oh, Jove—what hast thou decided to do in my case!

Jocasta. [*With profound affection*] Why are you so heavy hearted about this, Œdipus?

Œdipus. Don't ask me! Tell me what Laius looked like, whether he was in the vigor of youth.

Jocasta. He was big and his head was whitening a little on top and his aspect was not very different from your own.

Œdipus. Oh, wretched me! I have been throwing myself into a dreadful fate and that was the very thing I did not know.

Jocasta. [*She has dropped her tender tone and manner and speaks to him in accents new and strange*]: What are you saying? I shrink from you, king, when I look at you.

Œdipus. I feel a dreadful foreboding that the seer has the gift of sight. If you will reveal one more thing you will make this plainer.

Jocasta. However I shrink from doing so, I will tell you what you want to know when I learn what it is.

Œdipus. Did he go away with a small escort or did he have many spearsmen in the style of a ruler?

Jocasta. They were five all told and among them was a herald. One chariot bore Laius.

Œdipus. Ah! The thing is perfectly clear now. Who was it who told these things to you, madam?

Jocasta. One of the servants—he alone came back safely.

Œdipus. Does he happen to be on the premises now?

Jocasta. No, indeed. The moment he came back and saw you wielding the power of the murdered Laius, he implored me—touching my hand as he did so—to send him to the farms that he might guard the grazing herds so that he might be as far from the city as possible. I sent him off. He was a deserving servant and he merited an even greater favor than that.

Œdipus. How could he be brought back to us most quickly?

Jocasta. Easily. He is near. But on what account do you want this?

Œdipus. I fear myself, madam. Perhaps I have talked too violently. That is why I would like to see him.

Jocasta. But he will be here. I, too, perhaps, oh king, am a proper person [*she speaks indignantly*] to learn what it is that you find so hard to bear.

Œdipus. You shall not lack your share while I am overwhelmed by anxieties. To whom could I better speak than to you, passing through such a calamity?

Polybus, my father, was a Corinthian. My mother was Merope of Doris. There I was deemed the biggest man in the town before a turn of fortune overtook me, a thing to wonder at but not worth my excitement over it. A man at a feast, overcome by intoxication, reproached me for not being really the son of the man supposed to be my father. I was angry and barely restrained myself that day. Visiting them the next day, I questioned my father and my mother. They uneasily ascribed the shame of the speech to the intoxicated man. I rejoiced with them at this yet the thing always irritated me. It went around a good deal. Unknown to father or mother, I journeyed to Pytho, but Apollo sent me away without the thing for which I went. Misfortunes, terrors, griefs, he foretold—as that I must be married with my own mother and expose to the sight of men an offspring not fit to behold, and that I would be the murderer of the father who begot me. When I had heard these things, I fled from Corinth, finding my way by following the course of the stars to where I might never be seen

ashamed of the evils done in fulfillment of the oracles about me.

Walking on, I arrived in this region of which you say the king was made away with.

To you, madam, I will reveal the truth.

When, as I went on, I came near the triple road a herald crossed my path and a man in a chariot with horses, such as you mentioned. The leader and the old man himself wanted to put me forcibly out of the way. Thereupon I, in a rage, hit the driver who was turning me aside. When the old man noticed this from the chariot he brought two lashes down upon my head as I went by him. He not merely got the same back but with a swift blow from the stick in my hand he was sent out of the chariot rolling until he was flat on his back.

I slew the whole lot of them.

If this stranger was allied to Laius by any tie of blood, who is more unfortunate than this man here (*he beats his own breast*)? What man ever became more an enemy to the gods? It is possible for no stranger and for no city to receive him as a guest or even to hail him. They must drive him from their doors. Yet it was no one but myself who laid these curses upon me.

Now I stain the marriage bed of the dead man with my own two hands that slew him.

Was I born wicked?

Am I not, indeed, altogether impure?

If I must fly, and in flight am not to see my own, then neither must I enter my own native land or else I shall be joined in marriage with my own mother and slay my father Polybus, who begot me and nourished me.

Would not he be right who judged this man (*he smites his breast again*) to be under the ban of some relentless god? Oh, sacred and chaste divinities, never may I see that day but

may I go from among men unseen before I acquire for myself the stain of such a woe.

Chorus. Oh, king, these things are terrible to us! Yet until you learn what happened from the bystander, the witness of the murder, do not lose hope.

Œdipus. Just so much hope is left me that I can wait only for the herdsman.

Jocasta. Why are you in anxiety for his appearance?

Œdipus. I will tell you. If he be found saying the very thing you say, I shall have escaped a grief.

Jocasta. And what information in particular did you get from me?

Œdipus. You said he told of bandits having slain him (*Laius*). If he still mentions the same number, it was not I who slew him. One can not be equal to many. If he still talks of one man, single-handed, then the deed is certainly traced to me.

Jocasta. The number was first disclosed as you understand it and it is not for him to omit anyone from the total now. The whole town heard this thing, not I alone. If, then, he modifies his former story, he can never, oh king, show the murder of Laius to have been correctly foretold, for Apollo declared he was to die by a child of mine. However, that unfortunate never slew him but himself perished previously. As for what relates to prophecy I would not myself look before me or behind me after this.

Œdipus. You discriminate nicely. (*He is sarcastic*). Nevertheless, send someone for the herdsman. Don't omit this.

Jocasta. I will send speedily. But let us go into the house. I would never do a thing that was not agreeable to you.

They go into the palace by way of the main

entrance, followed by their retinues, leaving the old men of Thebes, who comprise the chorus, in solitary possession of the scene.

ACT IV.

The front of the palace of Œdipus is disclosed in a somewhat subdued light. The scene is deserted save for the old men of Thebes—the chorus—who are gathered in a group at a distance, in the so-called orchestra. Their observations are not uttered in one chorus, but in a series of remarks, sometimes spoken simultaneously by five or six, again proffered by one or possibly evoking a kind of dialogue in what is known technically as strophe and antistrophe. We must remember that the functions of the chorus in Greek tragedy are involved in obscurity and that the most positive statements regarding Greek metres and Greek music are mainly conjectural.

Chorus. May fate favor me with a sacred chastity in all my words and in all my deeds. May their place of origin be high in the heavens always, coming down through the celestial ether as do children born of divine inspiration. Let my acts and deeds be fathered by the Olympian god alone. He was not begotten by a breed of mortals nor does he ever lie down to forget in sleep. Great is the god in these things and he does not age.

(*There is great difference of opinion among scholars regarding the correct way to translate the above lines.*)

Wanton arrogance begets the tyrant. Pride is the despot's source. Tyrannical licentiousness, running over with a vain excess in many things, neither proper nor advantageous, rushes to its ruin, once it has scaled the loftiest heights, over

the inevitable precipice, where no foot avails and no step is sure.

I pray the god never to end the struggle that is for the welfare of the city.

I will always regard the god as our defense.

Should anyone in word or in deed act arrogantly as he goes forth without fear of justice, with no reverence for the shrines of the gods, may misfortune make him her prey for his ill-fated haughtiness. If his gains be not justly procured by innocent means and if he lays unholy hands on things not to be profanely touched, may ill luck seize him!

What man guilty of such things dare pray the gods to divert their shafts from his soul? If such things be deemed worthy of honor, what is there for us to dance for? (*The old gentlemen are not asking, as some scholars infer, why they should join in the choral dance, as an act of worship. These old men are permitted despite their years to dance at good tidings. That was the Greek attitude. Old gentlemen who danced when vice went about triumphant would be a source of disedification.*)

Never again shall I go worshipfully to earth's unprofaned centre, the Delphian oracle, nor to the temple of Abae nor to the shrine of Jove at Olympia, unless these things are brought into harmony for all mortals to point out with the finger.

Now you, sovereign Jove, if you be rightly named, the ruler of all and everything, forget not yourself nor your eternal sway.

As things that fade away, the old oracles regarding Laius are set aside and Apollo is nowhere distinguished with honors.

Things divine are passing away.

Jocasta emerges suddenly from the door on the right of the main entrance to the palace. The splendor of her attire on the occasion of her previous entrance is subdued by her sup-

pliant's robe. She carries a suppliant branch. Her aspect is mournful. The crown is no longer on her head. She stares intently at the altar of Apollo in front of the palace before turning to address the Theban elders who follow her movements with scrutinizing eyes. In another minute, before Jocasta has said a word, her attendant maidens emerge from the same door through which she has come and stand in a respectful attitude behind her.

Jocasta. Lords of this land, the idea occurs to me to make a pilgrimage to the temples of the gods, taking this wreath and these offerings in my hands. Œdipus is rousing a great fury within him from all his woes. He does not, like a rational man, interpret the new in the light of the old, but judges by what is said to him, even if fears are suggested. (*She proceeds to the shrine*). Since I can do no more by way of advice, to you I come, oh Lycean Apollo, you being nearest, to you I come a suppliant with these offerings, that you may grant us deliverance and purification. How we all tremble, seeing him, who is the pilot of the ship, stricken with fear!

While Jocasta is in the attitude of a suppliant, an elderly man, in the short cloak and flowing head dress of the foppish Corinthians, emerges from the left. He shows signs of weariness from a long journey and he leans heavily on his staff as he comes slowly forward. In the technical language of Greek tragedy he is a "messenger".

Messenger. Strangers, might I ascertain from you where the palace of King Œdipus is? If you know where he is, I would rather you told me, that I may speak with him.

Chorus (*indicating the edifice*). These buildings are where he lives and he is at home, stranger. This lady here is the mother of his children.

Messenger. May she be blest and dowered with blessings for ever since she is his own true wife.

Jocasta. (*She has risen and come forward*). The same blessings to you, oh stranger! You deserve that for your kind speech. But tell us what you come in need of or what tidings you would bring.

Messenger. Good news for this house and for your husband, madame.

Jocasta. What is it about? From whom do you come?

Messenger. From Corinth. The word I shall soon speak will delight you. How could it fail? Yet it will be vexing as well.

Jocasta. What is it. How can it have thus a double effect?

Messenger. The people of the Isthmian land of Corinth will make him king, as they say there.

Jocasta. Why? Is not the aged Polybus strong enough to rule any more?

Messenger. Naturally not, since death has him in the tomb.

Jocasta. What do you say? Polybus dead?

Messenger. May I die if I do not speak the truth!

Jocasta. (*She turns to her attendants*). Girl, will you not go quickly to the master and tell him these things? (*One departs*). Oh, prophecies of the gods, what has become of you? Œdipus long ago fled this very man, fearing lest he kill him. Now this man has succumbed to the hand of fate instead of to his!

Œdipus emerges through the central door, attended as usual. The face of the King is brighter and he wears a bright garb. He manifests a more affectionate mood.

Œdipus. Jocasta dear, beloved wife, why do you send for me to come here from the house?

Jocasta. Listen to this man and consider as you listen, consider where the sacred prophecies of the god are leading.

Œdipus. Who is he and what has he to say to me?

Jocasta. He brings news from Corinth that your father Polybus is not alive but dead.

Œdipus. What do you say, stranger? Tell me the news yourself.

Messenger. Since I must be the first to announce this positively, be assured that the man is dead indeed, and departed.

Œdipus. Was he made away with or did he succumb to disease?

Messenger. The least swaying will send the old body to its sleep.

Œdipus. Then it seems the unfortunate died of sickness.

Messenger. And of the long time that he had lived.

Œedipus. Who after this, woman, will ever stare into the embers on the altar of Apollo or study the birds crying above? Their outgivings were that I was destined to kill my father. He died and is hidden beneath the earth. I have there within a spear untouched. I hope he did not die longing for me. In that case the death would be due to me. But these prophecies Polybus took with him and they are in hell unfulfilled.

Jocasta. Did I not say all this to you long ago?

Œdipus. You foretold it. But I was distracted with fear.

Jocasta. Don't turn these things over in your mind any more,

Œdipus. Yet why am I not to shrink from my mother's bed?

Jocasta. What should a man be afraid of? To him who is dominated by chance, there can

be no wise foresight. He lives at random, however one many. Don't be afraid of a marriage with your mother. Many men have been wedded to their mothers in dreams. He to whom these things are as nothing supports life most easily.

Œdipus. All this would be well said by you if she who bore me were not still alive. Since she lives it is imperative that I keep away from her, however well you talk.

Jocasta. Nevertheless, your father's tomb will be conspicuous to the eye.

Œdipus. A big thing, I admit. But there is still a dread of the living.

Messenger. Who is the woman of whom you are afraid?

Œdipus. Merope, she, old man, who lives in the house of Polybus.

Messenger. What is there about her that makes you afraid?

Œdipus. A dire, divine prophecy, stranger.

Messenger. Can it be told? Or is it not lawful for another to hear it?

Œdipus. By no means. Apollo once foretold to me that I must be married to my mother and that my father's blood must be shed by my own hands. For that reason I have long dwelt far from Corinth. It was fortunate, for me that I did so. Still, the faces of our parents are the most agreeable to behold now and then.

Messenger. Was it truly to avoid such things that you went away from your city?

Œdipus. I was anxious not to be the murderer of my father, old man.

Messenger. Since I came here so well disposed, how happens it, oh king, that I have not delivered you from this anxiety likewise?

Œdipus. You shall have a due reward from me.

Messenger. I have most assuredly come here so that I should get some benefit out of your return home.

Œdipus. But I will never live in the home of my parents.

Messenger. It is obvious, son, that you do not realize what you are doing.

Œdipus. How so, old man? Tell me, for the sake of the gods.

Messenger. If on account of these things you avoid going back home.

Œdipus. I'm afraid Apollo wil apear wise in my case.

Messenger. You fear some malady through your parents?

Œdipus. Exactly, old man—the fear that haunts me always.

Messenger. You know you have nothing to fear from justice?

Œdipus. Why not, if I am the child of these parents?

Messenger. Because Polybus was not anything to you by blood.

Œdipus. What is that you say? Did Polybus not beget me?

Messenger. No more than this man (*strikes his chest*) did—just the same.

Œdipus. How can he who begot me be to me as if he had not?

Messenger. He did not beget you—neither he nor I.

Œdipus. In spite of that, he called me his son.

Messenger. He took you as a gift from my hands, I would have you know.

Œdipus. Yet he loved me greatly although I was from the hand of another.

Messenger. He was prompted to do so by his own lack of children.

Œdipus. Had you bought me or found me when you gave me to him?

Messenger. I found you among the glens of Mount Cithaeron.

Œdipus. Why were you going about in such places?

Messenger. I stood guard there over the mountain herds.

Œdipus. Were you a shepherd and did you wander about for wages?

Messenger. At that time, my son, I was your rescuer.

Œdipus. What was I suffering from when you lifted me up in my extremity?

Messenger. Your ankles would show.

Œdipus. Ah! Why do you mention that old sore?

Messenger. I freed you from thongs that pierced your feet.

Œdipus. Terrible was the shame I got from my swaddling clothes!

Messenger. So that you got your name from that misfortune. (*The allusion is to the name of Œdipus, which Shelley translated into Swellfoot.*)

Œdipus. By the gods! Was it from my father or from my mother. Tell me.

Messenger. I don't know. He who gave the bundle into my hands knows better.

Œdipus. Then you took me from another and did not find me yourself?

Messenger. No—another shepherd gave you to me.

Œdipus. Who was that? Do you know him well enough to identify him with a description?

Messenger. Someone said he might be of the household of Laius.

Œdipus. He who used to be king of this country?

Messenger. Exactly. I think this fellow was his herdsman.

Œdipus. Is this fellow still alive so that he could see me?

Messenger. You people who belong in this country ought to know that best.

Œdipus. (*He addresses all*). If any of you here ever saw this herdsman of whom he speaks either in the fields or in Thebes let me know. The time has come to discover these things.

Chorus. I think he refers to the very one you wanted brought from the country. But Jocasta here may be able to inform us about that.

Œdipus. Wife, do you know him for whom we just sent—him of whom this man speaks?

Jocasta. Why talk about him? Pay no attention to these things that are said. Deem them a useless matter even to remember.

Œdipus. Let it not be that having laid hold of these proofs I fail to disclose my birth.

Jocasta. Don't, in the name of the gods, if you regard your own life, search out these things. I am suffering enough as it is.

Œdipus. Have courage. You won't seem base though I am the descendant of slaves for three generations

Jocasta. Be persuaded by me, I beg. Don't do this.

Œdipus. I will not be persuaded not to find out this thing definitely.

Jocasta. Since I understand the matter perfectly I tell you what is for the best.

Œdipus. These things that are for the best have long caused me anguish.

Jocasta. Child of doom—may you never learn who you are!

Œdipus. (*Impatiently*). Is anyone bringing

that herdsman here to me? (*Indicating Jocasta*). Let her rejoice in her good birth!

Jocasta. Oh, unhappy one! Oh! That is all I have to say to you—never another word again!

She retreats in the most violent agitation into the palace, her maidens attending her with every demonstration of sympathy. All is suddenly silent within.

Chorus. Why has she gone, Œdipus, impelled by dire woe? I am afraid that from this silence something terrible will burst!

Œdipus. Burst what must! I intend to learn my origin, however lowly it may be. She perhaps (for she argues like a grand woman) is ashamed of my low birth. I, deeming myself the child of fortune, shall not despise her good gifts. I was born of my mother. The seasons are my kin and they have brought me great things and small. Such was I born and I will never be anything else to the extent of failing to learn my origin. (*He paces slowly up and down in front of the palace, awaiting the arrival of the herdsman while his retinue throw open the great central door to the palace as if expecting him to enter it. Finding his expectation disappointed, Œdipus slowly ascends the steps and disappears through the portal. There is a sudden uproar from within.*)

ACT V.

The scene is unchanged—the palace at Thebes being bathed now in a bright light. Music is heard—its spirited lilt suggesting a light mood. The old men of Thebes who form the chorus are discovered in an easy attitude.

Chorus. Were I a prophet and experienced in judgment, were I not ignorant of the things of Olympus, you would not, oh Mount Cithareon,

by the light of the next moon, be unaware that Œdipus honors you as his nurse, his father and his mother. You shall be glorified in our dance and in our song for having brought blessings to our rulers.

Hail, Apollo, may these things be ever delightful to you!

Who begot you, my son? Which one of the long lived nymphs who drew near to Pan, wandering in the mountains, or what bride of Apollo bore you? He finds all the bosky highlands a delight. Perhaps it was Mercury, king of the Cyllenes, or the god of the Bacchantes, dwelling on the mountain heights, who found you borne to him by one of the nymphs of Helicon, the divinities with whom he loves best to play.

The song and dance of the elders of Thebes might have proceeded were it not interrupted by a hasty entrance of Œdipus. He is still impatient for the coming of the herdsman for he looks this way and that. At last he descends the steps.

The old man from Corinth—the "messenger"—stands beside the altar to which Œdipus slowly advances for the purpose of talking with the old man of Thebes—the "chorus.

Œdipus.—If I may form a conjecture, elders, I think, I see the herdsman—although I never spoke to him—for whom we have all been looking so long. In the matter of great age he answers to the man. Moreover, those who are leading him look like members of my own household. (*He looks towards the right, from which direction the newcomers are approaching.*)

Chorus. I recognized him, you may depend upon that. He was the herdsman of Laius and as faithful as any other man would be.

The herdsman makes his appearance under escort by the servants of the household. The herdsman is old, his beard gray and unkempt, coarsely dressed in sheepskin and homespun. He carries a rough staff. He glances uneasily about him and is evidently here under compulsion. The attendants watch him lest he make off.

Œdipus. First of all, let me ask you, Corinthian stranger, is this the man you meant?

Messenger. The very man you see.

Œdipus (*to the herdsman*). You, old man, look here at me as you speak and tell me what I ask you. You were once in attendance upon Laius?

Herdsman. (*He speaks reluctantly*). Yes. I was not a bought slave but bred in the house.

Œdipus. What work did you do or what life did you lead?

Herdsman. Most of my life I spent with the flocks.

Œdipus. What neighborhoods did you frequent?

Herdsman. Cithaeron at times and the country round about it at others.

Œdipus. Do you know if you ever were aware of this man somewhere—

Herdsman. What did he do? And what man are you talking about?

Œdipus. He who's here. Did you ever come across him or talk to him anywhere?

Herdsman. Not so as to tell quickly from memory.

Messenger. There's nothing to wonder at, sir. But I will surely bring back his recollection to him. I know well that he recalls the time when we were in the vicinity of Cithaeron. He tended two flocks. I had one. I was by this man for three seasons, from spring to the win-

ter months. When winter came I would drive my cattle to my fold. He took his to the stables of Laius. Do I tell what we did (*to the herdsman*) or am I not telling it?

Herdsman. You speak the truth although the time was long ago.

Messenger. Now, tell me. You know you gave me a child then for me to bring up as my own son?

Herdsman. What is that? Why do you tell this tale?

Messenger. This is he (*indicating Œdipus*) who was then a babe.

Herdsman. Bad luck to you! (*He is speaking to the Messenger*). Won't you be quiet?

Œdipus. Don't scold him old man. Your language calls for reproof more than his.

Herdsman. Noble sir, how did I do wrong?

Œdipus. By not telling about the child of whom he gives us the story.

Herdsman. He tells nothing from knowledge but takes trouble in vain.

Œdipus (*menacingly*). You won't speak as a favor to us but you will tell if you are made to cry with pain.

Herdsman. Not, for the love of the gods—don't torture an old man.

Œdipus. Here, someone, quick—take hold of his hands!

Herdsman. Miserable man that I am! Why do you do this? What do you want to know?

Œdipus. Did you give the child of whom he speaks to this man?

Herdsman. I gave it to him. I ought to have died that day.

Œdipus. You'll come to that by not telling the truth.

Herdsman. If I speak, I'm even likelier to be destroyed.

Œdipus. This fellow seems to go forward haltingly.

Herdsman. No I, for I said already that I gave it to him.

Œdipus. Where did you get it from? Your own home or another's?

Hersdman. I did not get it at home but from somebody.

Œdipus. From which one of the townsmen or at what house?

Herdsman. For the love of the gods, sir, say no more!

Œdipus. You're doomed if I must ask you this once more.

Herdsman. It was from the family of Laius.

Œdipus. The child of a slave born of his own stock?

Herdsman. Oh! I am about to tell you the terrible thing itself.

Œdipus. And I am about to hear it. It must be heard nevertheless.

Herdsman. It was said to be his own child. But your wife inside could best tell you how that may be.

Œdipus. Then she gave it to you.

Herdsman. Certainly, oh king.

Œdipus. For what emergency. What did she want you to do?

Herdsman. Put it out of the way.

Œdipus. Did she suffer from having borne it?

Herdsman. She was in dread of the dire dooms.

Œdipus. What were they?

Herdsman. The word was that he would slay his parents.

Œdipus. Then why did you leave it with this old man?

Herdsman. I was full of pity, sir, lest he

bear it away to another country, the one from which he came himself. He saved it for the worst and greatest doom. If you are what this man says, you have become an ill fated man—that you must know.

Œdipus. Now all things have come to pass exactly! Oh, light—revealing me as the child of those who should never have brought me into the world, as the father of those I should not have begotten, as the slayer of him I should have saved—oh, light, may this be the last I see of you! (*He reels, but recovering rushes from the scene through the great palace door, his escort following in confusion.*)

The herdsman is discovered in flight, the messenger from Corinth pursuing him with gestures.

The old men of Thebes cower in their corner.

ACT VI.

The palace of Œdipus is distinctly seen in the subdued light. The old men of Thebes monopolize the scene. All seem overwhelmed by their burden of grief.

Chorus. Ah! generations of mortals, I consider you as not having really lived. What man gets more of joy than its seeming, than the fading semblance? With your example before me, oh, Œdipus, I can deem no mortal —not one—ever blessed or happy.

He it was who aimed at what was out of reach and secured all the delights of wealth and power, oh Jove, and overcame the virgin who sang oracularly with bending claws (*the Sphinx*) and rose a tower in my land against death, wherefore he was called my king and was honored as the greatest ever ruling in Thebes.

Now who could be heard as more wretched? who by turn of life, who in woes dwells more wretchedly? Oh, glorious name of Œdipus! The same bosom harbored you when you took shelter within it as son and as bridegroom. How was it possible for the father's furrowings to endure your sowing silently so long?

Time seeing all things, was unwilling to find you out. The ineligible who wed are damned when begetter and begotten are the same. Oh, child of Laius, how I wish I had never beheld you! I moan as one whose plaint escapes unreadily from his lips. In truth it was you who breathed new life into me and closed my eyes restfully in sleep.

One of the palace attendants bursts excitedly from the great central door. He gesticulates violently and hails the Theban elders as they conclude their chorus. This newcomer is known technically as the second messenger but he should be regarded as a courtier.

Second Messenger. You—ever the most honored in this realm, what doings you will hear of what things you shall behold, what griefs must be your burden if with a kinsman's feeling you still cherish the family of Labdacus! I doubt if either the river Ister or the river Phasis can flow through this abode in purification of it, so many evils lurk beneath its roots, so many come at once to light—evils done willingly as well as unwillingly. Those sorrows bring most anguish which we have brought upon ourselves.

Chorus. Those woes of which we knew before did not lack features to bewail. What besides these are you telling us about now?

Second Messenger. The thing that is quickest both to tell and to learn. The beloved and brilliant Jocasta is dead.

Chorus. Unfortunate woman! From what cause?

Second Messenger. She killed herself. The most painful thing of all was done in solitude. The sight is not for everyone. However, as far as memory of it remains to me, you shall be informed of the sufferings of that unfortunate. When, stirred to a fury, she went within the hall, she proceeded at once to her bedroom, tearing her hair with both hands. The moment she had passed through the doors, and closed them, she called upon that Laius who is so long dead, recalling also the child she had by him then, by whose hand he was to die while she who bore it was left to breed from it an offspring no less woful. She bemoaned the marriage from which, doubly wretched, she was to bear a husband by a husband and children by her child.

Nevertheless, I do not even yet know that she perished because of these things. For Œdipus dashed shouting inside—on whose account it was not for us to look upon her misfortune, for we stared at him as he dashed around. He wandered wildly back and forth, asking us to get him a spear, so that he might encounter the wife who was no wife, the mother doubly fertilized in bearing himself and his children. Throughout his madness a demon was revealed, guiding him, for not a man among us was beside him.

Shouting in frenzy, as if a guide directed him, he made for the double doors and beat the pliant bolts out from their locks and staggered within the apartment. There we saw the woman, hanging entangled in noosed cords that swayed.

When we saw her, he loosed the noose from which she hung suspended, and terribly he

groaned. When she, miserable woman, lay on the floor, dire to see was the thing that followed. He snatched from her robes the clasps of gold with which she had adorned herself, putting them here and there, and just where his eyelids meet he pierced his eye balls—stabbing them! He said they should not see the ills, the woes, by which he had all this while been made to suffer nor the evils he had wrought or caused but in darkness ever after should not behold what he should not have beheld and fail to recognize those he longed to know. (*The import of the words of Œdipus here is a subject of controversy and no versions of his words in this scene can do justice to the power of the original.*

Uttering such dire things not once only but many a time he raised his hands and beat upon his eyes. The bleeding eye balls stained his beard at every blow and they did not send forth blood drippingly but all at once a dark gore fell like hail.

These things were worked wickedly by both and not by one alone, for husband and wife were alike involved in the evil. The happiness they had before was happiness indeed. This day is now one of groan and doom and death and disgrace and there is not a name for every kind of these evils and not one of them is lacking.

Chorus. Is this suffering man eased of his anguish?

Second Messenger. He calls for someone to let down the bars and show to all the Thebans the murderer of his father and his mother, shouting blasphemies I must not repeat. He says he must expel himself from the country by not remaining in a home accursed, for he is himself under a curse, his own. But he lacks

strength and a guide. The ill he suffers is more than can be borne. He will show you himself. The bars of the portals have been dropped. Soon will you see a sight that even he who hates him must pity.

(*Œdipus comes slowly forth from the central attendants from within. The old men of Thebes, the chorus, gaze in sympathy and horror, a few going the length of averting their gaze. Œdipus is led down the steps. He is blinded and his beard is blood stained.*

Chorus. Oh, anguish terrible for men to see! Oh, direst of all things I have encountered! What madness, oh, miserable man, overwhelmed you? What demon direr than the greatest of demons leaped upon you in dreadful doom? Ah, wretched man! Yet I can not endure the sight of you, many as are the questions I would ask, many the things I would learn, many the mysteries I would peer into. You give me such a shock! (*One or two members of the chorus draw near Œdipus and aid in supporting him.*)

Œdipus. Oh, wretched I am—alas! To what land shall I be taken, miserable man? What has become of my voice, losing itself in a void? Oh, demon that attends me, where have you vanished? (*The Greeks, even Socrates, believed in the warnings of the demons that attended them as guardian angels or fates.*)

Chorus. Terrible—neither to be heard nor seen!

Œdipus. Oh, cloud of my repellant darkness, inexpressible, unavoidable, unconquerable and untamable! Alas and yet again alas! How I am pierced by the sting of these thorns and pricks and by the memory of evils endured!

Chorus. Nor need there be any wonder that in these ordeals you experience a double grief

and a double evil. (*One of the old men of Thebes, emerging from his place in the chorus, puts an arm around Oedipus and whispers words of sympathy.*)

Œdipus. Oh, friend, you are still my monitor and guide! You still stand by to help the blind man. Ah! You do not hide from me and I know you well, in darkness though I am, from your voice.

Chorus (*the old man speaks*). A terrible thing to do—how did you go so far as to put out your sight? What divinity urged you?

Œdipus. Apollo it was—Apollo, friends, he thus rounded out my ills with these sufferings. I, the long suffering, did this with my own hand—no one else. What was there for me to see which to look at could be pleasing to my eye?

Chorus. It was indeed just as you say.

Œdipus. What was there left for me to see or to love or to bring forth or even to hear with joy, my friends? Lead me from this place as quickly as you can, lead me forth, friends, the great undone, the accursed who is still the most hateful of mankind to the gods.

Chorus. Pitiable both for your woe and for your discovery of its nature, how I wish that never you had known it!

Œdipus. To hell with him, be he who he may, who freed my feet when I was an abandoned babe and saved me from slaughter on the mountain side, for he did me no deed of mercy. Had I but died then I never would have been a source of such woe to my friends and to myself.

Chorus. That it had been so is my wish as well.

Œdipus. Then would I never have become the slayer of my sire, nor would mortals have

called me the bridegroom of her who bore me. Now I am godless, an unholy child, married to the wife of him who begot me, a wretched thing! If there be an evil yet more timeworn than this evil, that, too, is fated for Œdipus!

Chorus. I do not see that I can call you well advised—it were better that you did not live at all than to be living blind.

Œdipus. Do not argue with me or suggest that things being as they are, I did not do for the best. I can not comprehend how, seeing with such eyes, I could go to meet my father down in Hades, or my miserable mother either, to both of whom I did things for which a halter would be too easy for my punishment. Could the sight of my children seem desirable to my eyes, coming into the world as my children came into being? Never may the sight of them afflict my eyes! Neither the town nor its towers nor its gods can be a delight to me. I am the most wretched of men who was once the most glorious, I, nourished and made great among the Thebans, have deprived myself of the sight of them. I myself bid them thrust forth the unholy, the unchaste member of the family of Laius, thus exposed by the gods. Cursed by such a stain, was it for me to behold these things with perfect eyes? By no means! Were there yet a stream of hearing that could be dammed through the ears, I would not have refrained from blockading my wretched mortal frame so that the blind man would not even hear. An exile of the mind beyond the limits of its woes is sweet. Oh, Mount Cithaeron, why did you receive me? Why, having taken me, did you not kill me at once so that never might I have betrayed to men whence I came? Oh, Polybus and my Corinthian fatherland where my old home was that I called my father's too, how beautifully you reared me

for woes beneath a surface so fair!

And now, being evil, I am found to have come from evils. Three roads and a hidden vale and a grove and a pass into three roads—ah, you drank my own blood from my hands through my father, but do you remember me and what deeds I did in you and, having come here, what I did besides? Oh, marriage! In marriage I was begotten and in marriage children were born to their mother's child and in marriage was exposed a family of one blood in fathers, brothers, sons, brides, wives, mothers—all that can be most shameful among the deeds of men! But that should not be talked of which it is not well to do.

In the name of the gods, hide me in exile as swiftly as possible, or having killed me or thrown me into the sea, let me never be seen again. Come! Dare to lay hands upon a man in agony! Obey me and fear not. My woes no mortal but myself could bear!

During the utterances of these last words, the aged Thebans indicate by their gestures the approach of a new arrival. This turns out to be Creon, who wears upon his head a crown and carries a sceptre and is garbed in the robes of a kingly dignity. He is followed by a retinue.

Chorus (*to Œdipus*). The very one you ask is here in your need—Creon. He is the one to do and to advise since he alone can be the guardian of the land bereft of you.

Œdipus. (*He draws his robe over his face and shrinks*). Ah! What shall I say to him? What in me can seem trustworthy or just? I have shown myself evil to him in everything heretofore.

Creon. I have not come, Œdipus, as a scorner or as one resenting evils in the past. (*He turns to his retinue*). If ye have no more reverence left for the offspring of mortals, honor at any rate the light of the sun, the sovereign who

with his flame warms all things, and do not thus expose to him an abomination of the kind that neither earth nor holy rainfall nor the light of day inclines to. Lead him as quickly as possible within. It is best that only kinsmen see and hear the woes of their kin.

Œdipus. In the name of the gods—since you belie my anticipation by revealing yourself to me, the worst of men, as the best yourself, do what I ask. I ask on your account, not mine.

Creon. What thing are you lacking that you implore me to bestow?

Œdipus. Exile me from this land as quickly as possible, where no mortal will ever accost me again.

Creon. I would do this gladly, I assure you, if if were not necessary to ascertain first of all from the god himself what to do.

Œdipus. But his oracle was wholly revealed. I, the unholy, the parricide, must be made away with.

Creon. Thus was it spoken. Yet, seeing what we stand in need of, it were best to ascertain what we ought to do.

Œdipus. Would you consult the oracle in behalf of such a suffering wretch?

Creon. Surely you will now yourself place faith in the god.

Œdipus. Let me remind you and implore you to give to her that is within such a funeral as becomes you for you will duly fulfill your obligations to one of your own. Never suffer this your native city to endure me as an inhabitant but let me dwell in the mountain to which I owe my fate, the mountain celebrated through me, Cithaeron, which both my father and my mother fixed upon as my tomb so that I may perish as they ordained. This much I know: neither disease nor any other doom can end me or ravage me. For never would I have

been rescued from death except for the purpose of some dire evil. Yet let my fate, whatever it be, proceed further. As regards my male children, Creon, take no responsibility upon yourself. They are men and will have no poverty in life, whatever they may be. But my two pitiable and suffering little girls who never sat down without me to eat at a table but shared with me everything that I even touched—they are an anxiety to me now. Let me touch them with my hands and weep for these woes with them. Oh, prince, oh, noble in nature as in birth. If I may touch them with my hands I shall seem to have them as much as I used to hold them when I saw. (*The two little girls, Antigone and Ismene, are led in by members of the retinue.*) What dare I say? Do I not already hear my dear ones—in the name of the gods!—weeping. Creon, pitying me, has sent me the two dearest, the two best beloved of my children—do I not speak the truth?

Creon. You say what is so. I am he who grants this favor for I know the delight you feel in their presence, having observed it before now.

Œdipus. May good fortune be yours and in this path of mercy may you find a better guardian divinity that was my lot to meet! (*He extends supplicating hands in the direction of his two little daughters.*) Oh, children, where are you? Come here, to feel these hands, which are brotherly hands as well as fatherly hands that caused the once bright eyes of your own sire to seem what now they are! (*The two little girls rush weeping into his arms.*) He, my children, neither seeing nor learning the truth, became a father through her who bore him. So I shed tears for you. I am not able to see you. I must meditate for the rest

of my sad life upon the lot to be yours through the usages of mankind. With what society will you mingle in the town, what dinners will you go to from which you will not come home in tears instead of staying to see the sights? And when you have reached a marriageable age, who will he be that is to stand beside you, children, to incur such reproaches as will disgrace my children and yours as well? What in the shape of misfortune is lacking? Your father killed his father. He wed his own mother and where he was himself begotten he begat you of her who bore himself. With such things will you be reviled. Who will marry into such a breed? No one, my children and you will be left to fade unwed. (*He turns and seems with the motions of his hands to grope towards Creon.*) Oh, son of Menœceus, since henceforth you alone will be left to father these two, since we, the authors of their being, are both undone, do not let them go about poor and unwed who are of your own family, nor humble them through my misfortunes. Pity them rather, seeing them thus so young bereft of everything except their connection with you. Oh, kind man, assent to what I ask by letting me touch your hand! (*Creon extends his hand to Œdipus, who kisses it and turns back to his children.*) You, my children, if you were capable of understanding them, I would have given many a precept. For my sake pray that wherever circumstances may lead you to live you will meet with a better lot than did the father who begot you.

Creon. You have gone far enough in tears. Now go into the house.

Œdipus. I must obey although it is not pleasant to do so.

Creon. All things are good in their season,

Œdipus. You understand the terms upon which I go?

Creon. State them—I will know them when I hear them.

Œdipus. The land to which you send me must be uninhabited.

Creon. You ask me for a god's gift.

Œdipus. But to the gods I have become most hateful.

Creon. Then you will soon have your wish.

Œdipus. You promise it, then?

Creon. What I do not understand I do not like to say idly.

Œdipus. Lead me away from here.

Creon. Go—but leave the children.

Œdipus. Don't take them from me.

Creon. Don't seek to hold everything. The things you laid hold of did not remain with you through life.

Chorus. Look on Œdipus, oh, people of the fatherland, Thebes, look on him who read the famous riddle and was a mighty man. Which of the citizens did not look with envy upon his good fortune? Into what a sea of dire misfortune he has now come! Even until his last day, deem no one who is mortal happy until —suffering no pain—he reaches the final moment of his life.

Œdipus is urged gently within the palace while his children are being carried away to the right.

THE END.

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READ THE WORLD OVER
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FROM ROME TO RATIONALISM

OR

WHY I LEFT THE CHURCH

BY

JOSEPH McCABE

(Lately Very Rev. Father Antony, O.S.F.)

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FROM ROME TO RATIONALISM.

It is a familiar practice of the rhetorical defender of a religious sect to compare the calm security of his Church amid the ceaseless conflict of its adversaries to the security of an island that is sheltered by a rock-bound coast from the sleepless fury of the ocean. Its members are taught to smile at the convulsive movements to which each succeeding age gives birth, to regard them as the waves of a restless element that spends its vain fury for a time on their frontiers only to fall at length in helpless confusion at their feet and retire into its native depths. Storm after storm has lashed their iron shores, until men's hearts were troubled at the deepening gloom and the wild chaos of the elements; but the sun has shone forth once more in radiant triumph, and the whitened cliffs have smiled grimly on the retreating sea—a typical picture of permanence in this restless universe. But the fatal fallacy of rhetoric lurks here, as in so much of the ornate language with which shallow speakers calm the disquietude of unreflecting multitudes. There is no immoveability in the universe: from the tiny atom to the most colossal sun all is motion and change. The constancy of an iron-bound coast is an illusion, a hasty and superficial estimate. Slowly, but surely, each line of beetling cliffs that seems to scorn the fury of the ocean is falling a victim to its ravages. Each wave that breaks in seeming impotence has inflicted an irreparable injury upon it, and prepared the way for its successor; each tide that gently murmurs at its feet is weakening its foundations. And the days will come when its worn and enfeebled structure will yield, and the fairest lands become a prey to the devouring waves.

Thus also do those think who have seriously pondered over the vicissitudes of the Churches during the last few centuries. Their internal conflicts have weakened the bonds of union, and dissipated their forces in fratricidal strife; political power has emancipated itself from their usurped dominion, and often in reaction resorted to violent measures; while the waves of thought that have swept over civilized Europe during the last century and a half have riven their foundations and devastated some of their fairest provinces. No strain is more familiar to their prophets of these latter days than the decay of faith

and the poisoning of the wells; the solitary cry of a religious writer does but accentuate more strongly the ominous silence, if not the anti-religious character, of all literature that is not professedly apologetic. Rationalism, with its cold, impartial analysis of sacred documents, made the first deep impression on theological structures; strive as men will to dilute their dogmas into some proportion with modern knowledge, the power of ecclesiasticism cannot be the same to any thinking man after so grave an impeachment of its credentials. Philosophical criticism, armed as it now is with the thoughts of the great minds of every age and every clime, has thrown so powerful a light on the weakness of the traditional philosophy, which must necessarily form the basis of any structure of faith, that able men are found to spend all their time in making an *irrational* theology acceptable—in making morals or sentiment, tradition or authority, a plausible approach to an act of faith. Physical science has revolutionized our view of our environment, and is rapidly filling up the lacunæ in a mechanical conception of the universe on which men would base their inferences of a spiritual world.

Apart from these great movements, that have cast huge waves not in vain on the frontiers of religious sects, a steady erosive action has been at work, preparing the way for their more effective ravages. Time was when all men's thoughts were infused into them by their guides and teachers, and they were content to acquiesce with unquestioning faith in the rules and motives of conduct instilled into them. But, "*Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis*," there has been so much disillusion in every province of thought and action, and, with the diffusion of knowledge, which we owe to a more complete education and a more accessible literature, men have grown more reflective and self-conscious, more determined to consciously control their destinies, instead of floating idly on the current of traditional usages. As an immediate consequence, men came to recognize that their religious professions and practices, in strange contrast to all other opinions and actions, had little or no explicit motive in consciousness. Man prided himself on being rational, yet here was a large province of opinions which he accepted (through a confused notion of faith which will not bear rational analysis) without the mental conviction of their truth, which he demanded in every other province. Thus the discussion of religious apologetics became popular, and was heard as frequently in the workshop as in the academy. The simple arguments at first given by their religious guides were found inadequate to meet the criticism that permeated even the lower strata of the literary atmosphere; moreover, religious teachers were discovered to be grossly ignorant of the changed aspect of the problem, and foolishly eager to seal the mind of their flock against it by coercion and by calumny. But men found it

difficult to make an act of faith in teachers whose own knowledge they could not gauge, and against whom were arrayed some of the deepest and sincerest thinkers of the age—men whose minds were trained in the school of mathematics and physical science, and who had drunk most deeply of the Pierian Spring of our most recent knowledge. A man was born into a world that seethed with religious controversy; scores of conflicting sects claimed his exclusive allegiance, deafening the ear with their mutual anathemas, and the religious problem had become a veritable labyrinth, repulsive to enter.

It is not surprising, then, that thousands in every land are quietly abandoning all hope of finding peace and permanence in any religious establishment, and are devoting themselves to more solid and tangible work in moral and social science—the sciences that deal with those aspects of human life which do unquestionably demand our regulation. Numbers are still struggling in the field of conflict, giving expression, in the melancholy note that marks contemporary fiction and poetry, to the pain and weariness of the barren discussion. Nothing is more persistently depicted in literature than the wrestling of a strong soul with a vanishing belief; nothing, we may infer, touches more deeply the great heart of humanity that loves to see itself reflected in literature. However, the purpose of the following pages is not so much to survey and summarize the results of modern thought in its bearings upon the religious question as to trace out the progress of an individual mind in its long search after truth on religious matters. The story is familiar enough now-a-days, but it seems not unwelcome at any time, and in the writer's case it would seem to be attended by circumstances that lend it a peculiar interest. It is the history of a mind that has traversed painfully the whole field of religious controversy, having moved from the most dogmatic of existing sects to a purely negative or agnostic attitude; of one, moreover, who has been placed in a particularly advantageous position for surveying the field of controversy, and whose only ambition it was, for years, to become an apologist for the creed he has been forced to abandon. And the change has been wrought, strange to say, almost exclusively from the study of religious evidences in themselves, without the aid of antagonistic writers, whose works are jealously excluded under the narrow-minded despotism of the Church of Rome. A few autobiographical details will perhaps make the position clearer.

The shades of doubt fell upon my mind at the early age of sixteen. Living under the shadow of the Franciscan church at Manchester, I had taken the resolution of becoming a member of the Order of St. Francis, and had just adopted the costume of that fraternity. The quiet atmosphere of the cloister, at least that portion of it which novices breathe, had exerted its peculiar influence over me, flooding my being

with visions of another world, making the ascetic life of Francis of Assisi, of Paul, and of Christ seem the very perfection of wisdom. But high structures need deep and sure foundations, and soon I became painfully conscious that I was sacrificing this real world, throbbing with life and hope, for a world that seemed but a vision floating in my imagination. Of philosophy I knew nothing, nor did I then clearly see the import of the conflicting feelings that were already beginning to darken my life—the thrilling joy and hope, and the chill, dreary scepticism that alternately nerved and depressed me. On consultation with my novice-master, I was told to trust the guidance of the great minds who had defended religion in all ages, to crush every thought, and sedulously avoid everything that could endanger my belief. It was poor consolation, yet I resolved to act upon it until my philosophical studies commenced. These I entered upon a few years later with feverish eagerness, but they ended in deep disappointment at the empty, hollow-sounding verbiage that is offered as proof of the most vital theses. Silently and devotedly I continued my task, wandering throughout the whole range of apologetic literature in search of living thoughts that could help me to retain my belief in God and a future life. I had the advantage at that time, during seven years, of the guidance of a man who was considered one of the ablest for the purpose, and week after week I opened my mind's inmost recesses to receive his advice and direction. But, as my age and studies advanced, he ceased to be of any assistance to me; his words were a repetition of the old, threadbare phrases, assertions without proof, misrepresentations of science, of history, and of adverse theories.

This threw me almost entirely upon my own efforts, for it is painful to think how little deep reflection on fundamental religious questions, how deplorable an ignorance of the most important points of faith, one finds on an intimate acquaintance with the clergy. Lay people scarcely realize this, since they have only the prepared discourses of the clergy to infer from; but those who have been behind the scenes of sanctuary work know how laborious a task it is for the vast majority of preachers to prepare a discourse on these points that are so widely and so eagerly discussed. However, I seemed at length to find sufficient evidence to justify me in continuing the life I had adopted, and in aspiring to the position of preacher and teacher of religion. Ever and anon the clouds would gather, racking me with pain and anxiety, and causing an almost chronic sadness that was remarked in me; but, on the whole, I considered my position sound, and thought the difficulties were due rather to defect of temperament than to the inherent weakness of my opinions. After five years' study at London I was ordained priest and appointed to the chair of philosophy, thus obtaining ample opportunity to prosecute my studies. One year I went to Louvain University, where I

followed a course of fundamental philosophy under one of the most distinguished living exponents of scholastic philosophy, and an introductory course to Biblical Criticism under an equally distinguished professor. Time wore on, and there was ever the same alternation of peace and storm, as light and darkness flitted alternately over my mind. However, my thoughts were now more systematized, and the issues were gradually narrowing to a point at which it seemed possible to give a final decision.

The whole system of beliefs to which I desired to cling rested logically (considering the system in opposition to all other creeds and theories) upon four cardinal points, and my attention was soon concentrated upon these. The whole controversy between the Church of Rome and other Christian sects turns upon the dogma of Papal Infallibility. Then Christianity has, in face of the numerous and more extensive non-Christian religions, to vindicate its attribution of a divine character, or at least of a divine mission, to its founder; that resolves itself into a vindication of the authenticity and reliability of the Gospels. But the two more fundamental points, over which my greatest troubles had arisen, were the existence of God and the spirituality of the human soul. I am aware that the spirituality of the soul may not be regarded as an essential point of rational theology—we may accept it from revelation, which does not necessarily pre-suppose it. Still, it is for most men a doctrine to be substantiated by human reason, and in point of fact the Church of Rome authoritatively declares it to lie within the province of pure philosophy. If we cannot rebut the materialistic conception of man, a positive revelation has little chance of acceptance.

These are the main points that absorbed my attention for years, and I intend to treat them *seriatim*, pointing out the successive positions my mind took up with regard to them, and how I came finally to reject them after a conscientious consideration of all that has been written in their defence.

GOD.

From the earliest ages thinkers have devoted themselves to the task of providing a rational basis for that belief in a Supreme Being which, in more or less attenuated form, history shows to be co-extensive in time and space with human intelligence. The majority of men, little addicted to introspection, can give no reason, or only mutter a few superficial and crudely assimilated phrases, when asked for the motive of this, their fundamental belief. A theologian would say that God has provided a mysterious power, called faith, that links securely the minds of the unthinking majority to their belief. A more matter-of-fact observer would see either that they never reflect on the fact that they take this traditional doctrine with little or no proof, or that, from an instinctive

feeling of the difficulty of the problem, they readily acquiesce in the most superficial arguments, or, from a confusion of the provinces of faith and reason, they consider it unlawful to indulge in speculation on the problem at all. But the more reflective, and their number is legion now, know that faith—the acceptance of a doctrine on divine authority—necessarily presupposes a knowledge of God, acquired and verifiable by rational methods. Hence it is that from the very dawn of philosophy, from the earliest days when the human mind became capable of taking a larger and more penetrating survey of its environment, it has been actively engaged in constructing a bridge from the visible world to its supposed invisible maker. We have now before us, in every form, from the ponderous tome of the mediæval theologian to the penny tract, a curious and extensive collection of arguments for the existence of God—as strange and conflicting a group as the forms which that higher power has successively assumed in the changeful consciousness of men.

There is a point in this numerical multiplication of arguments. We are asked to take them as so many converging lines of inquiry, so that, even if individually they seem unable to bear a strict logical analysis, a strong probability arises from the mere fact of their convergence towards a common centre. But there is little value in such a contention; we are only too familiar, from the history of science and philosophy, with the facility with which arguments can be accumulated for a position which it is thought desirable to maintain. And then we must remember the mutual antagonism of the advocates of these various branches of inquiry. The arguments of Socrates and Plato were thrust aside by Aristotle to give way to his own more solid structure of proof. The Alexandrians and Augustine shelved Aristotle, and restored Plato to honour. The Arabs of the twelfth, and the Schoolmen of the thirteenth, century rehabilitated Aristotle's proofs; now both they and Aristotle have once more fallen into disrepute, their methods are pronounced useless, and despairing efforts are made to find a new foundation for the tottering structure. Everywhere are conflict and dissension. Newman anathematizes us for not admitting the existence of God, pointing out with Kant that conscience is the only valid basis of proof, and that metaphysical argument is valueless; the majority of his learned *confrères* condemn his method, and anathematize us for not trusting *their* metaphysical disquisitions. There is unanimity on one point—that the existence of God is clear, and cannot honestly be denied; but we need hardly go beyond the pages of religious writers for a refutation of the innumerable proofs which are supposed to point to it.

However, certain arguments, which still have a wide acceptance, call for a sincere and protracted examination, and among them the argument from the phenomena of conscience holds a conspicuous place in our

days. One is strongly tempted to regard it as an escape from the scepticism which centuries of discussion have naturally engendered, for only in these latter days has the discovery been made that conscience furnishes a valuable proof of the existence of God. There is a terrible irony, not wholly unfounded perhaps, in the passage of Heine where he describes Kant, after demolishing every other form of proof, reconstructing the Deity from the moral sense, to stem the tears of his aged and superstitious servant.

In the analysis of conscience it is necessary to distinguish the moral sense as such, the perception of the moral character of actions, from the sense of obligation consequent upon the perception. Sometimes the argument rests upon the mere power of discriminating between moral and immoral acts, and it is urged that an idea of this specific character could not be evolved from non-moral ideas; more frequently, however, it is said that we recognize the necessity of a supreme legislator in the sense of obligation to fulfil the moral law, in the remorse that haunts its transgression, or the approval that smiles upon its fulfilment. Now, taking conscience in the first aspect, it is difficult to find in it anything that transcends ordinary psychological explanation. Take a volume of moral theology, as it is elaborated in the Roman Church. First we find an analysis of conscience, which is purely naturalistic, and which is entirely at variance with the popular tendency to make of conscience an isolated, supernatural gift—an echo of the voice of God in man's heart; it is described as human reason pronouncing certain actions to be out of harmony with our rational nature, and prejudicial to the welfare of society. Sin or immorality is analyzed in like fashion; an act is forbidden because it is immoral, not immoral because God forbids it; to be sinful an action must be either (1) directly opposed to one or other prerogative of the Deity (and these *sins* stand or fall with belief in God), or (2) prejudicial to society, or (3) injurious to our neighbour. The same principle is acted upon throughout the whole complex system of morals, and yet we have Catholic writers, like Dr. Mivart, contending that moral distinctions cannot be explained by evolution; while it is attempted to establish a legislator other than humanity for a moral code which is exclusively concerned with the interests of humanity.

Newman, who declared he would be an Atheist but for the argument from conscience, rests his inference upon the second aspect of conscience—the feeling of constraint and the remorse that follows sin. But surely, if the preceding analysis of the moral law (taken from Roman theology) is correct, it has in itself a sufficient basis and sanction, and our natural impulse to observe it is easily understood. On the one hand, we have the inherited experience of innumerable ancestors and the deeply impressed associations of our early training pointing out

certain lines of conduct as moral; on the other hand, we have the consciousness of our connection with a society from which our life derives half its happiness, the knowledge that each immoral act and habit tends to undermine a state of society which it is our supreme interest to support and develop. A mind withdrawn from the influence of religion feels no more than this; but this covers the whole ground of the moral code, and it is all we have to explain in conscience. We need no higher legislator to classify our actions, and to impose upon us a sense of obligation to abstain from immorality.

Perhaps the most popular argument is drawn from the beauty and order and apparent purpose in the universe. In spite of the profound modification of the problem which evolution has effected, this remains the most familiar of all the proofs of the existence of God. Catholic philosophers are indeed abandoning it as a distinct proof, but preachers (who are rarely thinkers) still linger affectionately over the venerable argument, and poets and novelists with a taste for apologetics are ever putting our materialism to shame by their appeals to the glorious procession of worlds across the darkened stage of the heavens, to the thrilling panorama of earthly scenery, to the monuments of constructive wisdom in the organic worlds. But when we consign rhetoric and sentiment to their legitimate provinces we soon realize that all we can reasonably hope to discover are the *efficient* causes, not the *final* causes of the universe. It is only by postulating intelligence in the "First Cause" (after postulating the First Cause itself) that we can speak of a purpose or finality in the world-process. For when men speak of the necessity of a "controlling mind," a "designer and ruler," they are only substituting mystery for mystery at the best. How can we conceive matter to act in obedience to a lawgiver? It is easy and impressive to speak of the issue of an omnipotent Fiat, and the obedient movement and development that brought order out of chaos; but remember that obedience is a metaphor taken from the moral world. How can this dull, dead, inert matter we have so much depreciated carry out so faithfully the decree of its maker? How can unconscious atoms realize so sublime a conception?

There is only one conceivable meaning for the expression—namely, that God implanted certain powers in matter, endowed it with certain active properties, through whose slow, inevitable action the universe was formed. If material forces do not suffice, add spiritual agencies; in the ultimate analysis you will have merely discovered that the universe is the product of certain factors, and, as far as this argument is concerned, the factors may have been themselves eternal and uncaused, or they may have been the unconscious evolution of a supreme principle in a Pantheistic sense. That they were created for the express purpose of realizing a definite plan cannot be proved *à posteriori;* we

must first learn independently that the first cause was capable of prevision, if they are proved to have been caused at all. Thus it appears that no specific argument can be drawn from the complexity of organic structures, or from the order and harmony of the inorganic world. After reading Paul Janet's classical work on the subject, "Les Causes Finales," I came to the conclusion that it was quite useless, apart from the influence of evolution.

I now come to the argument which did support my Theistic beliefs for a considerable period—the metaphysical argument. Uneducated people are frequently heard to remark that they think of God mainly as the maker of the universe; their mind recognizes its insufficiency, and postulates a creator to explain its existence. It seemed to me that this position was confirmed on deeper philosophical inquiry, and that thus, even admitting the great world to be the necessary outcome of a primitive nebula, whose condensation sufficiently explained its structure and its contents, still we were bound to recognize a higher principle beyond the nebula—the author of its existence, its properties, its motion and primitive disposition. Thus what was lost in teleology was more than compensated. I could not enthuse with special emphasis over the marvels of the microscope and telescope, for I knew too well the secular process of development that explained them; but the whole world seemed now to testify to a higher power, the grain of sand as eloquently as the starry universe, and I thought I had here a firm basis of Theistic belief which no progress of science would ever disturb. However, I felt I had not yet reached the deepest roots of the argument, and doubt and misgiving periodically took possession of me. When one is engaged in ministerial and professorial work in London it is difficult to find an opportunity for the severe task of honestly and thoroughly examining the bases of belief. Last summer the rectorship of a small college in the country was offered to me, which afforded me the necessary leisure and retirement. It was then that I finally abandoned all hope of finding a basis for Theistic belief.

The metaphysical argument, or argument from causality, is frequently formulated in an obviously sophistical manner, just as the principle of causality itself is often a mere tautology. In its improved form the principle runs, "Whatever begins to exist has a cause," and consequently the non-eternity of the world would have to be proved before the principle could be applied. I was at one time under the impression that the non-eternity of the world could be proved, but I soon came to recognize in the argument an ingenious play upon words, such as are notoriously common in scholastic philosophy. In endeavouring to widen the application of the principle, Leibnitz discovered that it really sprang from a deeper and more universal principle, "There is nothing without a sufficient reason," and this became the basis of the Theistic

argument. It is usually formulated in this manner. The material universe must have a sufficient reason for its existence, and for its possession of its actual powers and properties; either it exists necessarily and essentially, and in that case we find the sufficient reason in its own essence, or it is not self-existent, when we must seek the reason why it actually exists in some productive principle. Now, when we reflect on all our knowledge of matter, it seems clear that it is not self-existent; its existence seems a pure contingency which we can easily change in thought; it might have been eternally in rest, yet it is in motion; its properties might conceivably have been very different. We must, therefore, postulate an eternal, self-existent being, distinct from the world, who gave it existence, and is responsible for its actual movement and distinctive characteristics.

It will surprise many that such an argument should have been considered the strongest foundation of belief in God; yet it is everywhere the principal support of rational theology. The study of metaphysics does, indeed, develop and strengthen the reasoning faculty, but it has the notorious effect of predisposing to a confusion of the subjective and the objective. The metaphysician has ever been inclined to objectify his mental images and their connections; and if I had not indulged largely in the study of historical and physical science, there is every probability that I should have continued to rest my belief in a real, objective, spiritual world, on the subjective play of thought which it represented in the metaphysical argument. It contains just the same fallacy as the popular way of thinking: "The world *must* have a cause; there *must* be an infinite being somewhere." The "must" is a psychological phenomenon, and nothing more—a mental impulse or craving is construed into an objective necessity. So it is in the philosophical elaboration of the same thought: self-existence, or necessary existence, and contingency is an antithesis of *thought* transferred illegitimately into attributes of *things;* the principle of sufficient reason is the expression of a law, or, rather, a strong tendency of thought, which has been projected into the real world in the day-dream of the metaphysician.

Thus did I come to the term of my inquiry, and taste the bitter fruit of the tree of knowledge. Other arguments there are without number, sad monuments of the obstinate adherence of humanity to a faltering belief. One by one they dissolved upon a severe and impartial analysis, as I lingered over the yellow pages of the heroes of the school, or devoured each new apologist who seemed so profoundly convinced of the depth and originality of his evidences. Like the famous character in Heine, I called piteously upon God, wandering in thought throughout the universe; but the environing space and the mountain sides, the restless sea and the busy haunts of men, did but re-echo the despairing

cry. And yet in bitter irony the Church of Rome was teaching, with characteristic feeling, that the existence of God was so evident that it could not honestly be called into question. Its theologians spend half their time in destroying each other's arguments; its priests are, to an alarming extent, utterly unable to render a reason of the faith that is in them; but its unity must be preserved; and so the world is described as a mirror reflecting so brightly a divine power and wisdom that a man must deliberately close his eyes not to confess them. Its fires have been extinguished, or, as it fondly hopes, slumber for a time until the sceptre of power is restored to its hands; but persecution is still the weapon with which it wards off the "wolves" from its flock. It may be said that the impossibility of honest agnosticism is not an article of faith defined by the Church of Rome, but it is practically equivalent to one; it is a point on which there is a clear consensus of its theologians, and its manuals of theology emphatically promulgate it. The heretic may be piously trusted to be in good faith, but the Agnostic bears the mark of reprobation on his brow, more surely than the painted face under the street-lamp.

THE SOUL.

The expectation of a positive revelation, which prepares the way to a large extent for its reception on indifferent evidence, is based upon two fundamental propositions of natural religion—the existence of God, and the spirituality and immortality of the soul. Once the material world comes to be regarded as a translucent veil that hangs for a time between a personal God and a human spirit vaguely conscious of a high destiny, the search for some positive message from behind the veil is natural and hopeful. If, however, these beliefs are themselves found to have little or no rational justification, the study of positive religions no longer presents itself as a matter of such vital importance and of so promising an issue. Consequently the ingenuity of the religious philosopher has exerted itself in every age in accumulating motives for clinging to this world-wide belief. But if in the preceding case the arguments for the traditional belief have undergone many changes in the progress of thought, the same may be said with much more obvious truth in the present instance. The motives found in the eloquent pages of Plato appeal to few minds of our generation; the arguments of Aristotle and his scholastic commentators are discarded even by most of their own modern followers. New arguments of the most approved and invulnerable type have been invented to meet the critical mind of this rapidly maturing race, and even science—the phantom that has scared so many religious souls during the present century—has been pressed into the service of spiritualist philosophers.

But, if there is one point on which science has shaken the confidence of men in traditional teaching, it is on this question of the

possession by man of an immaterial soul. Metaphysics is, from the nature of the case, the ultimate court of appeal in such a question; the crude assertion that scientists reject the soul because the microscope, the skiograph, or the scalpel has never revealed it, is one of the choice expressions invented by theologians, who never read scientists for the satisfaction of their people, whom they will not allow to read them. Neither literally nor metaphorically is it a correct statement of the case. The truth is that there are two forces at work in modern physical science, which proceed satisfactorily until we come to human psychology, and which the scientist is naturally loth to relinquish at this point until the gravest possible reasons are shown for respecting the immunity claimed for it. On the one hand we have this law of unity or parsimony, the tendency to restrict as far as possible the number of ultimate factors of the universe; this is a natural protest of a sounder scientific spirit against the reckless multiplication of forces and principles of less enlightened ages, when all different sets of phenomena were attributed at once to radically distinct principles, and supposed to be explained. On the other hand there is the law of evolution—the most brilliant discovery of the century—which has shed so marvellous a light on the past history of the world, and which now only encounters serious opposition when it deals with the origin of human intelligence. To show that a mechanical or monistic view of the universe and an acceptance of evolution cannot include man, it is necessary to point to certain of his characteristics, which reveal the presence in him of a new and specifically distinct principle; until that is done the claims which evolution and mechanicism derive from their already universal application cannot be set aside. Difficulties in their application there will be; but difficulties, as theologians so loudly protest in other matters, are not objections.

The philosophy which I taught was, of course, essentially dualistic: it takes a middle course between Materialism and Berkleian Idealism. Moreover, it teaches that the human soul is not an isolated spirit, as in Plato's and Descartes's teaching, in absolute contrast to the rest of the universe; the immaterial world is interwoven much more intimately with the material. The problem, therefore, on which my mind was exercised, and in the solution of which I came to my present attitude, was to establish clearly the frontiers of the immaterial world, where we could confidently face the rising tide of scientific naturalism, and say: "Here shall thy proud waves break." For I thought there was no sadder sight in the history of the century than the retreat of our apologists from the untenable positions they successively occupied. Not only was this the case in Scripture and in history, but it was conspicuously true in those provinces of philosophy which they once peopled with immaterial principles. Whatever may be said of conser-

vatism as an abstract principle, its exemplification in the history of the Church of Rome, from its encounter with Galileo onwards, is not encouraging. It is well to rest under the shadow of the authority of Aristotle and the leading school men; but we must remember that in questions which lie on the borderland between physics and metaphysics it was difficult to give a decision at a time when the development of the two sciences was so disproportionate. And the problem of vitality, about which philosophical tradition and the scientific revolution came into conflict, belongs to that neutral territory. The duty of the biologist is to extend his explanations as far as they are capable, and the metaphysician may discuss the residuum, if there be any.

It was held formerly, and is still held by many Catholic philosophers who adhere to the orthodox practice of disregarding contemporary activity, that the immaterial world first reveals its presence in plants. There is, unfortunately, much confusion in defining the terms "immaterial," "spiritual," etc.; but for my purpose it is sufficient to say that they held (and hold) that the phenomena of plant-life (growth, nutrition, etc.) cannot be explained by the properties of the matter of which the plant is composed; that, consequently, they reveal the working of some principle in the plant which is not matter. From this point Immaterialists began to beat a retreat early in this century; curious survivals of it are still met with—*e.g.*, in Lepidi, a modern Catholic philosopher of some reputation. It would be idle to discuss the controversy; but the moral of the retreat is a serious one.

Plants were credited with an immaterial principle—a "soul," as they did not hesitate to call it—because their properties were very different from those of ordinary matter; the possibility of material forces producing widely different results when they enter into certain highly complex combinations came to be recognized as vegetable physiology, and chemistry progressed. The principle of the argument was unsound; ammonia has properties remarkably different from those of hydrogen and nitrogen, yet some will say (many Catholic philosophers *will* say it) that a new principle must be introduced to explain the new properties, when hydrogen and nitrogen unite and ammonia is formed. So also from the different properties of the plant, its vital activities, it was evidently illogical to demand the admission of an immaterial source for them.

Now, the difficulty is that the argument for an immaterial principle in the "lower" animals is precisely of the same character. The vital forces in animals are very *different* from ordinary material forces; hence it is inferred that they are not material forces—they are the manifestation of an immaterial principle. But mere *difference* of properties does not suffice, as is proved from the earlier controversy; what degree of difference is necessary before we are logically justified in introducing a

new principle? In the former case the philosopher's inference was merely founded upon the temporary imperfection of physical science. Now, biological science is making rapid progress; how do you know it will not undermine your position here also? Can any definite criterion of the immaterial be posited, or must we retreat step by step as the biologist advances, at each step betraying the weakness of our logic? Remember that the last step is the spirituality of the human soul.

For many years it seemed to me that such a criterion was available. The properties of mind are very different from those of matter. If we are logical, and if we remember a little controversial history, we shall not infer forthwith that mind must be the manifestation of spirit, not an outgrowth of matter. But if we can show that the properties of mind are not merely *different*, but *contradictory*, entirely opposed to those of matter, we may defy the progress of the Materialist. No addition of non-entities will produce a being (except in the brain of a Hegel), no multiplication of ciphers will give a number. Now, consciousness itself is not a phenomenon of this character. There is, indeed, a vast gulf between the movements of the molecules of the brain and the states of consciousness which accompany them; but we have no satisfactory reason for asserting that the gulf will never be traversed. No Theist will deny that matter could have been endowed with consciousness, like Leibnitz's monads, if the Creator so willed; in point of fact, *unorganized* matter is not, but it is strange to infer that, therefore, *organized* matter cannot be the subject of consciousness. When the new science of psycho-physics had pursued its investigations into the relation between cerebral changes and states of consciousness for a considerable time, and when the comparative anatomy of the nervous system has made equal progress, perhaps the problem will wear a different aspect. However that may be, it is not proved that consciousness may not have arisen from an improved nervous structure, and until that is done it is unlawful to introduce a new, immaterial element into animal nature. The history of the past and the elementary rules of logic forbid it.

As we ascend the scale of the animal kingdom, mere consciousness, irritability, takes the form of definite perception of external objects. We are justified (in spite of Cartesians) in attributing sensitive perceptions like our own to the higher classes of animals at least. Now, it appeared to me that sensation was the rock which would mark the limit of progress and Materialism. It mattered little whether we could say precisely where definite sensitive perception began or not; wherever it began, we had the impassable frontier of the immaterial world. There seemed to be an indivisibility in the perceptive principle which clearly precluded the possibility of its being material, for matter is as clearly compound and divisible. We perceive an object whole and

entire at a glance; something within us must unify the various parts of the object, and perceive them simultaneously. If the brain is a sensitized plate on which the impression of the object is made, each atom contained in the cellule, or group of cellules, over which the impression is spread, would have its share of the impression; but must there not be some simple, indivisible principle pervading the brain substantially united to it, to explain the synthesis of these partial perceptions? Two objects are united in a judgment, and simultaneously perceived; the act of reasoning is still more complex. In fine, there is a supreme unity of the whole psychic life apparently pointing to the absolute unity and simplicity of its substratum, whereas the nervous system becomes increasingly complex.

That is the argument which finds most favour with scientifically-minded spiritualists. However, my professor at Louvain and several of the most distinguished Catholic philosophers rejected it, and through their criticism I came to see its weakness—its confusion of *undividedness* and *indivisibility*. A suggestion of Professor Huxley had always troubled me—the brain might not actually be a congeries of separate atoms. It is possible that Sir W. Thompson's theory of atoms—that they are merely vortices in a continuous medium—may be correct; if so, the basis of the argument is destroyed. In any case, granting that consciousness may possibly be an efflorescence of nerve tissue, there seemed no great difficulty, when the nervous system is thoroughly studied, in ascribing the unity of conscious life to the unity of the nervous system.

Thus my criterion proved faulty, and I am unable to find any other grave reason for thinking that a spiritual and imperishable substance underlies our mental life. The apparent freedom of the will dissolves upon a careful study of the relation of motive to voluntary action. The power of reflection, from which springs the artistic faculty, does not present serious difficulty when we are dealing with a highly-developed nervous system, once the initial difficulty of consciousness is overcome. Much emphasis is often laid upon the fact that we are at all able to think about things spiritual; it is implied that matter, however elaborated, could not rise to such a level. But our ideas of the spiritual world, like our idea of the infinite, are only negative, in so far as they represent the immaterial; we abstract material characters and limitations from our ideas of objects, and they are spiritualized. And this power of abstraction, like the power of fusion or generalization, no more postulates the spirituality of the principle of thought than does the power of reflection.

Another argument that has become very popular is taken from the permanence or identity of consciousness at successive periods of life; it is here that science is supposed to give reluctant evidence in favour

of the spiritualist philosophy. Science shows that within a comparatively brief period the entire matter of the organism is renewed; whence, then, triumphantly cries the psychologist, the identity of personal consciousness and the permanence of memory throughout so many transformations. I remember vividly a scene of twenty years ago; every particle of the matter of my brain has been renewed since then; what has remained and retained the impression? The structure of the brain has remained, and, whatever be the obscurity of the physical basis of memory, it is certain that it depends upon changes made in the structure of cellules, in a definite arrangement of their parts. And in the renewal of the matter of the brain the minutest structures are undisturbed—atom replaces atom with perfect fidelity. In the fossilization of an animal, when the tissues are replaced by new matter, the most delicate structures are preserved; if a phonogram were fossilized, the new matter would reproduce the original air as faithfully as the renewed brain reproduces the impressions of the past.

If there is no satisfactory evidence of the spirituality of the soul, the question of its immortality is superfluous. To entertain the thought seriously, we must admit in man an incorruptible substance, capable of thought and volition, without the co-operation or instrumentality of a brain. I do not for a moment consider that thought and volition are, as yet, satisfactorily explained as cerebral functions; no one can expect it of a science still in its infancy. But I see no proof that thought and volition have any intrinsic character evidently demanding a spiritual agency. All that is offered in the way of proof amounts to the assertion that they are at present very clearly and sharply marked off from all other forces. Science has bridged over many such gulfs in the past, and its constructive power is intensifying every year. Moreover, it is easy to see the vast progress that has been made in that direction during the last half century. The investigations of the psycho-physicist, of the pathologist, and of the criminologist point exclusively in the direction of Materialism. The evolution of the nervous system in the human individual and in the animal kingdom has a significance that points in the same direction. When Germany became sick of metaphysics, and commenced its laborious and brilliant career of physical science, it is remarkable how quickly its Idealism and Spiritualism were replaced by a universal Materialism. In every country the number of brilliant, conscientious thinkers who have rejected traditional belief, largely through the influence of physical science, is well known and deeply significant. Clearly the spirituality of the soul has not been too generously revealed to those who would most have benefited by its consoling promise.

CHRIST.

There are many who now look to the figure of Christ for the

restoration of that faith in the spiritual world which modern Scepticism seems determined to undermine. In the world at large we read only naturalism; the spirit-world is so completely veiled from our sight that we lose even our own spiritual identity. Humanity once saw on the outspread world a reflection of its Creator's attributes, dim and troubled as on the ruffled surface of a lake; even that has passed away, and wearily it takes its life as part of the visible whole unvisited by faintest gleam of a brighter world. But we are told that a revelation has been given more in proportion to our materialized ways of thinking; the figure of Christ, appearing as the central point of the world's history, is a striking embodiment of the higher power that encircles our life, intended to raise us from the naturalism to which we are ever succumbing by a revelation of supernatural wisdom, goodness, and power.

In the first place, it is urged that the very triumph of Christ, as it is written luminously on the history of the world, compels us to attribute to him a superhuman character. For three years he traversed Judea, a fervent and eloquent, but poor and untutored preacher; his life seemed to end in utter failure and ignominy. But, before the end of the first century, the sect that bore his name was rapidly spreading over the empire; every conceivable form of persecution was tried in vain to eradicate it; and, when its adherents were at length free to come forth into the light of day, it soon became conterminous with the Roman empire. And through 2,000 years it has retained its supremacy over Europe; through the rise and fall and redistribution of empires, through the moral corruption that repeatedly crept over the land, through the intellectual movements that successive eras of peace have developed; so that to-day 300 millions of the most civilized races of the earth bend their knees in adoration before the crucified figure of the Galilean.

For many this brilliant triumph, enlarged upon unceasingly by the ecclesiastical rhetorician, is proof enough of the divinity of Christ's mission; they feel comparatively unconcerned at the fate of certain documents which purport to give a description of the still more wonderful life of this leader. Whatever may be thought of the doctrine of the Incarnation, we catch a glimpse of the divine in this marvellous page of history; a divine influence must have pervaded the world to win and preserve such a veneration. Now, such a thought is intelligible at a period when history was not a science, but a descriptive catalogue of events, and when Europe, with the sublime egoism of Judea or ancient Greece, looked down upon the rest of the human race as "barbarians," in moral and intellectual matters. But there is more power of analysis in modern history, and its vision is infinitely wider, so that it is not surprising if inferences, drawn by a more superficial

science, are rejected by its more cautious and reflective successor. The growth of Christianity has formed the study of some of our ablest and deepest historians, and their suggestions, founded upon an accurate and extensive knowledge of their science, throw sufficient light upon the phenomenon to prevent us from indulging in the hypothesis of a supernatural influence. Unfortunately, here again eagerness to retain traditional ideas, and the mere spirit of controversy, stand in the way of a calm and judicious discussion of the question. Take Newman's examination of Gibbon's celebrated analysis of the growth of Christianity; it is a striking example of a hasty and insufficient study of an opponent's position for the purpose of refutation. From the knowledge we now have of the religious condition of the Roman Empire, it is not difficult to understand the transition from Paganism to Christianity of large numbers of its members, even in the face of persecution; that the majority of its members, with their purely external attachment to Paganism, should have become Christians when they saw the change at the imperial court and the power of its priestcraft broken, is still less supernatural.

Then, again, with the enlargement of our historical range of vision we have the advantage of comparison with the growth of other religions. The proverb that history repeats itself is conspicuously true in the rise of religions. The whole story of Christianity had been enacted in the far East centuries before Christ was born. The life of Buddha was as noble as that of Christ, and his moral teaching equally sublime; the same mythical features had been added to it by his zealous followers. Buddhism has had more vicissitudes, and has, at the present day, more adherents than Christianity; we have far less historical data to assist us in analyzing its growth than we have in the case of Christianity, yet we feel no apprehension that, in attributing it to natural causes, we may be neglecting some revelation of a higher power. To the impartial historian, whose views are subsequent, not antecedent, to his knowledge, Christianity is but one member of a large family of religions —Confucianism, Zoroastrianism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism, etc.; its birth and life are similar to theirs; its death will be like theirs; like man himself, it bears no peculiar marks to prove the supernatural origin and the immortality claimed for it.

Thus, if it is true that the documents which describe the life of Christ are no longer worthy of implicit credence, we have no serious reason for thinking that Christ will lead us to a superhuman and supernatural life rather than Buddha or Zoroaster. The historical question is, then, the fundamental one. Have we an authentic description of his actions in the Gospel, and must we recognize a superhuman agency in them? This was always the one point of controversy, to my mind; moral arguments, such as the preceding, never seemed to me sufficiently

strong to bear such a construction. And when we come to examine the documents which constitute the "New Testament" we notice at once that the traditional view of their character has undergone the same modifications as we have seen in other beliefs. From the words of the writers of the early Church it is clear that verbal inspiration was the common opinion, nor do we find much modification until we come to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. From that period the extraordinary activity of critical analysis has worked a complete revolution in the educated world with regard to the Bible, and the New Testament has not been spared. Outside the Church of Rome inspiration has been virtually abandoned, and even in that heroically conservative institution the term has been emptied of all meaning. There is no dogmatic definition of inspiration, and the words in which the Councils incidentally describe it are of that elastic and diplomatic character which the Church always uses when, with an eye to future developments, it wishes to impress the uneducated majority without restricting too narrowly the liberty of the educated minority. One eminent professor of Scripture used to tell me that he prayed for a dogmatic definition of inspiration from Rome; another hoped that the Pope would not be so foolish as to lay down anything dogmatically at the present day. Ordinary Catholics are consoled by the Pope's encyclicals; but Leo XIII. will die like Honorius or John XXII.; his utterances can conveniently be laid aside as not ex-cathedra pronouncements whenever it becomes clearly necessary to do so; even now they only bind the expressions, not the thoughts, of Catholics.

However, the hopeless controversy about inspiration is of little consequence; the question is, Do the documents form an authentic and reliable narrative of the words and life of Christ? The answer must be obtained by the impartial use of ordinary critical methods, by the examination of the evidence produced in favour of the truthfulness of the New Testament. Evidence may be either internal, taken from certain features of the narrative itself, or external—that is, the testimony of other reliable documents to its authenticity. It matters little whether we can trace the gospels to Matthew, Mark, etc.; if they are proved to be records of events by contemporary and credible witnesses, they are worthy of credence. But that is precisely what we *cannot* prove them to be; the evidence adduced is hopelessly insufficient. There is internal evidence of some force found in the topography, the political allusions, and the numismatics of the Gospels; but that is useless, since it does not extend to the only passages we are concerned about—the words of Christ and his supposed miracles. These may have been inserted into a simple and truthful contemporary biography of Christ, or an earlier document may have been used to give colouring and plausibility to a much later composition. We should have some basis

for trust in the Gospel story if we had reliable assurance from known writers that it existed, as we now have it, immediately after the time of Christ, and that it had emanated from Jewish eye-witnesses of the events; but nothing could be farther from the actual case. It is not until the middle of the second century that we have any testimony in favour of the authenticity of the Gospels worth considering. To quote Clement, Ignatius, and Polycarp as witnesses to the authenticity of the Gospels is absurd; at the most their words only show that certain documents existed which subsequently appear in the text of the Gospel. Justin is the earliest writer from whom we can gather anything about the Gospels of a really useful character. He lived more than a century after the death of Christ.

This, therefore, is the true position of the question. Towards the middle of the second century A.D. certain documents appeared professing to describe the life of a religious teacher who had lived in a remote part of the empire more than 100 years before. These documents, or gospels, are many in number, and all of unknown authorship; they are in the possession of an obscure and fanatical sect, and many of them contain obvious absurdities. Gradually the more absurd are denounced as apocryphal, and four are retained, which, together with some letters of one of the early Christians, form the "New Testament" of future ages. Could anything be more credulous than to put faith in such a biography, especially when we see how every great religious teacher has been credited with supernatural powers by his followers in the course of a century or two after his death? The utmost we are justified in thinking of Christ is that he was a man of noble and generous life, with a singular influence over his fellow-men, which was counteracted by the intrigues of the priestcraft he so frequently denounced, and which ultimately brought about his death. In this character he will remain one of the heroes of humanity until the end of time; but more than this it is unreasonable, amid the silence of contemporary writers, to demand for him. The crucifix will ever be a symbol for the veneration of humanity; not that it will cast its dark shadow over the world to chill and mortify the lives of men, but it will be a type, like Socrates' poison-cup, of moral heroism, of unyielding fidelity to truth, of victorious opposition to hypocrisy and tyranny.

CONCLUSION.

It seems idle to discuss the question of the Papacy after arriving at negative conclusions on the three preceding points; yet the title would hardly be exhausted without some reference to my change of views on that institution. The removal of disabilities and the Oxford Movement have brought the Church of Rome into prominence in this country once more; in fact, it was only the insular prejudices of Englishmen

that closed their eyes to it for many years as by far the most powerful Christian body in the world. Now we hear on every side of the prospects of the re-union, or (in less diplomatic circles) conversion of England to the Church of Rome. I have heard a bishop naïvely deprecating the question of the Disestablishment of the Church of England, on the ground that Catholic churches would be inundated with a flood of converts, and its ministry would be quite unable to cope with the extraordinary labours imposed upon them. Catholic papers are continually parading the most recent "converts," the construction of churches, the large ordinations of priests. But those of the inner circle know that it is an open question whether the Church of Rome has made any progress during the last twenty years; her losses are enormous. Some two years ago a census was taken of the Catholic population of London; the result was whispered among the clergy—there were between 70,000 and 80,000 nominal Catholics in London alone who had practically abandoned the Church—but it was carefully added: "The cardinal does not want this to get into print." The papers only published the number of chapels erected and the multiplication of those fragrant centres of holiness—convents and monasteries. We find the same condition when we examine what are called triumphantly Roman Catholic countries, of some of which I have had intimate experience, and of others carefully acquired knowledge. The numbers given in statistical tables are misleading in the extreme; they include nominal Catholics, of whom millions in France and Belgium alone are, throughout life, outside the pale of the Church.

However, numerical extension or decrease does not affect whatever truth there may be in an institution. The Church of Rome has recovered, sometimes with startling rapidity, from the gravest possible crises; and an impartial truth-seeker must not be misled by the indifference of its members, or the degeneration of its clergy and religious orders. The Papacy is a living power, perhaps the greatest on earth, commanding the absolute obedience of 200 millions, and having a large influence beyond its own frontiers. It claims to have a divine origin, and to be entrusted with divine powers for the guidance of humanity. Now, in examining the pretensions of the Papacy to a divine institution, we are met at once by the difficulty mentioned in the preceding section. We really have no trustworthy record of the words of Christ. The authorities of the Church do not claim impeccability, and we know that the Church was certainly not immaculate even in its primitive state; what could be easier than that an ambitious Church should have altered documents to suit its purpose during the hundred years between the death of Christ and their appearance as the canonical Gospels? Remember that the primitive documents of other religions must have been interpolated in this manner, from the Christian point of view.

Still, even if we accept the actual Gospels as faithfully recording the words of Christ, a more glaring contrast between the simplicity of Christ's words and actions and the proud, ambitious Papal Court that is supposed to have grown from them can scarcely be imagined. Every religious teacher, every leader of men, has his favourites or his more active officers; and from the few simple words of Christ, which seem to indicate some such capacity in Peter, the most ardent but most dangerous of his disciples, we are asked to infer the foundation of a vast system that would have aroused the indignation of the Galilean carpenter a thousand times more than the Jewish priestcraft did. One of the most curious aspects of the history of every religion possessed of sacred documents is the marvellous discoveries that are continually being made of hidden senses of the text. Those who reject the Papacy have a still greater difficulty in finding bishops and archbishops in the text of the Gospel; the Presbyterian does violence to the text for his own purposes; even the pure Evangelical is ever finding deeper meanings, and constructing dogmas or systems on one or other text of the Gospel. But Roman theology is a masterpiece of ingenuity in exegetics. From Christ's simple words, "Whose sins you shall retain they are retained," the whole hideous system of the Confessional is evolved; from a medicinal remark of James comes the curious dogma of Extreme Unction; from some strong language of the sorely-tempted Paul is pressed Original Sin and Baptismal Regeneration; from the farewell supper of Christ the extraordinary doctrines of the Eucharist and the Mass, with all their complicated ceremonies; and the Immaculate Conception is proved from a stray remark in the Genesis version of an old Babylonian legend. Scripture must not be taken alone, they tell us; tradition embodies revelation with equal authority. But what is tradition? From the heterogeneous contents of the writings of the Fathers what are we to choose as revealed? Well, the Pope is infallible; but it turns out that even he has no inner revelation or positive assistance in the matter; he must be convinced from Scripture and tradition like ourselves, and it is extremely difficult sometimes to see the connection between his dogmatic conclusions and the scriptural data he alleges for them.

If it is hopeless to trace the origin of the hierarchy of the Church of Rome in Scripture, it is certainly not difficult to understand it as a purely human institution. Follow its growth in ecclesiastical history: it is as natural as the growth of any civil government. The extension of the Church and the growing exercise of reason on its tenets developed the already separated caste of priesthood into a powerful administrative and magisterial body. Its history is marked throughout by human passion—ambition, intrigue, usurpation, and even coarser vices. Pope after pope has assumed the tiara from mere ambition, and

has led, in the midst of a corrupt court, a life that was the very antithesis to that of Christ. It has ever been grasping for power, using it cruelly when obtained until men were driven to repel it, and then, with open obsequiousness, but secret diplomacy, planning to regain it. The mantle of the Cæsars has descended upon its chiefs, and Italian blood flows in its veins throughout the world—cruel, vindictive, crafty, and dissembling. It aims at the disestablishment of other Churches: it is bound to hold that itself, the true Church, must be established. It seeks to be thought tolerant; it quietly teaches doctrines that condemn without examination the moral lives of large bodies of earnest men, some of them the most eminent in every land. It justifies the Inquisition and its former persecutions on principles to which it still adheres, and which it would be bound to put in practice again if ever it became powerful enough. Its clergy are notoriously out of the current of modern thought; yet it terrifies its members into submission, and silences their criticism by the Index and the powerful machinery of pulpit and confessional that bears it out. It fosters religious orders in which there is only a glow of religious life about once in two centuries; their ordinary characteristics are ignorance, idleness, and unceasing strife. Its gorgeous ceremonies have little more spirit in them than a spectacle at Olympia; it neglects the poor in thousands; its offices are an endless source of mischief (for the "Life of Manning" reveals no unusual proceedings); its clergy and bishops are ignorant, its apologists repeatedly guilty of misrepresentations, its laymen restricted in their literature, and even their civil and political life.

In my progress from Rome to Rationalism many other considerations have influenced me; but I can do no more than mention two or three of them. Most of the priests who have preceded me in detaching themselves from the Church of Rome within the last few years have been powerfully affected by the history of Biblical Criticism, and the same line of inquiry has had much weight with me. It is impossible to be unmoved at the conduct of Catholic apologists yielding inch by inch to the advance of Higher Criticism, and then, with admirable coolness, adopting the positions they so vigorously denounced. Genesis, upon which pious speculations were so abundant fifty years ago, we must now look upon as an expurgated edition of a book of Babylonian legends of unknown origin, and so on with the rest of the Old Testament; yet even now, after all concessions, the Catholic doctrine, if it means anything at all, certainly as it is interpreted by Leo XIII., is absolutely untenable. It is not necessary at the present day to enumerate errors found in the Bible.

Mysteries likewise in the course of time became intolerable to me. If there were an infinite, any science concerning him would naturally contain mysteries; but many of the dogmas of Christianity are more

than mysteries. For a time I was consoled by the philosophical quibbling which is offered to meet doubts about the Trinity, the Incarnation, and the Eucharist; but I came at length to regard them as directly contrary to reason, and therefore, according to Catholic principles even, to be rejected. Again, the progress of science is undoubtedly eliminating supernaturalism; its torch has illumined the deep abysses of space and the veiled features of the past, and it is every day proclaiming the self-sufficiency, the self-containedness of the universe, of which man and man's history is but an incidental product. Finally, looking back over the whole scheme of evidences I have criticized, I cannot think that an all-merciful God would have devised such a labyrinth through which men must pass to a knowledge of himself. The problem is hopelessly beyond the majority of men; if they believe, it must be on the authority of their religious guides. And when we remember the gross philosophical ignorance of those guides, and the brilliant galaxy of modern thinkers who stand against them, such an act of faith cannot reasonably be demanded.

I have now explained briefly and simply my mental experiences of the past ten years. I might have stifled my doubts from the commencement; I did not think it honest to do so. With the sword of Damocles overhead, I have pursued my inquiry to the end, and avowed my convictions. And for that I stand before the world branded as a criminal by the Church of Rome. My dearest friends have abandoned me as though I were stricken with leprosy, if they did not indeed turn upon me with bitter and insulting language, for I was an apostate, and my word availed nothing against my calumniators. And this is an age of light and freedom and Christian charity. May the days soon come in which men will agree to differ on intellectual questions, and unite in social activity; when social ostracism will not be the inevitable consequence of honesty.

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LITTLE BLUE BOOK NO. 499

Edited by E. Haldeman-Julius

A Dictionary of Classical Mythology

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NOTE

In general, purely historical and geographical names have been omitted; but in mythology, aside from numerous obscure river-gods, nymphs, descendants, etc., the Dictionary is a fairly complete index to the literary allusions that will be met by the ordinary reader.

The genealogical guide is an important feature—by a system of cross-reference the descent of many characters may be readily traced, an important consideration in understanding the relationships involved. Thus, to avoid duplicating information and wasting valuable space, Cleobis is listed as the brother of Biton—by turning to Biton full particulars will be found.

Throughout the Dictionary Roman names have been employed for the nearly equivalent Greek deities. The Greek forms are given in parentheses following the Roman names in their proper positions in the index, and are themselves indexed for ready reference. Names peculiarly and distinctly Roman or Greek only have usually been so indicated.

TABLE OF ABBREVIATIONS

b.	brother
d.	daughter
E.	East
f.	father
G.	Greek
gf., gs., etc.	grandfather, grandson, etc.
ggs., etc.	great-grandson, etc.
h.	husband
m.	mother
N.	North
R.	Roman
s.	son
S.	South
w.	wife
W.	West

The numbers following an explanation refer to the two other volumes of the Pocket Series that deal with classcial mythology, namely, "Greek and Roman Mythology" (Pocket Series No. 498), and "Legends of Greek and Roman Heroes" (Pocket Series No. 497), indicating where more detailed information regarding that particular reference can be found. Thus, "497-58," signifies Booklet No. 497, Page 58.

A.

(For forms not under Æ, see E.)

Abantiades, name of Perseus, gs. of Abas; and of Acrisius, s. of Abas.

Abaris, a priest of Apollo, rode an arrow of the god through the air.

Abas, (1) changed into a lizard by Ceres, s. of Metanira; (2) king of Argos, gs. of Danaus, f. of Acrisius.

Absyrtus, b. of Medea, destroyed by her to delay Æetes' pursuit of the Argonauts. 497-11

Abydos, a town on the Hellespont.

Abyla, one of the Pillars of Hercules.

Acamas, s. of Theseus and Phædra, companion of Diomedes.

Acastus, s. of Pelias, f. of Laodamia; an Argonaut and a Calydonian Boar hunter.

Acca Laurentia, nurse of Romulus and Remus.

Acestes, a Trojan king of Sicily, host of Æneas. 497-54

Achaia, a district of N. Peloponnesus; loosely, Greece.

Achates, faithful companion of Æneas.

Achelous, the river-god lover of Dejanira, killed by Hercules; see Cornucopia.

Achemenides, companion of Ulysses.

Acheron, the river of woe, in Hades; loosely, Hades.

Achilles, the G. hero of the Iliad, s. of Peleus and Thetis (Nereid), prominent in the Trojan War; slayer of Hector, killed by Paris. 497-31ff

Acis, a shepherd, s. of Faunus, beloved by Galatea (2), killed by Polyphemus. 497-62

Acmonides, same as Arges.

Acontius, a youth, lover of Cydippe; a friend of Perseus.

Acrisius, s. of Abas, gs. of Hypermnestra and Lynceus; f. of Danaë, sought to destroy infant Perseus. 497-12

Acropolis, the flat rock forming the citadel of Athens.

Actæon, a hunter, changed to a stag, killed by his own dogs; s. of Aristæus and Autonoë. 498-31

Actor, (1) s. of Diomedes, f. of Menœtius; (2) companion of Æneas.

Admetus, king of Thessaly, served by Apollo; h. of Alcestis. 498-26

Adonis, a hunter, vainly loved by Venus, killed by a boar; anemone sprang from his blood. 498-38

Adrasteia, a name for Nemesis.

Adrastus, a king of Argos, s. of Talaus; led the Seven Against Thebes.

Æacus, b. of Minos (1), gf. of Achilles, s. of Jupiter and Ægina; king of Myrmidons; one of the three judges in Hades. 497-31; 498-51

Æœa, abode of Circe, visited by Ulysses.

Æetes, king of Colchis, f. of Medea and Absyrtus, s. of Helios and Perse; owner of the Golden Fleece. 497-10.

Ægæon, same as Briareus.

Ægeus, a king of Athens, s. of Pandion, f. of Theseus. 497-27ff

Ægina, m. of Æacus, d. of Asopus.

Ægis, (1) shield of Jupiter; (2) breast-plate of Minerva.

Ægisthus, seducer of Clytemnestra, accom-

plice in Agamemnon's murder; s. of Thyestes by his own d. 497-43

Ægle (Splendor), a name of several nymphs.

Ægyptus, b. of Danaus, s. of Belus, f. of 50 sons, husbands of the Danaides, who killed them, excepting Lynceus, h. of Hypermnestra.

Aëllo, one of the Harpies.

Æneas, the Trojan hero of the Æneid, s. of Anchises and Venus; a king of Latium. 497-52ff

Æneid, Virgil's Latin epic poem narrating the adventures of Æneas.

Æolides, patronymic of Athamas, Sisyphus, Cephalus, Ulysses, Phrixus, etc.

Æolus, (1) god of winds; 497-47; 498-55 (2) s. of Deucalion and Pyrrha, f. or gf. of Æolides.

Ærope, w. of Plisthenes, m. of Agamemnon and Menelaus. 497-32

Æschylus, a G. tragic poet (about B. C. 480).

Æsculapius, see Asclepius.

Æson, f. of Jason, half-b. of Pelias; rejuvenated by Medea. 497-8ff

Æsop, writer of fables (about B. C. 570).

Æstas (Summer), one of the Seasons.

Æthalides, herald of the Argonauts.

Æther (Light), s. of Erebus and Nyx. 498-7

Æthra, m. of Theseus; by Ægeus; d. of Pittheus.

Ætna, a Sicilian volcano, prison of Enceladus, who caused the eruptions; also site of Vulcan's forge.

Ætolia, a mountainous region of Greece, scene of Calydonian Boar.

Agamedes, a celebrated architect, b. of Trophonius.

Agamemnon, a G. hero in the Trojan War, assassinated by Ægisthus and Clytemnestra; s. of Plisthenes and Ærope (sometimes given as s. of Atreus), gs. of Atreus; f. of Iphigenia, Electra, Orestes. 497-32ff-43ff

Agave, sister of Autonoë; tore Pentheus to pieces.

Agenor, f. of Europa, Cilix, Cadmus, Phœnix; s. of Neptune.

Agis, the Four Ages (Gold, Silver, Bronze, Iron).

Aglaia (Brightness), one of the Graces.

Aides, same as Hades; sometimes, Pluto.

Ajax, a G. hero in the Trojan War, s. of Telamon, gs. of Æacus; second only to Achilles in courage. 497-34-40

Alastor, name applied to Zeus the avenger; hence, any avenging deity.

Alba Longa, a city of Latium, reputed birthplace of Romulus and Remus. 497-57

Alcestis, w. of Admetus, died to gain immortality for him; rescued from Hades by Hercules. 497-25; 498-26

Alcides, same as Hercules.

Alcimede, w. of Æson, m. of Jason.

Alcinous, king of Phæacians, famed for wonderful gardens.

Alcippe, d. of Mars, abducted by Halirrhothius.

Alcmæon, one of the Epigoni, s. of Amphiaraus and Eriphyle, pursued by Furies for killing m.

Alcmena, m. of Hercules, d. of Electryon.

Alcyone, see Halcyone.

Alecto (Restless), one of the Furies.

Alexander, name of Paris in the Iliad.

Alexander the Great, a G. conqueror (356-323 B. C.); cut the Gordian Knot with his sword.

Alceus, f. of Otus and Ephialtes, s. of Neptune.

Alphenor, a s. of Niobe.

Alpheus, (1) a river, see Augeas; 497-20 (2) the river-god pursuer of Arethusa. 498-30

Althea, w. of Œneus, m. of Meleager. 497-61

Altis, a sacred grove near Olympia.

Amalthea, the goat-nurse of infant Jupiter on Mt. Ida.

Amaryllis, a country girl or shepherdess.

Amata, w. of Latinus, m. of Lavinia. 497-56

Amazons, a war-like tribe of women, near Euxine Sea. 497-21

Ambrosia, the food of the gods.

Ammon, an Egyptian deity, identified with Zeus.

Amor, R. name for Eros, or Cupid.

Amphiaraus, a seer of Argos, f. of Alcmæon and Eurydice; one of the Seven Against Thebes, betrayed to the war by Eriphyle. 497-6

Amphilochus, s. of Amphiaraus and Eriphyle, one of the Epigoni.

Amphion, s. of Antiope by Jupiter, moved stones with the music of his lyre; see Dirce. 497-5; 498-15

Amphitrite, a Nereid, w. of Neptune.

Amphitryon, h. of Alcmena, foster-f. of Hercules. 497-17

Ampyx, an opponent of Perseus at his wedding.

Amulius, same as Romulus.

Amymone, d. of Danaus, m. of Nauplius by Neptune.

Anaces, a name for Castor and Pollux.

Anaxarete, a maiden, cruel lover of Iphis. 497-58

Ancæus, an Argonaut, s. of Lycurgus.

Anchises, a Trojan prince, f. of Æneas by Venus, borne from burning Troy by s. 497-43-53-55

Ancile, a shield of Mars, dropped from heaven to protect Rome.

Andræmon, h. of Dryope.

Androcles, a R. slave, befriended by a lion from whose paw he had picked a thorn.

Andromache, w. of Hector, m. of Astyanax. 497-36-39-53

Andromeda, d. of Cepheus, sacrificed to a sea-monster, rescued and married by Perseus. 497-14

Anna, sister of Dido, d. of Belus.

Antæus, a wrestler, invincible while touching the earth, lifted into the air and overcome by Hercules. 497-24

Antea, w. of Prœtus, betrayer of Bellerophon. 497-15

Anteros, b. of Cupid, the passion of love, avenger of unrequited affections.

Anticlea, w. of Laërtes, m. of Ulysses, d. of Autolycus.

Antigone, d. of Œdipus, buried alive for interring Polynices' remains. 497-6

Antilochus, s. of Nestor, slain before Troy.

Antinous, a suitor of Penelope.

Antiope, (1) m. of Amphion and Zethus by

Jupiter; 497-5; 498-15 (2) an Amazonian queen, w. of Theseus. 497-29

Antiphates, king of Læstrygonians.

Anubis, an Egyptian deity, watcher of the dead, identified with Mercury.

Aonia, a district around Mt. Helicon.

Aphrodite, the G. name for Venus.

Apicius, the name of three infamous gluttons of Rome.

Apollo, god of youth, sun, beauty, archery, medicine, prophecy, poetry, fine arts, music and averter of evil; s. of Jupiter and Latona; plant, laurel; bird, snowy raven; oracle at Delphi. 498-22ff-33

Apollo Belvedere, a famous sculpture, in the Vatican at Rome.

Appia Via (Appian Way), a famous R. road to S. Italy.

Apple of Discord, thrown by Eris among the wedding guests of Peleus and Thetis; see Helen, Paris.

Apulia, a name for S. E. Italy.

Aquilo, same as Boreas.

Arachne, a maiden, defeated by Minerva in a needlework contest; changed to a spider. 498-20

Arcadia, a region of Peloponnesus, home of pastoral poetry.

Arcas, s. of Callisto, the Little Bear (Ursa Minor). 498-15

Arctos (Bear), the constellations of Great and Little Bear.

Areopagus (Ares' Hill), scene of Mars' acquittal for killing Halirrhothius; a symbol of judgment; seat of Athens' highest court.

Ares, the G. name for Mars.

Arethusa, a nymph, chased into a Sicilian fountain by Alpheus. 498-30

Argus (Thunderbolt), one of the Cyclopes.

Argo, the ship in which Jason and the Argonauts sailed for the Golden Fleece. 497-9

Argolis, a region of N. E. Peloponnesus, scene of Nemean Games.

Argonaut, any member of Jason's party in the Argo. 497-9

Argos, a city of ancient Greece.

Argus, (1) a hundred-eyed monster, slain by Mercury, eyes in the peacock's tail; 498-15 (2) builder of the Argo; 497-9 (3) a dog of Ulysses.

Ariadne, d. of Minos (2) and Pasiphæ, led Theseus out of the Labyrinth by a thread; w. of Bacchus. 497-29; 498-47

Arimaspians, a Syrian race of one-eyed people.

Arion, (1) a musician (about B. C. 625), saved by a dolphin from pirates; 497-64 (2) a winged horse, offspring of Ceres and Neptune.

Aristæus, a bee-keeper, chased Eurydice into a serpent's coils; f. of Actæon, s. of Apollo and Cyrene.

Artemis, the G. name for Diana.

Aruns, an Etruscan, killed Camilla. 497-57

Ascalaphus, (1) s. of Mars, a leader vs. Troy; (2) s. of Acheron, testified that Proserpine ate pomegranate seeds in Hades, changed to an owl.

Ascanius, s. of Æneas and Creusa, reputed ancestor of the Cæsars. 497-52ff

Asclepius, a physician, s. of Apollo and Coronis, f. of Machaon. 498-26

Asia, same as Clymene (1).

Asopus, a river-god, maker of Pirene, f. of Evadne, Ægina. 497-59

Assaracus, a king of Troy, s. of Tros, gf. of Anchises.

Asteria, sister of Latona, m. of Hecate, w. of Perses; fell from heaven as a star, becoming Asteria, an island, later Delos.

Astræa (Star Maiden), goddess of justice, d. of Themis by Jupiter.

Astræus (Star Man), a Titan, h. of Eos, f. of stars and winds.

Astyages, opponent of Perseus at his wedding.

Astyanax, s. of Hector by Andromache, dashed to death from walls of Troy. 497-42

Atalanta, a princess, married the man who outran her, see Milanion; a Calydonian Boar huntress. 497-61; 498-38

Ate, goddess of mischief, incited men to crime.

Athamas, a king of Bœotia, f. of Phrixus and Helle by Nephele, s. of Æolus by Enarete; also loved Ino, for which he was punished by insanity. 497-7

Athena, the G. name for Minerva.

Athens, an Attican city, founded by Cecrops; named for Athena. 498-21

Atlantides, same as the Pleiades.

Atlantis, a mythical island-continent, opposite Mt. Atlas, in the Atlantic.

Atlas, a Titan, s. of Iapetus and Clymene; bore heaven on his shoulders; f. of Pleiades. 497-14-22; 498-10

Atreus, s. of Pelops and Hippodamia, f. of Plisthenes, married widow of Plisthenes, thus

becoming confused with f. of Agamemnon and Menelaus. 497-32

Atrides, sons of Atreus, Agamemnon, or Menelaus.

Atropos (Past), one of the Fates, severed the thread of life.

Attica, an ancient kingdom of Greece.

Attis or Atys, a shepherd, vainly loved by Rhea; became a pine tree.

Augeas, a king of Elis, whose stables contained 3,000 oxen and had not been cleaned for 30 years until accomplished by Hercules. 497-20.

Aulis, a port of Bœotia, scene of Iphigenia's sacrifice; rendezvous of the G. fleet on its way to Troy. 497-35

Aura, the morning breeze.

Aurora (Eos), goddess of dawn. 497-60; 498-22-57

Auster, same as Notus.

Autolycus, s. of Hermes; master of thieves; f. of Anticlea.

Automedon, the charioteer of Achilles.

Autonoë, d. of Cadmus and Harmonia, m. of Actæon, w. of Aristæus, sister of Agave.

Autumnus (Autumn), one of the Seasons.

Aventine, a mount, one of the Seven Hills of Rome. 497-57.

Avernus, a vapor-lake at the entrance of Hades; loosely, Hades.

B

Babylon, a city on the Euphrates, scene of Pyramus and Thisbe; see Wonders.

Bacchæ, same as Mænads or Bacchantes.

Bacchanalia, festivals of Bacchus, wild and extravagant orgies.

Bacchanals, same as Bacchantes.

Bacchantes, women-followers of Bacchus, celebrating his worship with wild dances and music. 498-46

Bacchus (Dionysus), god of wine, both its good and its bad qualities, a lawgiver and lover of joy and peace; s. of Jupiter by Semele. 498-45ff

Barbari, foreigners, a G. name for aliens.

Bassareus, same as Bacchus.

Battus, a shepherd, turned to stone by Mercury. 498-33

Baucis, a peasant-woman, w. of Philemon. 498-33

Bellerophon, a G. hero, slayer of the Chimera, perished while scaling heaven on Pegasus. 497-15ff

Bellona (Enyo), a sister of Mars, goddess of war.

Belus, twin-b. of Agenor, f. of Ægyptus, Danaus.

Bendis, a moon-goddess of Thrace.

Berecyntia, a name for Rhea (Cybele).

Berenice, w. of Ptolemy III, sacrificed her hair to Venus, which became a comet's tail.

Beroë, the old nurse of Semele. 498-16

Biton, s. of Cydippe, harnessed himself and Cleobis to her cart in place of oxen; transported to Elysium for filial devotion.

Bœotia, an ancient region of E. Greece; capital city, Thebes. 497-4

Bona Dea, a divinity of fertility worshipped in secret by R. women.

Bootes, a name of Arcas.

Boreas, the N. wind, s. of Astræus by Eos, abducted Orithyia for his w.

Bosporus (Cow Ford), the strait between Black and Marmora Seas.

Briareus (Hurricane), one of the Centimani.

Briseis, concubine of Achilles, seized by Agamemnon; d. of Briseus.

Briseus, f. of Briseis.

Britomartis, a nymph, pursued by Jupiter.

Brontes (Thunder), one of the Cyclopes.

Bucentaur, a monster, half man and half bull.

Busiris, an Egyptian king, sacrificed all strangers to Zeus, slain by Hercules. 497-24

Butes, s. of Boreas, driven mad by Bacchus.

Byrsa, the citadel of Carthage. 497-54

C

Cabiri, mystical deities of ancient worship, nature uncertain.

Cacus, a giant, s. of Vulcan; stole Hercules' cattle, who killed him. 497-24

Cadmus, s. of Agenor, b. of Europa; founder of Thebes; brought alphabet to Greece; sower of the Dragon's Teeth. 497-4

Caduceus, the serpent-staff or wand of Mercury. 498-33

Cæneus, one of the Lapiths, immortal and invulnerable, an Argonaut and Calydonian Boar hunter.

Calais, b. of Zetes.

Calchas, a soothsayer before Troy, f. of Cressida. 497-35-36

Calends, R. name for the first of the month.

Calliope, the Muse of epic poetry and eloquence.

Calirrhoë, (1) d. of Achelous, w. of Alcmæon, causing his death; (2) w. of Chrysaor.

Callisto, m. of Arcas by Jupiter, changed into a beár; the Great Bear (Ursa Major). 498-14

Calpe, one of the Pillars of Hercules.

Calydon, a district of Greece, home of Meleager.

Calydonian Boar, an animal hunted by many heroes, among them Theseus, Cæneus, etc., killed by Meleager, head and skin presented to Atalanta. 497-60

Calypso, a nymph of Ogygia, detained Ulysses seven years. 497-50

Camenæ, prophetic nymphs of R. antiquity.

Camilla, d. of Metabus, virgin-queen of the Volscians, servant of Diana, assisted Turnus vs. Æneas. 497-56

Campus Martius (Field of Mars), scene of R. athletics in emulation of Mars.

Cancer, a constellation; see Crab.

Canis (Dog), a constellation, including Sirius.

Capaneus, h. of Evadne, slain by Jupiter for impiety; one of the Seven Against Thebes.

Capella or Capra, constellation of Amalthea.

Capitoline, a central hill of Rome or the temple of Jupiter on it. 497-53

Capricorn (Goat), a sign of the Zodiac, fought with Jupiter vs. Titans.

Carmenta, a R. goddess of child-birth.

Carna, a R. deity of good health.

Carthage, a city of N. Africa, scene of Dido and Æneas. 497-53-54

Caryatid, a female figure used as a column in architecture.

Cassandra, a prophetess whose auguries were never believed, s. of Priam and Hecuba, booty of Agamemnon at the sack of Troy. 497-42ff

Cassiopea, w. of Cepheus, m. of Andromeda, angered Neptune by comparing herself to sea-nymphs. 497-14

Castalia, the vapor-fountain of Parnassus, source of Pythia's inspiration.

Castalian Cave, the oracle of Apollo at Delphi.

Castor, a horseman, twin-b. of Pollux; s. of Leda by Jupiter. 497-61

Caucasus, a mountain range between Black and Caspian Seas; scene of Prometheus' torture.

Cebriones, the charioteer of Hector.

Cecrops, a king of Attica, founder of Athens.

Celæno (Obscurity), one of the Harpies.

Celestial, a noun-adjective applied to any god or goddess.

Celeus, king of Eleusis, f. of Triptolemus, host of Ceres.

Centaurs, nature-deities, half men and half horses. 497-29-59; 498-55

Centimani (Hundred-Handed), giant-children of Uranus and Gæa, each with 50 heads and 100 hands (Cottus, Gyges, Briareus). 498-8

Cephalus, a hunter, vainly loved by Aurora; h. of Procris. 498-57

Cepheus, a king of Ethiopia, f. of Andromeda by Cassiopea, s. of Belus; an Argonaut.

Cer, a G. goddess of death.

Cerberus, the three-headed dog guarding the

entrance to Hades; s. of Typhon and Echidna. 497-23; 498-50

Cercopes, gnomes or goblins, robbed sleeping Hercules.

Cercyon, a monster, s. of Vulcan; slain by Theseus.

Ceres (Demeter), d. of Saturn and Rhea; goddess of agriculture, earth, and harvest; m. of Proserpine. 498-42ff

Cerynean Doe, the stag of Diana, with golden horns and bronze hoofs that never tired; caught by Hercules. 497-19

Cestus, the love-girdle of Venus. 498-37

Ceto, w. of Phorcys, d. of Pontus and Gæa, m. of Gorgons, Grææ, Echidna, etc.

Ceyx, a king of Thessaly; see Halcyone. 498-60

Chaos, a formless deity before Gæa (Earth). 498-7

Charites, same as the Graces.

Charon, the ferryman of Styx; s. of Erebus and Nyx. 498-50

Charybdis, a ravenous woman changed into a Sicilian whirlpool, opposite Scylla. 497-49; 498-42

Chimera, a fire-breathing monster, slain by Bellerophon; s. of Echidna. 497-15ff

Chios, an Ægean island, reputed birthplace of Homer.

Chiron, wisest of the Centaurs, s. of Saturn and Philyra; tutor of G. heroes.

Chloris, (1) Spring, identified with Flora; (2) d. of Amphion by Niobe; (3) w. of Neleus, m. of Nestor.

Chronos or Chronus, same as Cronus.

Chrysaor, s. of Neptune and Medusa, b. of Pegasus, f. of Geryon by Calirrhoë.

Chryseis, d. of Chryses, booty of Agamemnon, caused quarrel between him and Achilles. 497-36

Chryses, a priest of Apollo, f. of Chryseis, aroused wrath of gods vs. Greeks.

Ciconians, opponents of Ulysses, natives of Ismarus.

Cilix, b. of Europa. 497-4

Cimmerii, natives of Cimmeria, a land of perpetual darkness.

Circe, a sorceress, sister of Æetes, d. of Helios and Perse. 497-47-63

Circus, a great recreation ground in Rome.

Cleobis, b. of Biton.

Clio, the Muse of history.

Clotho (Present), youngest of the Fates, held the distaff, spun the thread of life.

Clymene, (1) a sea-nymph, d. of Oceanus by Tethys, w. of Iapetus; (2) a nymph, m. of Phaëton by Apollo; 498-25 (3) a relative of Menelaus, companion of Helen.

Clytemnestra, d. of Tyndareus and Leda, w. of Agamemnon, killed by Orestes. 497-43

Clytie, a nymph, devoted to Apollo, became a sunflower.

Cocalus, a mythical king of Sicily, aided Dædalus' flight from Crete.

Cocytus, the river of lamentation, in Hades.

Cœus, a Titan, f. of Leto by Phœbe.

Colchis, home of the Golden Fleece, E. of Euxine. 497-10

Colosseum, a huge R. amphitheater.

Colossus of Rhodes, a gigantic statue of Apollo; see Wonders. 498-27

Comus, god of revelry.

Concordia, goddess of concord or peace.

Consentes Dii, twelve Etruscan gods, forming the council of Jupiter, including Juno, Minerva, etc.

Consus, R. god of lower world, identified with Neptune.

Core (Maiden), a name of Persephone.

Corinth, an ancient city of Greece, noted for luxury.

Coriolanus, a R. hero, captured a Volscian town; exemplar of pride.

Cornucopia (Horn of Plenty), (1) a symbol of Ceres; (2) a horn of Achelous, broken off by Hercules and filled by Naiads with fruit and flowers.

Coronis, m. of Asclepius by Apollo.

Corybant, a priestess of Rhea, whose rites were celebrated with wild orgies. 498-9

Corycia, a nymph, beloved by Apollo.

Corydon, a shepherd.

Cottus (Eruption), one of the Centimani.

Crab, the constellation of Cancer; sent to annoy Hercules. 497-19

Crantor, the armor-bearer of Peleus.

Creon, a king of Thebes, f. of Hæmon. 497-7

Cressida, d. of Calchas, unfaithful to Troilus. 497-62

Cretan Bull, (1) slain by Hercules; 497-20 (2) the Minotaur.

Creusa, d. of Priam by Hecuba, w. of Æneas, m. of Ascanius. 497-43

Crœsus, a king of Lydia (B. C. 560-546), famed for wealth.

Cronia, festivals of Saturn (Cronus).

Cronides, a patronymic of Jupiter.

Cronus (Time), identified with R. Saturn.

Cumæ, near Naples, home of the Sibyl.

Cupid (Eros), god of love, s. of Mars by Venus. 498-23-55ff

Curetes, same as Corybantes.

Cyane, a nymph, became a fountain. 498-43

Cybele, an earth goddess of Phrygia; identified with Rhea. 498-39

Cyclades, a group of Ægean islands.

Cylopes, (1) giant-children of Uranus and Gæa, makers of thunder, apprentices of Vulcan (Brontes, Steropes, Arges); 498-8 (2) one-eyed giants of Sicily. 497-46

Cycnus, (1) a friend of Phaëton, became a swan; 498-26 (2) s. of Neptune, slain by Achilles.

Cydippe, a priestess of Juno, beloved by Acontius, m. of Biton and Cleobis.

Cyllarus, (1) a Centaur, killed by the Lapiths; (2) the horse of Castor.

Cynosure (Dog's Tail), the Pole Star or Polaris.

Cynthia, a name for Diana.

Cynthius, a name for Apollo.

Cyparissos, a hunter-friend of Apollo, became a cypress. 498-60

Cyprian, of or pertaining to Venus.

Cyrene, a nymph, m. of Aristæus by Apollo.

Cytherea, a name for Venus.

D.

Dactyli or Dactyls, mythical discoverers of iron.

Dædalus, a legendary sculptor and engineer of Athens, built the Labyrinth; f. of Iscarus. 498-60

Dæmon or Demon, (1) a deity between gods and men; (2) same as Genius.

Danaë, a maiden wooed by Jupiter in a shower of gold, d. of Acrisius, m. of Perseus. 497-12

Danaii, same as Greeks, especially as besiegers of Troy.

Danaides, the 50 daughters of Danaus. 497-12

Danaus, king of Argos, f. of Danaides, b. of Ægyptus. 497-12

Daphne (Dew), a nymph, beloved by Apollo, became a laurel tree. 498-23

Daphnis, a Sicilian shepherd, s. of Mercury, blinded by a Naiad.

Dardanus, ancestor of the Trojans s. of Electra by Jupiter.

Dares, a priest of Vulcan at Troy.

Deidamia, m. of Neoptolemus by Achilles, d. of Lycomedes.

Deino (Terrifier), one of the Grææ.

Deiphobe, the Sibyl of Cumæ, d. of Glaucus.

Deiphobus, b. of Hector, h. of Helen after Paris' death. 497-39

Dejanira, sister of Meleager, w. of Hercules, won from Achelous. 497-26

Delia, festival of Apollo at Delos every five years.

Delius and Delia, names for Apollo and Diana.

Delos, one of the Cyclades, birthplace of Apollo and Diana. 498-19

Delphi, an ancient G. town, site of an oracle of Apollo. 498-13-23

Demeter, the G. name for Ceres.

Demios (Dread), attendant and disciple of Mars.

Demodocus, a bard of Alcinous.

Demogorgon, the genius of earth.

Demophoon, s. of Triptolemus.

Dercetis, m. of Semiramis, inspired with improper love for offending Venus.

Deucalion, a Thessalian king, with Pyrrha the sole survivor after the deluge; s. of Prometheus. 498-12

Diana (Artemis), goddess of the chase and the moon; twin-sister of Apollo. 498-29ff

Dictys, a fisherman, rescued Danaë and Perseus from the sea. 497-13

Dido, queen of Carthage, beloved by Æneas. 497-53

Dike (Punishment), one of the Hours.

Diomedes, (1) s. of Tydeus, a king of Argos, G. warrior before Troy; 497-34-41-62 (2) inhospitable king of Thrace, slain by Hercules. 497-21

Dione (Moisture), d. of Epimetheus, m. of Venus by Jupiter (some accounts).

Dionysia, same as Bacchanalia.

Dionysus, the G. name for Bacchus.

Dioscuri (Twins), a name for Castor and Pollux.

Diræ, a name for the Furies.

Dirce, w. of Lycus, cruel oppressor of Antiope; tied to a wild bull by Amphion and Zethus. 497-5; 498-16

Dis, a name for Pluto; loosely, Hades.

Discordia, same as Eris.

Dodona, site of a temple of Zeus and the talking-oak, which voiced his mandates.

Dolon, a Trojan spy, slain by Diomedes (1).

Doris, d. of Oceanus by Tethys, w. of Nereus.

Dragon's Teeth, sown by Cadmus, from which sprang armed warriors. 497-4

Dryad, a wood-nymph.

Dryope, a maiden, became a lotus tree. 498-60

E.

(See A for forms in Æ, and O for Œ.)

Echidna, a female with a dragon's body, m. of Cerberus, Hydra, Chimera, Sphinx, Scylla, etc. by Typhon; d. of Calirrhoë by Chrysaor.

Echo, a nymph, pined away for love of Narcissus until only her voice was left. 498-57

Egeria, a fountain-nymph.

Eileithyia, a G. name for Lucina.

Elatus, one of the Lapiths, f. of Cæneus.

Electra, (1) d. of Agamemnon by Clytemnestra, sister of Orestes; 497-44 (2) one of the Pleiades, faded from sight, leaving only six visible; (3) d. of Oceanus by Tethys, m. of Iris and Harpies.

Electryon, a king of Mycenæ, f. of Alcmena; s. of Perseus and Andromeda.

Eleusinia, festival in honor of Demeter and Persephone.

Elgin Marbles, ancient G. sculptures, in British Museum, London.

Elpenor, a companion of Ulysses.

Elymus, a s. of Anchises, fled to Italy.

Elysian Fields, same as Elysium.

Elysium, a place of eternal bliss, abode of the blessed dead. 497-55

Empusa, an anthropophagus spectre.

Enceladus, a hundred-armed monster created by Gæa to punish Jove; see Ætna. 498-10

Endymion, a shepherd, beloved by Diana, kept by her in eternal sleep on Mt. Latmus. 498-31

Enyo, (1) a G. name for Bellona; (2) one of the Grææ (Shaker).

Eos, a G. name for Aurora.

Epaphus, s. of Io by Jupiter.

Epeus, builder of the Wooden Horse.

Ephesus, an Ionian city, site of a temple of Diana.

Ephialtes, s. of Neptune, one of the Giants who piled Pelion on Ossa; see Otus.

Epigoni, descendants of the Seven Against Thebes. 497-7

Epimetheus, s. of Iapetus by Clymene, b. of Prometheus; h. of Pandora. 498-11

Epopeus, s. of Neptune, killed by Lycus; f. of Zethus by Antiope.

Erato, the Muse of lyric love poetry.

Erebus, a place of utter darkness between Hades and the earth; first, s. of Chaos. 498-7

Erectheus, a king of Athens, brought up by Diana in her temple.

Ericthoneus, same as Erectheus; then latter is gs. of former; s. of Pandion, f. of Cecrops, Procris, Orithyia. 498-21

Eridanus, the river into which fell the corpse of Phaëton. 498-26

Erigone, d. of Icarios. 498-47

Erinyes, a G. name for the Furies.

Eriphyle, w. of Amphiaraus, m. of Alcmæon. 497-6

Eris (Discord), d. of Nyx, sister of Ares; attendant of Mars; see Apple of Discord. 497-33; 498-37

Erisicthon, an unbeliever, punished with famine.

Eros, the G. name for Cupid. 498-7

Erymanthian Boar, caught by Hercules. 497-19

Eteocles, killed in single combat with Polynices, his b. 497-6

Ethiopians, regarded by the Greeks as were the Hyperboreans.

Eumæus, a swineherd of Ulysses.

Eumenides, a G. name for the Furies.

Eumolpus (Good Singer), s. of Chione by Neptune, slain by Erectheus.

Eunomia (Order), one of the Hours.

Euphorbus, a Trojan, slain by Menelaus.

Euphrosyne (Joy), one of the Graces.

Europa, d. of Agenor by Telephassa, sister of Cadmus; m. of Minos (1), Rhadamanthus, Sarpedon, by Jupiter. 497-4

Eurus, the S. or S. E. wind, b. of Boreas.

Euryale, one of the Gorgons.

Euryalus, a Trojan, friend of Nisus; both slain as spies in the enemy camp, with Æneas in Italy.

Eurybates, the herald of Ulysses.

Eurybia, d. of Pontus, w. of Crios; m. of Astræus, Pallas, Perses.

Euryclea, the nurse of Ulysses.

Eurydice, a nymph, w. of Orpheus; eternally

doomed to Hades, because he failed to lead her out without looking back; see Aristæus. 498-52

Eurylochus, a companion of Ulysses.

Eurynome, m. of the Graces by Jupiter.

Eurypylus, (1) a G. before Troy; (2) s. of Neptune, slain by Hercules.

Eurystheus, king of Mycenæ, taskmaster of Hercules during the Labors. 497-18ff

Eurytion, a Centaur, herdsman of Geryon.

Eurytus, f. of Iole, king of Eubœa. 497-26

Euterpe, the Muse of lyric song.

Euxine, an ancient name for the Black Sea.

Evadne, w. of Capaneus, d. of Iphis; killed herself.

Evander, a Latin king, entertainer of Æneas; s. of Mercury. 497-56

Evenus, f. of Marpessa.

F.

Fama, goddess of fame, possessed of 100 tongues, the mouthpiece of Jupiter through a trumpet, cared not whether the utterance was true or false.

Fasces, a R. symbol of authority, a bundle of rods around an ax.

Fates (Eumenides), three controllers of the destinies of men and gods, weaving them with a thread of life, spinning and cutting it at will (Clotho, Lachesis, Atropos); offspring of Night. 498-53

Fatum, a vague appellation for the origin of things; same as Night.

Fauns, a R. name for Satyrs. 498-55

Faunus, s. of Picus, gs. of Saturn, patron of

agriculture, founder of religion in Latium; identified with Pan; f. of Latinus.

Favonius, a name for W. wind.

Felicitas (Happiness), a R. matron-symbol.

Fides (Faith), a R. personification of honor.

Flora, a R. goddess of flowers.

Fornax, a R. goddess of bakery.

Fortuna (Tyche), goddess of chance or fortune.

Forum, the public square of Rome.

Furies, three avengers of the gods and bearers of their hatred (Alecto, Tisiphone, Megæra); offspring of Night; equivalent to conscience. 498-53

G.

Gæa, goddess of earth, created by Æther and Hemera; m. of Uranus and Pontus. 498-7ff

Galatea, (1) a statue of Pygmalion, brought to life by Venus at his petition; 498-39 (2) a Nereid. 497-62

Galeus (Lizard), s. of Apollo, ancestor of Sicilian seers.

Galinthias, d. of Prœtus, friend of Alcmena, became a weasel.

Ganymede, a beautiful s. of Tros, kidnapped to supplant Hebe as celestial cup-bearer, 498-18

Ge, same as Gæa.

Gemini, the constellation of the Dioscuri.

Genius, the guardian-spirit of each man in R. belief. 498-54

Geryon, a three-bodied monster, master of a herd of oxen, slain by Hercules. 497-21

Giants, offspring of Uranus and Gæa, often confused with the Titans. 498-10

Glaucus, (1) a fisherman, became a sea-deity, lover of Scylla; 497-63 (2) s. of Sisyphus, f. of Bellerophon; (3) a G. before Troy, slain by Ajax; (4) s. of Pasiphæ, smothered in honey.

Golden Fleece, the wool of the ram that carried away Phrixus and Helle, owned by Æetes in Colchis; the quest of Jason and the Argonauts. 497-7

Gordian Knot, fastened the wagon of Gordius to the temple of his patron deity; whoever could untie it to become lord of Asia; cut by the sword of Alexander the Great.

Gordius, a peasant, became king under an oracle by driving into a public place in his cart, to which he tied the Gordian Knot.

Gorgons, three serpent-haired monsters (Euryale, Stheino, Medusa), offspring of Phorcys. 497-12ff

Graces, three goddesses of banquet and social entertainment (Euphrosyne, Aglaia, Thalia), d. of Eurynome by Jupiter. 498-52

Grææ (Gray Maids), three hags with one eye and one tooth between them (Perphredo, Enyo, Deino), sisters of the Gorgons. 497-13

Great Bear, see Ursa Major.

Griffin, same as Gryphon.

Gryphon, a monster with the body of a lion and the head of an eagle.

Gyes or Gyges (Earthquake), one of the Centimani.

H.

Hades, (1) the gloomy underworld, abode of the dead, ruled by Pluto, guarded by Cerberus, bounded by the river Styx, across which old

Charon ferried the souls; 498-50 (2) originally a name for Pluto, too dread to be pronounced.

Hæmon, s. of Creon, lover of Antigone, killed himself on her grave. 497-7

Halcyon Days, a mild period of winter, when Halcyone watched her eggs.

Halcyone, d. of Æolus, leaped into the sea on finding the corpse of Ceyx, her h.; both became kingfishers. 498-60

Halesus, an ally of Turnus, slain by Evander.

Halirrhothius, s. of Neptune, abductor of Alcippe, slain by Mars.

Hamadryad, a wood-nymph that lived and died with her tree-home.

Harmonia, d. of Mars and Venus, w. of Cadmus; her necklace brought misfortune. 497-5

Harpies, demons of storm and death (Aëllo, Ocypete, Celæno), with wings and talons; offspring of Thaumas and Electra. 497-53

Hebe, goddess of youth, d. of Jupiter by Juno, cup-bearer before Ganymede; celestial w. of Hercules. 498-14

Hecale, an old woman, befriender of Theseus.

Hecate, a tri-shaped goddess with evil powers over heaven, earth, and hell; identified with Diana, Juno, and Proserpine, for the evil genii of each; d. of Perses and Asteria. 498-30

Hector, s. of Priam by Hecuba, Trojan hero at the siege of Troy, h. of Andromache. 497-35ff

Hecuba, w. of Priam, m. of Hector, Paris, etc.

Helen (of Troy), w. of Menelaus, d. of Leda by Jupiter; stolen by Paris and cause of the Trojan War. 497-30-33ff

Helenus, prophetic son of Priam by Hecuba. 497-53

Heliades, sisters of Phaëton (Phaëtusa, Lampetia, Ægle), became poplar trees.

Helice, beloved by Jupiter, became a she-bear.

Helicon, a mount in Bœotia, with famous fountains; abode of the Muses.

Helios, an ancient sun-god; identified with Apollo.

Hellas, same as Greece.

Helle, sister of Phrixus, drowned in the Hellespont. 497-7

Hellen, f. of Hellenic race, s. of Deucalion and Pyrrha.

Hemera (Day), d. of Erebus and Nyx. 498-7

Hephæstus, the G. name for Vulcan.

Hera, the G. name for Juno.

Heracles, the G. name for Hercules.

Hercules, a G. hero of great strength, s. of Alcmeña by Jupiter, later deified; see Labors, Pillars of H. 497-17ff

Hermaphrodite, s. of Hermes and Aphrodite, united with a nymph, embodied the characteristics of each sex. 497-60

Hermes, the G. name for Mercury.

Hermione, d. of Helen by Menelaus, w. of Neoptolemus. 497-43

Hero, a priestess of Venus at Sestos, lover of Leander. 498-39

Herse, d. of Cecrops, beloved by Mercury.

Hesiod, a G. poet of the 8th century.

Hesione, d. of Lamoedon, rescued by Hercules; w. of Telamon. 497-23

Hesperia, same as Italy.

Hesperides, four sisters, guardians of the Golden Apples of Juno; d. of Hesperus. 497-22

Hesperus, the evening or day star, s. of Astræus and Eos.

Hestia, the G. name for Vesta.

Himerus, deity of desire, companion of Cupid.

Hippocrene, a sacred spring on Mt. Helicon, struck open by Pegasus.

Hippodamia, (1) d. of Œnomaus, for whom suitors raced chariots, won by Pelops; 498-42 (2) w. of Pirithous, at whose wedding the Centaurs precipitated a battle with the Lapiths. 497-29

Hippolyta, a queen of the Amazons, killed by Hercules. 497-21

Hippolytus, s. of Theseus by Antiope.

Hippomenes, same as Milanion.

Homer, the G. blind poet (about B. C. 850) author of Iliad and Odyssey (authorship of both disputed).

Hope, the one sprite left in Pandora's Box.

Horæ, same as the Hours.

Horn of Plenty, see Cornucopia.

Hours, three companions of Apollo on his sun-drive (Eunomia, Dike, Irene); d. of Jupiter by Themis. 498-54

Hyacinthus, a friend of Apollo, killed in discus throwing; hyacinths sprang from his blood. 498-24

Hyades, seven Nysean nymphs, became a star cluster.

Hydra, the nine-headed water serpent slain by Hercules; s. of Echidna. 497-19

Hyems (Winter), one of the Seasons.

Hygiea, goddess of health, d. of Asclepius.

Hylæus, a Centaur, slain by Atalanta.

Hylas, a follower of Hercules, lost during the Argonautic expedition. 497-9

Hyllus, s. of Hercules by Dejanira.

Hymen, god of marriage, s. of Apollo by a Muse.

Hyperboreans, people N. of Greece, regarded as leading lives of bliss.

Hyperion, a Titan sun-god, f. of Helios and Selene; identified with Apollo. 497-49

Hypermnestra, the 50th Danaid, spared Lynceus; gm. of Acrisius. 497-12

Hypnos, a god of sleep.

Hypsipyle, a Lemnian maiden, m. of twins by Jason.

Hyrtacus, a Trojan, became h. of Priam's first w. when latter married Hecuba.

I-J

Iacchus, same as Bacchus.

Iamus, a prophetic s. of Apollo by Evadne.

Janiculum, one of the hills of Rome.

Janus, a R. two-faced god, looking E. and W., often placed on gates; god of beginnings, hence January, the first month; his temple was closed in times of peace, open during war; porter of heaven.

Iapetus, a Titan, h. of Clymene, f. of Prometheus, Epimetheus, Atlas.

Iardanus, a king of Lydia, f. of Omphale.

Iasius, f. of Atalanta; s. of Jupiter by Electra.

Jason, leader of the Argonauts in quest of the Golden Fleece; h. of Medea, s. of Æson by Alcmede. 497-7.

Iberia, same as Spain.

Ibycus, a poet (about B. C. 540), assassinated, avenged by cranes. 497-64.

Icarius, (1) a Spartan prince, f. of Penelope; (2) an Athenian, made mad by Bacchus. 498-47

Icarus, s. of Dædalus, fell from his improvised wings. 498-61.

Icelus, a dream god, attendant of Morpheus.

Ichor, the blood of the gods.

Idas, b. of Lynceus; won Marpessa from Apollo by her own choice. 498-24.

Ides, the 13th or 15th day of the R. month.

Idmon, s. of Apollo by Cyrene, an Argonaut-soothsayer.

Idomeneus, a king of Crete, fought vs. Troy, sacrificed his own son on his return.

Ilaira, sister of Phœbe, w. of Castor.

Ilia, (1) a Titanide; (2) a Vestal Virgin, wooed by Mars (same as Rhea Silvia).

Iliad, Homer's G. epic poem, telling the story of Troy.

Ilioneus, a s. of Niobe.

Ilithyia, same as Eileithyia.

Ilium, a name for Troy.

Ilus, s. of Tros, b. of Ganymede, f. of Laomedon.

Inachus, first king of Argos, s. of Oceanus by Tethys, f. of Io and Phoroneus.

Ino, w. of Athamas, became Leucothea.

Io, d. of Inachus, became a heifer to escape Juno's wrath. 498-15.

Iobates, a king of Lycia, taskmaster of Bellerophon. 497-15.

Jocasta, w. of Laius, m. of Œdipus. 497-6.

Iolaus, faithful companion of Hercules. 497-19.

Iole, d. of Eurytus, won by Hercules, cause of Dejanira's jealousy. 497-26.

Jove, same as Jupiter.

Iphicles, s. of Amphitryon by Alcmena, half-b. of Hercules.

Iphigenia, d. of Agamemnon, sacrificed to Diana, saved by her. 497-35-45.

Iphis, lover of Anaxarete, hanged himself on her door. 497-58.

Iphitus, friend of Hercules, killed by him. 497-26.

Irene (Peace), one of the Hours.

Iris, goddess of the rainbow, messenger of Juno; d. of Thaumas and Electra.

Isles of the Blest, see Elysium.

Ismene, sister of Antigone. 497-6.

Ismenos, a s. of Niobe.

Isthmian Games, in honor of Neptune at Corinth, the 2d and 4th years of each Olympiad.

Ithaca, the island-home of Ulysses and Penelope.

Itylus or Itys, s. of Procne, who killed him and served him to f. at a feast. 498-59.

Iulus, same as Ascanius.

Juno (Hera), sister-consort of Jupiter, queen of the gods; personification of Atmosphere; deity of marriage, genius of womanhood, guardian of female sex; d. of Saturn and Rhea; birds, peacock and cuckoo. 497-17; 498-17ff-28-37.

Jupiter (Zeus), f. and king of gods and men, sister of Juno, ruler of Olympus; personification of Sky; bore a shield, Ægis; bird, eagle. 498-8ff-14ff.

Juventas, same as Hebe.

Ixion, a king of the Lapiths, bound to a fiery wheel of torture in Tartarus. 497-59

L

Labdacus, f. of Laius of Thebes.

Labors of Hercules, the twelve "herculean" tasks set by Eurystheus (Nemean Lion, Lernean Hydra, Erymanthian Boar, Cerynean Doe, Stymphalian Birds, Augean Stables, Cretan Bull, Horses of Diomedes, Hippolyta's Girdle, Cattle of Geryon, Apples of Hesperides, Cerberus). 497-18

Labyrinth of Crete, an enclosed maze out of which none could find their way unaided; abode of the Minotaur; built by Dædalus. 498-60.

Lachesis (Future), one of the Fates, wove the thread of life.

Ladon, the dragon guarding the Apples of the Hesperides.

Laërtes, h. of Anticlea, f. of Ulysses.

Læstrygonians, a savage people, destroyed the fleet of Ulysses.

Laius, a king of Thebes, h. of Jocasta, f. of Œdipus. 497-5.

Lamia, a female phantom.

Lampetia, a Heliad.

Laocoon, a Trojan priest, doubted the Wooden Horse, dragged into sea by serpents. 497-42.

Laodamia, w. of Protesilaus, d. of Acastus. 497-35.

Laomedon, early king of Troy, s. of Tros, f. of Hesione. 497-24.

Lapiths, opponents of the Centaurs, under Pirithous. 497-29.

Lares, R. household gods, deified spirits of the dead. 498-54.

Larvæ, same as Lemures.

Latinus, f. of Lavinia.

Latona, m. of Apollo and Diana by Jupiter; d. of Cœus and Phœbe. 498-18.

Lausus, s. of Mezentius, killed by Æneas. 497-56.

Lavinia, d. of Latinus by Amata, destined w. of Æneas in Italy, wooed also by Turnus. 497-56.

Leander, lover of Hero, swam the Hellespont nightly to woo her. 498-39.

Leda, queen of Sparta, m. of Castor and Pollux by Jupiter, who wooed her in the guise of a swan. 497-61.

Lelaps, the hunting dog of Cephalus.

Lemnos, an Ægean island, sacred to Vulcan.

Lemures (Ghosts), shades or spectres of the dead.

Lernean Hydra, see Hydra.

Lethe, the river of forgetfulness, in Hades. 497-55.

Leto, the G. name for Latona.

Leucadia, the cliff from which Sappho jumped into the sea.

Leucothea, a sea-nymph, formerly Ino, invoked by sailors needing protection.

Libentina, a R. name for Venus as goddess of sensual pleasures.

Liber, a R. name for Bacchus.

Libera, a R. name for Proserpine.

Libertas, a R. goddess of liberty.

Libitina, a R. goddess of voluptuousness, identified with Proserpine.

Libya, the G. name for Africa.

Lichas, an attendant of Hercules, who hurled him into the sea. 497-27.

Lictors, the R. bearers of the Fasces.

Linus, a song of lamentation, personified as a s. of Apollo.

Little Bear, see Ursa Minor.

Lotis, a nymph, became the lotus plant, plucked by Dryope. 498-60.

Lotus-Eaters, an indolent people visited by Ulysses, ate of the lotus to forget the past. 497-45.

Lucifer, the morning star.

Lucina, a R. goddess of child-birth.

Luna, a R. moon-goddess (Selene).

Lupercus, a R. shepherd-god, identified with Pan.

Lyæus, a name for Bacchus.

Lycaon, king of Arcadia, fed Jupiter human flesh.

Lycomedes, king of the Dolopians, slayers of Theseus. 497-34.

Lycurgus, a king of Thrace, killed for persecuting Bacchus.

Lycus, h. of Dirce, oppressor of Antiope; a king of Thebes. 497-5; 498-16.

Lynceus, (1) s. of Ægyptus, saved by Hypermnestra, his w.; (2) b. of Idas; an Argonaut.

Lyre, a musical instrument, invented by Mercury, with nine strings in honor of the nine Muses. 498-33.

M.

Machaon, s. of Asclepius, a G. physician before Troy. 497-34-41.

Mænads, female followers of Bacchus; dancers.

Mæra, dog of Icarios. 498-47.

Magna Mater, see Cybele.

Maia, d. of Atlas, fairest of the Pleiades; m. of Mercury by Jupiter; goddess of plains.

Manes, souls of the dead, worshipped in Rome.

Manto, prophetic d. of Tiresias.

Marica, a R. nymph, of Latinus by Faunus.

Marpessa, d. of Evenus, contested for by Apollo and Idas, chose Idas. 498-24.

Mars (Ares), god of war and reckless strife, s. of Jupiter by Juno. 498-35ff.

Marsyas, a shepherd of the Sileni, defeated and flayed alive by Apollo. 498-49.

Matuta or Mater Matuta, a R. goddess indentified with Leucothea.

Medea, a sorceress, w. of Jason, and later of Ægeus; sister of Absyrtus; rejuvenated Æson, killed Pelias. 497-10-28-59.

Medusa, a Gorgon, turned everyone gazing on her into stone; beheaded by Perseus. 497-13ff.

Megæra (Wrathful), one of the Furies.

Melanippe, d. of Chiron, became a mare.

Melanthius, a herdsman of Ulysses.

Meleager, s. of Althea and Œneus; an Argonaut, and slayer of the Calydonian Boar. 497-61.

Melian Nymphs, of oak trees, guardians of infant Jupiter on Mt. Ida.

Melicertes, infant s. of Ino, changed to Palæmon.

Melissa, a nymph, discovered honey.

Melpomene, the Muse of tragedy.

Memnon, s. of Aurora and Tithonius, led the Ethiopians as allies of Troy. 497-40.

Menelaus, b. of Agamemnon, first h. of Helen. 497-32ff.

Menœceus, s. of Creon, killed himself to gain victory for f.

Menœtius, f. of Patroclus, s. of Actor and Ægina.

Mentor, friend and adviser of Ulysses; s. of Alcinus.

Mercuralia, festivals of Mercury, held in May.

Mercury (Hermes), s. of Jupiter by Maia; god of commerce, wrestling, thievery, and everything requiring skill or dexterity; messenger of the gods, hence a deity of speed and speech, or oratory; wore Petasus and Talaria, carried Caduceus; see Lyre. 498-32ff.

Meriones, a Cretan hero before Troy.

Merope, d. of Œnopion, w. of Sisyphus, beloved by Orion.

Mestra, d. of Erisicthon, could assume any shape.

Metabus, chief of the Volscians, f. of Camilla.

Metamorphoses, poetical legends of Ovid, containing much mythical lore.

Metanira, m. of Triptolemus, hostess of Ceres.

Metempsychosis, the transmigration of souls, or rebirth in other forms. 497-55.

Metis (Prudence), s. of Oceanus, w. of Jupiter before Juno, swallowed by Jupiter when Prometheus warned him she was destined to bear a s. to overthrow him. 498-9.

Metus (Fear), an attendant and disciple of Mars.

Mezentius, a brave but cruel opponent of Æneas in Italy. 497-56.

Midas, a king of Phrygia, s. of Gordius;

granted that all he touched would turn to gold; given ass's ears for favoring Marsyas in a musical contest with Apollo. 498-47-49.

Milanion, successful suitor of Atalanta, defeated her in a foot-race. 498-38.

Milky Way, the bright-starred pathway across the heavens. 497-17.

Milo, a powerful athlete of Crotona. 498-62.

Mimas, a Giant, fought vs. Jupiter.

Minerva (Athena), goddess of wisdom, peace, defensive and scientific warfare, and needlework; sprang from the head of Jove; breastplate, Ægis; bird, owl; plant, olive. 498-19ff-37.

Minos, (1) s. of Europa, a king of Crete, became a judge of the dead in Hades; 497-63 (2) gs. of Minos (1), a king of Crete, owner of the Labyrinth, h. of Pasiphæ.

Minotaur, a monster, half bull and half man, offspring of Pasiphæ and a favorite steer; inhabited the Labyrinth; killed by Theseus. 497-27ff.

Mnemosyne, goddess of memory, m. of Muses by Jupiter.

Mnestheus, a companion of Æneas.

Moira, a G. name for Fatum (or Fates).

Moly, an herb able to resist sorcery. 497-48.

Momus, god of laughter and raillery; s. of Night.

Moneta (Money), a R. form of Juno.

Mopsus, a prophetic Argonaut, s. of Ampyx by Chloris.

Morpheus (Sleep), an early deity of dreamland; s. of Night.

Mors (Death), an early evil deity; b. of Morpheus.

Mulciber, same as Vulcan.

Musæus, a sacred poet, s. of Orpheus.

Musagetes, name of Apollo as leader of the Muses.

Muses, nine daughters of Jupiter by Mnemosyne, presided over fine arts and science (Calliope, Clio, Euterpe, Melpomene, Terpsichore, Erato, Polymnia, Urania, Thalia). 498-52

Myrmidons, subjects of Æacus, made from ants,-later under Achilles. 497-31-37

Myrtilus, treacherous charioteer of Œnomaus, bribed by Hippodamia (1). 498-42

N.

Naiads, nymphs of brooks, streams, and fountains.

Napææ, nymphs of glens.

Narcissus, a hunter, scorned Echo, fell in love with his own reflection in a stream. 498-57

Nauplius, s. of Amymone, f. of Palamedes, lured the G. fleet to shipwreck to avenge son's death.

Nausicaa, d. of Alcinous, befriender of Ulysses. 497-50

Neæra, the name of several nymphs.

Necessitas (Necessity), a goddess irresistible by either gods or men, fixed fast the decrees of fate with brass nails.

Nectar, the drink of the gods.

Neleus, a giant, b. of Pelias.

Nemean Games, in honor of Jupiter and Hercules, every 2d year.

Nemean Lion, killed by Hercules, the skin was invulnerable. 497-18

Nemesis, goddess of retribution, avenged hidden crime; d. of Night.

Neoptolemus, s. of Achilles by Deidamia, while he was masquerading as a lady of her f.'s court. 497-41

Nepenthe, an ancient drug, relieved pain, banished sorrow.

Nephele, m. of Phrixus and Helle by Athamas. 497-7

Neptune (Poseidon), god of the sea and all inland waters; b. of Jupiter; symbol, trident. 498-40ff.

Nereids, the 50 daughters of Nereus by Doris; represented differing phases of the sea. 498-41

Nereus, s. of Gæa and Pontus, the Old Man of the Sea. 498-40

Nessus, a Centaur-ferryman, attacked Dejanira, killed by Hercules. 497-26

Nestor, an Argonaut, a Calydonian Boar hunter, an ally of the Lapiths vs. Centaurs, and trusted counsellor of Agamemnon before Troy. 497-34-37

Nice, same as Nike.

Night, sometimes Nyx, a vague name for the origin of any deity whose birth was shrouded in uncertainty.

Nike (Victory), an attendant of Jupiter; d. of Pallas and Styx.

Niobe, d. of Tantalus, w. of Amphion, m. of 14 children, all killed by Latona to punish her for conceited motherhood. 498-24

Nisus, a king of Negara, f. of Scylla (2). 497-63

Noman, an alias of Ulysses. 497-46

Nomius (Pasturer), a surname of Apollo, Pan, Mercury, etc.

Nones, the 5th or 7th of the R. month.

Notus, the S. or S. W. wind, b. of Boreas.

Nox, same as Nyx.

Numa, the 2d legendary king of Rome, wise and pious.

Numitor, a king of Alba Longa, last of Æneas' line, f. of Rhea Silvia. 497-57

Nymphs (Maidens), minor nature-deities of trees, brooks, woods, rivers, sea, etc. 498-54

Nysa, scene of Bacchus' infancy among Nysean Nymphs.

Nyx (Night), m. of Erebus and later his w.; see Night. 498-7

O.

(See E for forms not under Œ.)

Ocean, a great river without a farther shore surrounding all known lands. 498-40

Oceanides, the ocean nymphs, d. of Oceanus.

Oceanus (Flood), a Titan, ruler of Ocean.

Ocypete (Rapid), one of the Harpies.

Ocyrhoë, a prophetess, d. of Chiron.

Odysseus, the G. name for Ulysses.

Odyssey, the G. epic poem of Homer, narrating the wanderings of Ulysses.

Œdipus (Swollen-Foot), s. of Laius by Jocasta, killed f. and married m., solved the Sphinx's Riddle. 497-6; 498-59

Œneus, a Calydonian king, h. of Althea, f. of Meleager; introduced culture of wine. 497-60

Œnomaus, a king of Elis, f. of Hippodamia (1), killed by Myrtilus' treachery. 498-42

Œnone, a nymph, w. of Paris, abandoned for Helen.

Œnopion, f. of Merope, s. of Bacchus, blinded Orion. 498-31

Œta, a mount, site of Hercules' funeral pyre.

Olympia, a G. plain, scene of the Olympic Games.

Olympiad, a period of time (4 years) between Olympic Games.

Olympic Games, held every 5th year in honor of Zeus.

Olympus, a mountain-abode of the principal gods and goddesses. 498-13

Omphale, queen of Lydia, d. of Iardanus, task-mistress of Hercules. 497-26

Oneiros, a god of dreams.

Ophion, (1) leader of the Titans; (2) companion of Cadmus.

Ops, same as Rhea.

Oracle, a shrine where deities gave advice to men; also the message therefrom.

Orcus, a god of death; loosely, Hades.

Oreads, the mountain-nymphs.

Orestes, s. of Agamemnon by Clytemnestra, b. of Electra, avenged his f.'s murder. 497-43ff

Orion, a hunter, companion of Diana; blinded by Œnopion for loving Merope; shot by Diana at Apollo's instigation; became a constellation with his dog, Sirius, chasing the Pleiades across the sky. 498-31

Orithyia, d. of Erectheus, w. of Boreas.

Orpheus, a musician, moved stones with his music; s. of Apollo by Calliope; see Eurydice. 498-52

Ossa, a Thessalian mount; see Pelion.

Otus, a giant, s. of Neptune; he and Ephialtes imprisoned Mars until Mercury released him.

Ovid, a R. poet (about B. C. 20), author of Metamorphoses.

P.

Pactolus, a river, acquired golden sands from Midas.

Pæan, (1) meaning Healer, a name for Apollo and Asclepius; (2) a song of triumph, first sung by Apollo on conquering Python.

Palæmon, the sea-name of Melicertes.

Palamedes, a G. hero, s. of Nauplius, summoned Ulysses to the Trojan War. 497-34ff

Palatine, one of the Seven Hills of Rome. 497-57

Pales, a R. deity of flocks and pastures.

Palici, twin gods of Sicily, s. of Jupiter by a nymph.

Palinurus, the pilot of Æneas' ship. 497-54

Palladium, a sacred image of Minerva; especially that at Troy. 497-41; 498-22

Pallas, (1) a G. name for Minerva, sometimes Pallas Athene; (2) meaning Shaker, s. of Crios and Eurybia; (3) s. of Evander, an ally of Æneas in Italy. 497-56

Pallor (Terror), an attendant of Mars.

Pan, a nature-god, with body and feet of a goat, s. of Mercury by a mortal maiden; guardian of flocks and shepherds; capricious, lively, musical; see Pipes of P. 498-48

Panacea (Heal-All), a d. of Asclepius.

Panathenæa, a festival in honor of Minerva.

Pandean Pipes, see Pipes of Pan.

Pandion, f. of Procne, Philomela, Ægeus.

Pandora, the first woman, w. of Epimetheus. 498-11

Pandora's Box, a chest which she opened against orders, out of curiosity, loosing sprites of evil into the world, alleviated only by Hope.

Pandrosus, a d. of Cecrops.

Panope, a Nereid.

Panopeus, a Calydonian Boar hunter.

Pantheon, a celebrated R. temple on Campus Martius.

Parcæ, same as the Fates.

Paris, a shepherd-son of Priam by Hecuba; chose Venus as the most beautiful goddess, won Helen from Menelaus, causing the Trojan War; see Apple of Discord. 497-33ff

Parnassus, a mount, abode of the Muses.

Parthenon, the temple of Minerva on the Acropolis.

Parthenopæus, one of the Seven Against Thebes; s. of Meleager by Atalanta.

Pasiphæ, w. of Minos (2), m. of Minotaur, d. of Helios and Perse. 497-28

Pasithea, same as Aglaia.

Patroclus, intimate friend of Achilles, killed by Hector; s. of Menœtius. 497-37

Pax (Peace), a R. personification; the G. Irene.

Pegasus, a winged horse, offspring of Medusa and Neptune; steed of Bellerophon. 497-16

Peleus, s. of Æacus, h. of Thetis, f. of Achilles; an Argonaut. 497-33

Pelias, half-b. of Æson, sent Jason for the Golden Fleece. 497-8

Pelides, a patronymic of Achilles.

Pelion, a Thessalian mount, piled on Ossa by Titans in a vain attempt to reach Olympus.

Pelops, h. of Hippodamia (1), hurled Myrtilus into the sea. 497-32; 498-42

Penates, R. deities of family and hearth; linked with Lares. 498-54

Penelope, w. of Ulysses, waited 20 years for his return from the Trojan War. 497-50ff

Peneus, a river-god, f. of Daphne.

Penthesilea, a queen of the Amazons, ally of weakening Troy. 497-40

Pentheus, a king of Thebes, torn to pieces by Bacchantes. 498-46

Peplus, the sacred robe of Minerva.

Perdix, apprentice of Dædalus, inventor of saw and compasses. 498-61

Periclymenus, an Argonaut, b. of Nestor, slain by Hercules.

Periphetes, a giant, s. of Vulcan, killed by Theseus. 497-28

Perphredo (Horrifier), one of the Grææ.

Perse, d. of Oceanus, w. of Helios, m. of Æetes, Circe, Pasiphæ, Perses.

Persephone, the G. name for Proserpine.

Perses (Bright), a Titan, s. of Helios and Perse, f. of Hecate.

Perseus, s. of Danaë by Jupiter, a G. hero, slayer of Medusa; h. of Andromeda. 497-12ff

Petasus, the winged cap of Mercury.

Phæacians, a prosperous people visited by Ulysses. 497-50

Phædra, d. of Minos, faithless w. of Theseus. 497-29

Phaëton, s. of Apollo by Clymene; drove the sun-chariot one day, scorching the earth. 498-25

Phaëtusa, a Heliad.

Phaon, a boatman, made handsome by Venus, beloved in vain by Sappho.

Phemius, a minstrel among the suitors of Penelope.

Phidias, an Athenian sculptor (about B. C. 460), builder of the Parthenon.

Philemon, a peasant, h. of Baucis, receiver of the bounty of Jupiter and Mercury. 498-33

Philoctetes, an archer, applied the torch to Hercules' pyre. 497-27-40

Philomel, the nightingale.

Philomela, sister of Procne; became a nightingale. 498-58

Philyra, s. of Oceanus, m. of Chiron, became a linden tree.

Phineus, (1) fiance of Andromeda, slain by Perseus; 497-14 (2) a blind seer of Thrace. 497-10

Pilegethon, the river of fire, in Hades.

Phœbe, a Titanide, goddess of the moon before Diana; identified with Diana.

Phœbus, a name for Apollo.

Phœnix, (1) b. of Europa; 497-4 (2) tutor of Achilles; (3) an Egyptian bird, reborn in fire.

Pholus, a Centaur, accidentally slain by Hercules.

Phorbas, a companion of Æneas.

Phorcys, a sea-deity, s. of Gæa and Pontus; h. of Ceto, f. of Gorgons, Grææ, Sirens, etc.

Phoroneus, s. of Inachus, f. of Niobe.

Phrixus, b. of Helle, s. of Athamas by Nephele. 497-7

Picus, a R. deity of prophecy, s. of R. Saturn, became a woodpecker.

Pillars of Hercules, two rocks at the entrance

of the Mediterranean Sea, south of Spain, Calpe and Abyla, the former now Gibraltar. 497-25

Pindar, a G. lyric poet (about B. C. 490).

Pipes of Pan, the "flute" of Pan, heard as the divine music of harmonious nature.

Pirene, a never-failing spring at Corinth, gift of Asopus.

Pirithous, ruler of the Lapiths, friend of Theseus; h. of Hippodamia (2). 497-29

Pittheus, a king of Trœzen, s. of Pelops, f. of Æthra.

Pleiades, d. of Atlas, seven nymphs of Diana; a constellation (one faded).

Plisthenes, h. of Ærope, s. of Atreus, f. of Agamemnon and Achilles. 497-32

Pluto (Dis), god of Hades, b. of Jupiter; abducted Proserpine for his w. 498-43-50ff

Plutus, a R. god of wealth; sometimes identified with Pluto.

Pluvius, a surname of Jupiter as sender of rain.

Podalirius, a physician, s. of Asclepius.

Podarces, b. of Hesione, later named Priam.

Pole Star, the North Star, at the tail of Ursa Minor.

Polites, youngest s. of Priam.

Pollux, a boxer, twin-b. of Castor. 497-61

Polybus, a king of Corinth, adopted Œdipus.

Polydamas, a Trojan hero, friend of Hector.

Polydectes, b. of Dictys, sent Perseus for the head of Medusa. 497-13ff

Polydeuces, same as Pollux.

Polydorus, a murdered s. of Priam, whose blood nourished a bush. 497-52.

Polyhymnia, same as Polymnia.

Polymnia, the Muse of religious poetry and pantomime.

Polynices, a king of Thebes, b. of Eteocles, s. of Œdipus by Jocasta. 497-6.

Polyphemus, one of the Cyclopes (2), blinded by Ulysses; wooed Galatea in vain, killed Acis. 497-46-63

Polyxena, d. of Priam, sought by Achilles in marriage. 497-40.

Pomona, a R. goddess of fruit trees. 497-58.

Pontus (Sea), created by Gæa.

Porphyrion, leader of the Giants vs. Jupiter.

Portunus, a R. name of Palæmon, as deity of harbors.

Poseidon, the G. name for Neptune.

Pothos, god of the amities of love.

Praxiteles, a famous G. sculptor (about B. C. 364).

Priam, a king of Troy, s. of Laomedon, h. of Hecuba, f. of Hector, Paris, etc.; named Podarces until ransomed by Hercules. 497-31ff.

Priapus, god of Fruitfulness, s. of Bacchus by Venus.

Procas, a king of Alba Longa, f. of Numitor.

Procne, a sister of Philomela, w. of Tereus. 498-58.

Procris, w. of Cephalus, d. of Erectheus. 498-57.

Procrustes, the host of the iron bed, slain by Theseus. 497-28.

Prœtus, king of Tiryns, s. of Abas, jealous of Bellerophon.

Prometheus, b. of Epimetheus; champion of mankind, suffered eternal torture for stealing fire. 497-25; 498-10.

Proserpine (Persephone), w. of Pluto, d. of Ceres; goddess of death. 498-43.

Protesilaus, died by first touching Trojan soil. 497-35.

Proteus, attendant of Neptune, b. of Triton; deity of prophecy. 497-15; 498-41.

Psyche (Soul), w. of Cupid, lost him because of distrust. 498-55ff.

Psychopompus, the title of Mercury as leader of souls to Hades.

Pudicitia (Modesty), a R. personification-deity.

Pygmalion, a sculptor-king of Cyprus, fell in love with his statue, Galatea; b. of Dido. 497-53; 498-39

Pygmies, a race of dwarfs, believed in by the Greeks.

Pylades, faithful friend of Orestes, s. of Strophius. 497-44.

Pyræmon, same as Arges.

Pyramus, lover of Thisbe through a crack in their adjoining houses; killed himself when thinking her dead. 498-58.

Pyrrha, w. of Deucalion, d. of Epimetheus by Pandora. 498-12.

Pyrrhus, same as Neoptolemus.

Pythagoras, a G. philosopher (about B. C. 540), taught Metempsychosis.

Pytheus, same as Apollo; see Python.

Pythia, priestess of Apollo at Delphi. 498-23.

Pythian Games, held every 3d year in honor of Apollo.

Python, a slimy monster, devastated the earth after deluge; slain by Apollo. 498-23.

Q.

Quirinus, the R. name for deified Romulus.

R.

Remus, b. of Romulus, slain by him in a fit of passion. 497-57.

Rhadamanthus, s. of Europa by Jupiter, a judge of the dead in Hades. 498-51.

Rhea, an early earth goddess, w. of Saturn, one of the Titanides; m. of chief deities. 498-8.

Rhea Silvia, d. of Numitor, a Vestal Virgin, m. of Romulus and Remus by Mars. 497-57.

Rhodes, an Ægean island, site of the Colossus.

Rhodos, d. of Neptune, m. of seven sons by Helios.

Rhœcus, Centaur-lover of a Dryad, blinded by her when he ignored the bee she sent as messenger.

Rome, capital city of Italy, founded by Romulus. 497-57.

Romulus, s. of Mars by Rhea Silvia, b. of Remus, suckled by a wolf, founder of Rome. 497-57.

Rubicon, an Italian river, later celebrated for the crossing of Cæsar.

Rutuli, an Italian people, under Turnus.

S.

Sabazias, a nature-god of Phrygia, identified with Bacchus.

Sabines, neighbors of the early Romans; Sabine women were stolen for brides of the Romans. 497-58.

Salacia, same as Amphitrite.

Salmacis, a nymph, united with Hermaphrodite. 497-60.

Salmoneus, s. of Æolus, punished for trying to equal Zeus.

Salus, a R. goddess of health, prosperity and public welfare.

Sancus, a R. god of oaths and good faith.

Sappho, a G. poetess (about B. C. 600), scorned by Phaon, leaped into the sea; called the Tenth Muse.

Sarpedon, (1) s. of Europa by Jupiter; (2) s. of Laodamia by Jupiter or of Deidamia by Evander, an ally of the Trojans.

Saturn, a mythical king of Italy, founder of Italian religion, later identified with the G. Cronus; a Titan, god of time; symbol, scythe; swallowed his children until overthrown by Jupiter. 498-8ff.

Saturnalia, a feast of Saturn, held in December.

Saturnia, an ancient name for Italy.

Satyrs (R. Fauns), cleft-hoofed deities of woods and fields, followers of Bacchus. 498-49.

Scamander, a Trojan river, same as Xanthus.

Scamandrius, same as Astyanax.

Sciron, a robber-giant, slain by Theseus. 497-28.

Scylla, (1) a nymph, loved by Glaucus, changed by Circe to a sea-monster opposite Charybdis, later known as a dangerous rock; 497-49-63; 498-41 (2) d. of Nisus of Megara, betrayed him for love of Minos. 497-63.

Seasons, four companions of Apollo on his sun-drive (Ver, Æestas, Autumnus, Hyems). 498-54.

Selene, an early moon-goddess, identified with Diana.

Semele, d. of Cadmus by Harmonia, m. of Bacchus by Jupiter. 498-16.

Semiramis, w. of Ninus, founder of Nineveh.

Seven Against Thebes, a G. expedition led by Adrastus, with Amphiaraus, Capaneus, Hippomedon, Polynices, Tydeus, Parthenopæus; Adrastus alone survived. 497-6.

Seven Hills of Rome, none over 100 feet high, on which Rome was built, chief of them being the Palatine and Capitoline.

Seven Wonders, see Wonders.

Sibyl, a prophetess of Cumæ, sold the Sibylline Books to Tarquin. 497-55; 498-27.

Sibyllæ or Sibyls, female seers, most authorities name 10, some only four, of which the one at Cumæ was the most prominent.

Sibylline Books, prophetic documents revealing the fate of Rome. 498-27.

Sichæus, h. of Dido.

Sileni, a group of Satyrs, followers of Bacchus.

Silenus, a Satyr, tutor of Bacchus. 498-45-47-49.

Silvanus, see Sylvanus.

Silvia, d. of R. shepherd.

Silvius, s. of Ascanius, name borne by subsequent kings of Alba Longa.

Sinis, a giant, killed by Theseus. 497-28.

Sinon, a G. spy, loosed the heroes from the Wooden Horse into sleeping Troy. 497-42.

Sirens, beautiful maidens in face and breast, winged and clawed like birds; enticed mariners

on dangerous rocks by irresistible singing; off spring of Phorcys. 497-48; 498-41.

Sirius, the faithful dog of Orion; the Dog Star. 498-32.

Sisyphus, b. of Salmoneus, cheated even death, doomed to roll a stone up hill forever in Hades. 497-59.

Sol, a name for Helios.

Somnus (Sleep), an early deity; see Morpheus.

Soranus, a Sabine deity, identified with Apollo.

Sparti (Sown Men), the warriors growing from the Dragon's Teeth.

Spes (Hope), a R. personification-deity.

Sphinx (Egyptian), head of a man, body of a lion, wingless.

Sphinx (Theban), head of a woman, body of a lion, winged. 498-59.

Sphinx's Riddle, propounded by Theban Sphinx before Thebes, all failing to answer it being hurled down an abyss; guessed by Œdipus. 498-59.

Stentor, a loud-voiced G. herald at Troy.

Sterope, one of the Pleiades, d. of Hippodamia.

Steropes (Lightning), one of the Cyclopes (1).

Stheino, one of the Gorgons.

Sthenelus, (1) s. of Perseus by Andromeda; (2) gs. of Minos, companion of Hercules; (3) s. of Actor, companion of Hercules; (4) s. of Capaneus by Evadne, one of the Epigoni; (5) f. of Cycnus.

Strophius, a king of Phocis, f. of Pylades.

Stygian, adjective from Styx.

Stymphalian Birds, destroyed by Hercules. 497-20

Styx, (1) an early deity, d. of Oceanus by Tethys; (2) the river separating Hades from the upper world, across which Charon ferried the dead. 498-50

Suadela, a R. deity of soft speech and persuasion, a companion of Cupid.

Summanus, an Etruscan deity, equal to Jupiter, god of nocturnal heaven.

Sybaris, a G. city in Italy, famed for luxury.

Sychæus, see Sichæus.

Sylphs, nymphs of the air.

Sylvanus, a R. deity of the woods; identified with Pan.

Symplegades, the Clashing Rocks in the Euxine Sea. 497-10

Syrinx, a nymph, wooed by Pan, became reeds from which he made his flute, the syrinx. 498-49

T.

Tænarum, a G. entrance to Hades.

Tages, an Etruscan boy, with the wisdom of age.

Talaria, the winged sandals of Mercury.

Talassio, a R. name for Hymen.

Talthybius, the herald of Agamemnon at Troy.

Talus, (1) a bronze giant; 497-59 (2) same as Perdix. 498-61

Tantalus, f. of Niobe; doomed to be "tantalized" by food beyond his reach in Hades. 497-32

Tarchon, an Etruscan chief, ally of Æneas.

Tarpeian Rock, a R. promontory, from which were hurled condemned criminals.

Tarquin, the 6th legendary king of Rome.

Tartarus, the dark pit in which Uranus imprisoned Titans, Cyclopes, Centimani; the torture-chamber of Hades. 498-51

Taurians, the people among whom Iphigenia became a priestess of Diana; from whom she helped Orestes steal a sacred image of Diana.

Taygete, one of the Pleiades.

Telamon, s. of Æacus, h. of Hesione, f. of Ajax; an Argonaut, a Calydonian Boar hunter.

Telegonus, s. of Ulysses by Circe, killed f. and married Penelope.

Telemachus, s. of Ulysses by Penelope. 497-34-51

Telemus, a soothsayer.

Telephassa, m. of Europa, Cilix, Cadmus, Phœnix, by Agenor.

Telephus, s. of Hercules, assisted the Greeks at Troy.

Tellus, an early earth goddess, later Rhea.

Tereus, h. of Procne and Philomela. 498-58

Terminus, a R. god of landmarks.

Terpsichore, the Muse of dance and song.

Terra, goddess of earth; later Gæa.

Tethys, d. of Uranus and Gæa, w. of Oceanus.

Teucer, (1) s. of Xanthus, early king of Troy; (2) s. of Telamon by Hesione, a G. archer before Troy.

Thalassius, a R. senator, contemporary of Romulus.

Thalia, (1) the Muse of comedy; (2) one of the Graces (Pleasure).

Thamyris, a Thracian bard, defeated and blinded by the Muses.

Thaumas, s. of Gæa and Pontus, f. of Iris and Harpies by Electra.

Thebes, capital city of Bœotia, founded by Cadmus. 497-4; 498-59

Themis (Law, Justice), counseloress of Jupiter, m. of Hours by Jupiter.

Theoclymenus, a soothsayer.

Theophane, a maiden, wooed by Neptune in guise of a ram; m. of the ram of the Golden Fleece.

Thersites, a deformed and impudent Greek before Troy.

Theseus, a G. hero, s. of Ægeus and Æthra, slayer of the Minotaur. 497-27ff

Thestius, s. of Mars, f. of Althea, Leda, Hypermnestra.

Thestor, f. of Calchas.

Thetis, a Nereid, m. of Achilles by Peleus. 497-31ff

Thisbe, maiden-love of Pyramus. 498-58

Thoas, (1) a G. ally before Troy; (2) s. of Bacchus by Ariadne, only survivor of the massacre of men by women of Lemnos.

Thorax, the G. name for cuirass.

Thyestes, s. of Pelops by Hippodamia, b. of Atreus, f. of Ægisthus. 497-33

Thyia, a love of Apollo, sacrificed to Bacchus.

Thymoetes, an elder of Troy.

Thyone, same as Semele.

Thyrsus, the staff of Bacchus.

Tiber, a river-god of Italy, advised Æneas to seek Evander.

Tiresias, a seer of Hades, consulted by Ulysses. 497-48

Tisamenus, s. of Orestes by Hermione.

Tisiphone, one of the Furies; avenger of murder.

Titanides, female Titans, including Theia, Rhea, Themis, Tethys, Mnemosyne, Phœbe, and their children. 498-8ff

Titans, giant-children of Uranus by Gæa, imprisoned in Tartarus, including Oceanus, Cœus, Creus, Hyperion, Iapetus, Cronus, and their children. 498-7ff

Tithonus, s. of Laomedon, b. of Priam, h. of Aurora; became a grasshopper. 497-60

Tityus, a giant, cast into Tartarus for offering violence to Diana.

Tmolus, a mountain-god of Lydia.

Toga, the public garb of Romans.

Triptolemus, a child suckled by Ceres, s. of Metanira; later became Ceres' envoy; f. of Demophoon, who is sometimes substituted for T. in the forenamed capacity. 498-44

Tritogenia, a name of Athena.

Triton, s. of Neptune by Amphitrite, half man and half fish. 498-40

Tritons, sons of Triton, attendants of Neptune.

Trœzen, a G. city of Argolis.

Troilus, s. of Priam, lover of Cressida. 497-62

Trojan, an inhabitant of Troy; of or pertaining to Troy.

Trojan War, between Trojans and Greeks, lasted ten years; see Helen, Paris, Apple of Discord, Eris, Menelaus, etc. 497-30ff

Trophonius, patron of an oracle in Bœatia, b. of Agamedes.

Tros, gs. of Dardanus, f. of Ganymede and Ilus.

Troy, an ancient city of Asia Minor, razed by the Greeks. 497-30

Turnus, chief of the Rutili, wooer of Lavinia, opponent of Æneas. 497-56

Tyche, a G. name for Fortuna.

Tydeus, s. of Œneus, one of the Seven Against Thebes.

Tyndareus, a king of Sparta, n. of Leda, f. of Clytemnestra and Castor, foster-f. of Helen and Pollux.

Typhon, a monster, created by Gæa to punish Jupiter; demon of whirlwinds; had 100 heads breathing fire and smoke.

Tyro, d. of Salmoneus, m. of Pelias and Neleus

U.

Ucalegon, an elder of Troy

Ulysses (Odysseus), hero of the Odyssey, a wanderer and adventurer. 497-34ff-45ff

Upis, (1) a name for Diana; (2) the mythical nurse of Diana.

Urania, the Muse of Astronomy.

Uranus (Heaven), created by Gæa for her consort, f. of Titans. 498-7

Ursa Major (Great Bear), constellation of the Big Dipper; see Callisto.

Ursa Minor (Little Bear), constellation of the Little Dipper; see Arcas.

V.

Veiovis, a R. deity of lightning.

Venti, the Winds.

Venus (Aphrodite), d. of Dione and Jupiter, though by other accounts born of sea-foam; goddess of beauty, love, laughter, and marriage; wore the Cestus. 497-33; 498-29-37ff

Ver (Spring), one of the Seasons.

Vertumnus, a R. god of changing seasons, wooer and winner of Pomona. 497-58

Vesta (Hestia), goddess of public and private hearths, and deity of virginity and modesty. 498-34

Vestal Virgins or Vestals, six virgin priestesses of Vesta, tending the sacred fires of her temples.

Victoria or Victory, same as Nike.

Virbius, a R. deity worshipped with Diana.

Virgil, a R. epic poet (about B. C. 45), author of Æneid.

Virgo, the constellation of the Virgin, representing Astræa.

Virtus (Virtue), a R. personification-deity.

Volscians, a people of ancient Italy, conquered by the Romans.

Voluptas, a R. personification-deity of sensual pleasures.

Vulcan (Hephæstus), s. of Jupiter by Juno, born lame and expelled from Olympus; forger of Jove's thunderbolts, blacksmith of the gods; a worker in metals; see Ætna. Lemnos. Cyclopes. 498-27ff

W.

Winds, see Æolus, Boreas, Zephyrus, Eurus, Notus, Aura.

Wonders, Seven Wonders of the Ancient World: Pyramids of Egypt, Pharos of Egypt, Hanging Gardens of Babylon, Temple of Diana at Ephesus, Statue of Jupiter by Phidias, Mausoleum of Artemisia, Colossus of Rhodes (some lists substitute Walls of Babylon for Pharos).

Wooden Horse, fashioned by the Greeks, purporting to be a gift in honor of Minerva; its hollow belly concealed armed warriors, who were thus treacherously wheeled within the walls of Troy. 497-41

X.

Xanthus, the river-god of Scamander, choked with the bodies of Trojans, he pursued Achilles across the plains until stopped by Vulcan's stream of fire. 497-38

Z.

Zagreus, a form of Bacchus in Cretan myth.

Zalmoxis, a mythical slave of Pythagoras.

Zelos (Zeal), s. of Pallas and Styx.

Zephyr or Zephyrus, the W. or S. W. wind, b. of Boreas. 498-24-56

Zetes, a winged warrior, companion of Theseus, s. of Boreas, b. of Calais.

Zethus, twin-b. of Amphion. 497-5; 498-16

Zeus, the G. name for Jupiter.

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On Friendship, Temperance, Courage, and Piety

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PLATO

DIALOGUES OF PLATO

FOREWORD

The four Dialogues offered herein are known by the names of the chief characters in each: *Lysis*, *Charmides*, *Laches*, and *Euthyphro*. They fall into a more or less natural group due to the fact that they all deal with single ethical abstracts — friendship, temperance, courage, and piety, respectively—and in such an exclusive manner that they may, without violation of their significance, be named for the subjects which they treat. The quartet, in addition, has in common the fact that in every case the discussion results in a confession of ignorance as to the nature of the virtue under examination. But in the course of the discussion numerous stimulating hypotheses are brought forward, and though they are discarded in these Dialogues as insufficient, some of them reappear in other Dialogues for further elaboration.

"The lights which Plato throws upon his subject are indirect; but they are not the less real for that. He has no intention of proving a thesis by a cut-and-dried argument; nor does he imagine that a great philosophical problem can be tied up within the limits of a definition. If he has analyzed a proposition or notion, even with the severity of an impossible logic, if half-truths have been compared by him with other half-truths, if he has cleared up or advanced popular ideas or illustrated a new method, the aim of Platonic dialogue has been attained." (Benjamin Jowett.)

In reading Plato, allowance must be made for the time (fourth century Before Christ) in which the discussions are supposed to be taking place. Topics and ideas that occur at once to a modern reader are not even considered in connection with the subject. Other ideas seem to us of the twentieth century little short of absurd. But Plato was a pioneer, and he has set down the somewhat casual meanderings of his thoughts without any attempt at a vivid and concise presentation, for the speed virus of today had not poisoned the blood of the unhurried Athenians. In these Dialogues progress, however futile for the time being, is made toward definition of the commonest terms glibly mouthed by every user of language. It is a noble beginning, though it does become tedious at times, and impatience at labyrinthian commonplaces is no true sign of lack of appreciation. The world must move—preferably onward, but the direction is a matter of some debate—and, moving, it must acknowledge the bases from which it got its start.

In the words of Ralph Waldo Emerson (*Representative Men*, Volume 1, Little Blue Book No. 423): "Among secular books, Plato only is entitled to Omar's fanatical compliment to the Koran, when he said, 'Burn the libraries; for their value is in this book.' These sentences contain the culture of nations; these are the corner-stone of schools; these are the fountain-head of literatures. A discipline it is in logic, arithmetic, taste, symmetry, poetry, language, rhetoric, ontology, morals, or practical wisdom. There was never such range of speculation. Out

of Plato come all things that are still written and debated among men of thought. Great havoc makes he among our originalities. We have reached the mountain from which all these drift boulders were detached. The Bible of the learned for twenty-two hundred years, every brisk young man who says in succession fine things to each reluctant generation,—Boethius, Rabelais, Erasmus, Bruno, Locke, Rousseau, Alfieri, Coleridge, — is some reader of Plato, translating into the vernacular, wittily, his good things. Even the men of grander proportion suffer some deduction from the misfortune (shall I say?) of coming after this exhausting generalizer. St. Augustine, Copernicus, Newton, Behman, Swedenborg, Goethe, are likewise his debtors and must say after him. For it is fair to credit the broadest generalizer with all the particulars deducible from his thesis.

"Plato is philosophy, and philosophy, Plato, —at once the glory and the shame of mankind, since neither Saxon nor Roman have availed to add any idea to his categories. No wife, no children had he, and the thinkers of all civilized nations are his posterity and are tinged with his mind...." And so on, but Emerson's essay cannot be quoted here in full!

The Dialogues represent more or less imaginary conversations between Socrates and various younger men of Athens—chiefly the young men, because they are the least likely to be offended by Socrates' persistent search after truth, regardless of tradition, and often with the result of exposing the ignorance of his verb-

al opponent. Socrates never wrote a word, so all that we know of him comes to us, principally, from Plato. At the same time, it must be kept in mind that the Platonic discourses present a good many ideas that are distinctly Platonic and not Socratic. Socrates is often used as a mouthpiece for Plato himself.

For further information concerning Plato and his philosophy, Will Durant's *Guide to Plato* (Little Blue Book No. 159) is recommended. The Dialogues known as the *Apology*, *Crito*, and *Phaedo* are included in the *Trial and Death of Socrates* (Little Blue Book No. 94), together with brief selections from the *Banquet*. The *Republic* of Plato, carefully condensed by H. M. Tichenor, is in Little Blue Book No. 157.

The four Dialogues herein presented have been somewhat summarized and condensed, so that this version is not identical with the original Greek or with any one translation. An effort has been made to preserve both the form and style of Plato, besides, of course, the sense and spirit of his argument. The condensation has been effected largely by omitting irrelevant portions of the Dialogues, often introductory and without any bearing on the subject in hand, and by "tightening up" certain portions of the discussion — that is, a long series of casual queries and affirmative answers has been shortened to a summary and a few terse questions. The result, if less emphatic, is perhaps also less tedious; and, by this means, it has been possible to offer a great deal more material within the confines of this book than would otherwise have been feasible.

DIALOGUES OF PLATO

LYSIS (FRIENDSHIP)

Characters: *Hippothales, Ctesippus, Menexenus, Lysis, and Socrates.*

(The *Lysis* is perhaps the best of the present group, possessing a certain natural grace by virtue of its beautiful subject, friendship. There is a trace of the humorous irony that is very apparent in the *Laches*: Socrates, Menexenus, and Lysis are all very good friends, and yet they cannot tell what true friendship really is!

(Love and being in love are treated in this Diologue much as moderns speak and think of love between opposite sexes, but it is only the love between man and man that is here discussed. The ancients thought of such love as more virulent than people regard it today. It is necessary to understand this attitude of the characters, lest more reserved modern readers brand these men of Greece as effeminate, sentimental weaklings. The converse is true: this healthy frankness is an indication of vigorous and beautiful ideals. Sarah Bernhardt once said: "The highest form of friendship does not exist between man and woman, but between man and man. David said to Jonathan: 'Thy love to me was wonderful, surpassing the love of women.' The love of Jonathan for David is the highest love, the love that can neither die nor lessen, the love that is not prostituted as it

were by reference to sexuality. A love as wholesome and abiding as this, perhaps, never once existed between a man and his wife."

(The scene of the *Lysis* is laid in a newly built palestra, or school where boys were trained in athletics (gymnasium), just outside of the city walls of Athens. Socrates, on the way from the Academy to the Lyceum, is stopped by Hippothales and drawn into conversation. Various young men gather round him. He learns that Hippothales is "in love" with one young Lysis, a youth stalwart and handsome as a young god. Hippothales has erred in praising his favorite with highly laudatory phrases, and Socrates takes him to task for his lack of modesty in thus covertly praising himself for his happy choice of a friend, and for risking that friend's good character by so praising him and perhaps creating in him arrogance and pride. Not only this, but Hippothales has not yet won the friendship of Lysis, and to praise him thus is a display of presumption. Therefore Socrates agrees to instruct Hippothales in the proper manner of addressing a man one has chosen to become one's friend. Seeking Lysis, Socrates and Ctesippus go into the palestra, where Hippothales told them they would find the youth in company with Menexenus, his intimate friend.

(Socrates and Ctesippus, in conversation, lure Menexenus to their group. Lysis, emboldened by the presence of his friend, joins them. Hippothales and the others come in from outside, but Hippothales stands aloof where he can see but not be seen by Lysis. Menexenus is called

away on some business, so Socrates sets about questioning Lysis.)

Socrates. No doubt your parents love you dearly?

Lysis. Very dearly.

Soc. So they would wish to have you as happy as possible.

Lys. Certainly.

Soc. Does a slave, who is not free to do as he wishes, appear to you to be happy?

Lys. I should say not.

Soc. Your parents, though, who love you, do everything they can to make *you* happy?

Lys. Of course.

Soc. So they let you do everything you wish, and never scold you or hinder you?

Lys. No, they scold me often, and won't let me do lots of things.

Soc. How is this? They want you to be happy, but they prevent you from doing things.

(It is brought out that Lysis is not permitted to drive his father's chariots, but a hired charioteer can and does. Lysis cannot even drive a pair of mules, for a slave mule-driver does that. Lysis is also subject to a governor, no better than a slave, for he is paid to tutor Lysis. It is the same with Lysis' mother as with his father, for she won't let him touch her loom or shuttle. But in matters of writing letters or playing on the lyre, Lysis can do as he pleases and how he pleases—to the extreme of playing the lyre with his fingers or with a stick, for instance.)

Soc. Why do you suppose they hinder you in some matters and not in others, Lysis?

Lys. Probably because I understand the one, and not the other.

Soc. Then your father isn't waiting for you to be old enough, but for you to become wise enough to handle his property. When you are wise enough, do you think he will turn these things over to you?

Lys. No doubt he will.

Soc. And the Athenians, too, do you think they would hand matters of state over to you if you were the wisest man in such state matters?

Lys. I expect they would.

Soc. And in all other things likewise? If the king's son had trouble with his eyes, and you knew how it could be cured, would he let you do as you wished, even if you commanded that the eyes be forced open and ashes be thrown in?

Lys. If I understood about curing the eyes, I am sure he would have it done as I directed.

Soc. So you see how the matter stands, Lysis. All things which we know properly, no matter what things they are, all people will let us handle as we wish; but all things which we do not know properly, everyone will prevent us from touching, even our fathers and mothers. Do you think, then, that anyone will love us in matters of which we know nothing and so are of no use?

Lys. I don't think anyone would.

Soc. No, even our parents wouldn't love us in such things. So it behooves us to educate ourselves in all things, so that we may be esteemed for them. You do not consider your-

self wise in matters of which you have no knowledge?

Lys. Hardly.

Soc. As long as you need a teacher, too, you are not wise?

Lys. That is true.

Soc. Then you cannot be wise, if you are still unwise?

Lys. I shouldn't think so, Socrates.

(Socrates is on the point of speaking to Hippothales, to remind him that this is the way he ought to address his favorite, and not in terms of high praise, but it occurs to him that Hippothales desires to remain unseen by Lysis, so he keeps silent. Menexenus now returns, and Socrates enjoins Lysis to tell him all that has been discussed. Whereupon Lysis induces Socrates to enter intc conversation with Menexenus, who is very fond of argument.)

Soc. Lysis wishes me to ask Menexenus a question. Attend, Menexenus. From earliest childhood I have had a desire for one thing, as people have desires for horses, for money, and so on, and what I have desired has always been friends. I'd sooner have one good friend than the best quail or cock in all the world. Indeed, so fond am I of friendship, that I'd sooner have one good friend than all the wealth of the richest man in the world. So, when I see you and Lysis such good friends while still so young, I am at a loss. How have you brought this good fortune to pass? You should know, for your friendship is apparent to all. Tell me about it, then. As soon as one man loves another, which of the two becomes the friend?

Is it the lover of the loved, or the loved of the lover? Or doesn't it make any difference?

Menexenus. As far as I know, there's no difference.

Soc. How can that be? Do both become friends, each to the other, if only one loves the other?

Men. I think so.

Soc. Isn't it possible for the lover to be disappointed in the return of love by the one he loves? Even for the lover to be hated by the object of his love?

Men. Yes, I admit it is possible.

Soc. That is to say, one loves, the other is loved.

Men. Exactly.

Soc. Then which of the two is the friend of the other? Can the hated one be the friend of the loved, or vice versa? Or must each love the other, to be friends?

Men. I agree that each must love the other. We have contradicted ourselves, but this is certainly so.

Soc. Then the lover is not a friend of anyone who does not love him in return. That is, people cannot be friends of horses, or of other animals, or of wine. or of wisdom, unless all these love them in return. And the poet must speak falsely who says, Happy is he who has boys for his friends, and horses, and hunting-dogs, and guests in a foreign land.

Men. I don't think the poet is wrong, Socrates.

Soc. What! You don't mean to say you think he's right?

Men. Yes, I think he is right.

Soc. Therefore, one who loves another is his friend whether or no he is loved or hated in return. Little children, not yet old enough to love in a true sense, but perhaps able to hate their parents for treating them severely, are none the less loved and befriended by their parents. Is this so?

Men. Surely.

Soc. The friend, then, is not the object of the love, but the lover?

Men. Apparently.

Soc. Conversely, it is not the object of hate that is the enemy, but the hater?

Men. Agreed.

Soc. See where this is leading us. Under this reasoning, many are beloved by their enemies, and hated by their friends; are friends to their enemies, but enemies to their friends, if the beloved is a friend,, and not the lover. Doesn't it seem absurd to be an enemy to a friend, and a friend to an enemy?

Men. Indeed it does, Socrates.

Soc. Then the beloved is also the friend of the lover, and the hated the enemy of the hater?

Men. Yes.

Soc. Which brings us to the same result. According to this, a man is often a friend of that which is not friendly, and even of that which is hostile to him, which is as often as he is not loved but even hated by the one whom he loves. Similarly, often he is not an enemy, but even a friend to ar enemy; as often, in

fact, as he is not hated, but even loved by the man he hates.

Men. It appears so.

Soc. What are we to do, then? Neither he who loves, nor he who is loved, nor those who love each other, seem to be friends. Who else can we find able to become friends?

Men. I'm sure I don't know, Socrates.

Soc. Can it be that we have been conducting our investigation poorly?

Men. It seems that we must have.

Soc. Let us begin again, then, and try to avoid going astray. Let us turn for a moment to the poets, who are such good friends to us in matters of wisdom. They speak very highly of friends, of course, and say that it is God who makes men friends, as in the line: "God ever conducts like to like" [Homer's *Odyssey*] and makes them known, one to the other. Others, too, have said that the like must always be friendly to the like. Do they speak well in this?

Lys. Possibly.

(The argument develops: Wicked men, the more they are in company with other wicked men, become, not friends, but greater and greater enemies. For men who injure each other cannot become friends. Possibly, however, bad men are never very like one another, and it is the good men to whom the poets refer. Thus, bad men can never become friends with one another, or with good men, but the good, being like one another, can become friends one with another. This much seems clear.)

Soc. I seem to see some difficulty. The like,

insofar as he is like, is friendly to the like, and such a man is useful to such a man. Or, put it this way: Is there any good or any harm that a like thing can do to a like thing which it cannot do to itself, or is there anything that can be done to it, which it cannot do to itself? And is it possible for such things to be held in regard by each other, when they cannot assist each other?

Lys. It is not possible.

Soc. Can a thing which is held in no regard be a friend?

Lys. Of course not.

Soc. Hence the like is not a friend to the like; but perhaps the good will be a friend to the good, insofar as he is good, and not insofar as he is like?

Lys. Perhaps so.

Soc. But the good man, insofar as he is good, will be found sufficient unto himself, and, if sufficient, he will want nothing so far as his sufficiency goes. Not wanting anything, he will feel no regard for anything, and what he feels no regard for, he cannot love, and if he does not love, he won't be a friend. Is all this true?

Lys. True indeed.

Soc. How can the good ever be friends with the good, then, when neither absent from nor present with one another have they need of one another? Is it possible to make such people care for one another? For they must care for one another in order to be friends.

Lys. I don't see how it is possible to make such people care for one another.

Soc. Observe, Lysis, how we are deceived We are deceived in the whole, are we not?

Lys. Why, how is that?

Soc. I remember hearing once that like is always hostile to like, that the worst enemies of good men are always good men. Witness Hesiod: "Potter ever wars with the potter, bard with the bard, and beggar with beggar."

(The argument proceeds: Thus, by a universal and infallible law, the more any two things resemble each other, the more do they submit to envy, strife, and hatred; and the more any two things differ from each other, the greater the friendship or attraction between them. For the poor are obliged to make themselves friends of the rich, and the weak of the strong, for the sake of their assistance; and the sick man must also become friendly with the physician; in short everyone without knowledge must be friendly with those who have knowledge. Everything craves for its opposite, not for its counterpart; dryness needs moisture, heat needs cold, sharpness craves for dulness, the bitter for sweetness, etc. For the contrary is food to the contrary, whereas the like can derive no advantage from the like.)

Soc. We admit, then, that nothing is so friendly to a thing as its contrary.

Men. We do.

Soc. Then see where we are. Is anything so contrary to friendship as enmity?

Men. Nothing.

Soc. Is friendship a friend to enmity, or enmity to friendship? Or justice to injustice, or conversely? Or temperance to intemperance, and the reverse?

Men. Certainly not.

Soc. Therefore, it cannot be true that opposites are friendly. Neither is the unlike friendly with the unlike, nor, as we have said, is the like friendly with the like. We must try once more. Perhaps it is that which is neither good nor evil which is friendly with the good.

Men. What do you mean?

Soc. I confess I am a little confused by the entanglement of the subject. But I think of friendship as something very beautiful—soft, smooth, slippery—perhaps because it is so is the reason for its slipping through our fingers so easily. Now, to what is beautiful and good, that which is neither good nor evil may be friendly, or so I think. How I arrive at this, I shall try to show you. I recognize three separate classes of things: good, evil, and that which is neither good nor evil. Is this clear?

Men. It is.

Soc. Our previous decisions forbid us to believe that good is friendly with good, or evil with evil, or good with evil. There remains the possibility of that which is neither good nor evil being friendly with itself, or with the good—for surely nothing can be friendly with evil. And since like cannot be friendly with like, as we decided, that which is neither good nor evil can be friendly with itself. Hence,

friendship can exist only between the good and that which is neither good nor evil.

Men. You reason well, Socrates.

Soc. A healthy body, however, has no need of medicine. Therefore, no one in good health is friendly with a physician on account of health. But the sick man *is* friendly with the physician, and on account of his sickness. Sickness is an evil, medicine is both good and useful. So, a sick body is compelled to be friendly with medicine, and it is a thing which is neither good nor evil becoming friendly with good on account of the presence of evil. For the body is not, insofar as it is a body, either good or evil. Or am I mistaken.

Men. No, you are quite right.

Soc. But the body becomes thus friendly before the evil present in it makes it evil also, for, as we said, nothing could be friendly with evil. Now I say that some things are themselves identical with what is present in them, and some things are not. For example, if something is dyed with a tint, the tint is present with the substance which is dyed. But is the dyed substance such, in point of color, as that which is applied to it?

Men. I don't follow you.

Soc. Suppose someone dyes your hair white Would it be white or appear white then?

Men. It would appear white.

Soc. That is to say, whiteness would be present with the hair, but the hair would not be any more white, in its actual essence, than it was at first. Though whiteness is present, the

hair is neither white nor black itself, on that account.

Men. I see that.

Soc. But, my friend, when old age has turned your hair white, then it becomes identical with that which is present with it, white by the presence of whiteness. You grant this? Very well. If a thing be present in a substance, will the substance be such as that which is present with it; or will it be such if the thing is present under certain conditions, and under certain other conditions, not such?

Men. I would say that it depends on the conditions.

Soc. To recapitulate: That which is neither good nor evil, when evil is present with it, is sometimes not itself evil as yet, and sometimes it has already become evil itself, or identical with the evil present in it. When evil is present, and that which is neither good nor evil has not become evil itself, the very presence of evil in it makes it desirous of good; but if this present evil makes it also evil, then the presence of this evil identical with itself deprives it of a friendly feeling for good, for evil can never be friendly with good or with anything, as we said. We may say further, by way of example, that those who are already wise are no longer friends of wisdom; again, those who are so possessed of foolishness as to be evil, cannot be friends of wisdom; but those who have the evil of foolishness in them, but who have not become, as a consequence of it, either foolish or ignorant themselves, and who still under-

stand that they do not know the things they do not know, are neither good nor evil, as yet, so that they can become friends of wisdom (or of philosophers) because of the evil (foolishness) present within them, but with which they are not as yet identical. Now, then, Lysis and Menexenus, we seem to have discovered what it is that is friendly or not friendly. No matter whether it be soul, body, or anything else, it is that which is neither good nor evil that is friendly with the good on account of the presence of evil. Do you both agree?

Men. and Lys. We agree.

Soc. [After a pause.] I seem to see a difficulty even in this. We have only been dreaming of our treasure, for it is not yet within our grasp. We have fallen into false reasoning. For, if a man be a friend, isn't he a friend to someone?

Men. Surely.

Soc. For the sake of nothing, on account of nothing? Or for the sake of something, on account of something?

Men. For the sake of something, and on account of something.

Soc. Is he a friend to that thing which makes him a friend to his friend, or is he to it neither friend nor foe? Or perhaps you can follow me and I can follow myself better if we adopt a more concrete example. Take the same case of the sick man and the physician. The sick man is a friend to the physician, we said, on account of sickness and for the sake of health. Sickness is an evil, health a good. The body,

a thing neither good nor evil, is, on account of the presence of sickness (an evil), a friend to the medical art (a good). It is for the sake of health (a good) that the medical art has received this friendship. Then is the body a friend or not a friend to health (that which makes it a friend to its friend, the medical art)? And is it a foe, or not, to sickness?

Men. A friend to health, certainly, and a foe to sickness.

Soc. The situation is therefore something like this: That which is neither good nor evil (the body) is a friend to good (medicine) on account of an evil (sickness) to which it is a foe, for the sake of a good (health) to which it is a friend. The friendly (the body), then, is a friend for the sake of that (a good) to which it is a friend, on account of that (an evil) to which it is a foe. Or am I wrong?

Men. No; on the contrary, you seem to be right.

Soc. Careful now. Friend has become friend to friend, or like has become friend to like—but we'll let that pass. A man, a friend to medicine for the sake of health, may be a friend to health also, and for the sake of something. For the sake of something to which he is friendly, do you suppose, to follow out our line of argument?

Men. I suppose so, yes.

Soc. Or is he a friend to that thing (health) for the sake of some other thing to which he is also a friend? If this is so, it is an eternal progression. We must arrive at some beginning

which will not refer us to friend upon friend, but will arrive at that to which we are in the first instance friends, and for the sake of which we say we are friends to all the rest. Must we not?

Men. We must.

Soc. We must consider it, indeed, in order that all those other things, to which we said we were friendly, for the sake of that one thing, may not, like so many shadows of it, lead us into error, but that we may establish that thing as the first to which we are really and truly friends. Thus, if a man sets a high value on something, say on his son (which most men would prize above all else), may he not be led by his extreme regard for his son to set a high value on other things also? For, if his son drink hemlock, the father will prize wine, if wine will save his son's life, and he will even prize the cup containing the wine. Yet this doesn't say that he will prize all three—son, wine, cup—equally, but rather that he will set a value, not on those things which are procured for the sake of another thing, but on that for the sake of which all those other things are procured. Just as we value gold and silver, not because they are procured for the sake of something else, but for the sake of that for which they are procured.

Men. This seems reasonable.

Soc. Apply the same reasoning to friendship. When we say we are friendly to things for the sake of a thing to which we are also friendly (as we discussed) are we not using a term with

regard to them which belong to something else? Do we not appear to be in reality friendly only with that in which all these so-called friendships terminate?

Men. It seems so.

Soc. We are, therefore, not friendly with that to which we are truly friendly for the sake of any other thing to which we are friendly. We can dismiss this as proved. To proceed: Are we friends to the good?

Men. I suppose we are.

Soc. Summarizing, then: If of our three classes (good, evil, and that which is neither good nor evil) evil is taken away and only the other two (good and that which is neither good nor evil) are left, it would come to pass that good would no longer be of any use or value to us. With evil removed, there would be nothing to harm us, and we should need no assistance. Thus it appears that it is only on account of evil that we feel any regard and affection for good, as though good were a medicine and evil a disease to be cured by it—for where there is no disease, there is no need for medicine. Apparently, then, the nature of good is such that it is loved on account of evil by us who are intermediate between evil and good, but in itself, and for itself, it is quite useless. Therefore, the original thing to which we are friendly, that wherein all those other things terminate to which we said we were friendly for the sake of another thing, bears to these things no resemblance at all. For to these things we call ourselves friendly for the sake

of another thing to which we were friendly; but that to which we are really friendly appears to be of a nature exactly the reverse of this, since we found that we were friendly to it for the sake of a thing to which we were unfriendly, and, if this latter be removed, we are, it seems, friendly to it no longer.

Men. Apparently not, according to our present position.

Soc. But if evil is banished, will hunger or thirst, as evils, continue to exist? Or will they exist and not hurt? Still, since it is ridiculous to speculate on what will exist when we cannot know, let us consider that a man can be both harmed and benefited by hunger, can he not?

Men. He can.

Soc. Or he can endure it without either harm or benefit, and the same with thirst. So, if evil is banished, there is no reason for things which are not evil to be banished with it. Desires, therefore, which are neither evil nor good will continue to exist, after evil is extinct. And a man who is enamored of another cannot help loving that other, so it appears that, even if evil be extinct, there will remain certain things to which we can be friendly. Is this true?

Men. I think so.

Soc. But if evil were the cause of our friendliness, and it became extinct, it would no longer be possible to be friendly with anything. Yet we had agreed that one was friendly to something else on account of evil. And now it appears that desire is the cause of friendship, that whatever desires is friendly to that which

it desires, and friendly at the time of its feeling the desire. But does that which feels desire, desire that of which it is in need?

Men. I should think it would.

Soc. That which is in need is friendly to that of which it is in need, and becomes in want of that which is taken from it?

Men. Certainly.

Soc. Then that which belongs to a man is seen to be the object of his desire, and therefore the object, also, of his love and friendship. So, you two who are so friendly to each other, can be said to belong to each other. Ah, I see that pleases you. We can say, then, that a man belongs in some way to the object of his love, and that a true and genuine lover is loved in return by that object.

Men. and Lys. Good, Socrates, good.

Soc. But, how now? That which belongs to us—is it like us or unlike us? Does good belong to everyone, and is evil a stranger to all, or does good belong to good, evil to evil, and so on?

Men. and Lys. The latter, of course.

Soc. Then we find ourselves at a position we formerly rejected. But there seems to be no other way of treating the subject. Still, reckon up all that we have said. There is certainly no harm in considering it all carefully. And, Lysis and Menexenus, how strange it is that we, you and I, my friends—for I include myself with you—can be such good friends and yet not know what we mean by our friendship.

CHARMIDES (TEMPERANCE)

Characters: Chaerepho, Critias, Charmides, and Socrates.

(Temperance is one of the four cardinal virtues—temperance, wisdom, fortitude, justice—of Plato. However, to understand this Dialogue in the sense of the word as used by Plato. the word must be thought of in a much broader sense than it is commonly used today. The establishment of so-called "temperance societies" (which originally advocated *moderation* in the use of intoxicating liquors) has made *temperance* synonymous with total abstinence from intoxicating beverages of all sorts. Properly, the word signifies self-restraint or self-control, that is to say, moderation, in the use of practice of anything—in the drinking of coffee as much as in the drinking of wine; in sleeping as well as in keeping unearthly hours; in eating wholesome food as much as in eating harmful condiments. It implies moderation, too, in the exercise of the bodily functions, in the expression of the emotions, in the indulgence of the passions. Thus, temperance applies to good things as well as bad. Indeed, the ancients linked *modesty* with *temperance* —moderation in self-assertion—and in this Dialogue it is sometimes thought of in this sense.

(Charmides is a young man who is accorded a handsome portion of temperance, or modesty, by his friends when they describe his character. Yet, when asked by Socrates to define

what it is he is so fortunate to possess so abundantly, he fails absurdly. Socrates, as usual, evades pinning the matter down to an actual definition, but contents himself with showing that temperance is not a thing such as others thought it was. The idea that the essential element of virtue is knowledge, which Socrates was always expounding, is met with in this Dialogue. Notice, too, that Critias, one of the characters, later becomes the enemy of Socrates and figures in his later life to an extent of influencing people against the old philosopher when he is brought to trial—see Little Blue Book No. 94.

(Socrates is just returning from the battle of Potidea, for he served as a hoplite in the Greek army, and meets with some of his friends in the palestra of Taures. Here he makes the acquaintance of Charmides, a handsome youth whom he has never seen before. Charmides is having some trouble with a dull ache in his head, and, persuaded that Socrates is a physician who can cure it, he is induced to talk with the philosopher. Since Charmides is praised for having lots of temperance in his make-up, Socrates, pursuant to the cure of which he knows, persuades the lad to tell of this temperance.)

Socrates. Tell me, Charmides, what is temperance according to your opinion?

Charmides. It appears, Socrates, to consist in doing everything quietly and orderly—in short, a certain quietness seems to be the basis of it.

Soc. People do say the quiet are temperate. But, consider. Temperance is accorded a beautiful thing. Now which is the more beautiful, to run rapidly and gracefully or slowly and clumsily?

Char. Rapidly and gracefully, of course.

Soc. Or to write swiftly or slowly? Or to play the harp speedily or hesitantly? To be agile in boxing and wrestling, or heavy and ponderous? Is it not always the most rapid and most brisk movements of the body and mind, rather than the slow and quiet, that are the most beautiful?

Char. Entirely so.

Soc. But we said that temperance was something beautiful. So not quietness, but celerity and dexterity are the bases of temperance. Even in the investigations of the soul, it is he who arrives at conclusions most accurately and most swiftly, rather than he who reaches them slowly and deliberately, that is the most temperate. According to this, a temperate life will not be a quiet life, since it surely ought to be beautiful.

Char. That sounds very reasonable.

Soc. Consider, Charmides, what sort of a man temperance causes one to be, when it is present with one.

Char. It seems to me that temperance makes a man ashamed and bashful, so temperance, therefore, appears to be what shame is.

Soc. Very well. But remember we said temperance was something beautiful. So temperate men must be good men, and that which

renders men good is also good itself, so that temperance is not only beautiful, but good. And Homer says: "Shame ill accompanies a man in need." Shame appears, then, to be neither good nor not good, but to be both at various times. Yet temperance is good, as we have said, and therefore will not be shame, which is no more good than bad.

Char. Good enough, Socrates. But I have been told that temperance consists in managing one's affairs.

Soc. This is absurd. Suppose all of us did nothing save our own things. Suppose we all made everything we use, by a city law, and could make nothing for anyone else. This would be managing our own affairs, yet such a city would hardly be well governed, and a well governed city is a temperately ordered city, so that temperance cannot consist in managing one's own affairs. Indeed, it is hard to know just what managing one's own affairs would consist in.

Char. It seems so, certainly. But let Critias answer the problem, since it was he who told me that temperance was such.

Critias. I can answer it, I guess. Because you don't know the answer, Charmides, is no sign that I don't.

Soc. Do you admit, Critias, since I must now question you, do you admit that all artists do something, and that they do not only their own business but that of others likewise?

Crit. Yes, I admit that.

Soc. Does this prevent them from being temperate?

Crit. I don't see why it should.

Soc. How is it, then, that those who transact only their own affairs can be temperate, if nothing prevents those who transact the affairs of others from being temperate also?

Crit. I have not admitted that "to transact" and "to make" something are one and the same.

Soc. Surely "to make" something and "to do" something are the same.

Crit. I do not think so; nor is "to work" the same as "to make," for Hesiod says: "No work is a disgrace." He uses "work" in the sense of creating something beautiful and useful, and not in the sense of making anything you please.

Soc. We must, above all things, understand our terms and to what they refer. Tell me, now, do you say that temperance is the "doing" or the "making"—or however you choose to express it—of good things?

Crit. Exactly that.

Soc. He who acts well is temperate, then, and not he who acts badly. I wonder, though, if you think people who conduct themselves temperately are ignorant that they are temperate.

Crit. On the contrary, I think they are fully aware of their temperance.

Soc. How about a physician who prescribes a treatment which he is not sure will improve his patient, but which, nevertheless, does im-

prove him? He does what is fitting and good, and is therefore temperate, yet, when he was doing it, he was not aware of it.

Crit. Rather than admit that the man who is ignorant of himself is temperate, I am willing to retract some of my assertions, which may have been careless. I almost, indeed, assert that to know oneself is temperance, for I agree absolutely with him who placed the precept upon the temple at Delphi. Thus the god addresses those coming to the temple, and he says nothing less than "Be temperate," but expresses it more enigmatically, as becomes a prophet. For "Know thyself" and "Be temperate" are identical commands.

Soc. I am only seeking for information, being myself ignorant. If to know a thing is temperance, that makes temperance a *science*, and, necessarily, it must be a science of something. Medicine is the science of health, and produces a healthy body. Building is the science of construction, and produces dwellings. Tailoring is the science of sewing, and produces clothes. What, in the same way, is temperance the science of that is different from itself (as health is different from medicine, sewing is different from the art of tailoring, and so on), and what does it produce?

Crit. You err, Socrates. Temperance is not naturally similar to the other sciences, nor are all other sciences similar one to another. Mathematics is a science, yet it produces nothing like dwellings or clothes.

Soc. But with all sciences it is possible to

show that of which it is the science, as mathematics is the science of the odd and even, how they are situated as regards multitude, with respect to themselves and to each other; and the even and odd are something different from the science of mathematics itself. But what is temperance the science of, that is different from itself?

Crit. Temperance is different, as I said, from other sciences. It is the science of itself, and of all the other sciences also.

Soc. Then the temperate man will know himself, be able to examine what he knows or does not know, and to look into all other things besides. And no other person will be able to do these things. We must consider, though, whether it is possible or not to know, with respect to what a person knows and does not know, that he does know and does not know; and, in the next place, if this is ever so completely possible, what the utility of it will be to us who know it.

Crit. I grant it is necessary to consider this.

Soc. If there is, as you have asserted, one science which is the science of itself and of the rest of the sciences, and of ignorance besides, we must see how absurdly we are arguing. Try the same thing in other matters. Does a seeing power exist, which is not the seeing power of those things which are the objects of the rest of the seeing powers, but is the seeing power of itself and the rest of the seeing powers, and similarly of not seeing powers; and though it is a seeing power it does not see

any color, but sees itself and the rest of the seeing powers?

Crit. This doesn't seem possible to me.

Soc. Similarly, is there any sense which perceives other senses and itself, but perceives none of those things which the other senses perceive? Is there any desire which is the desire of no pleasure, but is the desire of itself and of the rest of desires? Is there any will which wills no good, but wills only itself and the rest of wills? Is there any love which is the love of nothing beautiful, but loves itself only and the rest of loves? Is there any fear which fears itself and all other fears, but fears nothing fearful? Is there any fancy, which fancies fancies and itself, but which forms no idea concerning the objects of other fancies?

Crit. Indeed, I believe not.

Soc. But we say, it seems, that there is a science of such a kind as to be the science of no learning, but the science of itself and the rest of sciences. Would it not be strange if there were such a science? Still, let us not assert there isn't any, but consider if there may be any.

Since this is the science of something (for a science is the science of something, just as a greater thing is greater than something, and greater, too, than something that is of necessity less than itself), we can regard it thus: Suppose it were a greater, and we found something greater which is greater than the greater and than itself, and yet which is less than any of these things than which the rest of things

are greater. Then we should have something both greater and less than itself. Similarly, with other attributes or properties. For whatever has a power of its own with respect to itself, possesses likewise that existence to which that power is related.

To make it clearer, consider hearing. Hearing is the hearing of a sound. If it could hear itself, then, it would hear itself as having a sound or a voice, for otherwise it could not hear itself. Similarly, with sight, which could not see itself unless it had color. Thus it seems that it is quite impossible for a thing to have a power of its own with respect to itself, that is, for a science to be a science of itself and all other sciences.

Yet there may be some such thing. It is not for me to determine. But if there is, we shall have to determine first if it is useful, before we can know that it is temperance. But, Critias, do you tell us and show us, if you can, that such a science, of a science which is also useful, is possible. Or, we'll concede that it is possible. Then how does one know what a person knows and what he does not know? For we agree that to know oneself is to be temperate.

Crit. You argue well, Socrates. It is like this: If anyone possesses the science which knows itself, he will also know himself, just as whoever possesses swiftness is swift, whoever has knowledge is knowing, and so on.

Soc. I do not doubt that when anyone possesses that which knows itself, he will surely then become wise himself. But how does he know *what* he knows and *what* he doesn't

know? Take medicine: to know whether he knows anything of medical science, he must have some knowledge of medical science, and not necessarily of temperance. Similarly, with other things. So this science of itself, if it exists, can tell only of other sciences as sciences, and not *what* he knows concerning them, but only *that* he knows or *that* he does not know.

Crit. I confess it looks that way.

Soc. To know what he knows and what he does not know, therefore, will not be to be temperate, nor will it be to be intemperate, but, as it seems, only that he knows and that he does not know. Nor will this person be able to examine another to find out whether he knows or not what he may claim to know; he may know that he possesses a certain science, but of what thing temperance will not help him to know.

Thus, if temperance is merely the science of a science, and of ignorance, it will be able to distinguish neither the physician, who knows his art, nor him who thinks he is a physician; nor any other person who knows anything whatever, except a fellow-artist, as is the case with other operatives. What utility, then, shall we derive from temperance if it is of such a kind? Did it but enable us to know what we know and do not know, and what others know and do not know it, would, assuredly, be very useful indeed.

Still, let us concede these points, to see if it would be a real benefit, after all. If temperance could tell us what we know and do not know,

and what others know and do not know, the world would be conducted scientifically. For it would be possible to detect false artists, false artisans, and false prophets, at once. Only those who knew their art or craft or divination would be allowed to act for the good of the world. Thus everything would be done in the best possible way by the best possible agents.

Furnished, then, in this way, the human race would, I concede, act and live scientifically. For, temperance being our guard, it would not permit ignorance to interfere and cooperate with us. But, by acting scientifically, that we should be able to do well and be happy—this, friend Critias, I am not yet able to understand.

Crit. Yet you will not easily find any other method of doing well, if you despise the doing of a thing scientifically.

Soc. But how do you mean? You will not admit that the cobbler, or the brass-worker, or any such artisan, is happy by virtue of his craft alone, however scientifically he may live. Or is there a science of something that will enable him to be happy?

Crit. Of good and evil, assuredly.

Soc. So living scientifically is not the causing to do well and to be happy, nor belonging to all other sciences, but to one science alone, relating to good and evil. If this were taken away, all the other sciences would remain as effective as they now are, but, with this science absent, all the other sciences wouldn't turn out so well and so usefully. Yet this science is not

temperance, for it is not the science of sciences and of ignorance, but the science of good and evil.

Temperance, indeed, be it even the science of sciences, cannot take the place of medicine to heal sores and cure diseases. It can do nothing directly of a utilitarian nature, for all such useful things are done by other arts. So you see, Critias, that my fears were justified when I felt that temperance, as such as we have conceded it to be, would be of no use or value to us.

Now, it seems, we are completely vanquished on every side. We have not been able to discover why temperance is called temperance, or of what it consists or should consist. We have made concessions that the logic of our arguments did not allow us to make, and even this did not help us to any result. Yet I am inclined to believe that temperance is a vast good, and that I am a poor searcher after its nature, rather than that temperance is something not to be desired. For temperance does exist, since Charmides, here, has it in good portion. 'Twould be a pity if it were of no use to him, since he has so much of it. So let us regard the trouble as merely that I am a poor inquirer, and a poor reasoner, but that temperance remains a good, even though we cannot name precisely what it is.

LACHES (COURAGE)

Characters: Lysimachus, Melesias, Nicias, Laches; Sons of Lysimachus and Melesias; Socrates.

(The *Laches* is "a vigorous sketch, in which the characters of the soldier, the aged citizen, and the prudent general are well preserved." It is worth noting that in this Dialogue Socrates is conversing with his elders about the proper training of the young, since corruption of the young was one of the charges on which Socrates was later to be brought to trial (Little Blue Book No. 94). The Dialogue centers around the subject of courage (bravery, fortitude). Three men, all of them undeniably brave, become rather helpless in argument and fail to discover just what qualities a man must possess in order to be acknowledged brave.

(The Dialogue opens with a short speech by Lysimachus, and a subsequent discussion between Lysimachus and Nicias concerning the proper training for their sons. Lysimachus does not wish to see his sons left to themselves, but wants them to receive proper ideas concerning the virtues while they are still young. The character of Socrates is extolled as that of a brave and honorable soldier, besides that of a wise and kindly philosopher, by which Lysimachus is much pleased.

(Socrates is asked to express his opinion regarding the training of the young, with particular reference to instruction in the use of arms. He protests that he knows nothing of the mat-

ter, never having had instruction of any sort, but he is willing to carry on an investigation with Laches and Nicias, who know much about it. They are willing to be questioned, though Nicias, of old, knows that he is likely to be severely exposed by the penetrating queries of Socrates. Proceeding to discover, then, what is best suited to inculcate desirable virtues in the young, Socrates explains that, before that matter is discussed, it will be necessary to determine what these virtues are.)

Socrates. Let us not speculate about the whole of virtue—for that might prove too great a task. But let us examine a certain part of it. Which part shall we select? It seems that we ought to take that part to which instruction in arms seems to tend. That is, naturally, fortitude or courage. So we must seek to discover what courage is, before we can consider by what means it is possible to inspire it in young men. Laches, what do you say courage is?

Laches. That is easy. Whoever remains in his place to defend himself from an enemy, and does not flee—he is a brave man.

Soc. But what of the man who fights while fleeing, or moving?

Lac. How mean you?

Soc. Why, such men as fight while running, and are as Homer calls Æneas: "in fight expert." But my real objection, Laches, is that I didn't mean to ask you about one particular form of bravery, but about bravery in all sorts and conditions of war, on land or sea, and even

about the bravery that enables a man to face disease, poverty, and such ignoble things, and to resist the temptations of lust and pleasure. For in all these things men show courage, and I ask you what this courage is.

Lac. I do not quite understand.

Soc. Consider swiftness. What is the essential element that makes swiftness in all things done with speed, be it running, jumping, playing the harp, speaking with the mouth, or what not? It is, of course, that power which accomplishes much in a short time, as regards the movement of the body, or the harp, or the tongue and lips. Now, in like manner, tell me what courage, present in various things, always is. What is the power which is the same in pleasure and pain, and in all the things of which we just spoke, that is called fortitude?

Lac. It appears to be a certain endurance of the soul.

Soc. Apparently you do not consider every kind of endurance to be fortitude. But you regard fortitude as something very beautiful, do you not?

Lac. Assuredly I do.

Soc. What, then, of those endurances that exist in conjunction with prudence, and folly? Is not the former beautiful, the latter hateful and ugly?

Lac. True.

Soc. So prudent endurance, being beautiful, would be fortitude; but foolish endurance, being ugly, would not be fortitude. Let us see. If a man spends his money prudently, know-

ing that it will thus bring him the greatest profit, will he be a brave man?

Lac. I think not.

Soc. Or in war, is the man who fights with the large force and with the least danger, though he endures what little there is to endure, as brave as he who fights on the opposite side with less support and much more danger?

Lac. Hardly, Socrates. He who fights with the most difficulties is the braver.

Soc. Ah, Laches, the endurance of this man is more imprudent than the other's. Isn't it more prudent to be on the safer side?

Lac. Aye, so it seems.

Soc. Consider, too, the man who is well trained in cavalry and the man who is not. You would say, wouldn't you, that the less expert, if he goes into cavalry, is the braver? Similarly, with swimmers in a tank—you would consider the worst swimmer, who nevertheless plunges in and endures the ordeal, to be the bravest of all, wouldn't you?

Lac. Naturally.

Soc. But surely the man who is untrained shows less prudence in his act than he who is trained. We said before that such foolhardy endurance was not beautiful, but evil and harmful. And we said that fortitude was always a beautiful thing. Now we seem to say that foolish endurance is fortitude, though it is hurtful and ugly. Do we speak well?

Lac. I don't think we do.

Soc. However, we mustn't let our words be at variance with our works. If endurance is forti-

tude, let us examine it and endure the searching out of the problem, lest we be less brave in our inquiry than our words imply that we should be.

Lac. It is strange. I have a conception of fortitude, sure enough, but I cannot seem to put it into words. Expression of its eludes me.

Soc. A good huntsman, Laches, keeps running in pursuit and doesn't give up. If you cannot say what courage is, perhaps Nicias can. Now then, Nicias, can you tell your troubled friends what you think fortitude is?

Nicias. You are forgetting some of your own words, Socrates. I have heard you say that we are good according to what we know, and bad according to our ignorance.

Soc. True enough, Nicias.

Nic. Hence, if a brave man is good he is also wise.

Soc. See, Laches. He calls courage a kind of wisdom. But, Nicias, tell us what kind, for it surely is not that belonging to the harp. What is it, or of what is it the science?

Nic. It is the science relating to things of dread and daring, both in war and in all other things.

Lac. That is absurd. Wisdom is surely separate from fortitude.

Nic. It is not. Laches is jealous because I seem to say something to the purpose.

Lac. No more to the purpose than did I. For do not physicians know of things of dread? And do brave men have to know of such? And are physicians brave men?

Nic. Physicians are not necessarily brave, but they know only healthful and unhealthful things. They know not, however, whether to be ill or well is better. For even in death, it is sometimes better to die than to live. To those to whom it is an advantage to die, are the same things dreadful that are dreadful to those to whom it is an advantage to live?

Lac. Surely not.

Nic. Now only the man who knows things of dread and things that are not of dread, can know the difference between advantage and disadvantage in these things.

Lac. It seems you refer to prophets, who do know such things.

Nic. Prophets know only whether a certain one is to die or to live, but not whether it is best for him to do either. At least, they know this no more than any other person knows it.

Lac. He talks in empty words, Socrates, like a man seeking to confute by perplexing his hearers in a court of justice.

Soc. We'll try him and see. Nicias, do you say that courage is the science of things of dread and daring?

Nic. I do.

Soc. But every man does not possess this knowledge, for you say that neither a prophet nor a physician possesses it. But he who does possess it is brave. Is this your belief?

Nic. Yes.

Soc. No animal or wild beast, then, can ever be brave, for no lion or tiger can know what so few men are able to know.

Lac. You speak well, Socrates. Answer this, if you can, Nicias. We call animals brave, and yet they haven't this knowledge of which you speak.

Nic. I do not admit that wild beasts can be brave, for they are ignorant of fear, and have no knowledge of things of dread, just as you say, Laches. They are not courageous, therefore, but *fearless* and stupid. Children who fear nothing, through ignorance, are not brave either. To be *fearless* is not to be *brave.* Few people have fortitude and the forethought that goes with it, but many have a fearless boldness, which is not prudent, as is fortitude, but rash.

Lac. Behold such audacity! Those whom all men acknowledge to be brave, Nicias endeavors to deprive of the honor.

Nic. No, not I. You and others, Laches, are wise if you are brave. That is all I say.

Soc. Let us examine the question more closely. We agreed at the beginning that fortitude was a part of virtue. Doesn't fortitude, with many other parts, make up what we call virtue?

Nic. Yes.

Soc. Are we, then, talking of the same parts? In addition to courage, there are temperance, justice, and many other things that are parts of virtue. Is this not so?

Nic. It is so.

Soc. Let us see whether we are agreed further. Perhaps we do not consider the same things to be of dread and daring. Things that

occasion fear are things of dread, but those that do not occasion fear are things of daring. Evils past or present occasion no fear, but only evils to come occasion fear—for fear is the expectation of future evil. Is this right, Laches?

Lac. I think so.

Soc. Thus, Nicias, we say that future evils are things of dread, but future things that are either good or not evil are things of daring. Do you agree?

Nic. Quite.

Soc. You call the science of these things fortitude?

Nic. Exactly.

Soc. But there can be no separate science for the past of a thing, and the present of a thing, and the future of the same thing. The science of health remains the same whether it refers to health past, present or future. And it is just the same with agriculture, and with war. and with all other things. Hence, Nicias, you must agree that the same science has a knowledge of the same things throughout future and present and past time.

Nic. Why should I not?

Soc. Yet you were just telling us, Nicias, that fortitude is the science of future things only, for we had decided that things of dread and daring were related to the future only. Since the science of anything is the same for all time, fortitude must also, under this reasoning, have knowledge of present and past evils also. If this is so, your answer, Nicias, covers only a third of fortitude, when we asked you,

you know, to name what the whole of fortitude might be.

Nic. No matter. We have the whole answer now.

Soc. Yes, surely. But, see. Anyone who has a knowledge of all such things—past, present, and to come—would be equipped not with one virtue, fortitude, only, but with all the other virtues, such as holiness, temperance, and so on, as well. Thus we have defined not a part of virtue, as we set out to do, but virtue itself, if this is our reasoning. Fortitude, you know, we said was only a part of virtue.

Nic. So it seems.

Soc. Our arguing is thus all for naught. For all our words, Nicias and Laches, and for all your bravery, we have not been able to discover what courage really is.

EUTHYPHRO (PIETY)

Characters: *Euthyphro, Socrates.*

(The *Euthyphro* is grouped here for its discussion of a single ethical topic—piety—although it is customarily grouped with the trial and death Dialogues (*Apology*, *Crito*, *Phaedo*), because it mentions the approaching trial of Socrates for impiety. There was not room enough to include the *Euthyphro* with the *Apology*, *Crito*, and *Phaedo*, in Little Blue Book No. 94, so it is included here as the next best classification for it. The implication of the Dialogue is that, though Socrates is accused of impiety, he has taught more deeply concerning the true nature of piety than has any one of his accusers.

(Euthyphro meets Socrates and learns from him that he has been accused by one Meletus of corrupting the young, and, by creating new gods—the prophetic sign that Socrates claimed warned him of danger—in place of the recognized deities, he is further accused of acting impiously. Euthyphro does not think the charge will have any serious consequence. Whereupon, Euthyphro, in his turn, explains that he has a prosecution of his own to attend to, and he expects, too, that his case will turn out favorably for himself.)

Socrates. What is this case of yours about? Are you defending or prosecuting?

Euthyphro. Prosecuting.

Soc. Whom?

Euth. Ah, people think me very mad to do it. He is very old. He is my father.

Soc. Your own father, indeed! What do you accuse him of?

Euth. Of murder, Socrates.

Soc. Murder! Well, certainly to be able to do such a thing and to be right in doing it indicate the highest form of wisdom, Euthyphro. Most men could not be sure of themselves. I suppose it is one of your relatives who has been killed, for surely you would not prosecute your own father for a stranger's sake.

Euth. What difference would that make? The question is simply whether the man who killed him killed him lawfully or not. If he killed the man unlawfully, he must be prosecuted, especially if one lives under the same roof and eats at the same table with him, for the contamination spread to others unless they take measures to have justice done.

As a matter of fact, the murdered man was a hired laborer of ours. He got drunk and when quarreling with a servant of the house, he managed to cut the servant's throat. My father, thinking the laborer a murderer, had him bound and flung into a pit, while he—my father—sought to discover what ought to be done about it. Meanwhile the poor fellow in the pit was neglected, and, before anyone arrived to tell my father the right and wrong of the case, he had died of exposure and hunger.

I am being censured for prosecuting my father for killing this man, who was a murderer

himself, and, therefore, people say, ought to have died anyway. Yet these people who censure me do not see things clearly. They obscure the divine law of holiness, of piety.

Soc. You understand this law, though. So much so, indeed, that you are quite confident that you are perfectly right in thus prosecuting your own father, that you are not by any chance doing something unholy.

Euth. I am sure I am right.

Soc. Splendid! Instruct me in this, Euthyphro, so that when I am brought to trial I can assert that I know the true nature of piety, and thus escape this charge of impiety that Meletus is bringing against me.

Euth. Very gladly, Socrates.

Soc. Is not holiness, or piety, always the same thing in every case, no matter whether it has to do with murder, or something else? And unholiness, too?

Euth. Most assuredly.

Soc. What, then, is holiness, and what unholiness?

Euth. Why, holiness is to do what I am doing—to prosecute a wrong-doer, be he father or mother or anyone, and not to so prosecute is unholy. Compare the gods, Socrates. Zeus, the father and king of all, put his father in chains for the crime of swallowing his sons; and, before that, Cronus, in his turn, punished his father for such a crime. Yet people are angry with me for seeking to punish my father for a crime.

Soc. The trouble with me, perhaps, is that I

cannot credit these tales about the gods. I may be convicted of impiety on this account. But I am ignorant and you are wise, Euthyphro, so I may have to agree with you. Do you really believe these things happened?

Euth. Surely I do.

Soc. And all the terrible strifes of the gods, and the many strange things they do and have done, as are depicted in the art of our temples —do you believe all these things too?

Euth. Of course, and many others that would surprise you.

Soc. But let us go on with piety. I asked you to tell me what piety is, the thing that is always the same everywhere, and you gave me only one example of it. Now tell me what essential characteristic makes all things holy that are holy, so that I may use it for a pattern, to tell whether a given thing is truly pious or impious.

Euth. Well, then, I say that what the gods love is holy and pious, and that what they do not love is unholy and impious.

Soc. That is the sort of answer I mean. Let us examine it. Holiness, you will grant, is the exact contrary of unholiness, and you say that whatever the gods love is holy, and whatever they do not love is quite the opposite, or unholy?

Euth. Exactly.

Soc. We said that the gods were engaged in strifes, and disagreed with one another.

Euth. We did say so, and it is quite true.

Soc. What kind of disagreements do you

suppose can cause enmity and anger? If you and I, Euthyphro, differed as to the number of something, we could count it and settle our dispute. Or we could settle sizes by measuring, weights by weighing, and so on, so that these disagreements would not cause enmity or anger. But with things concerning which we have no standards, no criteria by which to judge, we may disagree and incur enmity and anger—such things as beauty, ugliness, good, evil, right, wrong, holiness, unholiness. Isn't this so?

Euth. Yes, indeed. Men differ greatly on such matters, and, differing, become often very angry.

Socs. The gods also, Euthyphro. If they differ at all, it must be about such things.

Euth. Surely.

Soc. Therefore the gods differ as to what is beautiful and good and right. Otherwise, as we have said, they would not quarrel, and we know they do quarrel. Am I right?

Euth. Quite right.

Soc. Whatever a god believes to be beautiful and good and right, he will love, and he will detest and hate its opposite, will he not?

Euth. Of course.

Soc. But we agreed that the gods disagreed over these same things, so that one god would love, perhaps, what another would hate. So the same things are both loved and hated by the gods.

Euth. So it appears.

Soc. Or, according to our reasoning, the

same things would be both holy and unholy, which is impossible, for we said that piety and impiety are direct contraries of each other. Thus, what you are doing to your father might be approved and loved by Zeus, but hated by Cronus, whom Zeus punished. Don't you see that you haven't answered my question as to what piety is?

Euth. I hardly think the gods would differ about the fate of a man who has killed another unjustly.

Soc. Just so. Neither do men differ about the proper punishment for a wrong-doer, once he has been shown to be a wrong-doer. But what constitutes killing another unjustly? Do men agree on what is wrong, and therefore on what makes a man a wrong-doer? And how often do the gods agree on what is right and what is wrong?

Euth. I do not know.

Soc. Well, then, Euthyphro, it seems to me that the gods might differ as to whether you are doing right in prosecuting your father. But perhaps you can convince me that all the gods will agree on your piety in this matter, and if you can so convince me I shall never cease to praise you and your great wisdom.

Euth. Of course, it will be difficult, but I am sure I can show you I am right.

Soc. I am less easy to convince than the jury, then. Is that it? For surely you anticipate no difficulty in showing the jury that your father has done wrong and that you are doing right.

Euth. Of course, I expect to show them I am right.

Soc. Never mind that now, Euthyphro. We are not considering this particular matter, but the general matter of piety. Suppose we concede that whatever *all* the gods love is holy, and whatever *all* the gods hate is unholy. Then whatever some love and others hate, or whatever is both loved and hated by the gods, will be neither holy nor unholy, or else both together. Shall we accept this definition?

Euth. Why not?

Soc. Then let us test its truth. For we ought not to accept any statement without testing it, had we?

Euth. It is fair to test it, of course, but I do think this statement is sound.

Soc. Very well. Is piety loved by all the gods because it is holy, or is it holy because it is loved?

Euth. I don't understand.

Soc. It is like this. We speak of what is carried and of what carries it, of what is driven and what drives it, of what is seen and what sees it. All these differ one from another—that is, what is carried is not the same as what carries it, what is driven is not the same as what drives it, what is seen is not the same as what sees it—and you understand, Euthyphro, that they differ and why they differ?

Euth. I understand this.

Soc. Similarly, there is also that which is loved, and, distinct from it, what loves it.

Euth. Agreed.

Soc. Is a carried thing a carried thing because it is carried, or for some other reason?

Euth. It is a carried thing because it is carried.

Soc. And a driven thing is such because it is driven, and a seen thing is a seen thing because it is seen, and only for these reasons?

Euth. Yes.

Soc. A seen thing is not seen, of course, because it is a seen thing, but it is, on the contrary, a seen thing because it is seen. And so with the others. Thus, whenever an object becomes anything, it does not become something because it is a thing that is in process of becoming, but it is a thing in process of becoming because it is a touched thing—that is, it is a touched thing because it is touched.

Euth. I agree to this.

Soc. And with beloved things it is certainly the same. A thing is not loved because it is a beloved thing, but it is a beloved thing because it is loved.

Euth. Granted.

Soc. Now we said piety was that which is loved by all the gods. Is it loved simply because it is holy, or for some other reason?

Euth. Simply because it is holy.

Soc. Then it is loved because it is holy, and not holy because it is loved.

Euth. I think so.

Soc. Because it is loved by the gods, however, it is a thing beloved by them and dear to them, so that what is dear to the gods is not the same as holiness, as you assert, for we

agreed that holiness is loved because it is holy, and that it is not holy because it is loved. And further, that what is dear to the gods is so because they love it, and only because they love it, and that they do not love it because it is dear to them.

Euth. You are quite right.

Soc. Thus, if we agree that holiness (piety) and what is dear to the gods mean exactly the same thing, then, since we said that holiness is loved because it is holy; what is dear to the gods (holiness) would be loved because it is dear (holy), and holiness (what is dear to the gods) would be holy (dear) because it is loved. But the contrary is true. One is lovable because it is loved, the other is loved because it is lovable, which shows that they are quite distinct. So, Euthyphro, you have not told me what holiness is, but only something that happens to it. Tell me, therefore, what holiness is. I care not what happens to it; for the moment, I care not whether it is loved by the gods or not.

Euth. I confess I am at a loss. Whatever we say seems to be resolved into nothing.

Soc. Ah, they refuse to stay where they are put, these theories of yours. If they were my theories, you could compare me with my ancestor, Dædalus, the sculptor whose statues were so lifelike that they were said to move—my ancestors, Euthyphro, for, as you know, I am the son of a sculptor. But I cannot bring this jest to bear with you, for the theories are yours, not mine.

Euth. You are responsible, though, for their moving. Had it rested with me, they would have stayed quiet enough.

Soc. So much the better artist am I than Dædalus, who could make only his own works move, while I make the works of others take on motion. Too, it has been against my will, for I want more than anything else to have this matter of holiness placed on a firm foundation. So much so that I am willing to suggest new theories, since you are unwilling. Now, then, is holiness righteous?

Euth. Indeed it is.

Soc. All holiness is righteous, but is all righteousness holy, or only a part of it holy, and a part something else?

Euth. I do not follow you.

Soc. Come, Euthyphro, gird up your mental loins! This isn't hard to see. Consider the poet's lines: "Where there is fear and trembling, follow reverence and shame." I assert that this isn't true, for a great many things are feared in which there is no element of shame. Thus a man may fear illness, and not be ashamed of fearing it. But wherever there is shame, there is always fear.

Euth. I see that.

Soc. Hence, fear is a broader term than shame, for it includes shame, which is a species or variety of fear. Just as odd number is a variety of number—wherever there is number, it is not always odd, but wherever there is odd number there is always number. Do you follow this?

Euth. Easily.

Soc. Now it seems that wherever there is holiness there is always righteousness, but holiness is only a variety of righteousness, so that wherever there is righteousness there is not always holiness.

Euth. Very well. Go on.

Soc. What kind of righteousness is this holiness or piety? You are to tell me that, for I cannot tell it for myself.

Euth. That part of righteousness which has to do with the care of the gods is holiness. The rest has to do with the care of men.

Soc. An admirable answer! But what kind of care do you mean? It doesn't seem to be the same sort of care the groom gives to horses, for that care makes the horses better; or that the herdsman gives to cattle, for that makes the cattle better. Such care is never for the object's disadvantage, but always for the benefit of the object of care. But is holiness such care as to make the gods or any one of them any better?

Euth. Certainly not!

Soc. Then what kind of care do you mean, Euthyphro?

Euth. The kind, assuredly, that slaves give their masters. A species of service, perhaps.

Soc. What is the aim or purpose of this service? A doctor's servant aims at health, you would say. A shipwright's servant at the construction of a ship. A builder's servant at the building of a house, perhaps. Now what does this service of the gods aim at, what work does it seek to accomplish? What is the sum of the

works the gods accomplish for which they need this service of man?

Euth. I admit it is harder to learn the absolute truth about these things than one might at first think. I can tell you this, though: a man who says and does what is grateful to the gods in prayer and sacrifice, does what is pious and holy, and this it is that preserves the family and the state, and anything varying from this overthrows and destroys all we have.

Soc. Ah, Euthyphro, when we were right at the point of our argument, you turned aside. I have lost that for which I seek. But the inquirer must ever follow the answerer, so I'll now follow you. You say piety is a knowledge of how to sacrifice and to pray?

Euth. Precisely.

Soc. To pray is to ask the gods for something, and to sacrifice is to offer the gods something.

Euth. True.

Soc. So piety is the science of requests and offerings, of and to the gods?

Euth. You understand me perfectly.

Soc. This service to the gods is a service of requests and offerings, then? In the matter of requests, to ask what is right would be to ask for what we need?

Euth. Certainly. Else would be absurd.

Soc. Similarly, in the matter of offerings, to give what is right would be to give what is needed. It would hardly be proper to offer what is not wanted, would it?

Euth. No. What is needed should be offered, of course.

Soc. Holiness thus appears to be a kind of bargaining between gods and man, each seeking something he needs from the other.

Euth. If you like to call it so, yes.

Soc. I like it only if it is true. Show me how the gods benefit from the gifts we give them. All about us is evidence of their goodness to us, but how do our gifts benefit them?

Euth. Do you really think the gods benefit by our gifts?

Soc. Why shouldn't they? Otherwise, why do we give them?

Euth. Why, we can give them our reverence, and honor them, and be grateful to them.

Soc. So piety is something grateful to the gods, but of no use to them, and not pleasing to them?

Euth. But I think it is pleasing to them.

Soc. And we are back where we were before —that holiness is what is pleasing to the gods.

Euth. Decidedly.

Soc. For what is pleasing to the gods must be dear to them, and we had just finished saying that what is dear to the gods and holiness could not be one and the same thing. So you are Dædalus, not I. You make your own works move without my help, Euthyphro. And now, if we are to know what piety really is, we must begin again to examine the question. For I am determined to know, and since you know if any man knows, I am going to keep hold of you until you tell me.

Euth. Some other time, Socrates. I am in a hurry now, and must be off.

Soc. No, no, my friend! I am desolate at being thus deserted. I do want to know what piety is. If you had only waited to tell me, I might have been able to refute Meletus, and no longer have had to live in ignorance, and could have lived a better life from now on.

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